Ms. Hemer

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Creative Writing

Biography

Date

Zane’s Past Returns

 Patrick and Morgan Finneran had struggled to conceive for six years, so when the at-home test confirmed a pregnancy, Morgan could not help but be skeptical. Shortly after her doctor confirmed the joyous news, the happy parents-to-be got busy preparing. Their little bundle of joy was born on November 4, 1982. Zane Archibald Finneran weighed in at five pounds three ounces and measured 19 inches. Zane’s childhood consisted of happy moments with his parents but no siblings as Patrick and Morgan were unable to conceive again.

 Zane started school in 1987 at Fairview Elementary in Cambridge, Massachusetts. In his second year of soccer, Zane broke his ankle while running across the field. Another devastating moment was when Morgan and Patrick divorced. Patrick soon moved to New Mexico and married Kendra Morris, the mother of Zane’s half sister Jasmine. Morgan moved Zane to an apartment as half the income had moved halfway across the country.

 Middle school for Zane was difficult. He got picked on for his small size and because Zane wanted to become a businessman, he carried a briefcase instead of a backpack. By 1995 Zane had learned how to stick up for himself and became known as the school bully just in time to start high school. Zane graduated in 2000 at the top of his class but always had “rumors” following him.

Zane when to NYU as a freshman but had to transfer after some trouble with fighting on campus. In 2002 he transferred to Columbia and met Aimee Clark one night while a group of friends was out celebrating a big lacrosse win. He and Aimee tried a couple dates but mutually decided being friends was better.

 The entire group of friends graduated in 2005 and many of them decided to stay in Washington, D.C. for their careers. In 2006 Zane and Aimee had a whirlwind romance and were married in 2007. Baby Maggie was born on May 15, 2008 and Hollis followed on July 23, 2009. Zane insisted Aimee stay home with the girls while he made a name for himself in the corporate world. Aimee loved every minute of it, but Zane couldn’t handle the lack of structure a stay at home mom with two small daughters experienced.

 On April 29, 2011, Zane’s past came back to haunt him. Aimee had taken the girls on a playdate with other moms and kids in the neighborhood. Zane’s workday had been horrific with an absent secretary and missed messages all day long. He had considered stopping for a drink on the way home, but Aimee didn’t like kissing his whiskey lips, so he drove straight home. Aimee mixed his drink and served him dinner in between dishing more food to the girls. After dinner she cleaned up the girls and led them to the playroom to clear the table and load the dishwasher.

Zane watched Aimee from the table and swirled the ice in his glass for a few moments before confronting her about the playdates. He didn’t want the girls playing outside the house for the fear of germs and catching illnesses from other kids. Aimee resisted with the fact that kids need to play with other kids and before Zane knew it he was standing over her at the dishwasher demanding that she listen to him. It was almost as though his arm moved of its own accord. He hardly knew what happened until Aimee put her hand over the red splotch on her face and he saw the tears falling down her cheeks. He didn’t let it happen again. Until it did.