A Little Girl

Once there was a little girl. She was really sweet and nice, but then she started going to school. She saw all the other kids that were older than her being cool. What she didn’t know was that they weren’t being cool at all. All they were doing were hitting each other and saying mean thing to one other. Even though she see this everyday, she didn’t do anything that was violent. That was until one day she was on the bus with her little sister.

On that day, she saw someone messing with her sister and got mad. So, she did something about it and wasn’t pretty. She yelled and hit the boy that was messing with her sister. They both got in trouble, but she didn’t care. She kept doing bad things because she felt that she was in control. She got so bad that they had to change her school to one where they tried to make their students better. At this new school there were so many violent students that this school couldn’t help her.

The school was so bad that, one day, when her mother came to pick her up early from school this kid was yelling out the window at her. He shouted, "Damn, Mami! You look good. Can you come to my house?" Her mother did tell the school and the boy did get in trouble. Still, these were the kind of things the little girl was learning at her school.

She continued acting badly. She went somewhere for three weeks without going home. Her family thought that she was going to get better, but she got worse than before. She started to yell, slam doors and threaten that she was going to kill everyone and burn the house down. She also called her mother disrespectful words. Her mother tries very hard to change her, but its a struggle. One thing that I do to deal with her is to act like she’s not there when she’s saying bad things about me. Something her mother does is get people to talk to her about her feelings, but she doesn’t want the help. This is one of many violent things that happen in my life. What are some of yours?