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Life and Lies

Everyone has told or has been told at least one lie in his or her lifetime. I too have been told my share of lies. There was one lie, in particular, that had a strong impact in my life. It really stirred up mixed emotions. I felt anger, hatred, pain, sympathy, and relief. It is strange how someone can have so many emotions about one action. The following is my autobiography about a specific event in my life.

I was very young when I got married. In fact, now I realize that I was too young. I had never dated and was very naïve. When I met my husband, he took my breath away. I couldn't bear to go through a whole day without talking to him, even if it was only over the telephone. We met in December and were together by August of the following year. I was just a little over 17 years old and did not realize how big a step I was about to take. Everything was fine as long as I complied with all of the demands. At the time, I did not know any better than to do as I was told and hope for the better.

Finally, I realized that I was not happy living this way. When I spoke up and told my husband that I wanted to go back to school, to try and better myself so that I could be more independent, the real problems began. He wanted me to depend on him so that he could have control over me. I was not going to have this any longer. I had already put up with this for too long. Couples always have arguments about one thing or another but this particular argument of ours was the one that would have major consequences. It was such a strong argument that I had to tell him to leave. He went back to California, which is where we came from. He would call

several times a day. During one of these calls, I got the nerve to tell him that I wanted a divorce. He agreed to respect my decision, but not before telling me that he had two sons by another woman. It was lucky for him that he was on the phone and in California when he told me this because I could have strangled him at that moment. There is no need to say how angry I was. How could he have done this to me after I had dedicated more than half of my life to him?

When my anger ceased, I felt hatred. I felt that I hated him more than I could ever hate anyone else. I told him that I never wanted him to call my house again. Regardless he kept calling, but I would not answer his calls. Thanks to my caller ID, I knew when he was on the other line. I hated him so much that I would let the telephone ring off the hook. I felt pain because I knew that I had done everything I could to keep this marriage together. I would try to do everything I could possibly do to make the days go by smoothly. Obviously, that was not enough for him. I kept asking myself what I had done to make him feel that he needed someone else on the side. This was really hard and painful to assimilate. I felt pain because everything was fine between us while he was having his affair. He would always tell me that he wanted us to grow old together. He said that we were going to buy an RV and that we would travel after our five kids were grown.

After I had time to think about it, I could only feel sympathy towards him. He told me that he wanted to tell me all along but that he did not know how I would react. I felt sorry for him because not only had he lost my family, he had lost his other kids as well. After trying to get away with having two families, he was left with neither. Being that I am a sympathetic person, I decided to let him continue calling our kids. They are his children, after all. Finally, after having so many mixed emotions, I felt relieved. Even though I had told him that I wanted a divorce, I could have changed my mind and gone back to the life I had been trying to leave. After

everything he told me, there was no doubt in my mind; I knew that I truly wanted the divorce. I felt guilty about breaking our family apart, but I knew that I was not the only one responsible for it. When all was said and done, I felt free to decide what I would do with my life and my family. I am now a sophomore at Columbia Basin College and I am working towards a Nursing degree.

Lies will always have some kind of impact on people's lives. Sometimes those impacts can be for the better, as they were in my case. Everyone decides for themselves whether to lie or not, but they should stop to think how that could affect the person they are lying or not lying to. Sometimes white lies are told so as to not make someone feel awkward. Other times these white lies, as they are called, can be harmful because if a person is told she looks fine in a particular item of clothing, when in fact she looks appalling, she might get hurt by someone else later on. It might just be better to tell that person the truth and hope for the better. We are always faced with the decisions. Sometimes making the right choice is a matter of thinking about how we would like others to be towards us. A white lie can grow into an enormous one if one is not careful. I can not remember if this is a famous quote or not but here it is, "To lie or not to lie, that is the question".