

The Car Ride

“Dad, watch where you are going.” Taylor yells.

At this moment, Taylor realizes that she should have never gotten in the car.

Taylor lays in her bed after school one day as the cool fall breeze enters through the windows. She scrolls through Twitter, waiting for her dad to arrive home. Next thing she knew, it was around 6:00 p.m. when her dad arrived home from work.

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

Taylor drinks the last sip of tea out of her favorite Rapunzel mug which her dad had chipped. She slides out of bed and slips on her black Ugg moccasins and carries on downstairs to see if her siblings are ready.

Taylor walks into the kitchen to see her dad yelling at her little brother for absolutely nothing. She tells her little brother, Adan, and her little sister, Adriana, to not respond to his comments and to just listen to him.

Immediately, Taylor knew he was drinking. Her dad has been an alcoholic for as long as she can remember which was a major cause in her parents divorce when she was five.

The overpowering smell of beer enters her nose. His eyes are squinted and he slurs his words. Taylor gives him a dirty look, walking out of her house and gets in the car. She refuses to look at him.

The car ride is absolutely silent. Her siblings refuse to talk. He curses at every car for doing something wrong. Taylor's so angry since they had planned for weeks to go to Delaware to get their hair cut by one of her dad's friends. She doesn't know why she thought this day would be any different from the rest but still. This one day, one day, he had to get drunk and she was angered. Even a little embarrassed for her family when he acted like this.

They drive down the curvy Dutton Mill Road as their bodies jerk left and right around the turns. Taylor begins to be nervous by his driving.

"Dad! Watch where you are going!" She yells.

"Stop telling me what to do." He replies.

She starts to fight with him. Back and forth they argue as Taylor feels bad for her siblings in the back seat.

"Dad pull over! Now. Now!"

Adriana fights back to my dad trying to stick up for Taylor, "Just go back home."

He speeds into an empty bar parking lot right before I-95.

"Get out." He yells firmly.

Taylor is crying by this point as she turns around to Adriana and Adan, "Come on guys, hurry up. Get out."

They stare back at her in complete fear as Adriana is on the verge of crying.

They aren't responding to Taylor as she had hoped. They slowly unbuckled their seatbelts but not fast enough. She was trying to overtalk her dad and get them to listen

to her but it was clear that they were scared of their dad telling them the complete opposite commands.

“Don’t you move.” He stares at them. “Get out of the fucking car.” He yelled at Taylor. She signals the kids to get out of the car and just like that, they stand in the cold, closed bar parking lot, watching their dad speed off onto the road. So many questions enter her head: Is he going to be okay? Is he going to get pulled over? Will he crash? Her head roams with many “what-if” scenarios.

The kids ask many questions, worrying. “I’m going to call for help.” Taylor begins to dial her grandmother, Mimi.

“Hello.”

“Can you come pick us up. We’re on the side of the road in the bar parking lot across from the McDonald’s. Dad’s drunk and kicked us out of the car.” Taylor rambles frazzled.

Mimi gasps, “ I’ll leave work right now to come and get you guys.”

They sat there as there was no sun, watching the cars drive by, waiting...

