

“Open the door, its cold out shit. I understand your rules; I just had a good night. This

woman got me out here like I am crazy.” BANG! BANG!

“How many times do I have to apologize, I said I am sorry to let me in!”

Freddy can still taste the Bacardi on his lips, and honestly, he needs another shot to feel warm.

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

Freddy hesitates to answer because he smells like marijuana smoke and liquor. The last thing he needs is to get arrested for public drunkenness.

“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. Twice he spits because he is slurring his words while trying to look educated. You can see my breath in the air, and it is a cloud of Bacardi breath. 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 would love 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 drunken state of mind and happiness quickly sober up. 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 headache is so severe when he awakens to pain in his temples. He has a parched mouth with the worst breath imaginable. His stomach is entirely queasy, and he is walking around looking for water. His heart feels like it is going to fall out his chest.

“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 you. You drinking is out of control and waking up on my couch is unacceptable. Get your life together and make calls for treatment today.” Terry responded.