

Dear Diary, The tension hangs in the air like a storm cloud refusing to release its rain. Are we destined to become another statistic, another fractured family lost in the vast ocean of dysfunction? Dinner tonight was a battlefield of forced smiles and clipped conversations. Mom and Dad haven't spoken a genuine word to each other in days, and the silence screams louder than any fight ever could. Distant planets orbiting a dying sun of affection? All I can do is hope that somewhere, beneath the layers of pain and disappointment, there's still a spark of the family we used to be. A spark that, with a little effort, can be rekindled. I remember nights filled with board games and movie marathons, the living room echoing with genuine joy. Her eyes still sparkle with mischief, her laugh lines deepen with every joke. Did I choose a career they didn't approve of, become the child who didn't fulfill their expectations? Did their dreams for each other, for their life together, wither and die, leaving resentment and bitterness in their wake? Where did the warmth, the laughter we used to share, go? Maybe I can bridge the gap, become the missing piece that reconnects them. Maybe this is the natural progression of things. Maybe tomorrow I'll try to talk .to them