



February 2019

# Rules

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## Recommended Citation

Jackson, Jameka (2019) "Rules," *SWOSU Sayre Student Anthology*: Vol. 1 : Iss. 5 , Article 22.  
Available at: [https://dc.swosu.edu/sayre\\_student\\_anthology/vol1/iss5/22](https://dc.swosu.edu/sayre_student_anthology/vol1/iss5/22)

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# ***Rules*** *By Jameka Jackson*

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Five years ago I was in the seventh grade. I was just beginning to make great friends, and I thought my life was perfect. For those moments, it was. My dad had just become a full-time minister and my mom the first lady. They were really cracking down on the holy life. They made sure we dressed a certain way, talked a certain way, and carried ourselves in the right way. My oldest sister didn't like those rules, though.

She has always been the rebel child, and my parents knew that. The first child is usually the worst child. She and my dad haven't really gotten along since she was ten; now she is seventeen. She has never done well with rules and regulations. She has the mindset where she's going to do what she wants and everyone has to live with it. Now that my dad is a minister and we really have to watch ourselves, she and my dad have started to butt heads. When my dad would tell her to do something, she would just sit there like she didn't hear him. When he approached her about it, she said she didn't care and if he didn't leave her alone she would call the cops.

She began to see this younger guy in the neighborhood whom everyone knew had a bad reputation. He smoked weed, sold drugs and had two kids. She knew my dad didn't like him, but to prove her point about rules, she went to a guy that didn't have any. She had her first alcoholic beverage with him and started to dress differently because of him. She had a bigger attitude then she ever had. She even bucked up to my dad, whose 6'0 and three-hundred pounds of muscle. One night she told my dad everything that she has been doing, and to say the least, she got what she deserved that night. She created this big scene, and my dad was sent to jail. One of her teachers helped her through this entire thing. The teacher helped her quit her job and

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gave her a place to stay. There was another man that helped and encouraged my sister to get with this boy, because he thought she could help the boy get better. They ended up calling DHS, and since my parents have no record of anything, she was forced to stay home by the law. She wasn't allowed to come out of her room unless she had to use the bathroom. My parents would bring food to her room and didn't allow me or my younger sister to see her. After I heard what happened, if I did see her, it would've been to fight. I just couldn't believe that she would put my parents through so much after everything they have done for us.

The one thing I will never do in life is disappoint my parents. People always ask me why I do whatever my parents tell me, even if I don't want to do it sometimes. It's because I don't ever want to see them in pain. I wouldn't be able to deal with that look of disappointment. Seeing how bad she broke my dad's heart that day made me want to be the best daughter they could think of having.



***Cross Roads Photo by Marketa Jones***