

2008

A Mother's Courage

Jeremy Bragg

Follow this and additional works at: https://vc.bridgew.edu/undergrad_rev



Part of the [Creative Writing Commons](#)

Recommended Citation

Bragg, Jeremy (2008). A Mother's Courage. *Undergraduate Review*, 4, 171-172.

Available at: https://vc.bridgew.edu/undergrad_rev/vol4/iss1/30

This item is available as part of Virtual Commons, the open-access institutional repository of Bridgewater State University, Bridgewater, Massachusetts.

Copyright © 2008 Jeremy Bragg

A Mother's Courage

JEREMY BRAGG

Jeremy is a sophomore at Bridgewater State College. He wrote this piece in his English 101 class during his freshman year for Professor Jane Rando.

I stare in disbelief: “No. No. This can’t be happening. It’s all a dream. Close your eyes; it will go away,” my subconscious quickly commands. I turn away from it all, not ever wanting to see this ungodly sight again, but it is everywhere, playing like a movie in my head. “Turn it off! Stop! Please stop!” I hear myself scream. The show continues to roll, flickering now just as the old movies did, but now the sound is growing louder, deafening. I hear myself let out another shriek of terror, and I wake. “Hey man, do you wanna sleep over tonight?” Tom asked excitedly.

“Yea, that sounds great! I’ll take the bus to your house and call my parents when they get home,” I said. I got my schoolbooks and bag and ran off to my next class as the bell began to ring. “I can’t wait” I thought to myself as I took a seat, “This is going to be the best sleepover ever.” The first day of school ended with a sense of accomplishment and a certain release of anxiety. I called my mother as soon as I knew she would be home, and she agreed to let me sleep over at the Fisher’s home.

Just as I had predicted, the night was filled with amazing games, including army and hide and seek. We played with a bunch of the neighborhood kids and had a blast. Afterwards we sat down for the best type of supper: pizza, of course, just the thing any kid would want at a sleepover. We put in a newly released movie we had just gotten from Blockbuster, and we began to settle in for the night. The clock ticked and tocked until the midnight bell rang. We grew tired and went into Tom’s room to settle down. Tom and I shifted the pillows, blankets, and comforter accordingly to make what I would call a bed but many would call a messy pile of stuff. I don’t remember much after that; we fell asleep quickly from our exhausting day.

I began to quiver from a cool draft that had begun to flow in. “A window must be open,” I thought to myself, but I could see no motion from the curtains. The frigid air began to slide down my spine like a dribble of cold molasses. My mind slowly became numb, and my fingers felt brittle. I looked around hoping to find the source of this strange cold front, but again I found nothing but a motionless room with no answers. I tucked under the covers of my makeshift bed and tried to warm up. My throat dried up and began to ache. “I hope I’m not getting sick,” I told myself. I jumped up, still shaking, and headed toward the bathroom. Suddenly, a loud bang startled me. Curiously, I crept toward the noise, hoping

it was just nothing but a fallen bag or book. A nervous chill ran down my back. I could feel my face begin to burn as if I were embarrassed. Then I heard a crack, the same sound you would hear when a cowboy's whip make as he hit his horse. I slid against the wall waiting in despair for someone to come help me. I heard something metal drop and cling on the ground.

My heart began to beat rapidly. I tried to slide over to the kitchen door but my legs refused to move. I managed to reclaim control over my legs and headed for the door. With each and every step I took, my mind cautioned me to take two back. Just as any kid would do, I threw caution to the wind, and, reaching the kitchen door, I peered through the small crack in the door to see two silhouettes. One immensely taller than the other.

The mumbling turned clearer as if someone had turned the antenna to fix the static on a TV. I remained still. My breathing grew heavier. I tried to make out the two figures but had no luck. "Where is it? Show me!" a deep, masculine voice commanded. "It's in the living room," a quivering feminine voice replied, "that room." She pointed toward me, scared and trembling. A lump built up in my throat; I could hardly breathe. I had to drag myself across the room for my legs had again been lost to the fear. I managed to get behind a chair in the corner of the room, as if it were a game of hide and seek. A giant charged through the door and surveyed the room. "There it is," he whispered under his breath as he spotted the large television. I glanced over to the kitchen door to see the shadow of a woman on the phone.

"What is he doing?" I wondered, as the man motioned with his hands. He looked like he was commanding an army. A figure appeared from the darkness outside. The giant opened up the window and began whispering to the man outside. "I've gotta do something" my mind decided, but was denied access to my brain in order to move my body. My limbs were more numb now then, ever as if I had been stuck out in the snow too long with nothing on but shorts and a t-shirt. Mrs. Fisher slowly peeked into the living room with the phone by her ear; the giant turned around at that exact moment. The man darted over and slapped her. My mind went into overdrive; I wanted to help Mrs. Fisher but my body had already lost the war to fear. I remained still and silent.

"So what, you think you can just call the cops and get me arrested?" The enormous man leaned over Mrs. Fisher's frail body. "I'm gonna teach you a lesson," he said angrily as he started to hit her. My eyes focused on the large man as he continued to beat her until they began to water and burn. The dark figure outside called in to the giant as the sound of sirens came into earshot. The man got off Mrs. Fisher and rushed to the window. I couldn't believe what I saw next. She got up and chased him down, jumping on his back and refusing to let go. He swung her with all his might and

slammed her into the wall. I saw the blood pour from her head onto the wooden floor, where she lay unconscious. I could no longer hear the sound of sirens, but I could see lights flashing all around the house. It was like a scene from a science fiction movie when aliens come to abduct someone. Red. Blue. Red. Blue. Red. Blue. My senses succumbed to the darkness.

My recollection of what happened next is scant. A familiar face awakened me. "You're home now. Are you okay?" my mother asked. "Home." I wondered if it was all a dream. I was safe now from that other world of despair; it was only a nightmare. "I'm fine; it was only a dream," I said with as much sincerity as my vocal chords would give.

"No son. It wasn't just a dream," my father claimed. At once I was bombarded with questions by my parents about the night. "I'm fine," I could remember saying repeatedly, as the flashbacks and nightmares consumed my mind. I could so vividly remember Mrs. Fisher's body lying still on the ground covered in a pool of blood. These disturbing scenes had been permanently stamped into my memory.