I had a friend at school who was hit at home. I did not know before the week I went to his house. He had marus and gashes on his face arms and even his legs. He never told me until on the way to his house on the bus he said "We have to be quiet or my dad will get angry at me." I said "Ok." Then shortly after we arrived at his house we walked in and his dad was asleep on the couch and the house smelt like Achoal and Fish. When we got to his room it was dirty and the computer screen was cracked. I asked him how it happened and he shrugged. "I don't know." We watched a movie then boom boom boom. His dad was
Walking up the stairs and came into the room his father said “You guys are making too much noise.” And then he asked my friend to step out of the room to talk to him. He closed the door behind him. Then I heard yelling and my friend clumping to the ground and my friend sobbing. I called my mom and told her what was going on. She was scared my friend had to go to the hospital. He broke his arm and his legs. He was not allowed to see his Aunt. After that day, he is still my best friend.