

As the dusty watch sagged on her wrist, a sunflower lay beneath the deep weeds at the apex of the backyard, wilting and drooping down like gravity was pulling it. My dissatisfaction with the fashion floated in the clouds, following me everywhere. As my mother pleads for me to wear it every day, I scoff, "You're just bringing me down for life."

My mother, everyday says, "One day, you'll understand..."

It's something that I find that is a disruption to the future, how can a watch hold so much meaning? My eyes glare in frustration, "What a waste of time.", I felt brutal, my mother's normally pleasant eyes lost the highlight. My chest tightened, the sun outside darkened, a dull feeling compressed my stomach when crawling towards my room.

The feeling withered a blossoming piece of hope inside me. I lugubriously approach my mother, who lasers me with her eyes, full of excruciation and despair. "It was a family legacy, who would've thought you were the one to shatter it?!" she utters, her voice fading.

I lean towards her, words almost soundlessly slide out of my mouth, she brushes on a smile. The sunflower once withering and colourless, stood on their tip-toes, the ones who faced the sun seemed to be glazed with a layer of gold.