

K., Noa
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Who is Shawn Lassiter?

I hope this doesn't take too long. I finally remembered to ask my mom what it was like when she met my father for a huge family project due tomorrow.

"It was November 1998. I was at Starbucks getting some coffee, that's when I saw him," said my mom.

"Who?" I said.

"Your father. I decided to go say hi. We talked and realized we had a lot in common. We went on dates, and then after a year and a half we got married. In 2000, we had a beautiful daughter named Reyna."

"Really mom?"

"5 months later he left us, and it made me so mad that I was alone. But now I'm happy with you, and that's all that really matters. That's what it was like."

"That's all I need."

"Oh hey, Reyna, I'm going to be going out tonight, so I won't be home till late."

"Where are you going?"

"Nowhere. Just finish your homework and go to sleep. There's take out menus on the counter."

"Ok."

"Well, I'll be leaving, bye."

"See ya."

8 hours later...

I heard the door open, so I went downstairs to see who it was, and it was mom coming home at 6:00 in the morning. I wanted to approach her to ask her why she was out so late, but I was too tired, so I just went back to bed. I was trying to sleep, but then I heard the doorbell ring. DING! DONG! I went to see if mom was going to answer it but she was still in a deep sleep. I heard it ring again, so I went downstairs to see who it was. I wasn't expecting anyone, so when I opened the door I really wasn't expecting to see two police officers. I was in shock wondering why they were here.

"Does Anna Torres live here?"

"Yes, she's my mother. Why?"

"She's under arrest for the murder of Shawn Lassiter."

After what I had just heard my eyes darkened as my mind went blank in confusion. I told them that I would go wake her up. I ran upstairs as fast as I could. I went in her room and saw her trying to climb out the window. I rushed over to pull her in. When I grabbed her foot she kept saying, "I'm innocent! Please!"

I had to drag her downstairs, but while I was doing it I was thinking to myself *if she's innocent why did she try to run?*

I begged them to let me come with them to the police station, and they gave in. I was excited to actually be riding in a squad car, but I was also worried sick about what was

going happen to my mom. When we got there they told me to sit down while they pulled her in for questioning. About 30 very long minutes later they let her out and called me in. When my mom was walking out she passed me and whispered, "No matter what happens, I will always love you."

I didn't know what to do. I had never been interrogated before. My palms were sweating, and my legs were shaking, and I had no idea of what to say.

"So, what do you remember about last night?" said the not so intimidating cop.

I wanted to answer but a cat had gotten a hold of my tongue. Finally I told them everything that I remembered. I was also very confused because I had no idea who Shawn Lassiter was, so I asked, and apparently he was my birth father. I started to wonder how she could have done this, since she hasn't seen him in 16 years.

"How do you know it was her?" I questioned the cop.

"That's actually private information, but I'll tell you, her fingerprints were all over the murder weapon. Her hair and blood DNA were all over him. We also had enough evidence to make out what she did."

I couldn't even imagine her being capable of doing such a terrible, horrific thing.

"That is all you may go."

1 month later...

Right now I'm sitting in court watching my mother go from pleading innocent to pleading guilty. I watch her go up there and explain how she was furious with him and has held a grudge for almost 16 years. Then she finally decided to kill him. She found his address, paid him a visit, and stabbed him in the heart with a letter opener. The judge says that the case is over, and that my mother will have a life sentence in prison for the murder of my now deceased father. What am I going to do now? Where am I going to live?

1 week later...

I am depressed and alone sitting in the corner of Sunny Lane foster home that they put me in. This is the absolute worst place anyone could ever live. I have no friends, and I have to eat a cold sandwich with ham and cheese with halfway-expired milk. Right now is the time they give us the chance to go see any relatives who are in custody. I'm going to the car that is going to take me to the prison to see my mother. I come into the room and see her sitting there happy to see me with her face drowning in tears. When I pick up the phone she automatically starts asking me how I am and if they are treating me well. I just can't help but wonder about how she got the bruises on her face. I tell her that I'm fine. That's when she gives me a dead serious look and motions me to come close.

She whispers, "WAKE UP! WAKE UP! WAKE UP!" very loudly.

Slowly but surely my eyes start to open as I awake to the sound of my mother telling me to wake up.

"Wake up you're going to be late for school and you have that project due today!"

As I get up I'm in total relief that it was all just a terrible, terrible nightmare. After school I went online and searched Shawn Lassiter, apparently he died and foul play was taken into consideration.

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