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Mr. Ward

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One Day

When the door slammed shut I let out the breath I didn't even know I was holding. Placing my hands on the counter I yell out in frustration before going into the kids' room, "Kids you can come out now, daddy left." They walked out with their eyes wide, and tears running down their faces "Come on and eat breakfast, everything is fine. We're going to be okay." No one said a single word during breakfast. It didn't used to be like this. We used to have family breakfast, now my kids hide in their room every morning. The door opened five minutes later. We all stop eating and look at each other, hoping that Justin didn't come back. My best friend Danyelle walks in with a smile on her face. "*Auntie!*" they all scream. She looks at the kids and gives them all hugs. She looks over at me and frowns. The cuts on my face can't go unnoticed, "*We'll talk later*" she mouthes. I just look down at my food and nod my head.

I slam my car door shut. Why can't she ever get anything right? It's not that hard to make pancakes. I don't mean to hit her all the time, but she just makes me so mad. I mean how stupid

can you get if you burn pancakes. I get out the car and walk into work. My buddy Brandon walks up to me, *"Hey Justin. What's up?"*

"Nothing man, Michelle is getting on my nerves again."

"You need to start controlling your anger man, what you're doing isn't right."

*"Did I f**king ask you what was right and wrong?"*

"No man, just calm down."

Sighing I walk into my office. I swear I heard him say *"Start treating her right or I will."* Maybe I was just imagining it. I'll apologize to her tonight though. I'll start doing right by her, I have to.

When Danyelle took the kids to school I went into the bathroom to take a shower. My Mind drifted off to what happened this morning. *Waking up late I ran into the kitchen to start his breakfast so he didn't get mad. In my haste I burned part of his pancake but I did not notice. Next thing I know a plate is being thrown at my head. He slammed me on the ground and put my face in the broken glass. "Do you see this B**ch? I don't waste my money on food so you can burn it! I start to feel the blood running down my face from the glass. He kicks me in my stomach, and I scream in pain. "Clean it up you stupid whore." he kicks me again "I can't believe I married a b**ch like you" He grabs me by my hair so his face is close to mine, and he whispers to me with so much venom in his voice "I hate you."* A knock to the door brought me out of my thoughts, *"Mickey it's me."* Panicking I stepped out of the shower, and wrapped a towel around me. Raising a shaky hand I opened the door and was met with his green eyes staring at me. *"What took you so long Mickey?"* Not having an answer I just whispered a sorry. Looking into his eyes, I couldn't help but notice they're not as bright as they were when we got married, they're dull and lifeless, like he doesn't care anymore. I can tell this isn't the man I fell in love with. Feeling a stinging sensation on my face. I brought myself out of my thoughts. *"Michelle*

were you even listening?" he yelled. Tears were threatening to spill out of my eyes now, but I still looked up at him with all the hatred I could muster.

When she looked up at me my heart broke. She looked at me like she wanted to kill me, but wouldn't do anything. I was supposed to be apologizing for this morning, making her happy, not hitting her again. She just frustrates me so much, and it just irritates me that she doesn't listen to me. I punched a hole in the wall, and she flinched away. *"Mickey I'm sorry. I'm so sorry. I was trying to apologize for this morning, but you weren't listening. You know how I get when I get mad."* I reached out for her, but she took a step back. That just made me angrier. Grabbing her arm tightly I pulled her into my chest. *"Don't you ever pull away from me. YOU belong to ME. Do you understand Mickey?"*

Nodding my head I let him hold me while tears were falling down my face. I could taste the saltiness of them. I started to remember when things were different, when he treated me like a princess. Take me out to dinner, and buy me presents. Now everything is different. Ever since he got back from rehab he's been blaming me for everything. He even drinks more if that's even possible. Our children are scared of him. And I'm terrified of him. I'm lucky if I don't get hit more than twice a day. *"Go start making dinner, Brandon will be here soon with the kids."* His voice brought me out of my thoughts yet again. Nodding my head quickly, I went to our room to put clothes on. As I made my way into the kitchen I couldn't help but to think about what would happen if I left with Brandon like he's been asking me to. I just sighed and started taking things out to make lasagna. Once I finished prepping it, I put the pan into the oven.

Wrapping my arms around her torso, I pulled her close to me. She let out a little squeal, and I chuckled. *"Mickey, you don't realize how much I love you. You just need to understand that I like*

things done a certain way. I'm sorry for everything I did, but just be patient with me, I can change." I know I haven't been the best husband for 7 years, but I can change. I can't lose her, she's my everything. She hasn't said a single word, and it's making me mad, but I just take deep breathes to calm myself. I don't want to mess this up.

"I can change." he's never said that, for seven years he's never said *"I can change"* He always says *"sorry"* or *"I didn't mean to"*, but he has never actually told me he would make the effort to change. I don't know how to answer that. I was supposed to be leaving tonight with Brandon. I'm supposed to leave this hell hole. The kids walk in the door with Brandon behind them, *"Mommy!"* they yell. Brandon looks at me with a smile on his face. I just look at him and shake my head no. He looks back at Justin with hatred and walks out the house slamming the door behind him. My kids look at their father, then back at me. I just nod my head yes, and they run to him. Maybe he can change.

But he never did.