

In My Desperate Time - Chapter 14 What a shame

My parents fetch their luggage quickly and move in my house.

I rent a one-room flat. They sleep in my room and I have to sleep on the couch.

Their things drop on the floor. All those specialties taken from hometown are placed everywhere. I

sweep and collect from 1:00 pm till 11:00 pm.

Their snores have already flew out from the bedroom.

I wash my face and sleep on the couch exhaustedly.

My mother get up at 5:00 in the morning. She makes noise in the kitchen and I can't sleep. Usually I

get up at 8 o'clock and now my biological clock is completely disturbed.

'Mom. Why are you getting up so early?' 'I leavened dough last night, now I am making you bun'

She says.

I smile and say nothing. I never eat bun. But my father loves it.

The reason why my mother gets up so early and works hard is to play up to my father.

I can't sleep, so I have to get up.

My mother steams bun and goes out from the kitchen. She holds my hands to sit on the couch.

'Jane, mom wants to tell you something.' I frown. I know she definitely wants to say something that

would make me headache.

I don't say a word and just look at her.

She continues this topic even I don't respond.

'Jane, can you make it up with Andrew Malan? What would you do as a divorced woman? What about your brother's work? We count on Andrew Malan's relationship to get your brother into his company before. Now it seems impossible.'

'Mom, please don't mention Andrew Malan.' I interrupt her impatiently.

'Then what can you do? How could you a woman live in this city without the support of man?' She looks at me with a little annoying.

Maybe she thinks that a woman's price depends on men.

I couldn't hear her anymore. I stand up and go to the bathroom. When I come out, my mother is on the phone.

"Are you seeing anybody now? Do you mind the divorced woman?" Who is she talking to!

I walk to her and grab the phone over. My mother is calling a male colleague from my last job.

Fortunately, I resigned, otherwise it would be really embarrassing.

I hang up the phone and check the call records. I am going to break down. By the time I am in the bathroom, my mother has already called five people. All male colleagues! What a shame!

'Mom, how cheap I am? A divorced woman must worthless? Who told you this!' I am too angry to control myself.

'Nonsense! In these years, all men mind if this woman is a second used or if she is a virgin!' My mother claims.

Having a mother like her, I have nothing to say. I grab my purse and go to work.

It would be impossible to live with them any longer. Either they could go back to the countryside, or I would rent another house for them. But now I only have one thousand dollars and bore a huge debt.

I myself have already been deeply troubled. I really don't have the ability to care about them.

I know they have savings. But that is saved for my brother, it has nothing to do with me. Born in this prefer-boy- to-girl family, I don't have any hope on them at all.

I go downstairs and want to have breakfast. I check my purse and there is only ten bucks. I put my purse on the couch and the money disappears. It must be my mother!

That's my last money.

I call my mother and ask her where is my money. She tells me that she has already transferred it to my brother.

How pitiful I am to have such parents!