

Jayla turner

English 6th period

Ms. Feher

3 October 2019

HOME ALONE

It was a Saturday—early morning—and I was at home alone sleeping because I didn't get off til 12 because we had a rush. Everybody in **my house** either went to work, school, or basketball practice. It was way too early in the morning. I was having the best sleep ever, but I heard glass from downstairs breaking, which woke me up from my sleep. I got up to see if my parents and sisters' cars were there in the driveway. It was so bright, I didn't see anybody's car. So I went out my room to the stairs were so I could get a peak. I didn't see anybody. As I stepped down a few steps down to get a closer look I saw a black young man who looked familiar—very familiar. He was a dude who walked the street every night. I texted my parents and siblings in our group chat, so anybody that was close by the house to come quick. I didn't want to call the police, because we don't like the police. My father called me and yelled “what the hell is going on,” I told him quietly there is a dude that's in our house that be walking around the neighborhood at night. As soon as I told him that he hanged up on me... then my mother called me crying asking me “are you okay,” I continue to tell them I'm okay, and everything will be okay. My daddy called me back and told me that he is on the way with my cousins and uncles. I heard footsteps coming up the stairs and my heart started to beat so—fast. He opened my sister room next to my room, so I started to freak out because he could've come from her bedroom to my room, so I got my phone, purse, and myself and went downstairs to the garage. It took my

father and uncles at least 30 minutes just to come. My dad pulled up with my uncles in two cars full. He shouted my name which startled the dude, I knew that because I heard cussing from the house when I was in the garage. I came out the garage side door and ran to his car. He asked me “is he still in there” “yes sir, he’s somewhere in there he was upstairs when I was in the house,” I replied. My father went into the house first and my four uncles followed behind him with their fist balled up, as they were going to punch the life mess out of him. My youngest uncles said behind with me in the var asking questions like, “did he touch you?”, did you see him?”, did he come into your room?”, are you okay?”. I finally got to reply and speak as he kept interputing me. I said to him calmly as my heart kept beating faster-- “I’m fine, hope he didn’t see me, I got a little peak of what he looked like, and no he didn’t touch me I would’ve kicked his ass in every way I know how. Growing up with many uncles you had to learn how to fight. My uncle was so mad it showed on his face, which was surprising because he was always in a good mood. My two uncles started to come out the house as my to other uncles and father followed them, with the intruder. My daddy had the dude in a choke hole. He shouted in the intruder face “don’t you ever break in my house or any house, because if I found out that you did it’s going to be me and you,” as the intruder was gasping for air. My daddy told my uncle to take me to my nanas house down the street to be in a safe environment until the police come and take him away. Moments after we pulled off I heard sirens, three police cars passed us while we was leaving off the subdivision. Two hours went by my family gather to my nana’s home hugging me and asking me was I scared and what was my reaction. My father, uncles, and papa came in the living room telling us that he will charger for burglary. That was one of the worst days of my life, I didn’t know if I was to come out that house alive or not. I just want to think the Lord for protecting me.