

Man of the house

Business



Man Of the House It 4: 30am in the morning and the only thing keeping me warm for the early morning frost was the heater on the floor of the car and the blanket my dad tucked behind my shoulders. It was so early I could barely keep my eyes open but I fought the urge to sleep. The only thing keeping me awake was the sight of my dad in his dark green camouflage uniforms. It was such a long car ride and being shoved into the back of our little van with three small brothers wasn't my idea of a good morning. Unfortunately being only seven years old I knew very well what was about to take place. Driving through the front gate of my dad's military base I know that time was almost up, one more right and we would arrive at his hangar. Approaching his hangar, crowding the tarmac were about 20 different families hugging and kissing their loved Marine. Not soon after my family and I were among this crowd, because sadly enough my dad was about to deploy. We all gathered around him closely, but I managed to get through the swarm of people to find him in the middle of it. I grabbed onto his leg and squeezed as hard as I could, I wasn't planning on ever letting go. He pulled me off to the side and bent down on one knee.

He looked me straight in the eyes, tears running down my face, cleared his voice and said, " Trent, I don't know how long I am going to be gone for, but I need you to look after your mom and brothers for me." I don't know if you've ever seen a grown man cry before or even a Marine for that matter but it's like trying to cut a diamond with paper, it's a hard thing to do, but he started to and cleared his voice once again whispering, " I'm not sure if I'm coming back or not but you are in charge now so keep everyone safe." Being seven years old and hearing " I'm not sure if I'm coming back" it really

started to hit home and the reality set in. Just as he had finished saying his good byes he grabbed his helmet and gear and right then the sun peaked over the mountain had come up he finished saying his good byes and grabbed his helmet and gear and it had seemed like as if he was walking into the sun through the gates of heaven. Looking over he asked my uncle, " Why isn't he looking back?" He responded by saying, " looking back on what he had left will only make it harder for him to leave.

" That car ride home was one of the quietest car rides I have ever been a part of. The only sound thate could be heard was the snuffle of my brothers noses and the tears running off everyone faces and hitting the floor. Looking at my mom all I could think about is how in the world is she going to raise four boys and manage a job. At that point I had made it may duty to help her out as much as possiable. Home wasn't then same anymore and my once childish attitude had turn into a more fatherly like figure. I was now doing the dishes, taking out the trash, and taking on responsibility that my dad would be in charge of.

But o On top of all that I would take care of all four of my brothers. I would get up in the morning and help them get dressed and ready for school. andEven if I was able to do things to help them I would do what I could to also help them in anyways I possibly could even if I had to go out and learn how to do it.. Life as I knew it at this point was no longer full of small childish games but do as my father had done by looking aver and after my family. Throughout the next several months I feel have changed me forever because I not only have taken on this huge responsibility but it has made me change form a small child as a mature young adult.

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