

Three Keys

by Anonymous

Reaching in my pocketbook while walking to my door, I placed the key where it belongs. I realized it wasn't unlocking the door.

I glanced back to my long green and blue Vera Bradley keychain only to realize that I now have three keys – one which starts up my 2010 Chevrolet Cobalt Coupe and the other two that open the two different doors to my parents' houses; still not sure of which key opens what house consumes some time and often keeps me out in the cold. As I placed my key in the lock, I started reminiscing about all the good times when I only had... one key and one house.

My two-house keys carry memories that were very difficult for me – laying on my bed every night at the age of nine just trying to hear my show on the television, but all I could hear was my family falling apart. My mother and father were fighting like cats and dogs. When the fighting finally stopped, my mother filed for divorce.

When I was at school, I was so happy to finally be away from home. When my mother arrived to pick me up early from school or when I met up with her in the office at Lynwood Elementary School, she always told me she wanted time to bond. She took me out to eat and then took me shopping for things I wanted and then took me to Carvel and started talking about nonsense and started bringing up movie stars that got divorced and which friends of mine had divorced parents and then finally what I thought was going to come out of her mouth did... "Daddy and I aren't happy anymore. We're getting divorced." Divorce. Such a small word, but it has such a tremendous effect. My mother moved out on a rainy Wednesday morning and when I came home from school that day, I got my second key.

Flash forward a few years, and I finally turned 16 – the day every girl can't simply wait for. My mother knew that I disliked having two keys, and everything that came with those keys. So, one day she took me to the Chevrolet dealership and told me to pick any car I wanted. As I was walking through the lot my eyes constantly came back to a white glistening Cobalt coupe. My mother ended up buying me that car that day. I woke up Monday morning happier than I've been in a while – my new car was ready for me. My mother drove my car home and as she handed me the keys on the driveway and said, "Now you have three keys..."

As I stopped to reminisce about the old times, I remembered that everything does happen for a reason. I may now have three keys, but I'm perfectly fine with that.

Word Count: 483