

A Story

by Jake A.

This story will first start out in a small, 2-bedroom house in the “Ghetto” Area. A few gunshots could be heard in this distance, but Terry didn’t mind this. He was more focused on the sounds of his mother yelling, slapping sounds, and his father screaming at his mother in slurred words, due to being drunk and all. The 19-year-old boy sat on the foot of his bed, his phone in hand. Terry didn’t have many friends, actually, he had none -- besides one girl, a girl who secretly, he had fallen for. This girl was older than him by one year, she was 20. I know it seems strange, a 19-year-old falling for a 20-year-old. But think about this, say a 45-year-old fell for a 46-year-old, it doesn’t seem strange then, and they are both 1 year apart. This girl, whose name was Sarah Vair. She was Scottish. Terry felt like he could talk to no one, like no one would listen, but Sarah would. Yet Terry still didn’t open up to her, about anything. Sarah was in college, studying Law to become a Lawyer, a Defense Attorney, more specifically. And Terry wanted to be in college with her, but couldn’t due to his step-dad being a drunk and spending all the money his mother made on booze to feed his nasty addiction. Terry could feel some tears well up in his eye after he had heard a loud thud come from the other room, the sound of his mom getting thrown against the wall.

Terry quickly texted Sarah, saying, “I’ll be right back.” Sarah responded with “K.” Terry tossed his phone on the bed and rose to his feet, taking a few deep breaths. The boy left his room and crept down the hall to his mom and step-dad’s room. He pushed the door open slightly and peeked in, spotting his step dad, who was drinking, and his mother, who was sitting in a corner with bruises on her face. Terry flung the door open with a loud crash and walked inside “Leave her alone!!” he shouted, clenching his fists and fighting back the many tears threatening to pour down his face. Now, this was a normal occurrence in Terry’s house. The stepdad, Bill, turned his attention towards the boy standing in the doorway. Bill stormed forward and raised his hand, and using the back of his hand, he slapped Terry as hard as he could. Terry fell to the ground, clutching the side of his face as he made his way out of the room and back to his room, slamming the door behind him. He picked his phone up and called Sarah, who answered. “Sarah, hey, I’m going to run away. I’m sick and tired of being treated like garbage.” Terry held the

phone between his shoulder and his ear as he started to pack up a small suitcase with the necessities. Clothes, shoes, socks, food, water, etc. He listened as Sarah started speaking into the phone, some tears fell down his face. Terry slowly shut the suitcase with a sigh.

“Terry, Terry! Calm down, take deep breaths.”

Terry did just that.

“Good, now, you can some stay with me for a while if you’d like.”

Terry hesitated before responding with a yes. He managed to slip out his room undetected and out of the house.

“Yes, I’m leaving my mom. I can’t make her come, she’d never leave Bill.”

Terry sprinted out his house, sleeves of long sleeve shirts and jackets creeping out the sides of the suit case. He trudged to a bus stop, wiping at his eyes.

“I gotta go, I’ll see you in like, 30 minutes.” With that, he hung up the phone and slipped it into his pocket, climbing aboard the bus and shuffling to the back. He managed to find a place by himself in the back of the bus. He sat down, placing his suitcase in the seat beside him. Placing his head against the ice cold window, Terry drifted to sleep as the bus lurched forward.

About 30 minutes later, the bus pulled up to a small neighborhood, a good neighborhood. Terry was awoken by someone pushing on his shoulder, said person was... just a random stranger. Terry stood up and rushed out of the bus and over to the address his friend had given him. He slowly approached the front door and knocked. Nobody answered... Again... Nobody answered... He knocked again... Nobody answered... He was about to walk away when his friend swung the door open and yanked him inside, pulling him into a very tight hug.

“Stop, stop, you’re crushing my ribs,” Terry joked, chuckling quietly as he shut the door and stepped away from the female. Sarah dragged him into the kitchen, where she sat him down and started making tea for the two.

“So Terry! How’ve you been?” she enthusiastically asked.

“Y’know.. Terrible, depressing, the usual...” Terry looked down at the table. Sarah set two cups of tea down on the table, and Terry quickly downed his. “Sorry, I’m just stressed...”

Sarah reached over to gently rub his back as Terry slowly looked up at her.

“Hey, Sarah...?” he asked, staring into her sky blue eyes. “Do you wanna maybe, go out for dinner or something some time...?” he asked, his face a bright red. Sarah chuckled and smiled.

“Of course! I’d love to!” Sarah exclaimed, clapping her hands together with a cheery smile. A small smile was soon spread across Terry’s lips.

“R-Really..?”

“Yeah!!”

With that, the two had made arrangements for a date, Terry’s first date. God, he was excited.