

Forces

Volume 2015

Article 5

5-1-2015

Boy Powered Cart

Hector Reyes
Collin College

Follow this and additional works at: <https://digitalcommons.collin.edu/forces>

Recommended Citation

Reyes, Hector (2015) "Boy Powered Cart," *Forces*: Vol. 2015 , Article 5.
Available at: <https://digitalcommons.collin.edu/forces/vol2015/iss1/5>

This Photograph is brought to you for free and open access by DigitalCommons@Collin. It has been accepted for inclusion in Forces by an authorized editor of DigitalCommons@Collin. For more information, please contact mtomlin@collin.edu.

Understanding of happiness in such a manner, that upon reading author Danielle Crittenden's thoughts on happiness in her work *About Love*, I viewed them as inconceivable. She wrote that:

The pull between the desire to love and be loved and the desire to be free is an old, fierce one. If the error our grandmothers made was to have surrendered too much of themselves for others, this was perhaps better than not being prepared to surrender anything at all. The fear of losing oneself can, in the end, simply become an excuse for not giving any of oneself away. (801)

Crittenden's ideas on contemporary feminism are flawed; had her thoughts been as true as she claimed, then sacrificial women such as my mother should have been ecstatic at the thought of having husbands at their sides, regardless of quality. However, these women are pushed to the point of desperation and cling to what miniscule hope they have left, all under the influence of a crooked view of how one establishes happiness.

As the young witnesses to the corrupt joy enshrouding our mother, my brother and I were required to discover our own methods of merriment; we quickly discovered that it wasn't material possessions that made an enjoyable life, but the satisfaction of having an escape where we were queen and king of our own fantasy domains. My brother inspired fulfillment within himself by throwing on his toy gun and cowboy hat and pretending as though he was a savior and defender of the weak, and I achieved such a feeling by sitting alone and drawing pictures of what my life would entail once I had left this chaotic hell behind and displaying my agony through the rough strokes of my pencil. My mother's children were happy





BOY POWERED CART Hector Reyes