

“Open the door, its cold out shit. I understand your rules; that is why I chose not to drink. I am only home late because I had a date. This woman got me out here like I am crazy.” BANG!
BANG!

“I have had nothing to drink unless I have a curfew can you please open the door!?”

Freddy is in total disbelief that he is outside in this blistering cold weather.

A car door slams and says, “Are you, Frederick?”

Freddy hesitates to answer because he does not want to believe it’s the police.

“Yes, my mother is just being a little weird, and I am trying to get into my house.” My mother unlocks the steel bolted the door and softly tells the officers, “I am afraid of him, and he is no longer allowed here.”

In a fit of anger, he begins laughing at her in front of the police. He tells them all about her mental illness and how she has held him back in life. His anger is such that he is stuttering his words trying to sound educated. You can see his breath in the air, and it is a cloud filled with shame and resentment. Freddy feels like he has gotten frostbite in his toes and hands are ashy as snow.

As he is crushing her spirit verbally, Freddy is also worried about where he will sleep. Deep down he wants nothing more than to lay on his bed and sleep. All he can think about is a cup of hot tea, his warm packers blanket, and listen to music.

Frederick then feels this firm grip on his elbow, and a deep voice says, “Son lets take it in for

that night. Do you have a friend you could call?"

Suddenly his angry state of mind and shame take a back seat to the new reality. Freddy begins pacing back and forth on the porch shaking his head. He looks up every blue moon to see if his mother will come back to the door, but it seems so far from reality. Freddy keeps thinking that all black door will soon open up to a lady in black dreadlocks. Finally, he realizes that he must get humble and make a dreadful phone call. His anxiety is so severe when he awakens to pounding migraine in his temples. He has a parched mouth with the worst breath imaginable. His appetite is nonexistent, and he cannot stop thinking about the situation. His heart feels like it is at the bottom of his stomach.

"Here drink this. I got some eggs cooking and towels for a shower in the closet. I got to work today, but my girl is home all day. You can use my laptop I got clothes in there whatever you need. Also, I will leave you a couple of dollars just in case you need to make a move." Terry says.

"Thanks, man I feel like a scum bag, I cannot believe my mother." Says Freddy

"Your my best friend and I love you, but honestly I am extremely worried about your mother. Her behavior towards you is out of control and waking up on my couch is unacceptable. Get your own apartment so that you can help her down the road seek treatment." Terry responded.