

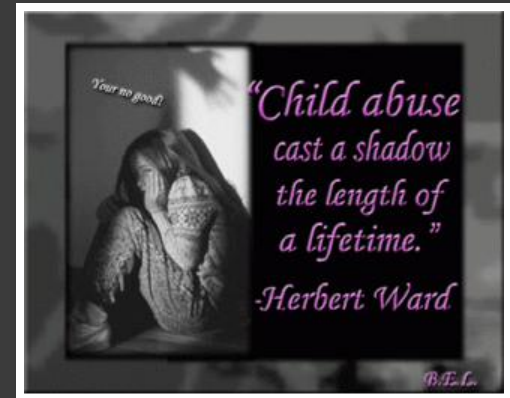
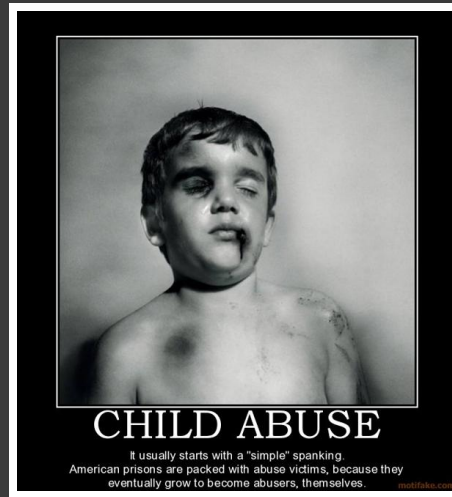


HE HIT ME!!

By: Jessica Knox
English 2010
March 30, 2015



It is a day I will never forget. I was twelve years old and half way through the sixth grade. My best friend at the time was a boy that lived across the street from me. We were in the same class and walked to school together every day .That morning he came to my house to pick me up just as he had always done, except today he was different. I asked him what was wrong with him. "Nothing" he said. However, I could see that there was something so I pushed on telling him I was not going to stop until he told me. He sat down right there on the sidewalk and started to cry. He told me how if anyone found out that he had told me it was going to be bad. I had never seen my friend cry before and it was scaring me.



1 OUT OF 7 CHILDREN ARE ABUSED



"He hit me, my dad hit me and I think I am hurt," he said. "How are you hurt? Where are you hurt? Show me!" I said. He stood up, turned his back to me, and lifted his shirt. He had been beaten badly. His back was covered in welts and bruises. He had open wounds all over his back and small amounts of blood were still seeping from many of them. He immediately started telling me how I could not tell anyone. This had to be my best-kept secret because if his dad found out he had told then it would be ten times worse when he got home. I swore right there that I would never tell a soul.



That day at school, I watched how he could not move without grimacing in pain. We did not play at recess, he could not run, or climb, or even swing without feeling the pain his father had inflicted upon him. After school, we walked home in silence both realizing what he had to go home to. Right before we rounded to corner to home he stopped and looked at me, he said "promise again, promise you won't tell anyone". "I promise," I said. Then we both went home. .

As soon as I was in my house, I started to cry. My mom came running to me thinking that I was hurt asking me what was wrong and why was I crying. "I cannot tell you," I said. My mom was not going to let me get away with that answer. She kept at it and did not leave my side until I had broken down and told the secret I swore I would not. She immediately called the police. "We have to protect him, and this is the only way I know how," she said. Not long after the call, the police were across the street gathering up my friend and his three sisters. They placed them in one cop car while they placed their father in hand cuffs and put him in another car. The whole time I was peeking out my window and could see my friends tear streaked face look back at me.



