Jada Durham

ENG 100

Narrative Project, Draft 2

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Lonely

It’s uncomfortably hot outside today. As I’m walking into my Grandmas house, I can hear her air conditioner buzzing and feel the cold air blowing against my skin. I’m greeted by the sound of my dad’s voice.

“I know honey; it makes perfectly good sense. I agree with your 100 percent”.

I was curious as to what my dad could be talking about and who he was talking to until I heard him mention my name, but I couldn’t hear exactly what they were talking about. As soon as I heard my name my eyes didn’t leave my dad’s conversation. I notice that I’m tapping my feet like I usually do when I’m anxious about something just waiting and waiting for him to get off the phone.

“What about me?” I asked

“We’re going to be changing your room to the basement. Putting Joey, Xavier, and Isaiah in one room and Andrew in his own room. We agreed that it’s about time he gets his own room.”

My heart started to beat fast while I listened to my dad talk. At this point, I didn’t care anymore. I felt my insides starting to get warm and my chest starting to tighten up as I began to shut down from this topic. I walk out the living room feeling heavy and feeling defeated I see my aunt in her room.

“Did you hear what he just said?” I manage to say trying to say calm as my voice started choking up. Why is it always me why am I always the person that must deal with something being changed? First it was Xavier coming into my room to stay with me, her having a problem with my mom coming to the family cook out, then putting me downstairs in the tiny basement so her son can have a room all to himself, It feels like my spot in this house is just temporary and my dad’s just going along with everything she wants.”

“Jada, we’re leaving.”

“Okay, coming.”

So many thoughts run through my mind sitting in the car with the black leather seats sticking to my legs burning them. Only angering me more because I’m irritated and now, I’m hot. These seats feel way hotter than normal looking for something in the back seat to cover my seat wit. Instantly my mind goes back to how I felt when it was just my dad and I. Growing up, I was the only girl of five brothers. I was what you would consider daddy’s little girl. We had the strongest bond. We both enjoyed track, and I can remember the time that I had to run a 400 and he told me to run my race for me when it gets a little close to the end I’m going to blow the whistle you’re going to run full out and give it your all. That’s exactly what I did in the end he carried me from the finish line to the bleaches with the biggest smile on his face. He’s been at every single event that I have ever had since I was a little girl. Now everything just feels completely different and It’s like he has a whole new life and I’m not a factor in it anymore.

My mind quickly snaps back to reality as I hear my dad’s voice in the background.

“It’s not that big of a deal Jada…. It’s not like you stay here all the time.”

I bite my tongue holding back from letting him have it. Maybe telling him about how since he got with his new girlfriend I've felt nothing but singled out inside the house or how much we use to do things together but since they started dating and we don’t bond over track anymore we barley do things together. My Problem is that I’ve been staying here all summer and you knew I planned on living with you after school started. The only thing on my mind right now is going home and laying in my nice big bed not having to be around anyone and feeling more uncomfortable with this situation than I already do.

This wouldn’t be the first time something like this happened. When my little brother turned one my dad’s girlfriend wanted to move my little brother Xavier into my small blue room. That fit a tv and a twin bed in it and now a crib. I heard my phone ring and flash with a text message from my dad. When I opened it, it was a picture of my room rearranged with a crib inside. I was confused for a moment, so I asked why that is there and he told me that It was only going to be temporary and when I came back to his house the crib was going to be gone but that didn’t happen. I told my mom how I felt about that and she ended up calling my dad yelling at him. So, I knew with this situation I couldn’t tell my mom because I don’t want there to be another problem between them, so I need to handle this myself.

Sitting on my bed looking at my new color walls, listening to the footsteps above my head. I can’t help but to feel like what if my dad would have spoken up or I would have spoken up about the way everything made me feel would thereof been any type of change? I don’t want to feel like this in a way I feel like I’m being selfish, and things are just changing because I am growing up. My brother’s say so but too many incidents has happened to the point where I feel like no matter where they put me my living space will always be so temporary.