Julian Rodriguez

Professor Beverly-Locke

ENG 101

February 13, 2023

It came at Night

Sitting in the newly dark and empty room I feared that something or perhaps even someone would crack open my heavy wooden door and perch out to barely see me cowering under my blanket that was too heavy for me to lift up. I suddenly heard the old brass hinges squeak slowly as they swung with the door and a hand wrapped around the door. As I squeezed my eyes tighter than a snare drum and held my breath for as long as I could, I overheard laughter coming from the other side of the door. My brother Chris thought it would be a good idea to scare his younger brother before night comes. I then realized I was not afraid of the dark but I was afraid of what comes at night when the light goes to bed.

I remember waking up in a van at a gas station with my head resting on my brother Angel's lap as I heard the doors slam and seeing the fading glimpse of my parents enter the gas station. All the lights seemed to be like a spotlight on nothing waiting for the character to stand in and perform but no-one came. I then peaked my head around and saw the dark abyss of the empty gas station parking lot. I put my hands on the back seat hiding the bottom half of my face showing my eyes to the rear windshield and watched the darkness groan and sit still. It grew bigger and bigger before my eyes, if I kept staring at the blackness that stared back at me then it wouldn't move. Darkness overtook me and I dozed off, just as the moon rested above the clouds.

I arose to the pounding of a vending machine that was being wrestled with my Angel. In the corner of my eye I noticed a familiar body kneeling on a seat but I was curious why he was

kneeling, he never heeled or backed down. I turned to look at the room I found myself in, it was empty and once again I found us in the dark but a flickering light my brother Angel had just caused to flicker by his rage on the machine. As I turned I looked outside the windows that were being covered by blinds almost like boards on a window to keep something out or possibly keep something in. It was dark and empty, the only thing that appeared was the street light leading down the road and disappeared into the black hole I captured in my head. I faded away into my dreams once more.

The swinging left and right motion tossed me around to the point I thought I was on a boat. The comforting voice of my mother now being trembling and sniffling of her nose clogged my thoughts.I couldn't seem to pull my arms out because I was swaddled in a ball to keep warm from the cold that had pierced my neck and made me shiver. My father then next to my mother, walking at the same pace but broken, distraught, lost in direction, looked into the starry sky asking "Why?". The darkness was now empty, more empty than before but also full. The sky was clear of clouds but was crowded with stars and the moon taking up the whole space of the canvas.Like the curtains coming to a close of a play so did my eyes, sleep had come and taken me away to rest.

The morning dawn had woken up and the darkness had returned to where it came. I got up as normal preschoolers do and the first thought, "Where are my toys?". No toys were found but an empty bed in my room would suffice, at least enough to jump on and entertain my evening for the day. As I jumped down gravity pulled me down and the springs would push me up in an endless rhythm I had then mastered, my mother came into the room but this time hesitant to enter as if something haunted the room I had jumped alone in. She did not enter alone however, she carried a bin of clothes. The clothes bin she had filled with white clothes was

thrown onto the bed like a picasso painting thrown with now technique unless the train eye saw it. A question erupted from my thoughts and breached my mouth before I could even comprehend, “When is Andrew coming home?” The tears in my mother’s eyes had erupted like a mountain coming out like hot lava, like a dam breaking and the waters flowed through. Her response would only cripple me for years to come and realize how important family is to those who love and care, her response “He’s not coming home.” I then realized the monster I thought my brother Chris was pretending to be, was really haunting my brother Andrew and took him away that night.