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(Masterwork)

(Literary Techniques & Story Development)

Medias Res/First Person, Tension of task

The Forbidden Truth

This is the story of Jalisa who wanted to find out what was making that noise in the house. Jalisa Matthews the innovator of the family, creating or finding new ideas to share even with strangers. She always felt alone while being surrounded to those who shared bloodlines. Jalisa never knew her true potential, now that she was older things had come around. At just the age of eighteen shockingly, Jalisa graduated college with flying colors.

Despite the many challenges' college set her free. Family was important but for the first time Jalisa felt alive. She took the chance to start new experiences, and a new beginning moving to Arizona where she landed a great career opportunity. The passing of Jalisa's grandmother still sang in her heart, but she knew her grandma was proud. The warmth of the sun had awakened me as the light reflected the rose curtains.

Whew, I barely got any sleep last night. I'm still exhausted, guess I will get used to the new home soon. Ring..., Ring... cellphone call from Devon, my soon to be ex. Ugh, what gives you the pleasure of this call, as I walked down the stairs into the kitchen. Devon Flemings was my boyfriend of five years; he had been my superman through the pain I endured with the passing of my grandma. Devon also helped me on dealing with family trauma.

He was the love of my life, yet lately the arguments had gotten worse. “Good morning love, I went to get groceries and to see the new city. Let me make breakfast I’m sorry,” said Devon. *I must sit down and have a talk with him, the arguments must stop.* Using my left hand turning clockwise, counter, and pulling towards me, the basement door would not open.

Hmm, strange the door was fine last night, I will just google a locksmith in the area. In walked Devon sitting the groceries on the table island approaching me with a kiss on the forehead. “Hey baby,” I got the food are you ready to feast,” said Devon. “Just don’t burn the place down sweetie,” I said jokingly. “Baby when we were unpacking did you noticed the basement door would not open,” I said to Devon.

“No, it opened just fine last night,” said Devon. “Okay, I’m going to search on google to see if there is an Andy Locks near us,” I said to Devon. “Boom! Found it, the store is only 10 minutes away, let’s go for a drive,” I said. I grabbed my wallet and keys as me and Devon walked out the door, to my surprise I noticed my right tire had a huge gash. “I’m just going back in the house, “I’m so over today, and barely got any sleep from last night,” I said.

As I began walking back towards the house instantly rain began to fall followed by a clap of thunder, blah da boom! “See it’s just not my day, I’ll try again tomorrow, today just will not let me be great,” I said to Devon. “Girl get back out here; you just can’t decide when to do things” said Devon. “Please don’t start with me today, I had enough of you last night trying to tell me how to set up things for the house,” I said. “Well if you wouldn’t have thrown out my chair the argument would have never began,” said Devon.

Why couldn’t he just let me be, I’m so fed up with this man. “So, Jalisa which issue are you going to fix,” said Devon. “What I need to fix, don’t you mean what we have to fix,” I said

to Devon. “Your mouth has become so slick Devon and I’m sick of it,” I said. “How about I just leave then, if you are so sick of me,” said Devon.

“Go where Devon, we have just moved in; you don’t know where to go,” I said. I had stormed up to the upstairs bedroom shutting the door behind me hard. “Pow!” Goes the door and in came Devon. “All this arguing is not going to fix the door or the flat tire,” said Devon. *The smart-ass comments won’t fix it either, I want to slap him in the face.*

Zzz.... A noise had made above the ceiling and the house had become dark. Thump, Thump, Thump! I heard a knock on the door. “Use your flashlight from the phone,” I said to Devon. “I am trying to feel for my phone in my pocket, “Oh! here it is,” said Devon. “Can we just pretend to get along for the moment Devon, just to resolve this shit show,” I said.

“Ok, come on let’s see who is knocking at the door,” said Devon. Me and Devon had walked down the stairs approaching the first floor. I opened the door and seen a woman standing outside. This woman was tall, possibly the height of six feet with long curly sandy brown hair. The woman had medium fair skin, small lips, slanted eyes with a heavy fold, and a small nose.

“Hello, my name is Amanda Tres, I am the neighbor next door,” she said. “I saw that you have a flat tire and wanted to offer some assistance, is that okay,” said Amanda, while holding an umbrella over her head. “Nice to meet you Amanda, I am Jalisa. I need more than assistance, how about a miracle,” I said. “Just in time” said Amanda.

