In The Middle of Some Where

By, Kelsey Yager

“Thomas!” yelled his mother from outside in the garden. “Thomas! Hurry I need you now!” she repeated.

“I’m coming hang on, geeze.

“Thomas, stop… come in here” said his moms voice…But now her voice had seemed to be coming from her bedroom instead of the garden.

“Where are you mom?”

“Stop, stay in your room Thomas, I heard the other voices too, go back to your room”

“What? Mom what’s going on? Where are you at?”

“No, come outside I need your help” It had seemed as if his mother was in more than one place. Or was he just hearing it coming from different places?

“Ummm…mom?” he muttered. There was no reply so he got a little louder, “mom?” Still no reply, so he yelled, “Mom! Where are you?”

He heard the noise of someone running up the stairs. Then he heard the sound of multiple people running up the stairs. Wait…is it even people? His heart rate increased and his head started to hurt. Everything went pitch black and he fell onto his bed. As the room fills with water, Thomas starts to feel sea sick. His body feels as if he had gone paralyzed. His heart beat got even faster, and the things running up the stairs kept getting louder and closer towards him.

“Thomas! Thomas!” … “Thomas snap out of it!” his father was shaking him vigorously like a flag that is getting whipped around in the wind. As Thomas wakes up, the smell of dog and burnt toast filled his room.

“Thomas are you alright? I heard you yelling.”

“What…” as reality settled in, he realized he was only imagining things. But everything seemed so real. Was it real, and his father didn’t see it or was he just imagining things again?

“Thomas, come on, we can’t keep doing this, I’m tired of this happening. If this happens one more time that’s it, I’m kicking you out. I’m sick of you… sometimes I wish I would have never left your mother because I don’t want to take care of you anymore. I hate you. I wish I could go back in time.”

 A sad feeling rushed through Thomas; it wasn’t a new feeling that’s for sure. He quickly got over it, though and his head started hurting again. He headed downstairs and left the house. As he was walking in the chilly 45 degree weather at night under all the Los Angles city lights, all of the flash backs of his mom started coming back. The time when he fell and his mom always helped him when he was hurt, how they would go on walks and talk about their lives, how he would always help her cook, they would always plant things in the garden.

 One day about 10 years ago when Thomas was only 7, his mom had received a phone call from his father, he couldn’t understand the words his father was saying, but he could tell it was bad news by the scared, deer in the headlights , worried look in his mother’s eyes. His mom slowly hung up the phone when the scarce conversation was over, with tears rolling down her face. She told Thomas that he needed to start packing his cloths because they were moving to a different town. For some reason he didn’t question it, he went straight to his room and started packing.

 Shortly after, his father had arrived home. As he started to slowly open his bedroom door; he suddenly stopped because he could hear his parents yelling at each other. The only words he could make out of the conversations was his mother saying “It’s not my fault!” and “how was I even supposed to know!” His father just kept saying how she knew too much, and he couldn’t deal with all the worry any more. Thomas heard a slap; he peeked out of his bedroom door to see who hit who. By the time the door was cracked enough to look out of it, he saw his father on top of his mother just hitting and punching her. Thomas was in so much shock he didn’t know what to do, so he just stood looking at his father beat his mother to death and saw her take her last breath. His father got up and started walking towards Thomas. He grabbed Thomas then grabbed his things and put them in the truck. He told Thomas if he was a good boy, he wouldn’t ever tell anyone what happened, because his mommy was a bad person and she deserved everything she got.

 When they arrived to the new town they were living in, it was still Los Angles. But for some reason his dad talked him into believing it was a different town in the same area. As weird as it seemed, Thomas went along with it. After all, it was his father telling him this*. Why would his own father lie to him he thought*. At his “new” school, he got new friends. By this time, Thomas was already 10 years old. All his friends talked him into smoking cigarettes. Soon enough, Thomas got good at stealing them and re-selling them to all the other kids that he considered his friends. He always had extra money; he needed it so he could by himself food. His father never supported him, he was always to busy at work, or at home relaxing, so this whole thing of re selling tobacco products and making money seemed pretty good.

 As Thomas got older, his drug abuse increased. But he kept needing it to buy himself food and a little extra drugs for himself every once in a while to make his depressing life feel almost full. By this point, he learned his father didn’t care about him at all and he was only acting this way because that’s how life worked. The older you get, the more independent and self-determined you get when your guardians pretend not to care. So, that’s all his father wanted from him, was for Thomas to end up more independent so he would do better in the real world.

 Thomas’ little ecstasy wasn’t so little any more, it was an everyday thing some times 5 or 6 times each day. It slowly progressed into 8 pills. His anxiety and paranoia was getting so bad he got scared of going home some nights so he just slept in the park, or near the river. After the pills started wearing off he would realize that he had been hallucinating, and his day wasn’t anything he thought it was. It didn’t matter though, it made him feel better about everything. Nothing got better, it actually got worse and the side effects of the drug was showing more and more and unfortunately Thomas didn’t realize it at all.

 “Thomas, hey honey, sorry to wake you up but this was the only time me and your father could visit today.” Said his mother.

Thomas couldn’t say anything, this had to be a dream he thought, my father had killed my mom… This is all just another hallucination, and this time I’m actually realizing it.

“Thomas, how are you doing kiddo?” his father asked him.

“Why is she here?...is this all a joke or what” Thomas said with a scared tone in his voice as he glanced at his mother like how adults look at people they used to be best friends with in 6th grade, but now they don’t speak at all. That feeling like how you used to know everything about that person but now they have changed and you know nothing.

“Thomas” said his mother, “What do you mean why am I here? We come to visit you about every other day.”

The smell of fresh cleaned and waxed floors, as he looked around, everything was so white and seemed very sterile. It felt like an extreme day care because there was nothing in the room, so empty but filled with coldness. When the breeze of bleach and fabric softener went by he realized the room had no windows, it was so cramped, like an elevator with a hundred people in it.

“Haha wow. Is this some kind of joke you set up!?” Thomas said towards his father with his voice slightly raised. “Where are we any ways?”

“Thomas, you were put in a mental hospital a couple weeks ago. Someone said you jumped off the bridge and then they had to go save you and get you out of the water. You told them you wanted to drown because you wanted to die.”

A blank stare came across Thomas’ face, with this puzzled look he had, it made his parents almost feel guilty.

His mom continued her story, “You ran away a while back and then we found you but you wouldn’t come home, and then we found out you were on some kind of drug and we were very upset we decided to just let you be, because you were out of control.”

“But…..You mean everything has been fine this whole time?”