

Nikarah Thompson

Professor Mangini

English 100

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Emancipate Me

The red Nissan Maxima sprang occurrence down the small block fighting the heat and gliding down the hot asphalt, to rescue Nikarah from the cope she could no longer maintain.

“Swissshhh,” she hurried back and forth in the small room gathering all of her necessary belongings. Checking the time every few minutes, Nikarah was eager to leave before Naimah and the girls returned. Locking the house door after putting her last bag in the car, Nikarah accepted anything missed on the other side of the brick home. Nodding, she motioned her driver to take off.

As the stale air hugged her face Nikarah thought of the decision she had made. *“I know that they will look for me, and if i am found they might try and take Osiah and even put me into a group home for girls, but I refuse to go back. My days in the system have been hell on earth and i refuse to let it take my soul.”*

After being evicted from her third foster home Nikarah was sent to stay with Naima. She seemed to be a lovely young church women who took care of three young girls; relatives who she also took in through the foster care system. Nikarah uneasily sat on her couch unaware of the what was to become of the two. “Everything happens for a reason,” Naima exclaimed. You are here because God placed you here. He has a plan for your life I know it, I am excited for you.”

“Thank you,” Unsure of what she meant.

“While you're here, you will have chores Monday thru Friday, and you will attend church with us every Sunday and every Friday out of the month.” She had been extremely strict, and organized when running her home. When it came down to discipline, Naima filtered nothing and let no one off the ropes easily.

“I know that you did not attend class today and for that you are to come straight home from school, no electronic devices and you will attend Wednesday services with us. You will also do the chores for the Keiona and hope, and hand scrub the floors instead of mop them.” Naima explained to me as she listed my punishments one by one. Nikarah was expected to finish everything in one night each night and attend school the following morning. *“I sure don't want to have to be punished like this way again,”* Nikarah thought exasperatedly.

As the spring escalated to a heat that visited like a cousin coming to vacate, school had ended and Nikarah had anticipated the big birthday party for her son, her, his father and their parents had planned to put together. “Hey Naima, Osiah is having a birthday party on the twenty fifth of July, you and the girls are more than welcome to come, it will be a lot of fun.

“Are you asking me can you go, or are you telling me?” Naimah asked sarcastically.

“I didn't think that you would mind, I mean with me telling you ahead of time about his birthday party.”

“Instead of assuming that you are going you need to ask, and I will think about whether you can go or not.”

“Naima, I didn't know that this was something to contemplate about. For these past six months my grades have progressed, I do all of my chores exceptionally and I do everything that you ask of me, please let me attend my son's birthday party.”

“I will think about it.” Never thinking twice about the conversational, Nikarah continued on looking forward to Osiah's big day.

Nikarah awoke, singing a joyous happy birthday to the now one year old Osiah, who was unsure of what was transpiring but enjoyed loving attention his mother had interpreted to him. *"Happy Birthday to you, happy birthday to you, happy birthday to you, happy birthday to you."* Nikarah sang, as she danced grasping his tiny waistline and holding his small arm with the other. *Happy birthday to you, happy birthday to you, happy birthday to yoooouuu, happy birthday to you,"* Kieona, Hope and Divine chimed in.

"Are you ready for the party?" Nikarah asked the girls, anticipating their excitement.

"What party?" they asked simultaneously.

"Osiahs-,"

"No we are not, because we won't be going, and neither will you, the money i gave you was an alternative for the birthday party. You taking it was an agreement not to go to the party.

"Naimah, today is his big birthday party, we had not discussed that. I dont have the money right now, but i will give it back to you." Surprised at Naimahs reaction, Nikarah began to get frustrated. Her heart began to beat profusely.

"Naimah, his birthday party is today, I even spoke of this to you ahead of time.

The conversation had gotten intense, as the girls stood in silence and watched the two go back and forth. Osiah began to cry. Bouncing him up and down to ease his discomfort, Nikarah began to gather his outfit for the day.

"My decision stays the same." Naimah exclaimed leaving the room content of her decision.

Nikarah continued to dress both her and the baby, for she was determined to attend the party no questions asked.

The party was a success but Nikarah knew that there would be tension that she had accepted before hand. "You will be on punishment for the remainder of the summer." Naimah exclaimed

in a calm tone. Nikarah had had enough of it all. She couldn't endure being chambered for such a reason, so she decided to run.

*Click*, the door closed as Naima and the girls exited the home, not knowing how long they would be gone, Nikarah had planned her escape quick. As the sweat dropped from her neck onto her collarbone she packed everything that meant something to her. For the afternoon had treated her like a heating pad, sopping her up into the sweat that she wore while leaving Osiah in front of the fan the for the remaining time. *Beeeeep*, the car outside rang, like an alarm clock, popping its trunk and opening its back doors welcoming the packed bags, Nikarah and O'siah to a journey un-foreseen , yet free and self emancipated.

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