

# Mother's Advice

Janelle Park

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Growing up my mother always told me, “When you get older you will understand that what I am doing right now, and the advice I give you, was never to hurt you, but to protect you and help you.” Being a child, I used to think she was wrong and that no matter what advice she gave me, it was to make me think she is just controlling and a strict parent. It was not until I turned twenty that I realized my mom was right.

To say I was rebellious against my mother growing up would be a fact. I wanted to be just like my friends and have her understand that. I wanted my mother to be a ‘cool mom’ like my friends’ mothers were. So, I would go along with the girls and join in on their misdeeds. I started skipping school, smoking, and ultimately being the kid I knew my mother was not raising me to be. In the eighth grade, I got caught smoking cigarettes and skipping off my classes with my friends. I was brought to the doctor by my mother and got tested for nicotine and drugs in my system. I had previously admitted to her that yes, I was smoking cigarettes at school, but I was not doing drugs. Sure enough, my tests came back. Positive for nicotine in my system and negative for any trace of drugs. That year I ended up grounded from the beginning of Christmas break until my birthday in January. It was the worst Christmas break ever, and it really taught me a lesson.

By grade nine I was back to my old self, no skipping and no cigarettes. I constantly had my mother’s stern words on repeat in the back of my head during any decision making. I did not want to go through a repeat of grade eight and be stuck in my room until I had learned my lesson. I still thought my mother was strict and unfair with some of her silly rules, but I chose to live by them, just so I would not end up in any trouble.

As I transitioned into high school life, I met a boy. And let me tell you, I thought the sun shined out of his behind. We started texting a lot and getting to know each other. He was a year older than me and was friends with some of the girls I was also friends with. After a short amount of time of getting to know him, he popped the “will you go out with me” question, and of course, I said yes. I kept the new relationship from my mom for the first three weeks, only because I was not sure if it would last longer than that. I soon found out that this boy would punch holes in his walls whenever he got angry. He was

also semi-controlling, which I had never seen as a problem because I was in love. My mother, being the protective woman she is, saw a text on my phone from my boyfriend, and read it. Invasion of privacy, I know. She sat me down and told me that I needed to break up with him immediately. Of course, little me thought I was in love and began to cry and tell her she was being unreasonable. She told me plain and plump, “If he is punching holes in walls when he is angry now, imagine what he would punch next. First, it is walls, and next, it could be you!” I then thought long and hard about what she said and broke up with him not long after. I was not ready to potentially turn into a human punching bag. My mother liked to point out how “You should always listen to your mom. She knows right!”

Let’s fast forward to the end of grade eleven. For the last three weeks of the eleventh grade, I was talking to this boy. He was a year younger than me, but oh was he ever handsome. He made me feel on top of the world. But that world would come crashing down in due time. We made two and a half trips around the sun together, and oh what rocky trips they were. Things went from looking amazing — waiting to see what the future would hold for us — to being worse than a nightmare. As much as I tried to hold on to what we had made for ourselves, he called it quits the day of our twenty-two-month anniversary. My bright and beautiful world crashed and burned.

To say I took that breakup hard would be an understatement. I just lost my best friend, a partner in crime, and a hole was left in my heart that was supposed to be forever reserved for him. I spent days crying, unable to stomach the thought of food, and in a horrible state of depression. If his name was mentioned, I would spontaneously burst into a fit of tears. I felt incomplete.

I like to now think — a whole year and four months later — that I am over him. What we had was ‘puppy love’ as most adults would describe it, or a ‘learning experience’ as my peers would say. I like to believe that it was genuine love. Yes, it was a learning experience, and it has taught me particularly important lessons, but he was my person. But once again, my mother was right.

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It has taken me four months to finish this. Four months of constant thinking and trying to figure out how I want to end this piece. But I believe I finally figured out how to bring this to an end. My mother has always told me that when I get older, I would figure out that she has always known best and that she only acts the way she does to teach me right from wrong. And guess 13

what, she is one hundred percent right. If you can take away one thing from reading this piece, I hope you take away the fact that your mother isn't a horrible mother for treating you the way that she does. She loves you and only wants to protect you. As much as you would hate to admit it, your mother is always right.