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## **Reason Why I Was Late to The Meeting**

I have been a Girl Scout for eight years, and every Sunday (excluding special holidays, camping, or other activities), I have gone to a Girl Scout meeting. Unfortunately, it can be noted by most that from time to time, I arrive a few minutes late of the appointed time. For example, two Sundays ago, I arrived to Garden Grove Park precisely 8:36 am-exactly six minutes late. I know that people think that I could not get out of bed and wanted the extra minutes of sleep or that I woke up and was unprepared to go to the meeting and therefore had to run around finding things. Others may think that I run on "Vietnamese time" and as a result, I am late for everything, but these people are all wrong in their assumptions. I was late two Sundays ago and others times similar to it not through any fault of my own; the blame rests solely on the shoulders of my mother. Yet, every time I tell the scout vmasters this, they do not believe me, and even if they do, they say that if I really wanted to attend scouting, I would rush my mother and hence arrive on time like everybody else. My scoutmasters have no idea what I go through every Sunday morning and weekday morning of my life.

As far back as I could remember, I was always late for *everything*. My mother does not seem to realize that while she's running around in the morning, time is slowly ticking away and before she knows this, we are late! Over the years, I have figured out how she thinks and ever since entering high school, I have started to tell her that my classes start half an hour before they actually do. Nevertheless, I arrive as soon as the bell rings (ironic huh?). Unfortunately, from my point of view, my mother has always been active in scouting and therefore knows everything and I cannot use the same trick on her. So instead, I prod her and nag her every Sunday morning to get her stuff so that we can arrive on time. I even remind her on Saturday night to get ready for the meeting in the morning, so that like me, she can just wake up, get dressed, brush her teeth, and leave. But, she always seems to have an excuse: she just got home from work and she was tired, or that there would be plenty of time in the morning for her to get ready because she was going to get up extra early. But every Sunday morning I am the one who wakes her up and tells her that we have to leave in forty-five minutes. I feel like I am the mother and she is the grouchy teenager who does not want to go to school or something equally painful. However, no matter how much I complain and beseech her, she takes her time in the morning and sometimes even curls her hair! She acts just like a teenager and sometimes I want to scream. I simply run a brush through my hair and she feels that she needs to blow dry and curl hers (who is she trying to impress?). Then she runs around looking for her scouting binder, her purse, and finally her keys. She is so disorganized that sometimes I wonder how on earth she always pays the bills on time and is the treasurer of both my scout troop and the parent association (PTA) at my school. Does she just do this to make my life miserable?

Well, two Sundays ago, on October 20, 2002, the morning started out like any normal one and my mother was running late. Only to make matters worse, she was not only going to the meeting, but she was also going to the beach for a high school reunion-so it was chaos times ten at my house. But, by this time, I had already gotten my driver's license and threatened her that I would just leave without her; this got me yelled at so I stopped and tried a different approach. I began telling her that it was always her fault that I was constantly late for everything. She then had the audacity to deny my accusations and place the blame on me. I was outraged and preceded to argue my point. She then, having been a scouting parent for eight long years, told me that scout law number seven stated that I had to listen to her and obey her without talking back. So, since we were going to a scout meeting, I decided to let her have her way and just grit my teeth and did not say another word. Then, to add insult to injury, the phone rang just as we were finally walking out the door and instead of letting my grandmother answer it, she had to run back in and do it herself. It turned out to be her friend who she was going to see later on in the day anyway, but she still carried on a conversation for five precious minutes. So, by the time we finally arrived to the meeting place, I was late and as a result of my tardiness, I was not only reprimanded in front of my peers and told that as a "leader," I had to set an example for others, but I also had to write this essay explaining the reason why I was late. So here it is, but somehow, I have the feeling that this will not be the last time I have to write an essay like this again.