

Justice in NYC

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Nala and I were the perfect best friends. We met in high school and bonded over baking. We got an apartment after college, and we moved to NYC. We have movie night on Fridays, and pizza month in February. Nala and I are creating a bakery. We thought it would be cool.

We both haven't written or called either of our parents ever since we moved. I moved for a better education and Nala moved because of family issues. She never really told me what happened. But we don't talk about that kind of thing, the past is the past.

2...

Jade and I have been best friends for 10 years. When we were in high school I wore a hijab, she was the first person I showed my hair to, she told me my wavy curls were beautiful. That inspired me to not wear my hijab as much. That is how much I trusted her. I knew then we would be best friends Forever, Nothing could separate us. But life changed for the better once we moved in with each other in a three bedroom room apartment, but there is something I never told her about my dad because I was scared what she would say, or maybe how our lives might be in danger.

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On "That day", Nala's dad came to visit. "Dad! What are you doing? You're not supposed to be here!" Nala said frantically. Her father responded rather drunkenly, "HoNeeeeeY! How have you been? I see I've met your roommate!" "Hi." Then, she started a conversation with her dad in Turkish. "Dad, this is my friend. She is kinda coo-koo. Sometimes she gets paranoid." and he responded with. "Oh. Should I treat her with care then?" "Yes. That would be nice." Nala whispered back. Little did she know how much her little lie would go.

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If he had the chance, he would kill us, Literally. Then he said, " I was wondering If I could stay for a few months?" He said with a small grin. " Sure", Jade said with a big smile. I dragged Jade into the bathroom. I said " we can't let him stay here", With a frantic look. "Why?", she stared. "Because he just can't". "Well we are going to if you like it or not. And come on he is your dad! I get it you have not seen him in years but he is still your dad at the end of the day". She walked out. I didn't want to tell Jade about my dad being a drug addict and also an abuser to me. I don't know what to do.

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After the weird talk in the bathroom, I told them to get some more time together. Her dad looked so...weird. Nala looked terrified. Scarred. I was suspicious. So, I did what any reasonable person would, I snooped. I went through his bags, his clothes, and even his pill cases. Well, my suspicions were correct because he had "pills"

in there. I was scared. I put them back slowly. Very, very, slowly. My mind just stopped. I knew then he was dangerous. I needed to get to Nala, quick.

6...

My dad and I were at Times Square, planning to get coffee at "impresso espresso", I was hoping that we could talk about him staying at the apartments or when he would get his own place. We started off the conversation with, "Dad I wanted to talk to you about when you were going to leave and get your own place." I said nervously. "Well I just got here!" He pounds his fist on the table and that's when I blacked out, all the memories went through my mind when my mom died in the car crash. Right before she died she gave me her locket with a picture of her. Something about him seemed so off. I woke up in the hospital, Nurses all around me saying "can you hear me" I blank out. I remember me and my parents going on the drive to the beach and seeing my dad and my mom arguing about him smoking in the car and when she was not looking he slipped something in my moms drink, she took a sip and a few minutes later She swerved off the road into a ditch. We all went to the hospital. We found out the news that mother had died, My dad blamed me when we got home and that when he started to abuse me.

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I was in the town square when I got the call. I was shook. I was thinking about all the things that he could've done to her. I was crying when I got there. She was in room 167. In the room, she was awake. She called me over to her bed, and told me, "Jade, I know why my mom died." I looked at her amazed, "How, you said that you don't remember your childhood." Then, she smiled, "I remember I recorded the entire thing. My dad spiked her drink. It is a tape in the closet." She then explained her entire story.

When we got home, I told her mine. "My parents sell drugs. I was worried because the drugs your dad has are their most dangerous out there. He could OD by only 2 doses." We decided to take all our evidence to court. We would expose our families.

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The next day we found my video and went to court to expose our family and get justice. The court filed guilty for both families, I had to let the judge know that my dad had escape prison 5 times to make sure to watch him, After both families when to the worst prison in the world we felt stress and relief of our chest, but one way or another, our parent will find us and do who knows what.

By: Chloe C. and Milah J.