



## Amelia Delamater

**“W**hat is the age difference between you two? Like how old were you when your sister was born?”

A year ago, when my family went up to Boston, Mass. for the Boston Marathon, these were the words that forced me to do a double take.

My mom and I had to go get protein bars and Gatorade at the local convenience store since we didn't want to carry it on the flight with us. We were goofing off, and walked up to buy what we needed.

“How far apart in age are you?” the cashier said.

We apparently both looked pretty confused, and the cashier asked the question a second time.

*I don't have a sister*, I thought to myself.

Then I realized, the cashier was talking about my mom. And me.

People always tell me my mom and I look alike. She's 5-foot-9, and I am 5-foot-10. We both have dark wavy hair and the same face shape. We even act similarly, even when I do not want to admit it.

Here at CCHS, I play tennis, used to run cross country and enjoy literature and foreign language. I'm looking to one day earn a degree at the University of Georgia.

Pretty original, right?

Nope. My mom did this, twenty five years ago.

Like mother, like daughter.

However, although we are similar in some ways, we are so different in others. We are both strong-willed and determined. We have tempers and can be feisty. But while I can be loud sometimes, she is always loud.

Always.

She is always the loudest spectator at any event, ever. It embarrasses me, and she knows it. I get embarrassed easily. My mom couldn't care less about what

## Boiling Point. Like mother, like daughter?

people think of her.

She says what is on her mind, anything that is on her mind. She is brutally honest sometimes. I will be honest, but I can sugar-coat things. I do not always say what I think. Instead, I mostly internalize my feelings.

She has things planned for 2020. Chances are, I do not even know what I am doing tonight for dinner. I go with whatever happens, just making plans as I go.

We are so alike in our personalities but so different when it comes to the littlest things, which makes for a very interesting relationship.

We are close, like sisters, but can fight like any mother-daughter duo. But for us, sometimes she is my best friend, who I can tell anything to. Other times, it's like World War III between us.

Sometimes she is my best friend who I can tell anything to. Other times, it's like World War III between us.

Neither one of us ever wants to change what we do, and this causes us to butt heads. We argue over some pretty petty things.

For example, she will ask me to do one thing a certain way, and I will ask why I cannot do it another way. One of

us gets frustrated at the other, then the other gets mad at the other for getting frustrated over such a little thing, and it is a snowball effect.

You know how it goes. We argue because we are so similar.

But when we argue, we always end the conversation with an “I love you,” because, ultimately we do, and we make sure we do not forget that.

As much as I do not want to admit it sometimes, there is no way I could function without my mom.

She makes sure I remember everything, and whether that be making sure I leave on time for school, reminding me of what I can and cannot eat, what time practice is, or anything in between, she helps me stay on top of what I need to do and where I need to be.

And for that, I am eternally grateful for her, even when I overlook her importance in my life. 

**Right: TOUGH LOVE:** Though managing editor Amelia Delamater and her mother Cory may not always see eye-to-eye, they ultimately share an inseparable bond.



Photo by Sophie Ferrandes