

Dear Mom and Dad,

There are some things that I would like to get off my chest, however, I do not have the will to say it to your face since you have sacrificed so much for me and my siblings. I wanted to ask, why were you guys never there? Why did you never attend my orchestra performances or badminton matches when everybody's parents had flowers and banners for their children? Why did I have to walk home alone in the dark after every performance and badminton games? I envy those kids that have parents that carry flowers or banners. I want you guys to see how much work I put into each piece of music or each practice.

Why do you always have to come home at midnight every day? Do you know how much that scares me? Thinking you guys had an accident along the icy roads or getting shot while working. Or you might throw your backs out while lifting the French fry bags that weigh like 20 pounds. Or get burned from the oil. There are so many things that can happen that I might not know about.

Another thing I feel is this immense guilt. This guilt that I can never get rid of and it weighs me down every single day. Some days I can't breathe and other days I cry myself to sleep because of the sacrifices you did to bring us to America for a better education. I'm sorry you had to leave your family behind. You left your siblings and mother you cared so much about. And I am not even that good of a daughter. I yell at you guys and get annoyed, but I am trying to be better. But that is not working out, so the best I can do is get the best grades as much as possible. I study a lot, more than you can imagine. I am not like other kids who can memorize everything, I must study for hours. I know you do not care if I get one B or two B's,

however, every single time I get a B, I feel like I have let you down. I am so sorry. But I promise to get a really good job and take care of you for the rest of my life.

Mom, I know you left a really good job. I know you loved being a nurse in the emergency room. I know because every single time you talk about your college days and the days you worked as a nurse, you had that longing look. I know you missed a chance to become the director of your department. I know that when you had to decide to come to America or become the director, you chose us. I am sorry that your friends all became professors or directors while we are just barely making things work at the fast food restaurant. I know that the customers do not respect you at work. I also know that they say hateful, racial attacks on you everyday and how they egged our car, popped our tires, and wrote all over our car. All you wanted to do was make a living and to send your children off to college. I know, and I am sorry for all the things they put you through. I also know how bad your knees are getting. I know that you stand for 12 hours a day taking orders and making hamburgers. Since you are nearing your mid-fifties, you can't even walk up the stairs, and Dad cannot bend his back anymore. Please wait until I graduate college. I will take you out of that hell and give you guys a life you never had.

Dad, I am so sorry for sounding annoyed and snapping at you every single time you talk. But something that you should do is go to the doctor more often. Self-medication is dangerous and visiting the doctor does cost money, but it is better than taking the wrong medicine or building a tolerance to certain medications. You guys have never taken a day off since you came to America or taken a week or month off for vacation. You leave the house at 10 am and come back at 11 pm or midnight. You work for 6 days a week. Even though I go to school for only 5 of

those days, I applaud anyone who has never taken a sick day till the day they graduate. But you guys have done it for 15 years. Dad, you are waiting till everyone graduates to go back to Thailand and take care of your mom. We tell you that you can go now, we will be okay. Your son already graduated and has a job right now, and he will eventually go to medical school. I will graduate in 3 years and our little one will graduate in 4 years. It is okay, we can take care of ourselves now. You can go, I know you miss your mom. You have not seen her in 15 years. Go. It is okay.

There are things that I am grateful for and I do not know why it is so hard for me to say, "Thank you" or "I love you". You guys say it all the time to us. Thank you for giving life to me and thank you for giving me a protective older brother and a reliable younger sister. Dad, thank you for waking up at 5 in the morning to make me my breakfast and before you leave, cooking us our dinners. Mom, thank you for driving me to school everyday and taking care of me when I am sick. I love it when you pat me on the head and coming back home to kiss us goodnight. There are so many things that I am thankful for but thank you for raising me and thank you for being such great parents. I hope to be as great of a parent as you guys have been to me.

Thank you so much for everything and with much love,

Your eldest daughter