

# Forced

I'm Darla Rose Carter and I've been forced into a life I hate by my family. My parents tried to make my older siblings famous but they could not sing at all, so when I came around they realized I had a good singing voice so they made me famous. Yeah I might go to the grammys and be rich but I don't like singing. I have always had a deep passion for painting and I'm an amazing painter. But my family says if i'm not a famous singer they will ruin my career, I don't know why they want me to be famous so bad but I'm dedicated to find that out.

7:00 am, wednesday september 14

I was still in bed when I heard a knock on my apartment door. I tried to get out of my bed but the second my feet touched the floor I fell right down, "Owww". I finally found the strength to get up and open the door. It was my Mom, right when I opened the door she hit me in the face with these ginormous rolled up posters she was carrying. "Oh sweetie you look like you just got run over by a car, well that doesn't matter though look at these gorgeous dress plans I have for you" she said. "Oh wow they look so gr-\*yawn\*" . " DARLA WAKE UP AND LISTEN TO ME THIS IS YOUR CAREER" My Mom screamed at me "Yeah, Yeah" I said well pushing her out of the door then locking her out, then I ran back into my bed and fell asleep.

Soon enough I had to get out of my bed so I was picking out my outfit and doing the usual but at the top of my closet there's a picture of me and my boyfriend Jayden. But no one knows that we are together because my parents have been forcing me to date this other famous singer, greg. He knows that we are in a fake relationship and that I'm with someone else but around my parents we have to be as if we are a couple. I took the picture of me and Jayden off of my shelf and sat on my bed and stared at it. I heard a door unlocking and I suddenly remembered that my Mom has a key to my apartment, she busted

into my room and I quickly hid the photo underneath my blankets. "What is going on in your brain that makes you think you can shut the door on me, I will ruin your career". My Mom said well, looking me dead in the eyes. "I'm sorry".

1 week later

It was time for the Grammys. My Mom tightened my dress and pulled my hair with the comb. "Ugh, are you almost done? It starts soon". "I'm almost done, you're fine you brat". Then the Grammys started. I was walking down the runway taking pictures doing the usual but this year wasn't usual. When I won an award I went up and I didn't thank my Mom or family I thanked my boy friend Jayden. I saw my Mom get out of her seat and walk onto the stage. "What do you think you are doing and who is this Jayden boy?". "Mom, go sit down and stop ruining my life because I never wanted to be a singer. I have always wanted to be a painter and you haven't let me live my life and no I am not with Greg I am with an amazing boy named Jayden". I said " You know what is gonna happen if you disrespect me, I'm gonna ruin your career". My Mom stole the microphone from my hand and started saying random things about me and how I apparently 2 years ago said I wanted to be a singer but I never even said that. So I took the mic back "None of that is true I have always just wanted to be a painter but you forced me to be a singer, security took her away". Security started taking my Mom away while she was screaming. I went home after that.

After that I decided to switch my whole life up. I lived in a house with Jayden and was a famous painter and all was going well. We had moved away from my family and none of them knewed where I lived. I was working on a new painting when I got an alert from my phone saying that a package had been delivered "huh I didn't order anything". I said but I went to the door and picked up the package. Nothing was in it except a letter. It read,

*You thought you could get away that easy Darla well you didn't. I know where you live now so I thought that I would come and visit this is just your warning because I'm gonna be coming over in one week exactly*

*See you then xoxo you favorite Mom.*

The end