



10 Chapter TEN

Theme: The life of Ivy Rivera 1

FLASHBACK TO TEN YEARS AGO

WINSLOW, ARIZONA.

"Emily did your sister tell you where she was going when she left the house early in the morning?" Mrs Rivera asked.

"No mom, she didn't say anything to me." Emily replied.

"I guess she is off to throwing herself at the new boys in our town." Mrs Rivera scoffed.

"Mom that is not true." Emily countered.

"So what is true?" Mrs Rivera asked with a raised eyebrow.

"What is true is that I saw a paper where Ivy wrote her schedule for this week, she is trying to find a job." Emily said.

Mr Rivera glances up to look at Emily. "What did you say Ivy is trying to do?" He asked as if he didn't hear Emily's words clearly.

"She is trying to get a job." Emily repeated in a low tone.

Emily pondered if it was right to tell her



parents about her sister's plan to get a job although she didn't know much about it other than the fact that she saw the words written in a note.

Mrs Rivera couldn't help but laugh. "Who would want to hire such a girl at a workplace? Well except the person is ready to go bankrupt without knowing how and why it happened." Mrs Rivera said.

"Mom..that is not a fair thing to say about Ivy." Emily said.

"Well it is true because the last time she worked for Mr John, his restaurant caught fire and he lost a part of the place. The old man had to take a loan to rebuild the place." Mrs Rivera reminded Emily.

"It wasn't Ivy's fault that Mr John's restaurant got burnt. He even stated it that it was carelessness that they didn't switch off an electrical appliance before closing up the place." Emily tried to defend her sister.

"It is still because Ivy worked at that place so she better not think of working somewhere else." Mr Rivera said with a deep frown on his face.

Emily shook her head in disappointment.
"Sometimes..I can't help but wonder if Ivy is



really your biological child because you both treat her like an outcast." Emily said.

"Maybe everything would have been different if she didn't bring us bad luck at the time of her birth." Mr Rivera said.

"It wasn't just a mere coincidence that your father and I almost lost everything because of her." Mrs Rivera added.

Emily heaved a sigh before gazing back down at her food.

Ivy twisted the door knob but it was locked. She searched for her keys in her faded Jean pocket but she couldn't find it. Panic filled her as she wondered where the key might be. And when she couldn't find it Ivy knocked on the door since the bell wasn't working anymore.

"I think Ivy is back." Emily said.

"Why is she knocking when she has her own keys." Mr Rivera asked.

Emily looked at her mom. "Dad, Ivy doesn't have a key anymore." She answered.

"I guess she misplaced it again, that girl is always too careless with things put in her care." Mr Rivera snorted.

"No dad, I saw mom take Ivy's key this morning." Emily said.



Mrs Rivera shot Emily glare.

"Why?" Mr Rivera asked.

"I don't think it is wise to let her have a key to our house. Who knows? One of those men she is seeing might invite his other friends to come rob us. Anything can happen to us if Ivy has her own keys and she can misplace it again like the last time." Mrs Rivera said.

Emily didn't miss the look of disgust in her mom's eyes as she talked about Ivy.

"I will get the door." Emily stood up and noticed towards the door to let her sister in.

"Emily?" Ivy called her name with her hands clamped together.

Emily's eyes did a slow crawl on Ivy's body and she noticed that her clothes was wet.

"Ivy what happened to you?" Emily asked with a concerned look on her face.

Ivy looked down at her clothes.

"Nothing...I..I just went swimming at the beach..." she lied.

The truth was Ivy went in search of a job and one of the places she went to seek a job, the old lady in charge poured water on her body, called her all sort of names and screamed at her never to come near her store again.



"Okay.." Emily whispered although she didn't buy Ivy's lies.

She stepped aside for Ivy to walk into the house.

"I am sorry to disturb you...I think I lost my key again." Ivy whispered.

"It is alright..." Emily smiled.

"Can you keep it a secret till I find it?" Ivy asked with fear crossing her face.

"Don't worry, I will give you my key and get a new one from mom." Emily answered.

"Thank you." Ivy said with a small smile.

Ivy thought she had misplaced the key while she was going around town in search of a job not knowing her mom had taken it.

"Good evening..mom..dad." She greeted when they got to the dinning area.

No response came from them as they acted like she wasn't there.

"Why don't you just go ahead and change and come back to have dinner with us." Emily said.

"No..no..I am fine." Ivy faked a small smile as she started the walk to her bedroom.



"Emily just let her be moreover I did not prepare anything for her because I am sure she must have probably eaten with some drunk guys on the street ." Mrs Rivera said.

Tears shimmered in Ivy's eyes at her mother's words, she didn't turn to face them or move from the spot she stood just to hide her tears.

"Mom, don't talk like that please..that is a harsh thing to say when Ivy isn't sleeping around." Emily countered.

"Why should I not believe otherwise? She sneaks out of the house early and comes back late at night with bruises all over her sometimes which I know she got from bangs she receives from guys she is sleeping with." Mrs Rivera said in a slight raised tone.

"Mom...." Emily was cut off by Mr Rivera who raised his hand up to silent her.

"Oh so you think that we don't know what you have been doing? Come on Ivy, this town isn't as big as you see it we hear a lot about you everyday. You are such a disgrace to this family." Mrs Rivera said with a clenched jaw.

Mr Rivera dropped the newspapers that was in his hand. "I also heard that you are trying to find a job, look at me and tell me that it is true."



Mr Rivera requested.

Ivy hands reached out to her face to wipe the tears that strayed down her cheeks before turning to look at her parents.

"Yes...I...I...am..trying..to-" she paused to get her trembling voice not to fail her.

She nibbled on her bottom lips to bit back tears that threatened to spill any time soon.

"Yes..I am trying to find..a job to support the family." She answered.

Mrs Rivera scoffed. "Who asked you to get a job to support the family? We are not suffering Ivy so we clearly don't need your support!" She screamed at Ivy making her jump more in fear.

"Why do you always choose to cause us trouble in this family?! You should always stay indoor and avoid bringing us shame all the time! I don't want to ever see you finding a job in this town! You can go away and leave this town and get a job else!" Mr Rivera yelled at her making his anger known as he walked up to her grabbed her upper right arm.

"Next time you cause trouble in this town I will be the one to turn you in to the cops!" He snarled at her before pushing her away.

Ivy's breathing quickened, more tears streamed down her face and her body trembled



as she listened to her parents scream and yell at her for not being the best child.

She was used to hearing these words from her own biological parent. She wasn't the type of child that comes home with A's but Emily seems to be the perfect child for them. Everyone in town gave her the derogatory labels 'The girl from the wrong side of the river' and 'Jinx' and visually everyone knew Ivy Rivera to be a bad luck.

No one has ever tried to be friends with her, all she does was sit by the beach which seemed to be her best friend. Ivy Rivera has always craved for attention from her parent but their only focus seemed to be on her younger sister Emily who had brought them joy and happiness after she was born. Mrs Rivera has tried separating Emily from Ivy but Emily wouldn't listen. She was always there to defend Ivy each time anyone talks bad about her or bully her at school. Those bruises Ivy got were from school whenever her classmates teased her about being a bad luck to her family. Ivy had quit college, because she couldn't cope with the bad talks about her in college and the life of living as an outcast in her home town. Everyone stayed away from her probably because their parents must have told them the tale surrounding her birth and so she has lived her life accepting that she



was truly a bad luck. Ivy lived with the fear that bad things would always happen wherever she finds herself.

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