

I kept working hard to complete everything that needed to be done in order for me to go to college and everything went well. I found out that three of the four colleges I had applied to had accepted me. However, I didn't feel that much excitement because my parents didn't show any enthusiasm. Nevertheless, I continued to do well in my classes in order to graduate and attend college in the fall.

Graduation was three days away when something unexpected happened. I was half asleep when I heard my dad complaining in the kitchen, then he barged in my room and started screaming at me. I didn't know what was going on. I just heard him talking about me, saying negative stuff as he always did. I was so furious that I raised my voice at him. And then he smacked me on the face. I couldn't believe it. It went through my mind that I did not want to see him at my graduation. He had never shown support, so why have him there to see me cross the stage? When the day came, he didn't show up and I didn't bother to care.

During my summer break, his negativity started to get to me even more. When he started talking to me about school and what I was going to study, I told him I was planning to major in apparel merchandising. When I explained to him what the major was, he said my career choice wasn't good enough. He told me it would be a waste of money and that I should study to become a doctor or a lawyer. When I told him that none of those careers were of interest to me, he got mad. I told him it was my decision; he was not paying for it, so he shouldn't complain about the money. He then found something else to complain about: my choice to attend CSUN.

This made me lose hope and I started to think about dropping my classes and going to a community college instead. My big brother told me that his company was going to start hiring, so I was thinking about going there. Before I did all this, I mentioned this to my best friend and she told me I was committing a mistake. She made me realize I had worked too hard to let my father interfere with my plans to attend college. She was right; I didn't want my father to be the one controlling my future.

My father's behavior didn't change. When he picked me up after orientation, he immediately started complaining as always. Instead of asking me how things went, he began complaining about how far the school was, how much traffic there was, and all the gas he was wasting just to pick me up. His negativity was never going to stop. In spite of knowing I was doing something good in my life, he didn't seem to care.