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### True Feelings

Although my relationship with my parents can be rocky at times, I feel very much alive, happy, and determined to keep the smiles up on my parents' faces. Only time my relationship with them can be rocky is because I have a bad habit of not listening to them such as the time they told me to finish something on time and I didn't, which didn't really make them happy and, worst case scenario, mad even. My brother, however, we don't really go along at all, we are essentially magnets that are pushing each other away; and it's not just relationship wise, but personality wise as me and my brother's personalities are so drastically different from each other, you'd never know we are actually related in some way other than same last name. At times, I do feel angry at him for prioritizing friends and depending on my parents for rent and side dishes because he could've done those by himself, but instead he chose to be lazy about it and not make food himself and getting a job for his rent. Throughout my life, I can feel bits of God's doing for the good things that have happened, although most of the time I don't really think about it too much. Nowadays I'm very busy with the motivation to keep trying to make my parents happy and not anymore stressed out more than they should be.

However, there were times when this very life is challenged, most of which being me who decided to not listen to my parent's words over and over again, leading to some moments where I didn't understand the true meaning of their anger at me and just simply assumed that they were just mad at me for no reason or to keep me in check. Even through these times, there is a part of me that believes that they are mad at me for a reason, and that really stops me from having a bad mood for most of the week and makes me feel better within that week. It may seem weird to me that I was in a very bad mood and all of a sudden,

those feelings are immediately replaced with a blank face and sometimes a smile. Although, even with these improvements in my emotions, I still can't shake off the feeling of having a big brother who doesn't even acknowledge you at all and treats you like a complete stranger, it still hurts to think that my brother, out of jealousy, decided to hit me when my mom was cradling me in her arms when I was just a baby. It really is hard to believe that before I was born, my brother was just like me in terms of kindness, and all of a sudden he changes throughout my childhood years into the brother that I've known to slowly dislike over time.

My brother's overall attitude to my family really hurts me to the core, especially his selfish nature that I fear might end his life too early. I really wish that he would change his selfishness for the better in the future. In the meantime, I am a tutor for 3 kids and it really brings back memories of my trip to Laos, which really warmed my heart as we helped the kids at the orphanage there. However, nowadays I feel angry. Angry at the fact that the future of those kids in the orphanage is being threatened because one country in the north just wanted a very good source of power using the Mekong River that runs through much of Indochina. Another thing that makes me angry is that they are helpless as a country decides to not give a damn about the wellbeing of the people south of the source of the river. When I began tutoring the kids, I felt a sense of responsibility that I must not miss for I am teaching them a secondary language that may help them in the future. My parents most definitely approve of my decision to tutor the kids, and I do too, because as a teacher and an older person, I must do what my big brother failed to do when I was a child, and I intend to help them to their fullest.

My mom is a very good parent to me, and I never want to see that smile of hers to ever disappear, same goes for my dad, whom I worry a lot of the time. Truth be told, he is having internal body problems that has him taking medicine everyday in order to stay healthy, although the same could be said about me except for the medicine part, I just need to

lose my fats and I think that doing so will make my parents be very joyful of me being skinny, it was honestly a dream I had when I was a child. My parents are lovely people, but I feel like I may forget some important context when I'm talking with my friends so they may think they are bad people, but they are actually not. I fully intend to do everything I can to make my parents happy, and to make sure that my grandma's death isn't in vain for my family. Speaking about my grandma's death, during the funeral for her, another action that my brother took made me very angry at him, and I keep wondering where his caring personality went because as soon as he had the chance to, he just left our apartment back to his dorm in UCI. Since my brother attends Irvine, I intend to do good in school to one-up my brother by going to UCLA, a university my brother tried to aim for but his grades failed him. I really hope that he can change his ways for the better and to actually CARE about family once more.