

## Disobedience

By Kathryn Cubalo

I was usually an obedient child, not because of any fear of punishment, but mostly because it was expected that we, my brother and I, would behave ourselves, especially when out in public. There was one time I remember very well that I thought I knew better than my mother what I should do.

I was five years old, in my very first year at school, when something happened and my mother told my brother and me to go to my grandparents after school. When school got out, I had another thought. I decided it would be more fun to go home to play with my friends, the Pierce kids. I knew I was always welcome there, so I told my brother what I was going to do. He was very upset and started to cry, but that made me even more determined to do my own thing. So I did.

At the Pierces' home, we played our usual games for awhile, but I wasn't having much fun. Soon it was time for supper and I watched as the plates were set at the table, and, sure enough, a plate was there for me, but everyone was very quiet. By that time, I knew I had done the wrong thing. I wanted to go home, but I didn't know if anyone would be there and it was too far to walk alone to my grandparents' house.

Before we finished eating, a car drove in, and it was my Aunt Helen, my brother, and my cousin Joyce. Aunt Helen was quite cross, and I felt quite humiliated by the disapproval of everyone. She put me right to bed, while my brother and cousin were able to stay up and color in some coloring books. My aunt said, "Your mother will be disappointed with you." I felt very unloved. Soon my mother came in and kissed me good night. I felt better.

Later, I learned the reason for all the problems. My other grandmother had died, so my mother was busy making arrangements. She did tell us, but I think I did not know what "died" meant until my father carried me in to see my dead grandmother in her casket.