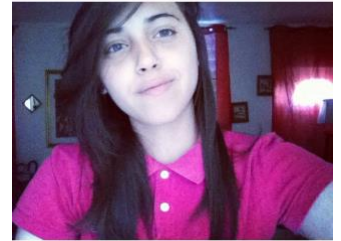


## ESOL VOICES: Student Spotlight

Kimberly Colon

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*Kimberly is an ESOL student from Puerto Rico. She has been in the United States for one year. She enjoys reading novels, listening to classical music, and watching independent films—the Little Theatre is her second home in Rochester. In terms of her future career, she is still undecided, but would love to study cinema.*



Kimberly Colon, 2015

### Never Mess with Your Mother

I remember those were days of spring. The flowers were blooming and flourishing more than ever. The smell of wet grass was taking over the front and back yard. Our shoes got all muddy every time we would walk through the passage of the house's front door. The sound of the automatic plant waterer kept repeating its movements and doing rhymes like a musician.

My father and I were returning from grocery shopping at the nearest supermarket called *Econo*. As we arrived home and passed through the wet grass with the bags almost popping out their produce, we automatically noticed that my mom was starting dinner. The smell of onions and peppers filled the air, all mixed up with the smell of fresh flowers. When I was about to enter the front door, my dad quickly pulled me back to him and stopped me.

"Hey! Don't go in yet," he warned me. "Your mom doesn't know we have arrived home. Let's go in quietly."

I smiled, nodded, and joined

him, copying his quick but quiet steps.

We got to the living room, and my mother didn't find out we were already there. My father hid the bags and made me signals to follow him to scare my mom while her back was facing the entrance of the kitchen.

"Let's go together and hug your mother on the count of three," he instructed me.

I gave him a naughty smile and started the countdown with him as secretly as possible. "One, two...." My mom was still giving her back to the entrance and cutting vegetables. "Three!" My father and I got all over my mom and she got so scared that she almost stabbed my dad with the knife she had in her hands. Fortunately, she got a glimpse of his face and dropped the knife on the counter.

"Aaaaah!" she screamed out of fear. "You guys almost made me kill you both," she said trying to relax.

"Yeah, but you didn't!" my

father said to her without containing his laughter.

"It's not funny," she complained to him.

"We were just trying to scare you and give you a hug," I said to her trying to sound as innocent as possible.

She smiled and gave me a hug. I raised my head and saw her face, and she was giving my dad the death stare, but she changed it to a smile as soon as she realized I was peering at her.

I exchanged looks with my dad, and he was still laughing at what had happened. He winked at me. From there on, I knew that the pranks on my mom for the day weren't actually stopping but just beginning...

After we finished eating the delicious dinner my mom made us, my mom went back directly to the kitchen to do the dishes. That's when my father took the opportunity of approaching me secretly to put in action the second prank he had for my mom.

"So, here's what we are going

to do Kim. While she's doing the dishes, we are going to sit on the couch together, turn on the television, and put on the channel she's always watching and talking about. You know the one she always turns on to record her favorite *telenovela*," he said with excitement.

"Okay, I know the name of her favorite *telenovela*. It's actually called *El fuego del amor*," I responded to him also full of excitement.

"Yeah! That's it. That's the one she always talking about! Well, okay. First, we will put on the channel. Later on, she will hear it and get all happy. It will make her want to come here to take a quick glimpse of what's going on and to see the latest commercials from the episodes," he explained me.

"What are we going to do next?" I asked him trying to figure

out the meaning and the plot of the prank.

"Next, Kim... That's when we are going to make her believe that we accidentally erased the last two episodes of the *telenovela* from the recorded ones. We are going to tell her that we were trying to erase the last two episodes from the wrestling championship I had from last season, and that out of the blue everything got erased!" My father replied to me with a grin.

I laughed and nodded at him. Albeit, I deeply knew how it was going end up and how my mom wasn't going to be very happy about it. She would somehow try to find a way to make my father and I pay for everything, especially for that. You can mess with my mom's stuff, but not with her recorded episodes of her favorite *telenovela*...



My mom began her retribution with my father when one afternoon he actually couldn't find his recordings of the last WWE Championship of the season. Also, my dad ended up buying her all the episodes of "*El fuego del amor*" on dvd. Consequently, she made him watch a 12-hour marathon of the *telenovela* with her, which he completely hated.

As for me, it started one Saturday morning when she woke me up early and made me believe that it was a school day when it really wasn't. That morning she couldn't stop laughing at me while I was all freaked out, dressed up, and banging on the front doors of my school because they were closed. After that, no one in the house has ever made or talked about plans or pranks to mess with my mother, especially me.