

Never Good Enough

Home Life:

“This shit ain't clean, and this shit ain't clean either.”

These were the words my mother said as she threw every dish I just cleaned back into the sink and made me wash them again.

“Don't half do shit around here, because I could've done the shit myself.”

She would say this all the time but would never clean a thing. My mom was one of those people who liked to hear herself talk because it sounded good. She never cleaned; we always had to and if she did end up cleaning she would cause hell for everyone in the house.

“Let me see your homework, and if it isn't neat I'm going to tear it up and you're going to do it again.”

I hated when she did this. I would be up all night until she thought that my handwriting was neat enough for her. I hated this so much I stopped bringing my homework home, making up all types of lies on why the teacher didn't give us anything for the day.

Middle School:

I was angry and mad at the world. It was my first day of 7th grade and I wouldn't be with my friends from last year. My mom thought it was a good idea to move three hours away from my friends in Chicago to Springfield. She said it was going to help me get my grades where they needed to be. I didn't have any plans of making my grades better; I wanted to cause hell for everyone, and that's exactly what I did.

It started with cussing to fighting to me threatening to slap a teacher if she didn't get out of my face: I was on the verge of getting expelled. I didn't care at all; I didn't want to be at that school anyway. In my head this would make my mom move us back to Chicago so I could be with my friends, but I was so wrong.

After I realized that even though I was doing all of this and nothing was going to work, I started to actually be good in school. I'd never failed a grade before and I wasn't going to start now. I made sure that I turned in all my work and started to get A's and B's. I wanted to make my mom proud but all she said was that the B's should've been A's. Nothing was ever good enough for her.

High School:

“This is what matters; colleges look at these grades right here.”

These were the words of my parents, teachers, and advisors. The words that were stuck in my head all four years of high school.

“This is what really matters; this determines if I get a good job or not. I have to do good.”

I would say these words over and over in my head. There were times when I didn't feel like doing homework and writing papers or when I just wanted to skip school altogether. All four years of high school I worked hard just so that I could go to any school of my choice. I started off taking low science and history classes and I would usually get a C in science and that never sat right with my mom.

“C is average, and you're not fucking average.”

That made me work even harder. By the time I was a senior I was taking honors and AP courses. Then came the ACT. You know, the most important test of your high school life. Receiving a 16 on the ACT discouraged me a lot; I just didn't understand how one test would and could keep me out of going to colleges of my choice. My grades were good; I worked so hard just to be told no. I ended high school with a 3.75 gpa and ended up getting accepted to three out of the five schools I applied to. This didn't make my mom happy all because I didn't pick the college she wanted.

College:

WIU Leathernecks

Signs were all over welcoming us, class of 2020. I was so excited; this is where you find out exactly who you were and what you were meant to do in the world. I was just excited about being away from home. I mean, I always was able to do anything I wanted; I just wanted to be far away. I was determined to come to college and actually pass my first year, seeing that I would be my mom's third child going to college. My brother and sister dropped out after their freshman year and I didn't want to do the same. First semester I started off doing really good, making it to all my classes on time and doing all of the work. Then I started to get stuck into the college life, partying all the time and not going to class. I soon ended up failing all of my classes, and now I'm on academic probation. When my mom found out about this she didn't stop talking about it. She would say things like:

“You already messed up; there's nothing else you can do. You'll be back.”

“You need to just bring your ass home and work and help around the house.”

I hated the fact I let it get that far; I was upset with myself. I felt like I let everyone down. My first day here my little brother asked me was I going to quit on college too and I promised him I wouldn't.

So, this semester I have been doing my work, going to classes, meeting my advisor, and going to office hours. I refuse to let my mom think she won this time. I will finish this semester with a 3.0 gpa or higher; I will finish college with a degree in pre-law, and I will be a lawyer. Not for anyone else but for me. Then I will be good enough.