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English 3 5th period

Ms. Feher

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The Split

Have you ever been so happy to have your family all together and happy, no problems or difficulties between your mom and Dad? Well I have, and it sucks but there are some pros and cons to it and depending on how you take it will depend on how it is. It will not be easy, and it will not always be fun but sit back and relax and let me tell you how it was for me.

Since I could ever remember I have been with both my mom and dad. We have had our ups and down from arguments to our family mishaps, but we have stayed a family through it. We moved from the old house, which was a small one-story house, about the size of a large boat, into a big neighborhood in the countryside of North Carolina in a small town with just a gas station, small fire station, and a Mexican restaurant. This is where I lived for about 6 years of my life going to a school called B. Everett Jordan Elementary School. At home there would be trouble mainly from me like, cutting the furniture, burning things but outside I was smarter than to burn stuff inside, and some other things there was a lot of arguing between all of us and it wasn't pretty in the slightest of bits.

It started as just a normal day I got off the bus saying by to my bus driver, I was halfway through my 4th-grade year I was 10, I walked home, put my backpack up and started on some homework. After I finished my homework my dad called me, him and my mom took me into their room sat me on the bed, my dad said, "Daddy is going to be staying at a friend's house for a

while and he might not be coming back, I want you to know that I love you and that you are going to be staying with mommy,” with tears rolling down my face I asked what any kid would ask after being told that their hero was going away and might not be coming back, “why do you have to leave, I don’t want you to leave,” as I was saying this my mind was racing with different reasons why he would be leaving as my eyes flooded with tears and my throat got tight.

“Mommy and Daddy aren’t getting along that well and I love you Daniel.” hearing this was heartbreaking all my life I had thought I was going to be able to grow up with my mom and dad with me together. About a month or two later It was near Christmas and me my mom who was pregnant at the time we made a trip that seemed to take a million years here to Tennessee.

Christmas had passed and on March 25th my little brother was born, who is now 6, I went and enrolled at Barfield elementary school to finish my 4th-grade education and 5th. When it was my first day, I was very nervous as I didn’t know anyone or where anything was, so the principal got a student to show me to my class and met Mrs. Beezle. I couldn’t see my father for quite a bit of time at least a month before I saw him after moving when I finally go to see him we meet up half from Tennessee to North Carolina and then went to the house of one of his friends who later become my stepmother and I met my two stepbrothers. It was a little trailer house with a gravel road out in the country, we had a little pond in the backyard that was also in our neighbors yard it had a little island in the middle of it, there was a big field in going farther back, the neighbor had cows and had a big field for them, all the cows were white. It was strange at first, I didn’t understand why my father was living with this woman, but I got used to it quickly and I liked her, she was very nice. When I would have to leave my father, it was the same as going we went halfway and meet in the middle then we would switch cars and I would come

back to TN. When we moved here, I was living with my grandparents since my mom was pregnant and there wasn't anyone else but me that could help her with things.

2 years after we moved here my father would come down and visit and I would go there for the summer break and some of the other breaks and holidays and the next year I would stay here with my mom, my little bro, and my grandparents. This entire time was hard for me and my mom, my little brother didn't understand as he was too young. A couple of years after my brother was born my dad married my stepmom. Since they moved out of the old trailer house and in with my step-grandparents' house. A year after this we found out that my brother has ADD (Attention Deficit Disorder) and ADHD (Attention Deficit Hyperactive Disorder) which I have as well but have better control over now that I am older and I stopped taking my meds, but William my little brother has to take meds to help him focus and not be so hyper when he's in school. I stopped taking mine because it was making me feel depressed and was hindering me from being myself and I didn't like that, so I stopped taking it a couple of years ago.

The time I am able to see my father has decreased each year mainly from me having more things to do like school getting harder me getting a job and some other things, but the one thing that sucks the most is that if my dad wants to see William then he has to come all the way up here, my mother doesn't want William to go to North Carolina, the reason I have gotten many but don't agree with them all of the time but I don't have control over that as long as he can see my dad and my dad can see him then it's within the court docs.

This has all been hard and I know everyone says life is hard but there are things like this that kids shouldn't go through and sometimes those kids can become very depressed from the trauma or can have other effects due to these things. "Life is like a box of chocolates. You never know what you're going to get." ~ Forrest Gump. You don't know how life is going to go until you get to it, if you give up then you give up on everyone and everything.