​ Katina Galante

ENG 112

Formal Assignment #1- Narrative Project

You Never Know

“WAKE UP YOU’RE GOING TO BE LATE” Katina faintly hears her brothers voice interrupt her deep sleep as he rushes to catch his school bus. She rolls over to the opposite side, towards her window. The beams of light are burning through the cracks in her shades to her eyelids. She opens her eyes and looks at the time. 7:15. Twenty minutes to get to school on time. Before she can have any thoughts, she feels her stomach drop like an anchor sinking into the ocean. She thinks to herself,

“That’s odd, why does my stomach feel weird.”

She stands up and looks outside her window that is overlooking the parking lot. She leaves her room to make sure her mom is up and ready to drive her to school. As she checks the 3 rooms in her small cluttered apartment, she feels the anchor sinking lower. Where is she? She begins to panic. Katina walks out front to make sure the car she saw from her window was her moms. It wasn’t. But her mom’s friend is standing out front of her apartment looking just as confused as she is. She asks for a ride and begins to blow up her dad’s phone.

Katina’s mom and dad are separated. But she just isn’t sure who else to text. Her mom doesn’t have many friends nor would she have talked to any of her family members late last night. She tries to think about the best case scenario to keep her anxiety from shooting through the roof.

As she sits in math class, freshman year of high school, she’s in her own little world. She feels her stomach twisting and wrapping itself up into one of those ridiculous pretzel yoga positions. Her brain feels like it has lost it's operator, like that one episode of Spongebob where all his thoughts and memories were exploding all over the place. Katina is trying so hard to imagine all the possible places her mom could've been this morning. It is just so unlike her. She drives her to school every single morning.

ZZZZ ZZZ. Her phone buzzes in the back pocket of the black sweatpants she has on from last night. Due to how hectic this morning was, she just ran out the door for school without changing. She skims the humid, prison-like classroom wearing a pure blank stare on her face. The words that are coming out of her short and plump teacher’s mouth sound like gibberish. She excuses herself from the room and shuffles into the hallway to check her text message. It is from her dad.  
 “Your mom was in a motorcycle accident late last night. She is okay, but the man she was with is not. She stayed at the hospital overnight so that he wasn’t alone.”  
 Her stomach releases from the tight yoga position that it was tied up in. Her throat closes up and she can feel her eyes leaking uncontrollably. As she navigates through the humid, grey concrete hallways, all she is focused on is catching her breath. The walls are closing in on her just like her lungs are in her chest. While she is happy and relieved to hear that her mom is okay, she is still overwhelmed with a wide range of emotions. She makes it to her Jeep and attempts to gather herself before she drives to Hahnemann Hospital. All she is thinking about is the argument her mom and her had last night, which ended in Katina slamming her door in her mom’s face. She replays everything in her head, and can’t help but to think about what would have happened if it were her mom who was severely injured. It is completely mind-blowing to her how this morning, the second she opened her eyes, she immediately had a funny feeling in her stomach. She had no clue why, but she did. She knew something was wrong.   
 The vibe in this place is dreary, and clenches onto Katina as soon as she steps foot in the door. The smell of sanitation and rubber gloves creep up her nose. She treks up to the fifth floor where her mom and that unknown man are. Her hands are clammy and she can’t seem to get in control of her breathing. She just wants to be able to tell her mom that she is sorry for their argument. Katina walks into the room and has an instant feeling of relief. The anchor rises from the deep hole in her stomach. Her mom is sitting there on the blue cotton chair next to the hospital bed with just a small bandage wrapped around her head. She smiles and stands up to give Katina a hug.

“Hi honey” she said.

“Mom, I am sorry for being so unreasonable with you last night” I tell her.

“Oh don’t worry about it, I’m happy you’re here” she replies.

“Me too, mom.”

In this moment Katina feels incredibly blessed to have her mom, living and breathing there next to her. It is such a scary feeling to think about her mom being in that bed instead of that man . She will forever believe that her mom has a guardian angel watching over her, and she will never leave a loved ones presence on bad terms again.