

The Price of Luck

Summary: It was Friday night and my mom had gambled all of our money away.



Chapter One

It was Friday night and my mom had gambled all of our money away. I would've never expected something like this, considering how she absolutely loathed gambling. However, it seems that her immense hatred for gambling didn't stop her from losing all our money.

Her habit of gambling started just a few months ago. She would go out every few weeks or so to "alleviate stress". She always came back with more money than she left with, so I didn't pay any mind to it.

Well, at least until this month. She had been gambling at least twice every week, never breaking her winning streak until last Wednesday. That was when I had told her to try and lay off of the gambling. I thought she would've listened, due to the fact that she seemed to have hated gambling before this, but boy was I wrong. After my confrontation with her, she started going more often. I had absolutely no idea why she was doing this, especially since she's not really the person to do things out of spite. But just like before, I was probably wrong about that too. After that Wednesday, I had given up on trying to confront her again. It would most likely resort to her going more often, so there wasn't much of a point. But now, to be completely honest, I was regretting not talking to her earlier.

"Why didn't you tell me to stop sooner, Kim?" My mom was slumped at the kitchen table with her head in her hands.

The anger was evident in her voice, so I refrained from giving her a snappy remark about ignoring me last week, "It seemed liked you enjoyed doing it, so I decided not to say anything."

"You still should've tried to say something to me! Just because I seem to like doing something doesn't mean I actually do."

I ignore the strong urge to roll my eyes at her statement. She was acting as if she didn't completely brush off my request for her to stop gambling. I do agree that I should've said more to her about it, but it was her fault for refusing to listen to me the first time.

"I did mention it to you last week. You just told me to leave you alone because you knew what you were doing."

"Well I obviously didn't!" My mom was now sitting up, staring at me with her hands in her hair.

"I was aware of that. But I was also aware that you would most likely ground me if I spoke to you about it again." I tried to keep my voice level. I didn't want her punishing me for 'having an attitude' with her.

"Are you having an attitude with me?"

Too late. I lean onto the kitchen counter and cross my arms, "I would like to believe I'm not. But if you think I am, I have the right to have one."

My mom no longer has her hands in her hair. They're now clasped on the kitchen table. "Excuse me?"

"Mom. You just gambled all, not just some, but all of our money away! You don't think I'm gonna be mad about that?"

"Says the one who doesn't have to pay bills. Or the one who doesn't have to provide for themselves and their child."

I slowly start to inch my way towards the hallway. I was done with this argument way before it had even started. I wanted to go to my room and lay in my bed, ignoring the fact that any of this had ever happened.

"I need a glass of wine." My mom gets up and walks to the refrigerator, pulling out a wine bottle. This didn't particularly surprise me as much as her past actions, but the shock was there nonetheless. My mom—from what she's told me—wasn't much of a drinker. She would drink occasionally if we had company over or if we had a classy dinner, but outside of that, she wouldn't acknowledge the existence of alcohol. As she poured some wine into a glass, I took this as a chance to escape the situation. I quietly make my way down the hall, as not to notify my mom I had left the room. I then enter my bedroom and flop onto my bed. School hadn't been as tiring as usual but this fiasco with my mom just added on to my exhaustion. As I'm changing into my pajamas, I hear a little 'ding!' from my phone. I walk towards my phone to check my messages and my last few brain cells start having a party. I had gotten a text from my girlfriend.

"Hey!! :D

It was kinda stormy today.
did you get home safe?"

"yeah! wbu? how was the
bus ride home?"

"That's good! and the bus
ride was pretty hectic."

"oml
did jackson try to blow up
a water bottle again?"

I hold back a laugh as I recall the time one of our classmates had tried to blow up his water bottle (and the bus) during his ride home.

“Thankfully not this time.”

“His friend Trevor saw a squirrel and almost jumped out of the window.”

“tbh i’ve never understood that guy’s obsession with squirrels..”

“I haven’t either..”

“!!!!”

“I have to go now. my dad is calling me.”

“Goodnight!! <3”

“goodnight! <33”

I flop onto my bed and let out a deep sigh as the leftover bliss from talking to Maeve flows out of my system. Even though we’ve been dating for a while, I still get butterflies when Maeve and I talk. And if I’m being honest, I feel a lot more flustered talking to now that we’re dating.

I let out another deep sigh. This time it was for a different reason. As my happiness wore off, I was slowly brought back to the situation with my mom. I decided that I probably just needed to go to sleep. Hopefully this was all just a dream. Hopefully when I woke up, this would all be over. Hopefully all of our money wouldn’t be gone and my real mom would be back.