

Saving Allison - Free Novel by AustinKalin

Chapter 1: The Beginning

Allison

I groaned as I rolled over to look at my alarm clock.

I wanted to crawl in a hole and die as it read 5:30 AM.

I slowly crawled out of bed and got dressed.

After getting dressed, I did my business in the bathroom and slowly made my way downstairs.

I have to be careful so I don't wake my dad up.

He's not much of a morning person...or an afternoon person...or a night person. In fact, he's not much of a person at all.

If you're asking why, I'll tell ya.

Ever since my mom died of brain cancer 3 years ago, my dad has been an absolute wreck.

He's resorted to drinking as his only escape. And also the fact that he beats the living hell out of me every chance he gets.

And if you're asking why I have to wake up at 5:30 every morning, is because I have to make him breakfast. He expects it made and ready on the table for him at 6:30 sharp.

If it's not ready, well let's just say it's not a pretty picture.

I finally made it to the kitchen and quietly opened the fridge.

After getting the eggs out and the oven started, I grab the toast and put it next to the toaster.

He makes me make the same thing every morning.

3 sunny-side up eggs, two pieces of toast with grape jam, and three pieces of bacon. Oh. Can't forget about the cold beer that he always wants.

That man drinks about 30 beers a day. I'm not kidding.

Because he only likes his beer ice cold, I take it out of the fridge as soon as I hear him take the first step on the stairs.

I have to be standing off to the side right when he steps foot in the kitchen. If I'm not, I either get a back hand to the face or a punch to the gut. The back hand is when he's in a good mood.

I sighed as I put the toast in the toaster and cracked the eggs in the pan.

Because the pan is so small, I have to do all the eggs separate.

As you can tell. We don't have a lot of money.

My dad and I just moved in here yesterday.

We live in a one story, little white house in a crappy neighborhood. Literally. There are so many crimes that happen in this neighborhood, I'm surprised the mayor doesn't shut this part of town down to the public.

I stopped looking around the kitchen when I heard the toaster go off.

I quickly got the jam out of the fridge and took the toast out of the toaster.

I looked back and made sure the bacon wasn't burnt.

My dad **hates** when his bacon is burnt. He likes it chewy, but not too chewy.

I placed the three eggs on the plate and the freshly jammed toast next to them.

I heard his bedroom door open.

'Oh shit.' I said to myself as I raced over to the table and put the plate down.

I looked the plate over and made sure I had everything.

I heard him groan as he walked down the stairs.

'The beer!' I thought to myself as I ran towards the fridge.

I grabbed one out of the fridge and opened the drawer where dad kept his bottle opener.

I placed the beer on the counter and rummaged through the drawer.

'Where is it?' I screamed in my head.

I started to panic as I heard my dad make his way through the living room.

Oh shit!

I quickly grabbed the bottle and placed the cap beside counter.

After I lined it up, I smacked my hand down on the cap and it popped off.

Grabbing the cap and throwing it away, I placed the beer next to his plate and got in my position right as my dad walked into the kitchen.

Damn that was close.

"I see you managed to follow orders correctly this time. Nice." My dad mumbled as he looked at his plate, and then at me.

"Thank you dad." I said monotone.

I gasped as I felt something connect with my cheek and my head made contact with the wall.

"I thought I told you to never call me that again. You're such a dumb little bitch!" He yelled as he stood over to me.

I cradled my cheek and nodded. "S-sorry sir."

My dad only grunted before he turned back to the table and sat down.

He was about to talk, but something caught his eye.

I followed his line of sight and cringed.

He was looking at the counter that I used to get the cap off his beer bottle.

"Why is that counter damaged?" He asked me with narrow eyes.

I froze. Make up a lie Allison!

"I-I don't know sir." I said as I got up, still holding onto my cheek. "It was like that when I came down. I thought one of the movers did that."

"Dumbasses." He growled at the counter. "I thought I told them to be careful."

I nodded agreeing with him. It was always best to just agree with him. I learned that the hard way.

"Anyway." He said stuffing his hand in his pocket and pulling something out. "You start school tomorrow. Take this and go to the store to get whatever shit you need for school."

I flinched as he threw a \$10 bill at me.

I picked it up from the floor. "Thank you sir."

"Whatever. Just get the hell out of my sight." He said as he took a sip of his beer.

I put my shoes on and walked out the door.

I smiled as I breathed in the fresh air.

As I waited at the tiny little bus stop bench that we have, someone walked up to me.

"Yo." He slurred.

Great. Another drunk.

Who the hell is drunk at 7:50 in the morning on a Sunday? Really people.

I kept looking forward. I didn't dare look at this man. Who knows what would happen.

"Hey!" He yelled as he stumbled over to me. "I'm talking to you."

Don't answer him Allison. Things will only go downhill from there.

I looked out from the corner of my eye and I gasped.

The man was now running towards me.

I panicked, but stopped as the bus finally came around the corner.

Come on! Can't this bus move a little faster?

The bus parked right in front of me and the doors slowly opened.

Screw it!

I flung myself at the doors and squeezed by them, just as the drunk man got right where I was standing.

"You little bitch!" The drunk man yelled as he banged on the doors.

I sighed in relief and slid down in a seat.

I like this bus, because this is one of the few drivers that don't allow angry drunks on the bus.

"Rough day sweetie?" A gentle voice asked.

I looked over and saw Rosie.

I nodded with a sad smile. "You can say that."

Rosie lives just a block away from where I live. Her husband died years ago.

She is the cutest little old lady I have ever seen.

"Things will get better." She smiled. "Remember. The teacher is always quiet during the lesson."

I scoffed. "I hate to break it too you Rosie. But I've been in this lesson for 3 years now. And I'm pretty sure I'm all alone. No teacher is gonna save me."

"Just give God time dear. He has a bright future for you." Rosie smiled.

I wanted to laugh.

Shas no teeth. So I always smile when she does.

She said that if her smile makes me laugh, she doesn't care if she has no teeth.

Plus she says she has no use for them. She's a vegetarian, so she doesn't need teeth to eat fruit and vegetables.

The bus came to a stop at the bus stop right next to Walmart.

"Bye Rosie!" I said waving at her.

"Bye dear. Remember. Keep your chin up!" She called out to me.

I rolled my eyes and smiled. Typical Rosie.

"Where the hell are the notebooks?" I asked myself as I wondered through the school sales isle.

Ever since they moved everything in Walmart, no one has been able to find stuff.

I wanted to rip my hair out as I continued to look.

I was about to scream when an older lady walked up to me.

"Are you okay?" She asked laughing. "You look like you're about to rip your hair out."

I sighed. "I can't find the notebooks."

"You starting school?" She asked.

I nodded. "I'll be a sophomore at Northwestern High. I'm starting tomorrow."

"Oh goody!" She yelled excited. "My son goes there. But why are you just starting now. It's 2nd semester."

"Uh my dad and I just moved here yesterday." I explained.

"Oh. Where did you guys move too?" She asked.

Should I tell her? Eh. Why not. It's not like I'm ever going to see her again.

"I live downtown." I said.

“Oh? Ohhhh. That part of town.” She said slowly.

“Ya. It’s a lovely neighborhood.” I nodded, my voice dripping with sarcasm.

She let out a small chuckle.

“Well I better get going.” She smiled. “It was nice meeting you.”

“You too.” I said smiling back.

“Oh.” She said as she turned back around to look at me. “The school supplies are right around the corner.”

I laughed. “Thank you.”