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ENG100

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Creative Non-Fiction Essay Draft 1

Court. I never been to court before and I don’t ever want to go again. I only went because my dad told me I had to. The building looks friendly until you walk around to the metal detectors with two security guards standing there with attitudes. There was an African American man on one side and a lady on the other side. I choose to walk through the man side. He looked more pleasant. The lady was shouting “come on through put your things in the container, keys, change belts, all of it goes the container!” she was so loud the man’s line just followed the same directions. After going through the metal detectors we walked to the elevators. The elevators were in a short hall way with four on each side. The hallway was full of people rushing at the doors as soon as they opened. There were police men, lawyers in there shiny clean suits, and victims probably praying that they won’t end up in jail today. The elevators were tall gold and shiny but elevators didn’t look wide enough for the people that were filling them up as they came. The police were everywhere that you would think I would feel comfortable around them but that was wrong. They gave me the most uneasy feeling. All I know I didn’t want to be in an elevator with a lot of them. Just being in the hallways with them is enough.

“Dad let’s wait. We need an elevator with less people as possible!” I said wishing that the crowd of people would soon die down.

Once we got to the floor of the court room, there were people seated on little marble benches attached to both sides of the walls along the hallway. As we walked through it felt like a soul train line. But we weren’t dancing in the middle but we were tip toeing to the court room.

As soon as we stepped foot into the court room, an uneasy feeling filled my stomach instantly. I had the feeling that my dad was not leaving with me, but I still prayed for the best. I sat in the wrong row and a deep voice came from nowhere. “Excuse me but you cannot sit in the front row.” I moved, then looked at my dad. He was texting on his phone but the look on his face was a look as if he wanted to cry. He was trying to be strong, holding the emotions in. We were about 20mins early the court room was still setting up for all the cases they had today. It was a small room with four rows of pews in the bottom center and right for the jury. The judge sat in the middle in his grand chair. Beside him was a man and woman that I guess announced the judge and the prisoner or victim to the case. The was a mystery door to the left that was later solved. That door was for the people coming or going to jail.

“All rise, court is now in session!” said that man on the left.