

Sunrise

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2nd Hour
3/06/2012

My dad died when I was nine years old. When I was upset, he would know. When I was angry, his thoughtful words always calmed me down. The best thing about him, though, was us watching the sunrise. We would sit together in the dusty attic with hot chocolate and a blanket. He would be satisfied with letting me sleep and waking me up to see the sunrise. When I looked through the window, I would see the tinges of pink and orange and yellow in the outer ring as the majestic sun rose up, way above the clouds, until my eyes hurt when I looked at it. We always did this; it was our tradition, until one day when he died of heart attack. I watched the sunrise like before, but he wasn't there that time. After that day, I've never watched the sunrise again. It was too painful for me.

I sat my pencil down on my journal, accidentally scraping the journal with the lead. As I began to erase the black streak, I wondered about how I would ever finish my homework on time. "Procrastinating," my mom called it, but it's not my fault I somehow never noticed about my school assignments until the last minute. I winced as I remembered the last time I forgot about my school assignments. I laid the pencil and my journal on my desk as I casually grabbed the pouch of Kool-Aid on my desk, and poured it into my plastic cup of water. The red powder swirled inside the container, and I waited for it to dissolve before taking a quick sip. As I laid my head over the top of the chair, I thought to myself, "I can afford a few minutes," and I grasped the nearest book towards me and seized the spine by my fingers, but as I pulled the book towards me, I lost my grip and my book fell towards the rug with a muffled thud.

I snapped to attention, listening for the tell-tale sound of approaching footsteps, but heard none. Just as I began to relax, reaching for the leather book on the ground, I heard the sound of footsteps coming towards my direction. I jumped to the Kool-Aid, grabbing it and hurtling to my closet with it, staining the rug with dark patches from spilled Kool-Aid in the process. I grabbed the book and slid it under my bed, but it hit the bed instead. "Crap," I muttered under my breath. I picked the book up and threw it under the darkness under the bed. I jumped up onto my bed and pulled my blanket over me, covering my torso. I waited for the cessation of my panicked breathing while I tilt my head in a believable angle. Just on cue, my mother approached. All I could do now was hope for the best. I heard the unmistakable sound of footsteps on the rug and waited.

I heard how she moved around the room, looking for evidence of me being awake. As I heard her footsteps get farther away, I allowed myself to open my eyes to tiny slits. I saw a faint blur, obscured by flesh surrounding my eyes, moving towards the closet. My heart beat quickened a little. Please don't look in the closet. Please don't. Please don't. I knew she would though, and just then, she reached for the wooden knobs, and pulled the closet doors open. Incredibly, she didn't seem to notice anything for a while. I tried to recall where I put the Kool-Aid. I was pretty sure I placed it pretty deep inside the closet. She began to close the closet doors, when I heard the sound of rushing water. The closet doors must have caused the cup to fall! I closed my eyes when I began to see a pool of the liquid collect on the rug. I heard my mother's voice call out in deep sigh, "Why do you keep on doing this? I thought that we agreed

