

Before the Car Ride

I remember that talk in the garage. I was silently screaming while I watched the secret I kept unfold before my eyes.

“She will have no contact with him and the police will not get involved”... the final decision. I remember that one day I watched a car pull into the driveway; he was driving. I asked why he was here.

I told them how mad my parents would be.

They simply said, “Then don’t tell them”.

I remember how kind he was to me. The fun we had, the laughs we shared. I got in his car not thinking anything of it, that is, until we left.

I remember looking out the window, terrified. I was all alone with him, again. I remember the smell of his cologne seeping through every fiber of my being, bringing back violent memories. “How have you been?”

Minutes passed of silence with awkwardness crowding the air. It was hard to breathe; the anxiety suffocated my airways. I begged to get out. I almost attempted the tuck and roll technique. “Your dad is messing with your head.”

His words echoed through my thoughts. He may have been nice that time, but not always. I remember those days locked in his bedroom. I remember him convincing me it was normal. I remember his hand engraving a print on the back of my head. I remember crying myself to sleep for nights at a time. But mostly, I remember the feeling of loneliness encapsulating my soul.