Childhood experience that shaped me today

 One thing that played a huge part in my life is my independence. Being the middle child, I have always been the quiet, independent of the family. Ever since I was little my dad has always been the one working nine in the morning to nine at night and my mom would be at home looking after my little siblings while everyone goes to school. I never really have a good connection with my dad. When I used to sleep early before this teen attitude took over, I never get to see my dad. Never got the chance to talk to him much. which sounds sad because it is. I always wanted to but I think t just trace back to how he treated everyone in the family. He used to be really aggressive towards me and my siblings whenever we did something wrong. It did not matter if it was intentional or purposeful, he would become aggressive. I never want to say he was abusive and it may seem it is that case but I deny it. every single day, if I try, I can still remember the last and first time he was aggressive towards me. I remember the pain I was in, I was crying, and I remember my mom coming upstairs and I just went over to here and hid behind her while she tells him to go away. I guess ever since then, I never been close to my dad. I never talk to him about anything, I never ask about anything. I have always gone to my mom, it is my first instinct, to go to my mom about it. Since there were two annoying babies to take care of, she worried about them more than she did with anyone else. Ever since I was little, I have always preferred to do things by myself, I like to take the bus and have a 20 minutes trip there where it is a 5 minutes trip there in a car. But, soon after, my parents decided to buy a restaurant in North Vancouver. North Vancouver. You can already tell how this is going to go. Both my parents have to leave the house by 9 am and they get home from 7-10pm. At first, it was weird to not coming home to a mom but I had to deal with it. my older siblings were always pretty busy with school and work. So, that left me to take care of my two little siblings. I seem to be the only one that was willing to cook food. Not for everyone though, just the ball of annoyance. Not going to lie, I did miss them. A lot actually. We used to eat dinner together at the dining table with my mom’s amazing cooking. But they never happen now. everyone is doing their own things; both my parents don’t come home early enough to get dinner started. Ever since that first day of not having my mom home when I get home from school I learned to be independent and deal with my own problems alone. Thankfully, we are still close. Now thinking back to when I was little, being independent that young is crazy. It’s something to be proud of, definitely.