Do The Write Thing Poem
A Fictional Tale

Jermaine Miles, a kid who had money to spend
He didn’t know what he had, till it came to an end
His grades in school were beginning to slack
The boy sold drugs behind his mother’s back
The house phone ranged suddenly, somethings was wrong
Ignored it for a while, but it rang too long
He picked it up and said “hello”
“Your times is up, you have nowhere to go.”
Jermaine look outside of the window at a tint-window car
“C’mon man this is crazy, you’re going to far.”
Jermaine gulped, his throat felt dry
“Please give more time!” He started to cry
“Its been over a year and you don’t have my MONEY.”
Jermaine was shocked, he had no money left
“Please give me more time, this isn’t funny.”
“I’ll give you 20 seconds to go get my money.”
The man on the line hung up and Jermaine rushed upstairs
He ran to his mothers room, his room, he looked everywhere.
1... 2... 3... 4...
He looked under his bed and behind his closet door
5... 6... 7... 8...
Sweat ran down his face, fear in his core
9... 10... 11... 12...
He had nowhere to run, no one to tell
13... 14... 15 too..
Five more seconds and its over for you
16... 17... 18... 19...20
Time was up and he felt as if his world crumbled
There was a knock on the door, with a vibrating rumble
“Jermaine, Jermaine, come open this door.”
It was his mother, scared to the core.
“I called 4 times and you didn’t answer, is everything okay?”
His mother was there off work today
BANG! BANG! came a terrible clack
His mother was dead and she never came back
Now that you know to never do anything violent
If you see something say something and don’t be silent