

December, 2005

**Cry Baby**

Anonymous

I've got to be the world's best crier for crying can solve just about any of my problems. By crying I've escaped unpleasant realities and received unexpected benefits.

Not only am I a cry baby, but I'm daddy's little girl. So whenever I need something, I first approach daddy and only next approach mom. Unlike dad, mom initially says "no." But the situation usually changes once I start crying. Yes, crying. I don't know if it's the tears rolling down my eyes or the irritating sounds I make as I sob, but mom is absolutely vulnerable to my crying. The next thing you know she'll say, "okay, alright, stop crying."

Since I was seven, crying has worked for me!

Consider my relationship with my younger sister. We fight over everything, even simple things like the remote control for the television set. We use to have this silly rule "whoever gets the remote gets to control," so everyday after school we would run into the living room and hunt for the remote. To this day, I absolutely hate my sister's getting the remote control, because she sticks out her tongue and shouts "I got the remote to control, so sister sit and patrol." As soon as I hear this, I start crying.

Now my sister doesn't care whether I cry or not, so I never cry when we are alone. I only cry when my parents are home. Instantly after they hear me crying, my parents rescue me and send my sister to her room for making me cry. I know it sounds cruel, but what can I say. If you want something you need to do something about it.

Nearly six years ago, after retaking the road test three times, I got my driver's license. My parents wanted to celebrate by buying me a car for my birthday. Buying a car was a great idea, but buying a used car was out of the question. I definitely didn't want to drive a used car, so I asked them to buy a new car. After some thought they suggested that I should drive a used car because of my dreadful driving. On hearing this, I started crying and locked myself in my room for hours. I cried all night and the next morning. Eventually, my parents gave in and said "stop crying and we'll buy you a new car." So, on my seventeenth birthday, I got a brand new Corolla for crying my little eyes out.

After a few months of driving, I got pulled over on the highway by a police officer. As soon as I heard the sirens and saw the flashing lights, tears

poured from my eyes. I figured that I was going to get a speeding ticket and only bawling would permit me to escape.

The police officer came to my car and explained that I was driving twenty miles per hour over the speed limit. Before the officer could ask for my license, he looked at my beet red face with puzzled eyes. Overwhelmed by the situation, the officer asked if I was alright. I couldn't reply because I was crying so hard. Next the officer asked me to pull over to the next exit and explained that he was just going to give me a verbal warning for speeding. Almost immediately, my tears subsided. The officer stayed with me for fifteen minutes and even offered to escort me back home. Once again, crying rescued me.

Crying has not only helped me stay on the road but also helped me get into the air. Last New Year's Eve, I was trapped in Pittsburg because my flight to New York was delayed. The next open flight was ten hours later and I was not going to wait ten hours in an airport on New Year's Eve. So I ran to the front desk and started crying. I asked why our flight was delayed and asked if there were any way I could get on an earlier flight. The flight attendant said she was sorry but she couldn't help.

That's when I started crying up a storm. My ruckus got people asking me what was wrong. The next thing you know, the flight attendant offered me a seat on the flight that was arriving in 2 hours. Not only did I get an early flight to New York, but I got an upgrade to first class. Crying definitely has its benefits.

Although crying usually works, sometimes crying gets you nowhere. My ex-boyfriend absolutely despised crying. We use to get into little fights about trivial issues, so at first I would cry whenever he raised his voice. Initially he would comfort me and say that he was sorry, but this didn't last too long. So I next cried even longer and harder. A couple times I cried so much that I got a bloody nose, but this didn't bother him. The next thing you know, whenever I started crying he would leave the room or hang up if we were on the phone. This was very frustrating, so eventually I gave up crying with him. Crying didn't affect him. I guess that's why he is now my ex-boyfriend.

Yes my sister and my ex-boyfriend are unaffected by my crying but there are plenty of susceptible people who will help me out just to hear me stop crying! For this reason, I consider my ability to cry to be my greatest God-given gift.