**The Call**

When I picked up the phone to call my mother for the last time, my heart was beating out of my chest, my hands were shaking and I was sweating uncontrollably. I never felt so awkward and nervous in my entire life, it was worse than breaking my next door neighbors window. The phone rang and every time it went off, I felt even worse looking at all my family members in the kitchen waiting to see if my Mom would pick up and what she would say. My Mom picked up, everyone was tuned in for what she had to say, I said in a stuttering tone, “Hello Mom.”

 She replied, “Yes Jean.”

 “Are you picking me up from the airport in Jamaica?” I asked.

 She responded, “I am not taking you home, or if I do, you are living with someone else.” Tears came to my eyes instantly, I didn’t know what to say after that. From there I know I couldn’t change her mind because I’ve spoken to her a couple days before. This was the day before my flight back to Jamaica. I had a lot of things to do when I was supposed to be there. I recently graduated from the 11th grade passing all my subjects in the major exams but I wanted to continue the rest of my two years there so I had to apply for that grade a couple weeks before the start of school. I had gifts ready to give to my family and friends back at home. I wanted to see my dog because I left thinking that I would be able to get back to him, not giving him the proper goodbye treatment, a hug, a pat on the back that he usually gets from me every day.

Reflecting on what should have been, in my head I said, “No! I will not let this happen.”

 So I answered back, “Why Mommy? You don’t love me anymore? Just one more year.”

 My Mom responded, “Since your father left, you have made my life a living hell emotionally and mentally. You always say that you’re not happy so go and live with your father.”

 I replied crying, “ Mommy, I love you. The plan was for me to stay in Jamaica for one more year and then I leave. Why can’t I just stay till then?”

 My mom answered, “I can’t take the suffering anymore. Remember in the car I told you that someone needs to go? This is the time, and it is you that should go.” Everyone around the kitchen counter was in awe when they heard what my Mom said and when they saw me cry. This was in August 2018. My Dad left Jamaica in 2015. It was rough for me because my Dad and I were really close. Usually when my Mom was at work, my Dad would be around me all the time, going on the road with him, helping me with homework, dropping me off and picking me up from school, just the little things that made our bond stronger. I love my Mom to death but because she is usually at work, we didn’t share those quality time as much as my Dad so the bond with her wasn’t that strong. Plus she was introverted while my Dad was the opposite.

 Since my parents split up, everything went downhill, my grades got worse, I had a lot of stress which caused me to have Alopecia Areata, my Mom and I argued a lot about very unnecessary things almost everyday, she would avoid me when I get home from school, rarely go on the road with her and lacked good conversations between each other. My Mom’s boyfriend tried to defuse certain situations and would try to spark a bond but it was only good for a little while until it went from 100-0 again. We had a very dark relationship, something that I never wanted but just happened. At that point in my life, I was a broken soul that wanted to leave Jamaica for a bit to find life again so that I could live my final year with my people in the best way I possibly can. It didn’t happen though. She even took it to the extremes by wanting to bring the issue to court, which my Dad didn’t really see the sense of doing.

 With all that’s going on I pleaded to stay for one more year until my voice was gone, trying to convince my Mom to take me back home. My hands gripped the phone with such a force that almost looked like I was going to break it, my heart beating rapidly, while my legs felt weak but my Mom still isn’t buying any of my attempts. At that point, I gained back life but it all came crumbling down again. My Mom hung up the phone and I was lost for words crying heavily, almost popping a vein, everyone in the house comforted me and told me that I am more than welcome to live with them. Although in the end, I wanted to go back to Jamaica very bad to see my people, I always know that I can go back and that I should take on a new journey to experience different things somewhere else. I knew that it was all for the better.