

Daddy's Girl

That warm autumn night felt as if it were the coldest night in December; I thought my heart had stopped when I heard the tragic news - my parents were divorcing. I was eleven years old and much too young for this announcement. My father explained to me that Mom was too stressed from school, he had an amazing amount of work, and they could not get along. This event made my life change in many ways like my weekends, holidays, and my home.

The court made its decision and my dad would have me every other weekend. Being "Daddy's girl" this was hard for me at first. I used to have my friends over to my house every weekend. We listened to my daddy tell ghost stories that made our tiny bodies jump out of our silky sleeping bags. Those unforgettable moments stick in my pretty black photo album that I look at every night.

The holidays are extremely sad to me. I no longer follow the same schedule I did for ten years on Christmas morning. It was the same every year - I would wake up, go to my papaws little house on the lake and open presents, followed by a delicious feast. Now I take turns every year between my dad and Mom. Each year around the holidays I sit at my window and wish things could be back to normal.

My normal sized, grey house will never be the same without my dad. The day he moved out was the day my brother and I became closer than ever. He gave me a soft hug as my dad drove off in his truck. We comforted my mom as she changed her bedroom and our house. Although our house is different, it still holds unforgettable memories that I replay in my head often.

Today, I am still getting over this tragic event. My friends and family help me through all of it. The holidays, the weekend memories, and my changing home, no matter what, they are always there to help me. I will always remember the heart thrilling ghost stories and popcorn flying everywhere. I guess if you ever went through this, you would cry too.