

Nightmare

CHAPTER TWO

"So what do you like to do for fun; do you have video games?"

"Yes, I usually play video games by myself because the other children won't come to my house. Sometimes when I go to the park, I get to play with the other children."

"What kind of games or sports do you like to play?"

"I like football games, fighting games, and racing games."

"Which one do you love the most?"

"The fighting game!"

"Why the fighting game?"

"Because I want to know how to fight like that, so the other children don't pick on me."

"Violence is not good," D-dog said.

"It's not violence; it's called defending yourself. Do you know what I hated the most? The time when Dante made me kiss his butt in the bathroom, and the times they spit on me. If I knew how to fight, they wouldn't do that to me. They bother me every day at school."

"All right, I'll teach you how to fight. There's a place I go and practice; I'll bring you with me. But you have to promise me something."

"What is it?"

"Promise me that you will get straight A's. If your grades drop, I will not take you with me anymore."

"What if I get B's?"

"I'll think about it, but right now, I want you to make A's. Do we have a deal?"

"Yes, we have a deal. So when do we start?"

"How about this Saturday?"

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"Yes!" David exclaimed, and he went up and hugged D-Dog and said, "I love you."

"All right, you can let go of me now. People are looking at us; let me go now." He said, and David let go.

"Are you ready to go?" D-Dog asked.

"Ready to go where?"

"I thought you wanted to go to the park to play with the other children."

"No, I want to stay with you. Maybe you can show me the place you're going to teach me how to fight."

"No, you have to wait for Saturday. We can go to the park, or I'll walk you home, and you can play your video games until your grandma comes home."

"You can walk me home, so you will know where I live."

"Are you done with your homework?"

"Yes, I'm ready to go."

"Let's go!"

They got up and left, and D-Dog walked David home. When they arrived, David asked, "Do you want to come in?"

"No, not today, next time."

David opened the door and went in, and D-Dog left. David couldn't wait for Saturday so he could begin training with D-Dog. Grandma came home and called David.

"Yes, Grandma," David said.

"Did you do your homework?"

"Yes!"

"Did you eat the dinner I left you?"

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"Yes, Grandma."

"How was school; did you behave?"

"Yes, Grandma."

"Did you take a bath yet?"

"No, do I have to, Grandma?"

"Yes, when you finish, read a book, and go to bed. I'll be checking on you." About an hour later, she went to his room, and he was reading his book.

"Are you almost done?"

"Yes, Grandma."

Grandma kissed him on the forehead and said, "I love you. Go straight to bed when you finish with your reading." Then she said good night and left. For three weeks, D-Dog taught David how to wrestle and fight. Every day after school, D-Dog took him to a group and let him wrestle with other Children from the ages of seven to eleven years old who were supposed to be insolent. David only lost two fights in the first week and never lost another match again. He started to fight for money, and they bet on him because he never lost. Three months later, David began to become famous. Escape saw him fight one day, and he went up to D-Dog and challenged David to fight his brother. His challenger's name was Bull Dog Escape's little brother, who was eleven years old. He was selling out because he heard David was the best. Escape told D-Dog that his little brother Bull Dog was going to eat David alive. D-Dog said, "Bring it on." They decided to meet in the park on a Saturday. That Saturday, D-Dog, and David went to meet his challenger, and he was waiting. There were a lot of observers there when they got there. The two boys got into the circle and started fighting.

Come to find out; Bull Dog wasn't as strong, so David beat him. Bull-Dog's brother, Escape, pushed David, and D-Dog pushed him back. They started fighting, and D-Dog was beating him. Escape's group pulled them apart. They held on to D-Dog, and Escape pulled out a knife and

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stabbed D-Dog several times, and then they ran. David saw that and was shocked. He ran to D-Dog, who was on the floor, bleeding to death. David cried as he held on to D-Dog and screamed for help until some people came and called 911. By the time the ambulance showed up, D-Dog had died. David was devastated after D-Dog's death. On Monday, he went to school. David was hurt and angry at the world. His best friend was gone, and he would never see him again. David didn't eat breakfast that morning because David was grieving over D-Dog. David had a friend he always hung out. His friend saw him looking down and had never seen him like that before, and he asked him what was wrong. David told his friend that his brother had died on Saturday. His friend looked at him funny and said, "You had a brother?"

"Yeah, I did."

"How come I never saw him with you?"

"You never saw him because he worked a lot and spent most of his time with me after school!"

"Oh!"

