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English 5th period

Ms. Feher

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Imperfect Flower

Life isn't always perfect. If someone right now could look at you and tell you that their life is perfect, you would look at them and give them a sideways look, right? So, here's the story of my imperfect life. It all started with me being a young child around the age of 3 or 4. I live in Nashville with my mama, my granny, my 4 sisters, and my 2 brothers. We ain't have much. We lived in the ghetto, the trenches. Brick apartments with metal railed screen doors, a clothesline with clothespins lined up down it.

I honestly didn't know what day my birthday was on because me and my 3rd oldest sister celebrated our birthdays together. It was always around the middle of the month when we would celebrate our birthday. My birthday is originally 11/11 and hers is 11/23 so we would celebrate around the 18th. At that age, we don't understand what birthdays are celebrated for. We just know that we're getting cake and ice cream. We both would get our own cakes, so we blew our own candles out.

The whole hood always wanted what we had. There was even a time our (friends) stole our clothes off the pins and wore them right in front of us. Looking back on it though we didn't have too much. My mama was a dealer at the time, so she was always chill and laid back. Being a dealer came with consequences. One day the police had broken down our door looking for my mama. It was like 12 policemen. I was scared; my first instinct was to run, and that's what I did. I ran up the stairs to my granny. The police raided through the whole house. They rushed up the

stairs and all I heard was yelling and stomping. I started to cry my granny was so calm I held onto her tightly. They asked my granny questions and I remember her saying that she knew nothing.

Next up was court with my parents. I wasn't worried, but I remember being hungry and I asked my dad if he could take me to McDonalds. I don't remember him giving me an answer but he got full custody of me and my granny started crying. She came and hugged me. Me and my granny was close, but I still didn't understand what was going on.

My granny took me back home and I packed up my things. My granny poured me a glass of milk and I put my strawberry syrup in it, she gave me a straw and I stirred it together. My favorite thing ever is strawberries. Anything that had strawberries in it I wanted. It tasted so good the milk was cold and it was like a cooling sensation in my mouth. My dad's wife and mother came to pick me up. Felt like the longest car ride ever.

13 years later. My middle school years. I was often told that I was a bad child but really, I just wanted to figure myself out. It's like today's parents think that since we're still kids that we don't go through things just like they do. My parents didn't understand me and didn't take the time to understand me either. I had very low self-esteem very little confidence and was depressed. I had a lot of anxiety and really didn't care too much for other people's feelings. I did a lot of things I shouldn't have done, and I regret but I wouldn't redo anything because everything happens for a reason. My stepmom went through my phone and I got in trouble and got my phone taken. My dad thought it would be a good idea to send me to meet my mom 13 years later so that she could talk to me and see if it would help change my perspective on things. So again, I packed all my things thinking I was going to stay with my granny and ended up in Nashville. When we got close to my mama house, he asked me some questions about my mama.

I just stared at him I was so angry! We finally got to her house and her my oldest sister and her kids were standing outside waiting on me. I looked at them and mugged. My dad parked the car in the driveway, and I sat there, and he said 'getcha ass out'. I got out and grabbed my things they all came to hug me. They introduced themselves to me and I went into the house. Before he left he looked me in my eyes and said stay out of trouble, he looked sad.

Towards the middle of the summer we all became close. I became bolder. Over the summer I wanted things and I couldn't get them because I didn't have money. Do you know how it feels to ask someone for money and they tell you no? I didn't like that feeling at all. Wasn't old enough to have a job so I had to make money on my own, so I became a booster. I made over at least \$2,000 that summer but all good things come to an end.

One day I was sitting at the house with my family and no one had money to buy my niece any baby food and sitting there watching her be hungry bothered me, so I told my sister to take me to the store. She said okay so I started getting ready. Grab a pair of dark blue jeans a black tank top tied it up then grabbed my jacket and put on my backpack. When we got into the car, I looked in the mirror and put on my lip gloss. I told my sister the plan on how I was doing it. She agreed and said okay. We got to Kroger and we walked around I couldn't just get straight to it I had to be patient. I finally walked to the aisle with the baby food and grabbed two cans of Similac baby milk. Then went to a blind spot inside of the store and put the cans in my bag. I texted my sister and told her I was ready. I walked towards the door and the doors slammed closed and locked. Workers rushed towards me and the police came up behind me and walked me to the camera room. They told me call my mama and if I didn't, I would have to go straight to the juvenile, so I called her. She came in and asked why I did it, but she was just playing she knew that I stole things. The police put me in cuffs and took me outside to the car. I couldn't do

nothing but put my head down. The police asked questions and I was plain disrespectful I wouldn't look at them nor answer their questions. I just laughed. They took me out of the car and then....

