

Melted Chocolate in My Pocket

I knew something was wrong as soon as Mom rushed us into the car, and didn't get in with us. She shut our car door and approached him with her arms crossed. I buckled my seatbelt, but I twisted around so I could still watch them from the rear view window. She stood with her arms crossed and forced her weight onto one hip. My sister popped up on her knees to watch with me. Dad reclined against the hood of his car with his arms crossed as well. He had a defiant set to his brows. At first I couldn't hear anything, I could just see his mouth moving. Then I could hear Mom's volume rise as she started to yell, but I couldn't make out what she was saying. I watched as she uncrossed her arms and approached him. I could feel flames erupt from my own eyes as I gripped the top of the seats. I watched as she stuck Dad in the chest with her purple finger nail. Before my eyes she went from being half his size to towering over him. Dad tried to stand over her, to broaden his shoulders, and flex his arm muscles, but Mom didn't back down. I thought I saw horns sprout from her head before I blinked. Beside me loud sniffles broke my focus. I looked over to see tears pouring down my sister's cheeks and red blotches appear over her cheeks. She tried to hide her face from me, but she couldn't take her eyes off the scene outside. I slunk back down into my seat and so did she. I stared at my twig like legs and said, "I have some Hershey Kisses in my pocket still if you want some. They're kinda melted by now, but I think we can still eat them." She murmured an "okay" through her sobs. I reached into my daisy lined pocket and pulled out four squishy Hershey Kisses. We sat there eating them, and licking the chocolate out of the wrappers, until our mom got back in the car. By then my sister had stopped crying, and instead of red blotches on her cheeks, chocolate lined her lips.