

The walk

Business



The Walk They call me, tell me to come downstairs. As I walk down the steps, all of my thoughts come to life, little, annoying voices surround me, mocking me. I can't help but wonder why, why would my parents call all of us to them at once? What's wrong? When my parents do this, they usually have a really good news or really bad news. Lately it's been really bad things, such as to apologize to me and my sisters after one of their huge arguments. Nausea forms in my stomach, black dots, like gothic polka dots appear before my eyes, I reach the final step and approach the hallway that leads to the kitchen, where they wait.

My two little sisters ahead of me, how young, how innocent they are, so naive. Step by step, heart in my throat, hear the blood rush through my head, sprinting. I take the long way to get to the kitchen so I could procrastinate and not hear the words, the words of dread for the past year. I don't know what to think. I numbly walk through the hallway, and get to the door.

I take a final, long-lasting deep breath, I open the door. I just stand there. Not being able to move, frozen, until someone commands me to. A blurry version of my parent's voices echo through my ears;" Come sit. We need to talk".

Feet feel like lead, heavy and overbearing, I make my way across the room and sit on the couch, right next to them. I feel the tension and heaviness of the air, weigh down on all of us, even my two little sisters, who stare into space and probably have no idea of what's going on. My thoughts overwhelm me, and the room all of a sudden spins, a merry-go-round. I hear my parents

talk, start the beginning of a conversation, but I don't know what they say or what they're getting at. I stand up and walk, to stall, and go get a glass of water.

They say they will put the conversation on hold until I get back. My head is pounding and immediately, my thoughts worm their way back into my head to make my worries even worse. Before I realize it, my cup overflows. I look down, water, like volcanic lava, flows over my fingers as if they are an island. Come on, you are going to handle this. You need to stay focused, you know this has been coming for months.

Put the pieces of your act back together, I think. You're the oldest. Your sisters are going to break, innocence corrupted, you have to be there for them when it comes. I shiver, but in a better state of mind, I walk back into the kitchen. I shakily sit back down on the couch with my family, and wait.

Finally, still a bit blurry, the voices of my parents echo, my brain trying to process words I've dreaded the most; " We're getting a divorce." My head explodes, and all that comes out of my mouth are the angry words- " How could you?"