

Taylor Dannaker

English 100

Formal Assignment #1: Narrative Project

Due Date: 10.15.18

### The Car Ride

“Dad, watch where you are going.” I yelled.

At this moment, I had realized that I should have never gotten in the car.

I layed in my bed after school one day as the cool fall breeze entered through my windows. I scrolled through Twitter, waiting for my dad to arrive home. Next thing I knew, it was around 6:00 p.m. when my dad got home from work.

“Taylor let’s go.” He yelled up the stairs.

I drank the last sip of tea out of my favorite Rapunzel mug which my dad had chipped. I slid out of bed and slipped on my black Ugg moccasins and carried on downstairs to see if my siblings were ready.

I walked into the kitchen to see my dad yelling at my little brother for absolutely nothing. I tell my little brother, Adan, and my little sister, Adriana, to not respond to his comments and to just listen to him.

Immediately, I knew he was drinking. My dad has been an alcoholic for as long as I can remember which was a major cause in my parents divorce when I was five.

The overpowering smell of beer entered my nose. His eyes were squinted and he slurred his words. I gave him a dirty look as we walked out of my house and got in the car. I refused to look at him.

The car ride was absolutely silent. My siblings refused to talk. He cursed at every car for doing something wrong. I was so angry since we had planned for weeks to go to Delaware to get our hair cut by one of my dad's friends. I don't know why I would think this day would be any different from the rest but still. This one day, one day, he had to get drunk and I was angered. Even a little embarrassed for my family when he acted like this.

We were driving down the curvy Dutton Mill Road as our bodies jerked left and right around the turns. I began to be nervous by his driving.

"Dad! Watch where you are going!" I yelled.

"Stop telling me what to do." he replied.

I started to fight with him. Back and forth we argued as I felt bad for my siblings in the back seat.

"Dad pull over! Now. Now!"

Adriana fought back to my dad trying to stick up for me, "Just go back home."

He sped into this empty bar parking lot right before we got on I-95.

"Get out." He yelled firmly.

I was crying by this point as I turned around to Adriana and Adan, "Come on guys, hurry up. Get out."

They stared back at me in complete fear as Adriana was on the verge of crying.

They weren't responding to me as I had hoped. They slowly unbuckled their seatbelts but not fast enough. I was trying to overtalk my dad and get them to listen to me but it was clear that they were scared of my dad telling them the complete opposite commands as me.

"Don't you move." He stared at them. "Get out of the fucking car." He yelled at me.

I refused since my siblings weren't allowed out of the car and there was no way I was letting them stay alone with him.

I started to plead to just take us home. "Dad please just take us home. This isn't safe."

That angered him more. He was so heated and was expressing it towards me. The tires crunched over a broken glass bottle as we rolled out of the empty bar parking lot. I felt major relief as I stared out the window, watching the dense clouds pass by, tears falling from my eyes. He rambled on as I tuned him out. All I wanted to do is lay in my bed. Alone.

We pulled in my driveway as I grabbed my siblings and rushed up to my room to hide. We heard footsteps coming up the steps shortly after. He forced Adriana and I to give him our phones as my sister sobbed. I went in the office to get the house phone and called my mimi.

Mimi is my grandmother who lives with my dad, siblings and I.

“I will be home shortly” She said calmly. “Just stay away from him” as I hung up the phone.

We stayed in my room waiting for my mimi to come home. Adriana and Adan asked many questions as I sat there trying to comfort them.

“Everything will be fine. Just stay away from him the rest of the night.”

From that time on, we tip-toed around the house the rest of the night, avoiding him at all costs.

The next morning, he had left our phones on the counter. From this day on, no apology, no acknowledgment of that day ever happening.



