Do The Write Thing entry
Fiction
3/5/13

Last week,
A teenage girl
Got beaten by
Her Dad.
They say
It's because the girl
Got home late.
I think it's because
The Dad's got troubles.
I'm not so sure about coming
Home late from school,
Anymore.
I'm not so sure about my Dad,
Anymore.
In the neighborhood,
People are saying that
The parents of the teenage girl
Started fighting a couple
Of hours before the girl got home.
It was about 11:30,
And the neighbors could
Hear them
Shout,
Scream,
Cry,
The neighbors could feel
Their anger.
After the mom went to bed,
After the mom gave up her dignity.
The teenage girl came home,
And it was about 12:40,
And the neighbors,
This time,
Could hear
The poor girl only
Cry,
And barely
Fighting back.
But the Dad,
Shout,
Scream,  
Beat.  
And  
Beat,  
And  
Beat.  
And the only thing they could feel,  
This time,  
Was the immense fear  
Of the teenage girl.  
The immense fear,  
Glowing out of the  
Wrecked home.  
And all that noise  
That they made,  
All the feelings,  
They shouted,  
Everybody could hear them.  
Which is strange  
Because,  
I didn't hear a  
Single thing,  
Being  
Just  
Next  
Door.  
So after I heard the news,  
I decided to go talk to the  
Teenage girl, in the neighborhood park,  
And I said:  
"I want to help you. I'm here for you anytime. And since I want to help you, I am going to take you somewhere better than home, this afternoon."
And so,  
I asked my mom if she could stay with us,  
For a few days  
And my mom said yes.  
The teenage girl  
Stayed with us for  
A few days,  
Until my parents and I  
Took her to a foster home,  
Like I suggested to my parents.  
A foster home,  
Where they would  
Take care  
Of her,
And heal all the
Scars
On her face,
On her heart,
And Let her
Bloom like a
Beautiful flower.