"I don't know what I'm going to do without him, because he's the only one that cares for me besides my grandmother." It was lunchtime, and David's friend asked him to go to the cafeteria with him because David had already told him that he didn't want anything to eat. They went, and his friend got his food, and they sat at a table. The boys who always picked on David walked by the table, and one of them pulled a chair out and sat next to David. He patted David's back and said, "You didn't find any leftovers today? Wait, I have an idea. Grab a plate so I can give you some from my stomach." David looked at him and said, "Why don't you go screw your mother?" The boy said, "What did you say? You want me to screw your mother?" David said, "No, moron, listen very slowly since you're slow. I said to go screw your mother." The other children who were listening started laughing, and the boy got mad, so he punched David in the face. David jumped at him and pushed him back, and he fell. David climbed on him and kept on hitting nonstop, and he managed to push

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David off of him. David got up and grabbed a chair, and as the boy stood, David swung the chair at him and caught him in the face, and the boy fell. One of the other boys came and held David from behind, and David stepped on his toes hard. He let go, and David punched him with anger and caught him on the nose, and his nose started bleeding. David grabbed another chair to hit him, but the security guard grabbed David and handcuffed him. The deans showed up, and they called 911 because the other boy was unconscious on the floor. David got suspended from school for two weeks. They were going to expel him, but his friend and some other children stood up for him. About five of them went to the office and said that the boy started the fight. His friend said to the Principal, "Those boys were all beating on David. We were sitting down to have our lunch, and he came to our table and told David to grab a plate so he could throw up so David could eat, and David told him to screw his mother, and he punched David first. It's not fair; David shouldn't get suspended. Those boys are always picking on us and beating us."

The Principal said, "I heard you guys, and I'll think about it. But still, this type of violence is not permitted in school. You guys better get to class before you're all suspended. The office called David's Grandmother and told her to come to the school ASAP while they kept David in the Principal's office until his Grandmother came. She walked in and asked, is my little David all right? The secretary responded by saying, "Yes, he is! Come with me, please." The secretary then took her to the Principal's office. She walked in and saw David sitting there with his head down. The Principal said, "I'm sorry that you had to come to my office. We had a little incident with David. He was in a fight and knocked a student unconscious and gave another a broken nose. His Grandmother looked at him and said, "David! What did you do? Look at me, boy, I'm talking to you."

The Principal said, "Madam, David knocked someone unconscious!" His Grandmother said, "Were you there when it all started?"

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The Principal said, "No."

"So please, would you let him talk?"

"Grandma, I was sitting down with my friend having lunch, and he came to our table. He slapped me on the head and told me to grab a plate so he could throw up in it so I could eat for lunch, and I told him to screw his mother. And he asked if I wanted him to screw my mother, and I said to him that I would say it to him in slow motion since he is slow. The other children heard that, and they were laughing, and he punched me in the face. That's how the fight started."

"What did I tell you about violence?"

"You told me to walk away if someone's bothering me. But Grandma, those boys are always beating me after school; you can ask my friend. The last time I was in the bathroom, he pulled his pants down, and they held me and made me kiss his butt."

David's Grandma sat down and said, "So how come I'm the only one here?"

The Principal said, "Well, I think it's best to meet with the parents separately to avoid arguments. But in any case, if he keeps behaving like that, we will expel him from school."

David got mad and said to the Principal, "I hate you; I hate you all. They're the ones who started everything. They're always picking on me and beating me after school. How come you never suspended them? I was sitting with my friend; they were the ones that came to my table, and I get suspended. Why don't all of you go to hell!"

His Grandmother smacked him and said, "You shut up!" She apologized to the Principal and said, "I promise it won't happen again." She took him home. When they got to the house, Grandmother said, "Come here. You listen to me; don't you ever let this happen again. I don't give a damn if you started it or not. I sent you to school to get an education, and that's what you're going to get. If I have to spend the next nine years beating you, I will, and you don't ever disrespect me or anyone else in front of me like that. Look at me, damn it, when I'm talking to you. I love you. You are not

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only my grandson, but you are also my son; that's why I don't get rid of you. I never dreamed of raising any children at my age, but since it happens to be, you are going to behave yourself, David, and you will graduate high school and go to college before I die. I want you to think hard about what happened, and you will write one thousand words stating that you will never get in trouble again, and you will graduate high school and go to college. You will remain inside the house at all times. You will do your homework and clean the house. Now go to your room and don't come out until I ask you to." David was mad, and he went to his room and didn't come out for the rest of the day.