Daddy

Nate Rider

St. John Fisher College

Follow this and additional works at: https://fisherpub.sjfc.edu/angle

Part of the Creative Writing Commons

How has open access to Fisher Digital Publications benefited you?

Recommended Citation

Available at: https://fisherpub.sjfc.edu/angle/vol1999/iss2/18

This document is posted at https://fisherpub.sjfc.edu/angle/vol1999/iss2/18 and is brought to you for free and open access by Fisher Digital Publications at St. John Fisher College. For more information, please contact fisherpub@sjfc.edu.
Daddy

Abstract
In lieu of an abstract, below is the essay's first paragraph.

"My vision was slightly blurred as I attempted to regain focus on the room surrounding me. The walls seemed as though they were a pale gray, sort of with a bluish tint to them, closing in ever so slowly. There were curtains with flower patterns on the windows, but they looked as though they had just spent a week playing in the sandbox. This was incredibly strange considering that my mother had this thing about what other people thought about her and there wasn't a doubt in my mind that people could see this unfamiliar filth from the street."

Cover Page Footnote
Appeared in the issue: December 1998.

This prose is available in The Angle: https://fisherpub.sjfc.edu/angle/vol1999/iss2/18
Daddy

My vision was slightly blurred as I attempted to regain focus on the room surrounding me. The walls seemed as though they were a pale gray, sort of with a bluish tint to them, closing in ever so slowly. There were curtains with flower patterns on the windows, but they looked as though they had just spent a week playing in the sandbox. This was incredibly strange considering that my mother had this thing about what other people thought about her and there wasn’t a doubt in my mind that people could see this unfamiliar filth from the street.

Though I sat there bewildered, I still hadn’t the slightest idea of what was going on in my house. It was terribly quiet yet, at the same time, the silence was a welcomed change from the screams and whispers. I could hear the rain plastering the roof and banging against the windows, almost forgetting the fact that a mere twenty minutes before I had been riding my Huffy up and down the street in the gorgeous sunshine. I noticed that I was biting my fingernails, a habit that I hadn’t started until that very moment, and spitting the remains on the shaggy, brown living room carpet. I had compiled a rather large stash right next to the back legs of the coffee table. I knew my father would be very upset if he found this, but I did nothing to hide it.

Sitting on our couch at that moment, it was about as exciting as watching paint dry, I awaited my father’s talk that he said he had wanted to give to me. Now, I was only seven years old, so I knew that I couldn’t have done something so wrong to deserve this horrifying couch confinement. Nevertheless, at the same time, I knew that I couldn’t leave because my father had that look in his eyes that he only gets when he has something on his mind. Either that, or when he’s drunk, I could never quite figure that one out. And before I could conjure up another thought about what was happening around me, I heard footsteps begin to make their way from the kitchen into the living room. These footsteps were both strangely soothing and dangerously ominous at the same time. And, of course, they were my father’s because they were very loud and pronounced. As he entered the room, I noticed that his facial expression had changed to one of sadness, maybe even desperation. And as he sat down, he took me by the hand, placed me over his left knee, and proceeded to hold me so hard that I thought that I was about to lose my breath. Just as he was about to open his mouth to speak, a small tear ran down the side of my face. I sensed that something was about to change, and soon, my mind began to wander.

The smells filling the house were unbelievable and unlike anything I had ever smelled before. As I awoke from my nap on the couch to the sweet sounds of the Grateful Dead, I heard noises in the kitchen of banging pots and rattling beer bottles. Groggy and disillusioned, I swung myself off of the couch to see what the commotion was all about. Slowly I made my way to the kitchen to see my father, alone, making some sort of meal that seemed as though it could have won awards. At first glance, I saw an upwards of five courses, full of potatoes, salad, steak and other foods my father loved to cook. Caught up in the rush, I stumbled over a chair at the kitchen table. I was still noticeably confused from my sleep. My father turned to see me and he immediately picked me up and swung me around the room. I begged for him to let me down because I felt as though I was going to get sick. Instead, he just gave me a big kiss and told me how much he loved me and how he would never let me go, offering me a sip of Budweiser in the process.

