

Can You Tell Dad?

By Emily Whipple

Why is this taking me so long. It's not like I'm telling her I committed murder or that I'm addicted to drugs. Just do it already.

"I have to tell you something important."

There it is. I initiated the conversation. There is no way out, I have to tell her. I guess I could just say never mind and walk away. She wouldn't allow that. I said that I had to tell her something important, and I do. No backing out.

We sat on opposite couches in silence. Nothing.

I kind of thought that the words would just come out of my mouth. The only problem is that my mouth is controlled by my brain, for the most part, and my brain can't seem to get it's shit together.

Ten minutes of silence passed. She can't take it anymore. I can't take it anymore.

I just want her to guess. It would be easier to just say "yes", or "no".

Let me take a minute to introduce myself. My name is Emily. I grew up with extremely loving parents and annoying siblings. Overall, a pretty great family. I have always been able to hide in the shadows and just observe what's happening around me. If I have a strong opinion about something, I probably won't share it. The kids in my grade were great, they always loved to talk about me. *"Whoa, did you guys feel that earthquake?... oh just kidding. It's just Emily walking*

by us.” That was fun. Oh! And I suffer from depression. Don’t pity me. A shit ton of people live with it. It’s just a part of my world, part of my biological build-up. I thought I should tell you.

Did that minute of introduction take up any of the silence?

I wish.

Too bad she new me better than anyone else. I don’t need to introduce myself to my own mother.

But maybe I do.

My life is never going to be the same.

But is anyone’s life ever the same. I mean every conversation that you have ever had influences your thoughts. Like reading this. I can guarantee that you wont have some a-ha moment or suddenly have a greater understanding of the world around you. Chances are you might just understand me a little bit more. Or not. This entire story could just go in one ear and out the other.

Shit. I’m rambling.

Sorry.

We have now sat in the exact same position for 20 minutes in somewhat silence. An occasional “Emily just tell me!”, but mostly just intense staring and fidgeting hands.

Okay. Just imagine. I grew up in a Molly Mormon household. Not a drop of caffeine or a single curse word allowed. And my mom. A woman that has never hurt a fly or judged a soul. An angel. Would you want to disappoint her? Before this you were the best child. For the most part,

I mean you were a little shit for a couple years, but isn't everyone. Would you tell her? Shatter her whole world? Lose her love?

Maybe I shouldn't tell her.

Okay. I'm going to tell her. Get to the point Emily.

"Mom just guess."

Damn. I really just wanted her to tell me exactly what I was trying to say.

She wouldn't guess.

"Come on mom, just guess."

Jesus I am just making it more intense. Why didn't I just yell it as I was leaving for school. Close the door. Have her process then come home to whatever awaits. My bags packed? She wouldn't kick me out, would she? She would probably set up appointments with doctors, the 'professionals'. Okay. It's too late for that I'm here now. We can talk it out.

It's been 30 minutes and still no progress. I guess that's what happens when you don't talk at all.

Here it goes.

I just need to grow up and tell her.

Okay. One. Two. Three.

...

Nothing.

Okay, one more time. One. Two. Three.

“I’m gay, also can you tell dad?”

Wow. I said it.