

Faded Memories

Grade 7-8

“Anthony McKinsey ready for dismissal please,” the intercom went off. I got up, organized my folders put them in my backpack and walked to the office. I passed the large bulletin board in the hallway covered in turkeys with the word November 2013 written on top. All I could think of was the joy of going home early. I always did love the bright oranges, reds, and yellows of fall.

I entered the office and saw the secretary sitting at her desk telling me my dad was outside in my car. Without hesitation, I left the office and opened the school's main doors. I was immediately greeted with the rush of the cool fall breeze. With the trees whistling in the wind, leaves drifting in the wind, and the sun in the clear blue sky shining bright, I looked in the distance to see my dad in the car waiting for me. I walked to the car and opened the door. I sat down and joyfully asked why I was getting out of school early. My dad replied in a soft whisper, “Your mom had a miscarriage.”

I didn't know what that meant at the time, so I replied with “What?”

He spoke a little clearer this time realizing I didn't know what that meant, “It means that the baby,” he paused for a moment and kept looking straight. “It means the baby died.” It felt like my entire mind just went blank. I couldn't think at all.

My dad started the engine to the car. Even though I felt the rumble of the car turn on, I didn't hear it. Everything seemed so unfamiliar. The car started moving faster and in some odd way I couldn't keep up with the car and felt all the pressure holding me against the seat. I decided to just look at the scenery to help bring me out of the world I was stuck in. It didn't help. All the vivid colors turned dull. To my surprise, I looked to the sky to see not a single cloud, yet

the sun didn't seem bright at all. I wanted to ask questions, but I couldn't speak. I wanted to cry, but I couldn't cry. I was motionless in that car.

I arrived at my house and somehow told myself I need to get up. I did but every muscle in my body ached. I stepped out of the car and slowly worked my way to the front door. I waited for my dad to get the keys to the front door. I didn't care how long it took. I didn't care about time at all the rest of that day. I just needed to process the thoughts going on in my mind.

My dad opened the front door and all the lights in the house were off. The only light in there was the sunlight peeking through the windows of our house. I walked upstairs to see my mom walking towards me and my dad in silence. She gave me a hug and didn't say anything. I then walked to my room, shut the door, and lay on my bed. I just let all my thoughts run wild inside me, because I could not control them.

The pain of having so much hope built up and then having it ruined was something I had never felt before. It was difficult to accept something like that, but eventually I learned too.