

Finding Home

The first time we met, I knew he was the one. There was something about him that called to me. Claimed me as his own. I was lost from the beginning.

He had the brains, the looks and the charm that made him adored by all. Through all this, he was kind which made me love him all the more. The fact that he could have anyone, be anything and yet he chose me. Many people would ask the question, "Why?"

I was nothing.

It made me long to be better, so that maybe I could feel good enough for him. To deserve him.

Some days it seemed hopeless. He was the beloved 'surprise' baby of two academics with more PhDs and titles than I had had hot meals.

I on the other hand, came from a one parent family. That wasn't the problem. I have nothing against single-parent families but there are some people that shouldn't be parents. They shouldn't have the right to have control over another human being. But I digress.

I wanted to distinguish myself from my failure of a parent, so I worked hard in school. I needed independence, so I took a part-time job. I did all I could to spend as much time as I could away from the hellhole masquerading itself as home.

My 'donor', for want of a better word, started noticing I wasn't at home much. I thought it would make her happy. She could spend more time with her boyfriends. She wouldn't have to worry about my eating us out of house and home. I wouldn't be running up her bills or taking all her money.

But things rarely work as you'd think they should.

She started quizzing me on my 'whereabouts'. Who I was seeing, where I was going? She would show up at the school, claiming she had a parent-teacher conference. It was all rubbish. I was no longer dependent on her for parenting. She had ceased to matter as I stopped mattering to her years ago.

She began offering to drop me off and pick me up from my commitments. When I refused, she demanded to know why. I kept my answers bland, non-committal. After all, I still had to live there.

I'd get home and there'd be enough takeout for the both of us. "I thought it would be good to have dinner together."

I shook my head and told her I'd already eaten. It made her mad as she accused me of being petty. That she was trying and I was holding past events against her. She didn't realise that I had stopped caring about her a long time ago. That our time together would be limited and I was already counting down the sand of the hourglass.

The first time we met, I knew he was the one. The first time we met, I knew I'd found my home.