I shook my head to get rid of the thoughts in my mind and pay attention to what I had been asked to sit here for. However, I realized that my cheeks were sopping wet from tears as my father once again told me how much he loved me. I had completely missed everything that he had just told me, but I knew what he had said. The emotion in his hugs and the look in his eyes told me everything that I had needed to know, which was a little odd for a child of my age. He soon realized that I was crying and begged me not to be upset, but I lied and told him that I wasn’t crying and that I had just yawned and always cried when I yawned. He knew that I was lying, but I didn’t care. As my vision began to blur again, this time from the tears, I began to rationalize what was happening to me, my father was leaving.

--Nate Rider
Daddy

My vision was slightly blurred as I attempted to regain focus on the room surrounding me. The walls seemed as though they were a pale gray, sort of with a bluish tint to them, closing in ever so slowly. There were curtains with flower patterns on the windows, but they looked as though they had just spent a week playing in the sandbox. This was incredibly strange considering that my mother had this thing about what other people thought about her and there wasn't a doubt in my mind that people could see this unfamiliar filth from the street.

Though I sat there bewildered, I still hadn't the slightest idea of what was going on in my house. It was terribly quiet yet, at the same time, the silence was a welcomed change from the screams and whispers. I could hear the rain plastering the roof and banging against the windows, almost forgetting the fact that a mere twenty minutes before I had been riding my Huffy up and down the street in the gorgeous sunshine. I noticed that I was biting my fingernails, a habit that I hadn't started until that very moment, and spitting the remains on the shaggy, brown living room carpet. I had compiled a rather large stash right next to the back legs of the coffee table. I knew my father would be very upset if he found this, but I did nothing to hide it.

Sitting on our couch at that moment, it was about as exciting as watching paint dry. I waited my father's talk that he said he had wanted to give to me. Now, I was only seven years old, so I knew that I couldn't have done something so wrong to deserve this horrifying couch confinement. Nevertheless, at the same time, I knew that I couldn't leave because my father had that look in his eyes that he only gets when he has something on his mind. Either that, or when he's drunk, I could never quite figure that one out. And before I could conjure up another thought about what was happening around me, I heard footsteps begin to make their way from the kitchen into the living room. These footsteps were both strangely soothing and dangerously ominous at the same time. And, of course, they were my father's because they were very loud and pronounced. As he entered the room, I noticed that his facial expression had changed to one of sadness, maybe even desperation. And as he sat down, he took me by the hand, placed me over his left knee, and proceeded to hold me so hard that I thought that I was about to lose my breath. Just as he was about to open his mouth to speak, a small tear ran down the side of my face. I sensed that something was about to change, and soon, my mind began to wander.

The smells filling the house were unbelievable and unlike anything I had ever smelled before. As I awoke from my nap on the couch to the sweet sounds of the Grateful Dead, I heard noises in the kitchen of banging pots and rattling beer bottles. Groggy and disillusioned, I swung myself off of the couch to see what the commotion was all about. Slowly I made my way to the kitchen to see my father, alone, making some sort of meal that seemed as though it could have won awards. At first glance, I saw an upwards of five courses, full of potatoes, salad, steak and other foods my father loved to cook. Caught up in the rush, I stumbled over a chair at the kitchen table. I was still noticeably confused from my sleep. My father turned to see me and he immediately picked me up and swung me around the room. I begged for him to let me down because I felt as though I was going to get sick. Instead, he just gave me a big kiss and told me how much he loved me and how he would never let me go, offering me a sip of Budweiser in the process.

I shook my head to get rid of the thoughts in my mind and pay attention to what I had been asked to sit here for. However, I realized that my cheeks were soaping wet from tears as my father once again told me how much he loved me. I had completely missed everything that he had just told me, but I knew what he had said. The emotion in his hug and the look in his eyes told me everything that I had needed to know, which was a little odd for a child of my age. He soon realized that I was crying and begged me not to be upset, but I lied and told him that I wasn't crying and that I had just yawned and always cried when I yawned. He knew that I was lying, but I didn't care. As my vision began to blur again, this time from the tears, I began to rationalize what was happening to me, my father was leaving.

--Nate Rider

https://fisherpub.sjfc.edu/angle/vol1999/iss2/18