

Wreck

Nobody wants to hear that they've lost a loved one, especially a parent. Especially, when you were with them, twenty minutes before.

Like most tragedies, my day started normal. I woke up, got dressed, went to track practice, went to school, went to theater rehearsal and went home to do my homework.

I got there at about six and my dad was there doing stuff on his laptop. "Hey Ron, I'm going to run to Office Max real quick. I need to grab pens for the office." He told me looking up. "Cool, can you actually grab me some new pens too?" I asked grabbing an orange off the counter. "Sure, I should be back in like twenty minutes." He told me grabbing his keys and going out the front door.

Twenty minutes went by. *"Maybe he's stuck in traffic. It is rush hour."* I thought.

Thirty minutes went by. *"Traffic must be really bad. I mean, didn't they close the freeway because of a series of bombings a few towns over?"*

Forty five minutes went by. *"Something is wrong. Forty five minutes and he didn't call me? He would have called me if he thought he would be five minutes late. He hates being late."*

I pulled out my phone. Not even a text. I immediately called him. I got sent to voicemail. I tried again. This time I got an answer, but it wasn't my dad.

"Hello, is this Mr. James's daughter?" The voice asked. "Yeah, my name is Kameron James. What is going on?" I asked. "Okay Kameron, your father has been in a very bad accident. We are currently going over to St. David's Hospital. Do you have a way to get over here?" He said. "I can make it." I told him. "Alright." He said hanging up.

I grabbed my wallet and called an Uber. The driver was chill, only charged me fifteen bucks and we got there in ten minutes.

The first person I ran into was my mom. "Ron?" She asked walking towards me. "Where's dad?" I asked. "Is he not a home?" she asked. *"She doesn't know."* Then a group of EMTs walked past surrounding a gurney.. "Dad?" I asked moving towards the gurney. "Miss, please back up." A man told me holding me back.

I sat in the waiting room until my mom walked up to me with tears in her eyes. "It was your father. He got hit by a truck. He just passed on the operating table. There was too much blood loss." She told me.

Despite being in the middle of a relatively busy room with people talking, phones ringing, and machines beeping, the world was silent. She clocked out and we drove home in silence.

"Honey, I know this is already a lot, but we may have to get an apartment. We made things work so well because everyone was working. Now it's just us and it's either I ask you to pay bills with me, or we move." She said. "I'll pay bills. I make four-hundred dollars a week. that's about twelve-hundred a month. There's the internet, Netflix, Hulu, electricity, the phone

bill,” I started to list. “I don’t want you to do that though. You’re still just a kid.” She told me pulling the car into the garage.

The next week we had the funeral. Everything was black: the clothing, the chairs, the sky, it was all black. The only color was my dress. My father always told me white was a better color and that black just made things even more depressing. I of course got stares, and people whispered about my respect levels.

A few more weeks passed and my mom finally let me help with the bills. I also started taking more classes online. At the rate I was going, I’d graduate in May, a year early. I could take a year off and work more on our stability.

I did this all behind my mother’s back.

It took a week of this before my mom took me to a therapist. “She’s been distant, locking herself in her room, not speaking out as much, she didn’t even join the soccer team this year.” The therapist, Dr. Wilson, looked at me while my mother told him ways I was being weird. “It’s probably just the sudden death of her father.” He told he.r

They went back and forth like this for an hour discussing what might be wrong with me, in front of me. It was too much to handle. I don’t know why but I lost it. “Or maybe, I’ve been doing homework for sixteen classes and taking nine of them online so I can support us!” I screamed before walking out.

I walked to the library when my mom called. “Honey, I just left. Look, it was wrong of me to go there. I didn’t know and I’m sorry. Can you come back so we can go home?” She asked.

I wanted to say no.

I still said yes.

The past two months have been hard on all of us. We only had each other and just wasn’t right to break us up over a stupid assumption. We wouldn’t survive. We couldn’t survive. I walked back and got in the car.

“Apology take-out on me?” I asked buckling in. “Sure.” She told me, starting the car. “By the way, Soccer doesn’t start until next week.”