

Susanne.

By Catherine Palfy
Mr.Mackenzie, Block D

A long road stretches across the valley of tall yellow grass. Our car speeds down the deserted, black concrete. A warm summer breeze hits my skin as I roll down the window for air. My mother tenses her grip on the steering wheel, "Please roll up your window Susanne, we're on the highway." Her voice is strict and her eyes stay glued to the road.

"But I feel claustrophobic being stuck in this car for so long. I want some air.", I reply. My body feels drained from all the heat and my sweaty back sticks to the leather of the car seat.

My mother releases a heavy sigh and I watch her chest slowly collapse as she continues, "Fine. Don't listen to your mother and do the opposite of what I tell you, like always." Her jaw clenches while she shakes her head slightly. I roll my eyes at this.

I stare out the window as I dare express my feelings to her once more, "I wish I lived on the coast, by the ocean. I feel so trapped here. Like I have nothing to live for."

She responds immediately to this, "Nothing?"

"Nope." I bluntly state. "Everyday is the same around here. Wake up, go to school, go to bed and repeat. There is nothing exciting about this town."

My mother purses her lips and answers, "I'm sorry that your life is so difficult and that you're so hard done by."

Her tone screams sarcasm and I turn my head to face her as I ask, "Really? Now you're angry because I want to do more with my life then be stuck here forev-"

She cuts me off, "No. I'm angry because what your saying isn't true and you have a great life compared to most."

"I'm sorry that I want to be able to do more with my life and not be judged for being you I am.", I raise my voice as I snap back at her.

"No one is judging you, but you need to learn to be respectful of what you have.", she argues flat out. "Besides, even if we wanted to move to the coast, we couldn't afford to stay there for long. Do you know how expensive living there would be? Your cousin, Joseph lives out there and his job barely covers his rent. Hell, I'm surprised he isn't living on the street by now." My head falls back on the head rest, my body feels numb as though my soul has left my body and my mother's rambling is just making it worse.

She continues, "Do you even consider that your father and I already have jobs and commitments here. We can't just stop everything at the drop of a hat, Susanne. But why would you know that? You don't care. You only care about what you want cause you only care about yourself." She gives me a look of disappointment and I can feel my blood start to boil.

"Why can't I want things? I all I ever do is stuff you want me to do. I never get to do things for myself.", I talk back fully knowing I made the situation worse.

"Did I somehow raise a narcissist?", my mother asks herself quietly, but loud enough for me to hear.

I decide to ignore her comment and keep talking, "I want to go to art school. To become an artist or designer. I want to create things to inspire others. There so many universities on the coast that have amazing art programs. I could-"

She cuts me off once more, "Don't get your hopes up by thinking you'll get accepted." My heart breaks when I hear this.

"Mom! How could you say that?", I question her.

"Because it's true! You don't deserve to go to art school especially when you don't put in any effort into the things that matter! How is getting a job coming along? Oh, wait! It isn't because you never put together a resume like you promised! What about your grades? You're barely passing! You think you can get away with doing the absolute minimum? You think the whole world revolves around you, huh? Give me a break Susanne.", Her yells echo in my ears and I have had enough of this shit. I grab the steering wheel and harshly swerve the vehicle off the road. My mother screams her head off as we slam into a tree destroying the hood of the car. I look at my mother, neither one of us is injured.

She whips around the face me and she goes off like an explosive, "Are you insane?! You could have gotten us killed!" She continues to scream at my face about how I am never allowed to drive and will pay for repairing the car; about how I will never be able to pursue my dreams because I'm not worthy of making them happen.

"Fuck you!", I spit in her face and I jump out of the car and start sprinting down the empty street. As I continue to increase our distance, tears stream down my cheeks.

"Susanne! Come Back!", I hear my mother call me from behind, but I'm never coming back.