

_____ by Brandi M.

“Yo, Dion, weren’t you supposed to be home at 5?”

“Oh, yeah, can you tell me what time it is?”

“It’s 6.”

Dion’s eyes nearly popped out of his eyes. Of course Dion didn’t show it, but on the inside he was horrified. Dion had no clue what his dad would do, he just prayed he wasn’t home. Nevertheless Dion darted like his life depended on it, because in a way, it did. He ran for hours and hours (at least that’s what it felt like.) As he approached his apartment, his heartbeat started to intensify. Fear. Dion got to his apartment and used his key to unlock the door. He walked in and was met with nothing. It was pitch black. He felt grateful.

As soon as he flickered on a light, he was met with a hand striking him in the face instantly busting his lip and knocking him down. I spoke too soon, he thought. Almost instantly punches’ started hitting down as if he was some sort of punching bag. He felt so impotent lying there as he begged his own dad to stop harming him.

The next morning Dion’s body felt numb. He could barely get out of bed. Dion eventually gained enough strength to get out of bed. As he predicted he had bruises everywhere, but knew how to hide them. He was used to it. Dion finished getting dressed and coating the bruises. As he was walking out the door, he was so tempted to grab but knew what the consequence would be. All Dion’s life there was consequence after consequence even when he didn’t deserve it, when all he wanted was endearment.