

( One- Shot )

# Goodbye, Mother

by: ShaeGon

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[wattpad.com/kristelleshainerubi](http://wattpad.com/kristelleshainerubi)



# Goodbye, Mother

by: Kristelle Shaine Rubi

*"But Eomma! I really wanna go!"* I shout while sobbing. I really can't understand why she won't let me.

*"No you won't Kelly! And my decision is final!"* She answered me in authority.

I slowly sat on my bed, still crying with pain and hatred for her. Why on earth she can't understand me? This has been my dream since long ago.

My mother went out my room without considering my feelings. I continue sobbing, hoping that she'll return and show some compassion and understanding for me. But no, she never returned. I hate her!

Since I was a kid, she shows no care and love for me. Sometimes I even wonder if she's really my mother. Every day, as far as I can remember, we always have a fight. My father left us when he knew my mother was carrying me in her womb. I grew up without experiencing any kind treatment from people around me.

Yes, we are rich, but mother still works a lot. My grandparents, who luckily accepted and adored me so much, died when I'm still a child. I can say that the only living relative I have is my mother. But looks like things won't work out between the two of us.

She goes work first thing in the morning, and returns home almost midnight. She definitely doesn't have time for me. And on those few moments that we see each other, we end up screaming and fighting with each other. I love her, whatever happens, she's still my mother, but I just can't simply understand her.

Mother doesn't want me to go, and for that, I'm totally hopeless. Maybe you're wondering where I wanna go, well my favorite KPop group will be having their concert here, and I've been hoping that I can see them personally by myself. Maybe you're thinking that I'm immature, fighting with my mother over silly things, but for me this concert is very important. Also, I want to justify to myself that mother can understand and support me sometimes, but no, maybe I just assume too much from her.

I'm wondering does fate hate me too much and betrayed me for that? Why does mother couldn't understand my yearnings? Guess, she even doesn't know me that much. I envy my friends for having supportive mothers by their sides. My heart bleeds every time they told me how understanding their mothers are.

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Trying my luck for the last time, I headed to the library where my mother stays to finish the works that she brings from her office.

I peek through the slightly open door to see what she's doing. She was on the phone and talking to someone with a very sweet tone. I easily presume that it's not about business she's discussing on the other side of the line. I'm startled, mother didn't told me that she have an affair with someone! My chest suddenly feels unease. I'm hyperventilating and there's an urge to cry hard.

I didn't know my father, nor had a chance to recognize even his name. And the thought that my mother is having an affair with someone else, broke my heart into pieces.

*“ Honey, you know very well that I don't care about Kelly. And you know that I'm just letting her stay with me just because it's my parent's condition before they died. And they made it very clear on their last will that once I abandon her, all their wealth will be given away to those filthy orphanages. ”* – mother explains briefly to her lover.

Those words slowly sink within me. Tears started to pour from my eyes. Did I just hear what she said? Did I just hear those merciless sentences? Did she just say that she doesn't care for me at all?

*“Yes, since the day I learned I'm carrying her in my womb, I instantly hate her. Damn her bastard father! If it wasn't because of my parents, she's dead now, long gone!”* --- mother added.

So, she really doesn't love me? She want me dead, she freakin' hate me the first time she knew about me. Is there anything much worse hearing straight from your mother that she hates you? That she doesn't love you? And worse of all, tried to kill you?

Those words slowly killing me inside, gradually shutting my entire system. I feel numb, lost all my senses. I can't feel anything, except pain.

I silently returned to my room, headed to the balcony. I stared to the beautiful view in front of me. The breathtaking night view of Seattle laid in front of me.

I look down, remembering those exact words that came out from my mother's mouth. Did she really mean it?

I climb into the railings and slowly closed my eyes. I guess, this is the answer of all my questions, the end of my pains. A bitter and painful end for Kelly Halletton.

Slowly, I let go my grasp on the iron steel, letting the cold breeze painfully hit my face as I slowly plunge into the depths below.

I hope I made you happy mother...

I hope I made you feel relieve...

I hope I made your lovely face smile...

For the first and last time because of me...

GOODBYE, Mother!

**\_ fin \_**