



FAMILY

Part One: Told by Big Al

YOUR JUNE 2016 FREE SHORT STORY

The C I N Series FREE Shorts "Family" told by Big Al, known as one of the most lovable Warehouse Kids to survive the 1980's burning buildings...

Christina Leigh Pritchard

www.christinaleighpritchard.com

The C I N Series *FREE* Shorts

"Family"
Part One told by Big Al



Photo by Unhindered by Talent

Short by
Christina Leigh Pritchard

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This short story follows characters from the C I N Series. It is recommended that you read C I N book one and short story Donna Denning. Information on these stories can be found here:

<http://www.christinaleighpritchard.com/>

“FAMILY”

BIG AL

The TV blared and my ears throbbed. My step-father hated the television whenever *I* watched it. But Sundays were Nascar race day and all anyone heard was the annoying revving of engines.

My life felt like a race, always running but never getting anywhere.

“Al,” my little sister squealed. She rolled across the carpet. “Look, Al. Look at me!”

“Very good,” I said.

She danced around, leaping in the air. Cecelia climbed up onto the sofa and jumped. “I’m a dancer!”

“Hey, fatso, shut that kid up.” My step-father turned the sound up. “You know the rules.” He glanced at the kitchen. “Martha, keep your urchins in check. I can’t watch my races with her bouncing around the place.”

“C’mon, Cecelia.” I picked her up in my arms. She giggled and pointed to mom. Our mother stood in the kitchen, wiping her hands on an apron, glaring at us. I ignored her, smiling at my sister. “Let’s go in your room.”

“What’s going on, Albert?” My mother asked. “You’re supposed to be keeping her quiet. It’s Max’s only day off.” I didn’t answer. What was the point? I carried Cecelia down the hall. She bounced in my arms, telling me stories of a pony and a tree made of twizzlers.

As soon as we entered the room, she grabbed her plastic grocery basket. Fake soup cans spilled out. “Look at my food.”

“Very nice, Ce Ce.”

“I can do ‘namstics and cook at the same time.” She rolled, holding her basket. “See Al, look at me!”

“I see, I see!”

“Martha! That kid is driving me mad! I’m outta here. Let me know when it’s safe to relax in my own home.”

“Don’t leave, Max, honey. I’ll take care of it.”

“Yeah, right.” The front door slammed.

“Look at me, Al!” My sister twirled, holding a can in her hands. “I’m the dancing cook.” She giggled, doing a split.

“Shhh, Mom’s going to be upset.”

“I’m a dancer! Watch what I can do!”

I could hear my mother sob, even after she’d closed herself in the bathroom. The walls were paper thin. It was the worst feeling, knowing Max pained her. We hurt her, too.

“Watch me, Al!”

“I’m watching, I’m watching.”

My mother stood in the doorway. “Aren’t you supposed to meet Donna?”

“Yeah. I’ll be back soon to put Cecelia down for her nap.”

“Don’t worry about it; I’ll take care of it.”

“But, aren’t you cooking dinner?”

She refused to look at me. “There’s no point now that Max has left.”

“I’ll be back in a few minutes. Donna said it would be quick.”

“What’s it with you and that strange girl? She’s going to be the death of you, Albert.”

“I’ll be back and I’ll cook dinner, okay?”

She stepped aside, letting me pass. I ran out of the room and across the street towards the old wheat field. Donna called, saying she had something important to tell me. She knew I had to watch my sister on the weekends. What was so important to her anyway?

I raced through the wheat, stopping abruptly. I really needed to lose weight. My heart pounded and I thought I was going to throw up. “What do you want, Donna, I’m babysitting my sister today.”

She sat in the wheat with her eyes fixed on something I couldn’t see. Kurt and Anthony were there too. “It’s time we taught our tormentors a lesson.” She smiled, almost as if she were a different person and not the girl I grew to love.

“What are you talking about?” Kurt asked.

“We kill them all.”

Was she mad?

“How?” Anthony said. “How are we supposed to do that?”

“Kill? Revenge? Do you guys hear yourselves?” I stammered, backing away. “I’m not going to be a part of this craziness.”

“Wait, Al!” Donna shouted after me. I could barely move my legs, tumbling through the wheat. “Just listen to my plan and if you don’t like it you don’t have to do it.”

I glanced back. She wasn’t the girl I thought she was after all. Where was the Donna who helped me fish out my He-Man figurine from the sewage? (After my step-father flushed it, of course.) At that very moment, my “Donna” was gone.

“Listen to me, Al, please.”

“I can’t.” My lip trembled. “Murder—that’s a big deal, ya know.”

Kurt and Anthony frowned, dismissing me.”

I ran off towards home. A fire truck raced past me. I doubled over, catching my breath. Two police cars whizzed by. What was wrong? An ambulance picked up speed, turning the corner. I followed it, my heart racing.

In my yard sat a fire truck, several police vehicles and now an ambulance. They came to an abrupt stop, two paramedics raced out the back, wheeling with them a stretcher.

Had something happened to my mother? Did she finally lose it?

Max’s car pulled up. He ran up to me. “What’s going on?” I brushed him aside, racing inside.

“Mom!” I screamed, “Mom!”

“It’s okay,” she said. Her fingers grabbed my arm.

My heart pounded even harder. If *she* wasn’t in trouble—then that only left one other person...

“Cecelia?” I dropped to my knees.

Find out what happened next in July 2016

Big AL - Part 2

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