

Victoria Kuonen

Professor Mangini

English 100

1 May 2018

The Sit Down

Worn in brakes cry as the car comes to a stop from outside. Eight people sitting as still as statues. The room as quiet as a cold winter night. All of us staring aimlessly knowing what is about to happen next. All you can hear is the different sounds of heavy breathing. Four people on the worn dark red couch, three on the scratched-up leather brown love seat, and me sitting Indian style on the cream-colored carpet. Sitting in panic, I desperately wait for someone to speak first.

My childhood was not always an easy one. Raised by a single mother of three, times were always hard. Especially when drugs became involved. I glanced around the bigger than needed kitchen and realized something needed to change. The bright half red and white cabinets that food should be kept in were sadly empty. There was close to no food in the house yet again. I was fifteen at the time and becoming concerned about my two younger brothers', Leo and Mikey, well-being along with my mothers.

The all black Saturn Vue that was fairly new, came to a stop out-front. Time seemed to stand still in that moment. What took a minute seemed like an eternity. A gush of wind from

outside sounded like a tornado it was so quiet in the house. The clicking of heels hitting old beat down yellow, tiled floors mimicked my pounding heart. The beating was getting louder and louder to the point where I could hear it in my ears. *Click* The lock turned at snail speed while being unlocked. The gold knob slowly started turning to the left. The old, hollow wooden door began to open exposing the blackness from the hallway.

Shock danced across my mother's face. Her red hair stood spiky and at attention that would make you second guess if it was real. Wearing black business pants, a cream-colored blouse, and flats she stood like a statue. Glancing around the room of her home, realization crossed her face as clear as a summers day sky. We made eye contact; her green eyes read endless amounts of regret and sorrow. I opened my mouth to speak, but nothing came out. A lump the size of a boulder hung in my dry throat. After a quick couple coughs I begin to speak.

I spoke to my Grandmom and Aunt about my mom's problems before, but it was brushed under the rug like most people do. I kept most of the things to myself through-out the years like the endless amount of winters we would have no heat for or the constant "final notice" bills piling up on the kitchen counter. After pleading my case to my Grandmom, she finally realized there was a problem here. I reminded her of the countless times that she bought us our school supplies and clothes, stocking the kitchen with food, or helping pay rent for the month. We decided to have a mini intervention with the help of the family and her best friend, who used to be a drug counselor, Angie.

"Hey mom." I said very monotoned, unsure of what to expect.

I look around the room for some help. Everyone is focused on my mother by the front door. I lay eyes on my Aunt Jane. Her dirty blonde hair rested on her shoulders, chocolate brown eyes on me. I plead in silence for help not knowing where to begin. The couch squeaks due to the old and fragile frame as my Aunt leans closer to me and gives a reassuring nod.

“Hey everyone. What’s going on here?” my mothers voice shakes trying to sound somewhat confident. She glances around the room at the many faces staring back, and realization flashes across her face as clear as day.

“Frani, I think you know why we are all here.” Aunt Jane says cutting straight to the point.

Things started to seem to blur together at an alarming rate. Will she be mad at me? What if she never speaks to me again or disowns me as her child? What if all of this is for nothing? Were just a few of the things running through my mind.

“Mom. I’m sorry. I brought everyone here tonight because something needs to change. And it needs to change now. I’m sorry this is very sudden and unexpected, but you have a problem and we would all like to help you get it taken care of.” I was speaking a mile a minute I was so nervous. My mouth as dry as the desert. I was deathly afraid that I would be disappointing my mother for exposing our secret to the family.

An hour passed and everything that needed to be said was. The room began to empty leaving just the three of us. The air started to get thick and heavy with silence and many unsaid emotions. I sit and stare at the black round clock that hung on the tan wall. A smile crossed my face as I sighed in relief.

