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English Composition II

Narrative Project

Wednesday, October 10, 2018

Regrets

“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!”

I can still taste the Bacardi on my lips, and honestly, I need another shot to feel warm.

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

I hesitate to answer because I smell like marijuana smoke and liquor. The last thing I need 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, I begin laughing at her in front of the police. I tell them all about her mental illness and how she has held me back in life. Twice I spit because I am slurring my words and I am trying to look educated. You can see my breath in the air, and it is a cloud of Bacardi breath. I feel like I have frostbite in my toes and my hands are ashy as snow. As I am crushing her spirit verbally, I am also worried about where I will sleep. Deep down I would love nothing more than

to lay on my bed and sleep. All I can think about is a cup of hot tea, my warm packers blanket, and listen to music.

I feel this firm grip on my elbow, and a deep voice says, “Son lets take it in for that night. Do you have a friend you could call?”

Suddenly my drunken state of mind and happiness quickly sober up. I begin pacing back and forth on the porch shaking my head. I look up every blue moon to see if my mother will come back to the door, but it seems so far from reality. I keep thinking that all black door will soon open up to a lady in black dreadlocks. I finally realize I have to get humble and make a dreadful phone call. My headache is so severe when I wake up I feel pain in my temples. I have a dry mouth with the worst breath imaginable. My stomach is entirely queasy, and I am walking around looking for water. My heart feels like it is going to fall out my chest. I am living a dangerous life, and I genuinely need help. All this started because I refused to listen to the rules and address my issues.