



Extracts

- A. ***“You are not staying here on your own. Get in the car now,” my mum said in that voice which did not allow any argument.*** I shouted back at her, “Why? It’s just not fair. You always treat me like a child!” I was angry because she always used to talk to me like this and sometimes showed me up in front of my friends. “I am still waiting for you to get in the car!” I felt like a naughty toddler who was always in trouble. “Oh – just shut up! I’ve had enough of this!” I decided that this was the last time she would get away with it.
- B. ***“You are not staying here on your own. Get in the car now,” my mum said in that voice which did not allow any argument.*** I looked at her and wondered whether this was the time to retaliate. She seemed to relish making me feel like an idiot whenever she could. Why did she do it? What had I ever done so wrong? I decided to save my response for another day. The hatred I felt was temporary, it would cool with time. It is never a good idea to confront someone with their own faults and weaknesses when they are angry.
- C. ***“You are not staying here on your own. Get in the car now,” my mum said in that voice which did not allow any argument.*** Oh my God! Can you believe her? She talks to me like I am a stupid child who does not know about anything. But I do. I know a lot more than she thinks and that night I nearly told her. But I kept my mouth shut and just let her go on and on about how bad I was and how much she would have been able to do without me. Great.
- D. ***“You are not staying here on your own. Get in the car now,” my mum said in that voice which did not allow any argument.*** “Shut up!” I said. You should have seen the look on her face! It was a picture. I had never argued back to her. “What did you say to me?” It was a stupid question. “You heard me loud and clear.” That was a stupid answer. In the half-light I failed to see the hand moving swiftly towards the side of my head. It hurt.
- E. ***You are not staying here on your own. Get in the car now,” my mum said in that voice which did not allow any argument.*** Those words echoed in my head down the years that followed and she made my life more of a misery than I could ever have imagined. She was not what you would call an ideal mother - she always told me that I had been a mistake of timing and thoughtless passion. It took me until young adulthood to realise the hurtful intent of that comment. Why would anyone say such a thing to a child? And why was I standing here ready to knock at her door after twenty years?