

Dominique Alexander

English 100

Formal Assignment #2: Narrative Project

March 12, 2019

A Daughter's Rage

Bright red and blue lights flash through the window as two officers approach me. Two police officers now stand in front of me stern and stiff as I sit on the bottom step in my living room. I look up at them with anger, stress and disbelief in my eyes.

"Excuse me Ms. is this your baby" The police officer asks

"No" I reply

"Are you pregnant" The police officer asks

"No" I reply

"So what did you hit him with" The police officer asks

"My fist" I reply

"Stand up, turn around, and place your hands behind your back" The police officer said

I look at my mom with disappointment in my eyes it was her moment to speak up for me.

Explain what had happened, but instead she just looked down like she was torn between who's side to pick. As the metal cuffs lock my wrist a million things cross my mind as my entire life flash before my eyes. My stomach turned in the back of the cop car as I didn't know what to expect. As the cops talk to each other in the front I think about all the things that lead up to that point. All the drunken nights, All the yelling and fighting, The many times my father played the blame game, I was tired of seeing my mother cry, and tired of the stress he has caused us for all of these years."

Growing up as a young girl we all have our perception of what a father and daughter's relationship should be like. As a young girl I imagined days at the park, trips to the museums, aquariums and movies. Date nights and father daughter dances and most importantly unconditional love but for me things were a little different. My relationship with my took a turn around the age of eleven. Anything before that was nothing short of a "Disney dad". My father is very self centered the world only ever seemed to revolve around him and his best interest. Alcohol was always his best friend and my mom nor I never stood a chance. There where many years of anger build up. Those years of anger turned to rage. Which brought me to this crucial moment in life.

Sitting in my teenage body my mind wonders and constantly races. As the T.V plays loudly in the background, I stare in a daze as my dad stumbles up the stairs and my baby brother follows. I jump up.

"Oh my God! The baby is falling down the stairs" I yell

"What" He yells

He staggers down the stairs and charges towards me eyes wide filled with anger. Snatching his belt off he swings it smacks me across the face. I stare at him in shock and disbelief as I hold my face. At that moment respect for him has left my body. I didn't know him, I didn't trust him, in fact at that moment I hated him. My mind races I hear my trainer Dee in my head.

"Move one...two... watch that footwork"

"Let's work on some combos" I move into the combos as he throws his hands up. I follow his patterns, I dip, I watch my footwork, I move from side to side, I throw jabs and uppercuts. As I sweat and an intense focus comes across my eyes. My trainer smiles you're ready. That the

moment I knew I could stand up to my dad as I regain focus the anger has now transferred from my dad's eyes to mine and I immediately began swinging.

“Stop it Stop it” My mom said

We continue fighting. My mother's now is screaming to the top of her lungs begging us to stop. She must've frightened the neighbor because five minutes later there were red and blue flashing lights and I was being questioned. Once I arrived to the police station they put me in a waiting cell. I was annoyed more than anything, I wanted nothing to do with my parents at that moment they let me call my grandmother and released me to her. My grandmother asked me why did I attack him. I explained to her what happened and told her rage just gave over me.

“ Dom you are beautiful and smart”. my grandma said

You have your whole life ahead of you and it would be foolish to throw it all away because of your temper”.

“Your right” I said

“ Do you realize how much damage you could've done to yourself” she said as she starts crying

“ Grandma don't cry” I said as I began crying

“I love you so much, I just want you to know your worth, I want you to know you are better than this” she said

“ I know grandma and I love you too” I said

The next day my grandma took me home to my parents. I wasn't happy to be there but my grandma said I had to be the bigger person and apologize. She also said that we were both wrong, I was wrong for changeling him as the authoritarian. He was wrong for coming down to my level he should been mature enough to walk away and so should I. Looking back on it my grandma was 100% right. Its moments like these that shape you. It's the type of moment that

helps build character. You learn valuable lessons and humble yourself. I'm proud of the person I am today because I am much wiser due to moments like this that happened throughout my life. Today my father and I relationship stands as a give and take relationship, but its one that I'm learning to accept. I hope women reading take away loving yourself enough to know when to walk away.