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Draft 2b: Photo Reflection

English 1010: 2<sup>nd</sup> hour

### Which is the Way?

My mother is the beautiful 18-year old woman in this photo. Walking down the aisle towards destiny, or what she thought to be, at that moment, the beginning of her destiny. While I look at this picture, I try to interpret the look she has on her face; now that I've lived with my mom for more than 17 years, it seems that I would be able to almost read her mind through the face expressions she gives. The look I see on her face is that of a child, innocent and naive, the one that seems to pop on her face every once in a while when she blurts an absent minded comment or makes a meaningless joke. It makes me wonder if she realized the seriousness of the step, that would lead to many more, she was about to make.

I am now 17, turning 18 in June; the same age as my mother when she got married. I am in her same shoes a couple months earlier than she was, a couple years too early for my parents. Everyone has always said that I have matured so much, that I have a great future ahead of me and that they know I will succeed and make the right choices; everyone but my mom and dad. The reason why, I have come to understand.

My mom and dad have been divorced