



A career for a legacy

I called myself Betty, but my real name is Goo-goo. I know you may think it's not a name, but I was called like that because my parents said I chose my name when I was just a baby. My dad is a famous sculptor, painter and contemporary dancer and my mom is a social activist, circus performer, theater actress and vegan chef. As you can see, I'm part of an artistic family. It's nice to see them trying to change the world, and doing what they love; but that's not the way I want to live my life. If you ask me about my parents I'll say to you If I could choose a type of family, I'd choose a normal one. Some may think it's fun, interesting and exciting to live with people like my parents, and it is, until they impose their way of thinking; hard to believe yet true. Despite that they are open minded, easy-going, friendly, funny and cool they can also be so stubborn.

I'm finishing college. I'm studying a major in Acting and I'm taking an Impressionist Painting course because of them. I would have never, ever, studied this stuff, if you asked me. I'm good at Arts, but I don't want to become an artist as they want. According to them, the way of arts is the way to make a legacy of our own. "If I were you, I would build a legacy as an artist, instead of having a common life", my dad says. Once, I asked him "What will I do if I'm not happy with a life as an artist? I told him I wasn't happy studying arts, that I was frustrated because even though I'm really good at it, it doesn't fulfill me, and that if I could choose another career, that would be Medicine. His reaction? He was furious and told me that if I didn't study Arts and changed major, he wouldn't help me anymore, I wouldn't have his support, and that I would have to be on my own. I know it's strange, but if I had a time machine, I would change that; because I just want a normal life! I don't want to be an artist like them.

My best friend thinks I'm crazy because I still do what my parents tell me to do. She says that I'm a capable person and that I could get along without my parents' support, but I'm not so sure about that. Sometimes I daydream how my life could be if it was different. I picture myself studying Medicine and doing stuff I wouldn't normally do. If I didn't have to draw or paint because my parents want to, I wouldn't do it; I would only paint because I want to express myself or to unwind. If I didn't have to spend my time at the circus sketching the athletes, I would go to a dance club. If I studied Medicine, I would help lots of people. If I were a doctor, I'd have a working schedule and I'd be stressed because of the working tension, and days without sleeping a wink. I would have to start over again, but I know I would be happy at last.