Irresistable

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keep us all cool enough. As dad said, we still had an eight-hour-drive to reach the sea. Our red Zhiguli (a popular Russian car) was moving forward like a ship in the sand ocean.

Feeling a little thirsty after eating the cookies, I asked mom:

“Can I have some water, mom?”

“Sure, honey!”

Mom reached her hand to the plastic bag next to her feet, which was filled up with snacks and drinks, took out a bottle of water and a cup. She then handed it out to me: “Here you are! Share it with your brother!” I did so, letting my brother drink half and then I drank the rest myself.

The radio was playing joyful music. Mom and dad were talking about the seashore conditions in the old days, how much it had changed since then and so on. During their conversation dad would frequently look at us from the front mirror and told us about how it would feel like seeing a real sea for the first time. Mom would hand out snacks, juices whenever we asked and would just say “Share it!” My brother got more involved in sharing. He put the snacks on his side, carefully divided them as equally as he could and handed me my share.

We were lost in fun playing cards when suddenly we were interrupted by our parents’ shouting. Their voices grew louder and louder that we forgot what we had been playing and stared at them in silence, trying to understand what the matter was. Within a minute it became clear that mom wanted dad to drive across the city, so she could do some shopping, but dad refused, explaining that it was a waste of time and insisted on driving through the suburbs. The city was on our way, but the sea was still 350 miles away from there. Their argument ended as suddenly as it had begun.

“You never have respect for my ideas!”

“Get out of the car if you want, but I won’t change my mind!”

Mom looked at dad as if she would burst with another shout, instead she just turned her head away from him. Dad lit a cigarette, still frowning.

I was sitting in the back of my mom, my brother of my dad. Nobody uttered a word. Even the radio