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Unspoken Word

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Abstract

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

" 'I cant's take this anymore. My job is a joke and the rent is due,' a fed up husband complains. 'It's going to be okay,' responds the wife, trying to soothe her exhausted husband. 'It always has.' "

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UNSPOKEN WORD

BY DOMINIQUE GRAY

"I can't take this anymore. My job is a joke and the rent is due," a fed up husband complains.

"It's going to be okay," responds the wife, trying to soothe her exhausted husband. "It always has."

"Look, I need a break. I'm going to stay at my brother's house for a few days. I will drop off a few dollars for groceries," he says, while proceeding to pack his bags.

"What do you mean a break, John?" she replies as she grabs his arm. "What about us? What about Jessica?"

"You'll be fine. I just need some time to figure things out," he explains while continuing to pack his bags.

"I can't believe you are doing this. You can't just leave your family like this," she says as tears begin to flow from her eyes.

Her sadness turns to rage as she begins to tug at his belongings. As he pulls back, trying to wrestle the bags from her hands, she starts to claw at his clothes. He rips the bags from her grasp; races down the stairs, and rushes out the front door as she tries to catch up to him. He jumps in his truck and pulls off, whispering an apology at the sight of his wife's expression.

As the woman sits, peeling potatoes with no interest in the afternoon's meal, she hears foots on the steps. Careful not to get her hopes up too high, she refuses to look out the window. A key turns in the lock; she awaits an apology followed by pledges of undying love and stupidity.

"Hey mom," says Jessica as she walks sluggishly into the kitchen. "I had the worst day today. Sarah and Monica were mocking me in the cafeteria, in front of Michael, and he started laughing. This is the worst day of my life!"

"Was it really that bad, honey?"

"See, I know I should have never said anything to you. You don't understand," she replies nastily to her mom.

"I just think there are worse things than that. Your life isn't over. You are just being dramatic," she says, trying to justify her comment.

"I'm going to my room. Don't bother to come, I'll be being dramatic," Jessica says as she stomps up the stairs.

"I don't need this. Go up to your room and don't come out until you have a better attitude!" yells her mom after hearing the door slam.

She continues to peel the potatoes as tears fall from her tender face, while Jessica lays, fetal position, in her bed, sobbing alone.