

Every Brilliant Thing Monologue #2

It's the 9th of November 1987. It's dark and it's late. All the kids had gone home long ago. Eventually, my dad pulls up.

Now, normally it's my mom who picks me up and normally she's on time. Normally I travel in the back because I am seven and I make things sticky. But this time it's Dad. And it's late. And he opens the door to the front passenger seat.

Dad looked at me. I looked at him. When something bad happens, your body feels it before your brain can know what's happening. It's a survival mechanism. The stress hormones cortisol and adrenaline flood your system. It feels like a trap door opening beneath you. Fight or flight or stand as still as you can.

I stood very still, looking at my dad. Eventually, I got into the car. Dad had the radio on. He'd been smoking with the window down.