

FEAR OF DOWNSTAIRS

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I made my way down the stairs one glorious morning for breakfast. I sensed the blazing sunlight beaming down on my back, it felt like nothing at all could go wrong with my day, but making my way down those stairs evoked memories of the first time I tried making my way down the stairs when I was younger.

We just moved into a new house. I despised my new house, it was not aesthetically pleasing at all. The exterior of the house was hideous, the walls were worn down with drab and dreary textures. The interior had the same problems and it looked like something straight out of a horror movie. The reason why we ended up with such a miserable house was because my dad got a new job as a lieutenant in a different county. There weren’t any nice houses at all within our price range so we ended up in a worn down semi-detached house in a sketchy neighborhood.

I was taking my first night’s rest in my new home, I really needed to go to the bathroom. It was all but pitch black throughout the house making it an arduous task to find the

bathroom. I maneuvered around upstairs as quiet as I could but there was no bathroom in sight. I realized the only bathroom that was in the house was downstairs. Going downstairs during the night-time was my biggest fear. I gazed down the stairs, as if into a black hole. Afraid of what lurked beneath.

I cautiously navigated my way to the first step and clenched on to one of the handrails for safety. I slowly levered down my foot trying to briskly feel the lush like feeling of the carpet staircase. I was very cautious with each advancement due to my obscured vision. I knew that any wrong step had dire consequences. My progression fell into a simple routine, I glued myself to the staircase bannister and elevated my right foot slightly off the stair. I adjusted my foot down slowly and treaded my foot lightly on my next step, then gently followed up with my other foot. I repeated this process throughout the journey.

I suddenly heard a sound from downstairs, I froze mid-step from fear and my whole body went static. I began to think there was some sort of intruder. My bladder was about to burst from all the shock. I couldn't decipher if there were actual footsteps downstairs or if my mind was going astray. I tempted to go back up to the safety of my bedroom, but I

didn't come all the way down these stairs for nothing. I was raised not to give up as my father was a lieutenant in the army.

I began to focus again on my task ahead and summoned all my strength to walk down those last couple of stairs. Trepidation was soaring throughout my body but I tried my best not to let the fear get into my head. I finally made my way down with the bathroom just five steps away. I tip-toed lightly as possible to the bathroom trying not to alert anyone around or in the household. Suddenly I heard the sound again and panicked. I closed my eyes tight and covered my arms over my head in fear. Once I opened my eyes I realized it was just the sound of the radiator cracking up a bit. I stopped freaking out once I made it to the bathroom and stomped victoriously as quiet as I could for overcoming my fear.

Overcoming your worst fear is never easy and takes a lot of courage to do so. After that night, I never feared of going down the stairs again and walked down each time with more confidence. After a few months we gathered enough money to get our new house renovated and it was completely transformed. The dreary grey walls of our house were changed into a more pleasing and radiant white. The inside

got the same transformation as the outside with it looking more like a house a normal family would stay in. Now going down the stairs is never a problem for me.