70.7 Miles Apart

 Nine o'clock in the morning I hear an engine slam into park, the squeaking of breaks, and the smell of gas fumes rising up to my second story bedroom window. I have yet to open my eyes, they burn. I hear my dad yell "looks great!" to my Aunt Leah driving the 17 foot red and white uHaul. I lay in my warm bed, still, with my eyes still closed. I hear the front door shoved open, the loud stomping of my father running up the stairs to make sure I'm awake. I flip on my stomach, and shove my head down deep into my green feather down pillows, and throw my blanket on top of my head. "Alexis! C'mon honey it's time!" my dad yells in excitement. I know I have no choice but to get up, but I still don't. My father sits next to my unwilling body on my bed, pulls the blanket off of my head, and says very sternly "Alexis, we have a long day ahead of us. You've known this was coming, now get up." My dad leaves my bedroom and leaves my door open. He knows I can't sleep with the door open. Especially with the loud banging of the boxes thrown around, and the screeching of the packing tape being stretched across the box’s flaps. It is so bright, the window above my bed no longer has blinds or curtains. The heat is just radiating on my bare neck and shoulders. I sit up, and tie my hair into a pony tail. My hair is extra knotty, maybe due to the extra tossing and turning I did last night.

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After moving out of one house and into two separate new homes, I’d consider myself a professional. The first move was out of my father’s house, and into one with my mother four blocks away, the other with my boyfriend in West Chester.

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My mom, sister, and I pull up in front of our new house four blocks down the road in a red and white uHaul. “Here it is!” my mom exclaims. I’ve never seen the house yet, so I was especially excited for this move. The house is an off-white. On the front porch there is a small white cast iron table with two chairs. I sat next to my sister Casey, looking out towards the street and the large truck holding all of our belongings. I run my fingers down the legs of the rough chipped paint on the chair. Casey is talking, but I'm not sure what about. My mother opens the front door with a skeleton key. I’ve never seen one of those before. It’s brass, and heavy, and makes a lot of noise while being turned in the key hole. I proceed up the dark purple carpeted steps, listening to the creaking sounds for each and every step I take. The room is newly painted, and the scent is incredibly strong. The window in my bedroom is large, which I am very happy about. I hear groaning coming up the stairs. I run around the corner to look down. There they are, Brenden, Joey, and Steven carrying my huge dresser up those very steep and very small hallways. Eventually after a few more of these repeated groans, the move is over. All of the big furniture is finally in. I unpack my boxes, and think about my next move in West Chester, one and half hours away from this one.

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Settling in to a new home is already thought of as a challenge. Three days after moving into my new home with my mother, sister, and grandfather, I had to take on one of the biggest moves of my life. The past year and a half I’ve always known that Derek was going to move to West Chester. I honestly never knew if I was going to make that move with him. I finally pushed myself to be happy, and make this life changing move with Derek in an area I’ve never been to before.

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I’m laying in Derek's bed, sound asleep. My legs are wrapped around my gray and white blanket that I’ve had since I was twelve years old. Derek comes back to his bedroom after making coffee, and proceeds to rub my back. “Come on Alexis, time to get up” he says so sweetly. I tossed to the other side and hid my face from him. Derek walks away, down the steps and into his kitchen. Of course I doze off for quite a bit and shortly I am woken up by him again. This time I knew it was time to get up. I walked down his stairs to see his parents, with their white Mazda van packed tight in the driveway. Derek gets in the driver’s seat, and I proceed to get in the passenger’s seat after wobbling my entire way there. It takes an hour and a half to get from York to West Chester. A half an hour into the ride I am wide awake and non stop talking. Derek doesn’t normally drive a van, so he is very concentrated. An hour later we pull up to the front of “Metropolatin East Goshen Apartments”. I haven’t been this excited in a long time. Not only am I starting school after being out of it for two years, I am now living with my boyfriend in a completely different area. Derek looks at me and smiles and says “Here we are!” I have so many emotions flowing through me I can barely breath. I turn to Derek and say, “I think I’m going to sleep very well tonight.”