

**Topic:** The constant chaos that continues to happen daily, in my family.

**Abstract:** I could say my family has no real cultural practices. I come from a huge family from both sides, my mothers and fathers, and both sides are filled with lots of chaos and confusion, as well as hidden hatred. Never the less, I have tried to fix our family problems but just like all the times before it has constantly failed. Chaos, anger, lies, hate, greed, and fights are our family's cultural practices. It will always be in our family and our daily lives and there is no changing that.

**Key Words:** No culture, chaos, hatred, family, hidden hatred, confusion, lies, greed, Aztec blood, Cortes blood, never forgetting

**Ethnic Designation:** Mixed blood and mixed Mexican blood

**Cultural Category:** Social and Family practices

## Culture Essay

It's hard to talk about culture, especially your own when you haven't really grown up with one. Sure I have a family, there are people I'm related to by blood and if you look at the blood line it does follow back to many cultures. I have a lot of different blood in me, Mexican (American), Aztec Indian, Chinese, Spanish, and African American. Looking at all those bloodlines, you can follow back to many separate cultures and cultural activities, but I and my family don't follow any of those cultural acts; and I and family are not very close. I would say we have no actual cultural practices because we aren't much of a family. Constant hatred, blame, fights, greed, and lies are in a way what I can say may be our cultural practices, because that is what has made up our lives. Also hiding it, forgetting it, trying to push it aside as if it never happened could also be one of our cultural practices. I come from a huge family on both sides, my mothers and my fathers, and both sides are filled with chaos, confusion, and hidden hatred.

Throughout my childhood I hoped things could change and sometimes I tried to change them as well, but continuously it happens and because I tried to change the constant chaos and spoke up all the problems and anger became my fault, even for things I wasn't born at the time to witness; and then and there that became a new cultural practice for us, for both families.

If you looked back at the bloodlines throughout time, you could say you could figure out where the chaos first started. Part of my blood line is Aztec Indian, but also a part of me is a Cortes. That screams chaotic. From my mother's grandfather's side we are Aztec Indian it is mixed in our Mexican blood. But from my father's side and blood I am a Cortes, of Spanish blood. Cortes once whipped out most of the Aztecs, conquering them and my people and taking their gold and land. You could say this is where my family problems and culture first started. I always thought of it as a funny fact of the past, I am a mixture of both Aztec and Cortes blood and both of my families loathe each other. But now when I think of it culturally and in my day to day life I think it definitely defines what we are and how we have come to this.

In my family, we push off Christmas and many of us split up and never end up spending the day together. Holidays aren't our specialty, but to use holidays are a day of solitude. My grandparents go off on vacation as if to forget any of us exist and that there are never any problems, some of my family spend the day drinking alone in their homes doing the same, and a couple people in my family do wake up early to exchange gifts for a few minutes or so (mostly re-gifted gifts) and then go on about their day, catching up on work, homework, and life. We spend our Christmas mornings and days forgetting. Trying so hard to forget it all, forget ourselves, forget our past, and forget our present, but it only lasts that one day and then we have to go back to reality. That is our culture.

Every other Thanksgiving we may or may not get together. Sometimes we forget its thanksgiving, and we go on like it's any other day or we spend the day working and stay out of the house. But on the occasion we do have Thanksgiving it is only with six members of the immediate family who live close, we sit down to dinner and forget anything every happened, we act oblivious and have meaningless conversations for hours. Sometimes I hate those days most of all, the days we actually spend a holiday or two together. It's usually fake, consistently fake for hours and that is more painful than not spending the day together at all. Our culture is full of fake lies and love, and is fueled my oblivion. Another holiday that goes with our confused culture is Halloween; we lock ourselves in our homes all day and forget any one is out having fun or doing anything at all. We forget the world and keep to ourselves, sometimes I think that's why both homes (of my immediate family) live out in the middle of know where, to keep away from the people around us, so we can forget.

Our culture is based on hatred and forgetting. Neither side of my families like each other at all, sometimes they may put on smiling fake faces but they both hate each other deeply and equally. We have never gotten together, we have never spent any time together and they have never had a full conversation. My mother and father are divorced but from the beginning no one loved each other, not them and definitely not our families. But both sides also have their own problems, the same problems. No communication, no love, no holidays, all hatred, chaos, confusion, lies, anger, and oblivion. That is both families culture that is my culture, because that is what they have created from the beginning of our bloods time and blood line.

My immediate family is a little family of chaos. My mother lives on the property of my grandparents, besides there huge house; and I live inside my grandparents' house; while my aunt and uncle live on the exact opposite side of our town. We are all close and live close, but in our

hearts and minds we are worlds away and sometimes we don't even exist to each other. My aunt and uncle live in greed; my uncle is a lawyer and my aunt an artist. They make a lot of money but come to our house and use a lot of what is ours and take what they can from us but they show no love for me or my mother but put on fake smiles of appreciation for my grandparents as my grandparents smile back with oblivious faces. My mom has always been one to live alone, hidden away in her little house, from the rest of the family, but she is a social butterfly. Never has she acted like a mother, never has she taken complete responsibility of anything, but every day she grows a little bit responsible and wise. But throughout the years she has been the child and acted like a child, going out partying, leaving us behind in the dust, throughout all my years. That brings me to my grandparents; they have a unappreciative son and a daughter who lives like a teenager, and a granddaughter who they put all the blame down on. They can't complain to the so called "adults" but they can blame all there problems and my family's problems on the granddaughter of the family, who they constantly look at as a teenager who doesn't know anything and isn't mature enough to understand.

Although I understand more than my family thinks and constantly try to change this culture we have created for ourselves as a family, I have tried hard to bring us together to fix our culture, our lives, to fix all the lies, and hatred. But this is my family's culture, both sides, and this is what we have to live with. There is no change; there is no changing this culture. As my grandma says, "You cannot change, and people can never change." Our culture is hatred and chaos and always will be, that is what we live with in oblivion.