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Oblivion

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Excerpt from Katie’s memoir, Oblivion

Oblivion. That feeling when your body leaves its state of self-consciousness. That’s the way she made me feel. She made living life feel carefree with no sense of consequences.

“You f***** bitch!”

Terror struck my insides as I witnessed her on-again, off-again boyfriend Casey forcefully yank her second floor apartment sliding door from its hinges. Time froze as I escaped to a pained past of Mom and Dad raising their voices at one another, but no fists ever swung. I was snapped back into the echoless violent screaming match, where furniture was being used not as a place for comfort, but as a weapon of abuse.

His eyes were basins of the reds and yellows that swirl as fire dances along a line of gasoline. Vile words dripped from his mouth. I felt my twenty-year-old self place my body as a wall to protect her.

“No! Do not touch her!” I heard myself shout. Casey’s destructive ways barreled through me like a freight train smashing through a stalled car on the tracks. Painful fuchsia bruises circled my wrists and side as I realized what had happened. It was like watching a hungry predator rip apart their prey. Blood curdling shrieks and cries leapt from her crippled body, which had lost its efforts to protect itself from his powerful blows to her once beautiful face.

“911. Report your emergency.” A calm, husky woman spoke over the receiver.

“Help! Oh my God! He’s killing her!”

“Please ma’am, you need to calm down. Can you tell me what is going on?”

Tears kissed my fire-beaten cheek, while I set the phone down and screamed loud and bold, “Casey, I’ve called the police…”

Within moments, Casey had given his last full-blown punch to her gut, picked up his blood-drenched shirt, and told me that she deserved what she got. He was gone before the police arrived. I had survived my first encounter with Casey. It wouldn’t be my last.