

A Boy with Problems by Mark, 12 years-old

I woke up and went down stairs. I saw beer cans all over the place. Then I looked in the corner and saw my mom laying on the floor. I ran over. "Whats wrong" I said. your father hit me this morning Because I said drinking beer in the morning is not good. Im calling the police i said. No Mark your father threntend me if I call the police hed kill me. So go to school and be good. She kissed me on the fore head and off I went.

When I came home my father was standing there he looked mad. he yank and me by the arm and and pulled me in the door.

WHERE YOUR MOM! he yelled. Why i said. Because she hasent been home for 3 hours im going to kill her.