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English 100

Formal Assignment 2: Draft 1

2-23-19

The Fall of the King

“911 What is your emergency?”

“My, my daddy is..drunk, and.. and he’s… throwing out my brother, and I’m scared he’s going to hurt us, I don’t know what to do…please help.”

“Are there any weapons in the house?”

“Yea he has guns, but I don’t know how many or if there registered.”

“ok sweetie can you tell me your address?”

“911 Oak street”

“Okay honey, were sending someone out there, do you want me to stay on the phone with you?”

When your living in a nightmare, you never think you’re going to wake up. Its just a cycle, every day. Always waiting. Let me bring you back to how this lovely event came to be. I had just gotten home from school and like every day I grabbed my pick of snacks, today was a fruit roll up and Cheetos. I sprang up the hundreds of stairs to my big brothers room so excited to see him. To my disappointment he wasn’t home, again. I headed for my purple bedroom and plopped down on the carpeted floor to watch Lizzie McGuire, as the sun set on my tiny kingdom of a room my stuffed animals were on duty as my knights, as they are every night. And finally, I hear faint shouting in the distance. I primp my knights as I try to ignore the king and queens’ squabble.

“Bill no honey PLEASE!”

“I DON’T FUCKING GIVE A FUCK AHNF HAUDK JAKN”

It was unusually loud. Even for the king. His Stomps up the stairs were not faded by my mother’s pleas.

“Bill he’s only 18 he can’t just leave, and have it all figured out.”

“Fuck him! I don’t give a fuck he can figure it the fuck out I was 18 when I joined the military!”

“Yea and because of you that’s probably what I’m going to HAVE to do now, I’m leaving just let me pack up and ill be gone!” cried my brother from his room down the hall.

“fuck no not my big brother!” I thought.

I swung my door open, my mother was standing on the other side.

With tears filled in her eyes she turned to me and said, “Daddy’s throwing out Chris.”

“WHAT NO!”

“YEA ITS MY FUCKING HOUSE I CAN DO WHAT I WANT! AND DON’T YOU DARE TRY TO FUCKING GO AGAINST ME SANDI!”

She was silent.

The hallways walls were as white as our faces.

“But why are you kicking him out?” I retorted calmly.

“Because if he doesn’t ahdn jdhiod fhap and I don’t fucking have to do a damn thing djdbne aldbi nagdifl ….”

The Fumes of whiskey filled the air.

“But please, why can’t we just get along.’ My mother pleaded

“SANDI”

And he stepped toward her in an intimidating fashion, and I looked at him dead in the eyes and put my arm around my mother and moved her behind me.

His eyes widened and he paused, he looked at me like I had just stepped to him

He took a step toward me.

“NO NO NO, YOU ARE NOOOT PUTTING YOUR HANDS ON ME!”

Everyone froze, my bother stopped packing and was staring at my father, same with my mother and me.

My father paused, he had no words for once.

Even time, in this moment froze. It was like a glitch in reality where someone had finally told him, no. We all were awaiting his response…

His eyes gazed over, as he stumbled two steps to his left, caught himself on the wall and continued screaming at my brother.

“Get the fuck outta my house ya fucking dope head!”  
“I don’t even do dope! But I’m TRYING to leave!”

My mother hysterical followed my father continuing her pleas.

“This isn’t right.”

“What the fuck what do I do?”

“I have to do something”

I scrambled my brain trying to figure out what I’ve got to do.

“No one ever stops this.”

“BILL PLEASE STOP”

Time was running out. I went into my dark room and paced trying to think, but I couldn’t. My heart was pounding so hard I could feel it in my ears, and I was shaking & sweating profusely. I needed to stop him.

My knights were lifeless in these hours of need, so what do you do when you need help and don’t know who to call? I raced as fast as I could down the stairs to the portable phone, and back up& into my dark room with no one noticing. I couldn’t get caught, because they would immediately know.

I paused for a moment almost questioning if this was the right thing to do, he was the King after all.

9…1…1.

It rang for what felt like an eternity, for each ring I heard screams or smashing from the other room. Time was out.

“911 what is your emergency?”