

A Troubling Tuesday

Pulling out of the parking lot, Mom paused for a moment, her blinker on. I stared out the window, in the seat behind the passenger's seat, trying to contain my hunger. As I flipped my gaze towards the book laying on the center console, I reassured myself. *Just two minutes till we're home. Then food.* After turning the corner smoothly, I glanced out the window. There was a young lady on the grass by the curb, bawling hysterically. Her dark hair was in a messy bun, with many flyaways, some damp because of her tears. Even though she only lived a few streets away, I'd never seen her before. Obviously, Mom noticed her as she stopped our white minivan a couple yards away from her.

"I'm going to see if she's okay," Mom said worriedly.

I nodded, and began to read, although I definitely couldn't focus on my reading. Hearing snippets of their conversation, I set down my book and peered out the window as Mom and the lady strolled over to our car.

As they sat down, Mom whispered in my ear. "This is Tyiesha. We're taking her home."

I nodded, slightly confused still. Heavy breathing and gasps came from the seat in front of me.

Hopefully she's fine. The AC blew into my face, flopping my high ponytail into my eyes. After driving about 20 seconds, we pulled into Tyiesha's driveway, and my gaze wandered to her house. The top story was painted a dullish yellow, while the lower half was stone. The front door was also a dull yellow. What really caught my attention was a rose bush, with pink roses. *The roses would wilt soon, most likely.* My thoughts snapped back to the present as Mom and Tyiesha stepped out of the van.

My eyes were on my book, but I was listening to their conversation.

“So can you explain what happened, Tyiesha?” I heard Mom ask.

“I was feeling exhausted, so I went to rest while my four year old was riding his bike outside,”

Tyiesha said, gasping for breath.

My mom’s eyes widened as she asked, “Was he alone?”

“Yes. My roommates were home, and should have been watching him.”

I heard Mom pause for a moment, trying to piece everything together.

“Are you saying your son is missing?”

I was horrified by mom’s question.

“Yes. I’d call my roommates, but I can’t find my phone anywhere! I think my roommates took it!”

By now I had flipped my gaze to their conversation, my eyes wide.

“Do you want me to text your number and see if your roommate responds?” Tyiesha nodded, trying to catch her breath. Mom typed something on her phone.

“While we’re waiting for a response, should I call 911?”

“No, please no.” Tyiesha panted.

“Are you sure? The police could help.”

“No.” By now Tyiesha was gasping and breathing extremely heavy. Mom pulled out her phone again, strolled over to me and said,

“I’m calling Dad to come pick you up.” I nodded. After she called Dad, Mom went over to Tyiesha, and said.

“I don’t know what we can do.” Tyiesha wasn’t paying attention to her words anymore.

“I can’t breathe ma’am. I can’t breathe.” Tyiesha doubled over. By now I was watching everything. “I can’t breathe ma’am.” Tyiesha said once more, then fainted into Mom’s arms.

Mom couldn't hold her weight, so she set Tyiesha down on the driveway, supporting her head. Tyiesha started having seizures, her entire body trembling. My eyes widened, watching her shake.

"Do you need help?" A lady asked. She had pulled over and was walking towards Mom.

"Yes, can you hold her steady, while I call 911?" Mom said shakily. The lady nodded, rushed over to Tyiesha and held her head while trying to soothe her.

"My boy. Where is he?" Tyiesha muttered, over and over again. While my mom was on the phone, she hurried over to our van and grabbed some towels to put under Tyiesha's head. I turned my head away from the scene, just to see a blue Subaru pull up. Dad got out, and swapped keys with Mom.

"I called 911, they should be here soon." Dad nodded and got in the minivan with me. He drove away, right as sirens came around the corner. As I watched the police and medics pull into the driveway, I pondered. What would have happened if Mom didn't stop? Would she still have had the seizures? Would anyone else have stopped? What if we didn't stop? Would I have had a nightmare that night if we had kept driving? I know one thing for certain: I'll never forget that autumn day.