“Come in, but I suggest use your phone, the storm blew the lights out” said Devon. “Yes, let’s get you out that rain, you can fix the tire once the rain slows down,” I said. Amanda walked in using the light from her phone and took a seat at the dining table. Suddenly, the lights had come back on. *Thank God, I was scared my food would have gone to waste.*

“Well look at that, let there be light,” said Amanda. “Hey Amanda, do you mind giving me a lift to Andy Locks. My basement door seems to be jammed, and I need to set an appointment with a locksmith,” I said. “Sure, no problem that’s what neighbors are for” said Amanda. *Something seems a bit off to her, maybe it’s the new neighbor anxiety.*

“I’ll just stay here babe; you two go get acquainted,” said Devon. “Are you sure babe, I may not come back,” I said jokingly. “Yes, go take care of what needs to be done,” said Devon. I had noticed there was a look that Amanda and Devon had given to each other, but I hadn’t thought anything of it. I grabbed my raincoat; Amanda and I headed towards the dark blue Sedan; we both got into the car.

“So, Amanda how long have you been living in Arizona,” I said. “I actually just moved here a month ago,” said Amanda. “Cool, me to, I came for a job opportunity in visual arts,” I said. “No way, so did I,” said Amanda. “I see we have lots in common Amanda,” I said while laughing.

This woman is strange and the more I talk to her it gets worse. Me and Amanda entered the store. “Welcome to Andy Locks my name is Ethan, how can I be a pleasure in assisting you today?” said the employer. “Yes, I am looking to set an appointment with a locksmith to look at a basement door that is jammed,” I said to Ethan. “Well miss we don’t have any available appointments until the next three months,” said Ethan.

“Unbelievable, ok guess I will have to endure, what do you have available,” I said. “We have December 14th at 9am, that’s the closest appointment,” said Ethan. “Oh well, screw it get me signed up,” I said. The locksmith appointment had been set and that was three down, one to

go. Me and Amanda were back from the drive, exiting the Sedan and had seen Devon was standing outside.

“Amanda do you have the spare in your car, I can try fixing the tire,” said Devon. The rain had come to a complete stop and Devon assisted in fixing my car. *“Oh, now he wants to help, I am not a fool about this.”* “I’m going to go lay down, today has been a day for me,” I said, while giving Devon a kiss on the lips. “I will be outside fixing the car, get some rest love,” said Devon.

I removed my raincoat and placed it onto the hanger and was put away in the front room closet. I walked up the stairs into the bathroom and began running my bath water. After, my bath I put on my lilac sleep set. Looking out the window I seen Devon and Amanda chatting it up. *I’m too tired to even think about what’s going on, I will deal with him later.*

I must have fallen into a deep slumber or what seemed to be. “Jalisa you will know the truth,” my grandma Pearl said to me. “Grandma is that you,” I said in disbelief. I had seen my grandma ghostly figure floating above my bedroom floor. Suddenly, I heard a loud knocking that came from the kitchen.

Bam! Bam! Bam, the noise had come from the basement door downstairs. Instantly my eyes had opened, and I noticed the day had turned into night. Devon had not come home; I looked out the window and the car was gone also. “Are you serious Devon? It’s 12am,” I said leaving him a voicemail. I walked down the stairs into the kitchen, the sound had grown louder from the basement door as I stepped closer.

Bam! Bam! Bam! “Devon please answer the phone, this is important,” I said in tears calling for the second time. Standing in front of the basement door, I turned the knob and the noise stopped. The door flew open. *Omg! What the hell is going on.* Ahh! I screamed out loud.

A dark stairway showed from the top, I reached for a light switch on the side walls and find it. Making my way down the stairs I noticed the basement floor was full of dirt and concrete. On the right-side corner of the basement floor there was dirt only. Approaching the dirt, I seen the bones of what had resembled to be of a human. One year ago, in the events which occurred that night, Devon and I had broken up.

Devon showed up that next morning and a big fight happened. I had been informed by Devon that he had been cheating with Amanda the entire time I was with him. Amanda had come over and shown me the ultrasound of her pregnancy. It was Devon that had influenced me with moving to Arizona. My grandma and I always shared a close bond, she had come to me in my dreams that night revealing the truth about Devon.

The house was in Devon’s name, inherited from his family I had discovered. A month later while watching the news, Devon had been arrested for the murder of his aunt Helen. I moved out and ventured on with an opportunity in Atlanta. The bones in the basement still hunts me to this day. It was my grandma Pearl that had saved me from the monstrous human like Devon.

Blessings were sent to Amanda and the child. I prayed that her son would be opposite of the father.

