

Taylor Kriebel

ENG 100

Narrative Project: Draft 2

Due: October 29th, 2018

### Plastic Bins?

“You better be home by 1:30 LATEST, you’re not sleeping out again tonight.”

A text from “mama” reads on Taylor’s phone after she pestered her mother for a later curfew yet again that night. Later than her usual “midnight on weekends” spiel. The blunt burned it’s last breath before the cherry red ember was smashed into the pavement and kicked into the flourishing weeds that filled the cracked concrete of her boyfriend Dk’s backyard. Taylor and Dk are walking hand in hand back into his house where a full container of Chips Ahoy await their watering mouths on his bed. They shrug at the lingering smell and carry on.

Taylor glanced to her boyfriend who already dove into the bright, blue package like it was the sea in Santorini waiting for him at the end of a scorching day. Heavy decisions weigh on her mind. She then glances at the time- it’s 1:07am.

“Babe, I’m about to chalk it and just sleep here, your mom is okay with it right?”

Taylor asks.

“Yeah, MY mom is okay with it... but yours? Where are you gonna tell her you are if you don’t come home?” He replies.

“I don’t know... I don’t know... I just don’t feel like leaving, I’m so beat, I just wanna sleep. I don’t wanna sleep alone either, I’m just not right right now.”

“I know, I just, I really don’t think it’s a good idea, Tay, I just don’t want you getting in trouble. You dealt with enough lately.”

Tears fill Taylor’s eyes at even just the thought of going home. When she’s at Dk’s house she feels peace- specifically she feels peace and safety in his arms. Peace that she craves at home but just can’t grasp it from the authoritative grip of her mother.

She thinks about another night of walking in at curfew on a weekend, darkness wrapping around the rooms since everyone was already usually in bed, but the glare in her dog Rudy’s eyes approaching her. She’ll sit there clutching Rudy sobbing into his sleek coat as he waits patiently and breathes quietly, paws on her knees giving her comfort. She thinks about going up to her room where she lays in her cold bed that somehow still feels cold with 2 blankets in July. She knows she won’t wind up falling asleep for another few hours, even getting home at 1:30am- even the sativa that calms her fluttering mind won’t be enough to hush her to sleep since she was alone. She felt so uncomfortable in her own home even when everyone was clocked out and snoozing in their beds.

She snaps from her thoughts, not even thoughts, the reality she’ll soon be facing after Dk drops her off. She decides it’s best that she goes home, she’s too mentally exhausted lately to deal with the repercussions of if she had slept out anyway and lied about her whereabouts. She begins to slip her converse on without her socks, they’re

somewhere consumed in Dk's blankets and she can't be bothered to find them. It's nearing closer to 1:30 by this point.

The roads were about as empty as the Chips Ahoy after Dk had ran through them. The ride is quiet, something soft pouring from Dk's butchered 1996 speakers, he holds Taylor's hand again giving it a squeeze for reassurance. He knows she's so tired inside. He knows she can't take it much longer. Taylor begins regretting her responsible decision when he turns onto Harper ave and prepares to stop. She almost wishes she defied her mother so she would just kick her out for good already.

The only thing about that thought that clouded her mind was "Where will I go?" Dk's family would only let her stay at their home for so long, his father wasn't the fondest of the idea of her staying there, he was old fashion, Taylor and his son are only eighteen. The fact it's already been discussed was almost comical. Taylor was just the ball in a toddler soccer league, she's already been kicked out of this metaphorical line she thinks of as "home" so many times. All more ineffective than the last since she came right back two days later. Her relationship with her mom had deteriorated so much in the last few years, constant back and forth argument, degrading each other- it has to be a pretty toxic environment for someone to wish they would be kicked out.

It is 1:28am. Taylor has already been swaddled in an exhausted Dk's arms for five minutes now, wiping her tears on his tank-top, squeezing him with all the life in her, hoping he'd pull a quick, easy solution to her situation out of his ass so she wouldn't have to be alone tonight and wake up to yet another day in a home she dreaded being in.

“Be strong for me babygirl. Text me when you’re inside,” Dk says, comfort in his tone.

Taylor is careful to go in at exactly 1:30 just incase her mom would be awake and waiting for her for any reason. A minute or two past would be the end of her social life as if it wasn’t already decaying like the mud ridden, sun dried grass in her backyard- the usual view from her bedroom window. This didn’t help the already lonesome energy her room expelled. It’s dark again when she enters. Rudy waiting on standby as always, her other dog, Dutch, asleep in her mom’s bed like the baby he is. Since Taylor was fresh out of tears, she gave Rudy a quick kiss on the top of his head and headed to her room instead of sticking by him.

In the cold sheets is where she will stay for the night... and probably into the next day...then into tomorrow night. She’ll leave only twice or three times to grab a snack and use the bathroom. She often stayed in her room to avoid any confrontation from her mom. With her anxiety and depression thickening within her cells like rotten honey, confrontation, conflict, negativity is not what she wanted or needed. She found that her room is where she could avoid it all. It was very bittersweet. She’s laying there looking into the darkness hoping to somehow find improvement in her mental stability, her home life- craving something to pull her and her mom apart so they could find their way back to each other eventually in a new, refreshing light. She’s craving something healthy all while going about her life independently. Until she reaches that bliss or an alternate ending, in her bed is where she’ll wait.