

# My Real-Life Nightmare

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I remember this day like it was yesterday. Thinking about it now felt like it was a nightmare. “What happened?” you asked? Well, I thought I was gonna die. Maybe I’m over exaggerating. Maybe I’m not. This is a story of how one day, I came across a burglary.

I was 16 years old living in Honolulu, Hawai`i in a small town called Kalihi. When you think of Hawai`i, you think of the beautiful beaches, rainbows, calm breezes, palm trees.. Paradise! Kalihi, on the other hand, was far from “paradise.” Compared to everywhere else in Hawai`i, Kalihi is an over-populated, low-income community with high drug use and crime rates. Police sirens filled the quiet night almost every night.

During summer, Hawai`i’s weather temperatures range from 85-95 degrees. Most homes don’t have internal AC like my family’s, so we rely on the natural Hawaiian breeze. We keep all the windows and balcony doors open all throughout the day; our entire neighborhood does it. It may seem odd to others because of its risks of burglary, but we figured it didn’t happen near us or directly to us before, so we would continue the trend.

Homes in Kalihi are literally built 2 feet apart; so close you can hear your neighbor’s conversations. It didn’t bother me much because I’d find things to keep me occupied. One thing I loved was watching action movies. I used noise-canceling headphones to get the full effect of the movie. My sisters would be so annoyed and throw their house slippers at me just to get attention.

One Friday night around 11pm, the scariest thing happened to my family and me. My parents were asleep in their bedrooms, my sisters were in the living room watching T.V., and I was in my bedroom watching movies on the computer. I was zoned out in my own world. Next thing I know, I saw the mirror that was hanging behind my door fall and break. I took off my

headphones and heard my middle sister pounding on the door screaming my name saying, “hurry! open the door!”

My heart started to race and I immediately ran and opened the door. My sister rushed into my room, went straight to my window and shut it closed. “What happened?” I said in a panic. Frighteningly, she responded, “someone’s trying to get in the house!” I helped her go through all the windows in the house to make sure they’re closed and locked. I saw my eldest sister doing the same. Then it got to me; my parents!

My parents had a balcony in their room that they keep open. Instantly I ran to their door, knocking as loud as I could, and finally my mom opened the door. “What’s going on?” my mom said with her eyes half open. I ran past her to get to the balcony, but before I knew it, a man was there trying to get over the balcony fence. He succeeded. I then screamed to my mom, “call 911!” as I noticed the pocket knife in his right hand. I rushed to close the balcony door. My dad follows behind me. Next thing I know, I’m playing tug-of-war with the balcony door with this stranger!

With all the strength my dad and I had, we finally were able to get the door closed and locked. A part of me felt relief but the other part still was scared to death. That man was still motivated to get in someone's house so he jumped from our house to our neighbors. My dad was very close to our neighbor. He cracked the window open and shouted, “Jake! (our neighbor’s name) wake up! Someones trying to break in!”

Finally, we heard a police siren. Never had I ever felt relief hearing that noise. The man was arrested! Since that day, all our windows and doors were kept closed. We even installed AC units in each room. As for the sound-proof headphones? I still wear them till this day.