

Kendall Pompei

It was that one phone call. The one that causes the queasy feeling where you just want to throw up. The one that shuts your body down and you just freeze wondering what your going to hear. The one that causes emotion that you never shown before.

We were gathered in the living room watching a classic hallmark movie, one where they all live happily ever after. Out of nowhere, my mom's phone started buzzing. It was after ten, and it was very unusual for someone to call at this time. As my mom answered the phone, we heard loud sounds not knowing who or what was happening.

The look on her face was like she was watching a horror movie, one where you don't know what's going to happen next, but you know it won't be good.

Moments later my sister was on speaker. The amount of crying and hard breathing coming out of her was like someone died, but who? If everyone besides my brother was home, who could've died? Then the story started spilling out of her mouth to the point where we had to slow her down and repeat herself.

"I got stopped at a red light and a guy jumped on my hood. Seconds later a guy came up to my window and pointed a gun at it." I wasn't sure if I heard her correctly. This couldn't be happening. Why her? What has she done to deserve this?

"Dominique where are you..." my mom started talking but was soon cut off by my sister.

"I'm on my way home from Detroit and I got stopped at the red light, the one right before the expressway. It was pitch black and they came out of nowhere. I froze and my heart felt like it was going to explode out of my chest. I didn't know what to do, I just froze."

The loud cries started coming from the phone again as she repeated the story to us having trouble to finish it. "I wanted to step on



the gas but I couldn't get my foot to move, I was traumatized."

Like a balloon flying high in the sky but slowly started to deflate drifting it back to land. Life before this call was carefree but I was soon slapped in the face with the ignorance of the world we live in.

The thought of losing my sister never crossed my mind. Being so young I didn't feel the need to worry that I could lose my siblings, especially by something so cruel. Knowing that if my sister didn't move fast enough we would've received a phone call no one wants, one where you learn of the passing of a family member.

Not a day goes by that I don't call text or call her. I could've been in the car, the one calling my mom sobbing. But it wasn't. Instead, I was left with a lesson. One that made me realize life is unexpected.

