

Narrative paper

My intention is not to sound dramatic. I'm not interested in the drama. Although, it follows me like a pet I don't want. It's like I'm a magnet in a sea of paper clips, impossible to be set free by these metal chains that hold me back. Kind of like a genie that wishes it could give three wishes to itself. Or even just one wish. My wish would be that I could forget one night forever.

Immediately after school, I was watching television in my living room. My cozy purple couch felt like home on a cold October night of my freshmen year. Relaxed and about ready to fall asleep, I noticed my sister starting to work on a paper in my family's computer room, which I could see from the room I was in because of two glass doors with wood framing around the edges. As I drifted off, I thought of how great my day was. Friends were upbeat, teachers were not on task, and no homework. I thought to myself, what could make this day any better.

I awoke from my fairy tale slumber about 2 hours later from the sound of my sister screaming, "I'm done!" A slight smile filled my face while watching Spongebob on Nickelodeon. Oblivious to anything else, I got up and walked to my parents bedroom to talk to my mom, and I realized they were busy talking. Trying to be polite, I proceeded back to my haven of relaxation and zoned back into my channel.

Something slowly, but surely, grabbed my attention. As I swayed my focus towards my parent's door, I found it was almost alive. They must be screaming at each other again. This was literally on my schedule of events everyday. But I knew they would eventually stop. I watched their door through the glass door of the computer room to see the eventual halt of it's life. But it didn't stop. It just absorbed all the anger and disagreement until it eventually got transferred to my dad.

I looked back at my show, but then focusing^{ed} my peripherals on what was happening between him and my sister. I then wondered where my mom was. I heard an echo of what my

dad elegantly said in my head.

"It's over. You're mom wants to get a divorce. I'm sorry sweetie. We're over."

Have you ever felt your heart drop right out of your body? You can't pick it up, but you can see it beating like an instrument of torture.

I made an effort not to make any eye contact from where I was when my dad walked in and said blatantly, "Hey bud, you're mom and I are getting a divorce." As he walked off, I did see my mom's banshee lungs come out when she started yelling at my dad furiously. I could, after that, only hear the engine of my dad's rusty suburban drive off into the night. My mom left with my sister to my grandparents immediately after that with a little less than a hug to get me through.

I was blank. I was empty. The only thing left was a desolate hole of where I once was. I started raining tears down my face like a tropical storm. It was over. Our family was over. The life went out of my eyes to supply enough tears for my body not to completely collapse. I staggered my way downstairs to my bedroom where I felt more alone. I was not gonna give anyone the power by walking in on my crying.

I got under my covers in my bed and made it pitch black to accommodate how I felt. Questions started racing in my head. What would tomorrow look like? Is this really happening? Am I going to be one of those kids who goes back and forth? Why is this happening to me? Am I going to have to go to school tomorrow? As these questions arose, my consciousness fell as I drifted off into another fairy tale slumber...