

Broken Family

It's night time, a cold winter in December, a week before Christmas. Knock! Knock! Knock! "Open up, this is the police!" The door opens and two police officer barge into my house. My son Dominic, a three-year-old and his step brother, Charlie, a seven-year-old are both scared and crying in the corner of my living room. Charlie hugs Dominic through his car seat because myself and Nicole both forgot to get him out. He then covers Dominic with a blanket to keep him warm. Meanwhile, myself and Nicole fight and continue to argue.

"Over there officers. Be careful he's got a gun!" Nicole, my ex-fiancé shouts and points a finger at me and on que begins to cry.

"Bravo Nicole," I told myself. I can tell Nicole was going to act her way into making me look like the bad guy.

The two officers know that they walked into a domestic disturbance call and needed to separate us. The officer in charge grabbed me and brought me into the kitchen while the other officer stayed with Nicole in the living room. For twenty minutes the officer tried his best to calm me down while he kept his hands near the holster of his gun. I'm shaking, angry, mad, and to the point where I'm now irrational. I can tell I was making the officer nervous. He looked very pale with a blank look in his face because I had my gun out as well. I then decided to take my gun and placed it in a safe on top of the fridge. "I just can't believe Nicole has done something that's very unforgivable." I continued to talk to the officer as I continue to put the gun away. The

officer just kept agreeing with me for the next fifteen minutes as I vent and release all my frustration out. I cannot remember the conversation but in the end the officer told me that I was heartbroken. And he's right, how can I not be heartbroken? I loved this girl and we were about to get married in a few months. Nicole has been there with me since worst times like the Iraq War, and unemployment after the war to the best times like we finally bought our first house or had our son. I can't believe that it was all ending now.

Three days ago. I felt a great sense of accomplishment. Christmas was right around the corner and we weren't behind on bills this year. We have all the Christmas presents for the kids. I now own a house with white picket fence, three cars, two dogs, a cat, with my beautiful family. My career was also wonderful, and my name feels like a brand because whenever there was an emergency I would hear over the radio, "it's okay Officer Cabance is on scene," or "Just send Officer Cabance and don't worry about it." I was out of the rat race. I'm finally living the American dream. The past couple of years with Nicole was a struggle but I thought I was invincible with Nicole by my side. In a few months we were finally getting married.

Nicole has been there during the toughest part of my life. Blonde hair, blue eyes, five feet and three inches tall, Nicole was that hometown beautiful cheerleader that everyone watched and cheered with during your high school homecoming football game. Yes, you remember those days. I met Nicole on my way to Iraq and I spent my time off with her everyday after all military training was done. I thought it would be a great idea to bring her along the journey of becoming a girlfriend while on combat deployment. On my way to Iraq I remember one of my romantic times was when me and Nicole bypassed all types of security checkpoints

at the Philadelphia International Airport. Everyone felt sorry for us, as two lovers are split by war. The lady that checked us in was crying because she lost a son during this war, so they decided to break protocol and allow Nicole to wait with me all the way through the departure time at the airport. It felt like a Nicholas Sparks book. I made Nicole go through hell as it was rough to be in a relationship with a soldier. We even had a miscarriage because of the stress of the military life. There were even times where she actually saw me getting attacked with mortars while I was in the headquarters building talking on skype. She can see everyone in the room getting scared as the mortars fell, and hearts sank while we take cover and felt helpless while the explosion went off. Nicole took care of me on my worst times when I came back from Iraq and was stuck in a hospital recovering from a traumatic brain injury. It was a three to four-hour drive from Pennsylvania to Ft. Belvoir, Virginia along with her job and managing her son. But she didn't care as long as she was by my side. I loved this girl and when Christmas came around after the war. I left a three-big diamond ring on top of the Christmas tree and proposed. Christmas was wonderful time for us and this family.

Going back to three days before the police arrived. I remember my life was wonderful and Nicole was on her way to visit family on that weekend before the holidays.

"Honey. Are you going to be okay while I take the kids down to see mom?" Nicole smiled.

"Yes, I'll be fine. There has been lots of call outs from work so, I'll do some more overtime." I said as I got my jacket on and got ready to leave.

"I love you," She said and kissed one last time.

I kissed her, looked in her eyes, and hugged her goodbye. Life was wonderful, and I left for work happy and content.

When I got off I was so tired and just wanted to check my emails and go to sleep. I have been working overtime all week with sixteen hour shifts but it was okay because I was used to it. As long as my family is taken care of, it didn't matter how tired I was. I took a quick shower and went to my bedroom to check on my emails on my laptop. Then I noticed something weird. "I guess Yahoo went pink on me and very girl?" I wondered only to stumble upon Nicole's Yahoo account. Then a message came up with another guy she was talking to and then my interest peaked. As I read the conversation thread, things went from friendly to very sexual. From sexual it got very explicit from photos to fuck videos. "This can't be Nicole," I said in a whisper. I felt very devastated and I was in doubt. "This can't be her," I said again aloud. Over the next two days I investigated and made duplicates of the videos and photos so I can show Nicole what I had found while she was away with her family. I had to make a decision. When she came home the next night.

When the next night came I decided to confront her before coming into the house. Things didn't go as plan and the local police got involved. The two police separated us. How could Nicole do this? She then grabbed my son and disappeared for eight months.