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about 700 words

## The Room

By Angel Turner

They sat out there and talked for hours, while I...Lay there- hidden from the world. The musk of the roomed compounded under the bed with me. The darkness allowed for my imagination to run circles around me. The longer I stayed under there, the more the carpet raked against my skin and the more that bat... The tinged, iron-smelling bat gripped my fingers.

I wanted to scream out. The agony from the itch and the dust nestled against my nose hairs only made me more furious.

“I don’t know what we’re going to do with him,” said dad.

The silence killed me. *Say something mom. You know me.*

“You’re right dear,” mom said. “I don’t know either. It’s like he’s possessed or something. What in heavens name made him do that?”

“Where did we go wrong with him?” mom said.

The little tare in the bottom sheet provided the perfect glimpse, coupled with the beaming sun light, to the porch. *His filthy hand rested on hers. The tears rolled down her face. That stupid woman, I should've got rid of her too, and him.*"

"I want him gone," dad said. "We tried and it just isn't working. If he did that, who knows what he will do next."

*Breathe Andy. Breathe...* Before I could finish talking to myself, I felt myself bolting from underneath the bed. My left-hand squeezed so tight I felt the wood slicing my fingers.

"Shut up!" I said. "You know why I beat that old man.

The picturesque photos stared at me from behind. The stench of the room merged with the smell of the bat, and it kept growing stronger.

"I beat him for you mom."

"Stop it!" mom said. "You don't say another word."

"Tell him mom. Tell dad why I did it. Why I beat that old man."

Dad narrowed his eyes as he scratched his chin. He looked at mom then back at me. He jumped up and walked past me.

"Shh," said dad.

He crept toward the door. The carpet not forgiving to his aged-knees. His ear pressed against the door as he stood frozen. The color raced from his face the longer he stood there.

Finally, he opened the door and looked around. The color returned to his face once he returned back inside and locked the door.

"Now you listen and you listen good," said dad. "You are pure evil and you will not destroy everything I've worked for."

“You worked for?” I said. “You don’t work. Mom works. All you do is sit around and do nothing but complain. Where were you when mom needed you?

“I’ve always been there for your mom, what are you talking about.”

Her eyes pierced my soul as I talked to my dad but it was time. I had to tell the truth.

“You were not there, dad. Mom needed you and you were gone, so I had to be there for her.”

“You are going back where you came from,” said dad. “We tried to love you. But you are not from us. And for you to take that bat and beat that man, that poor old man almost to death, we have to give you back to the state.”

“I’ve been here six years dad. Six years and five of those years, you sat by and did nothing as mom suffered at the hands of that monster!”

Sweat rolled off the short strands on my head. “You did nothing!”

“What is he talking about dear?”

His gaze finally locked mine-he didn’t know.

“Please don’t,” said mom.

“The old man raped mom for five years. In our house, in your bed.”

The tears flooded his eyes, he now knew. His dad raped his wife for five years in his own house.

And because he did nothing, I stepped up. I did what he should have done. I handled it. But I made a mistake, I left him breathing.

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