

Other Essays from Youth in Care
(Names have been changed to protect identities)

The Drunken Couple From the Eye of a Child

Denise H. Age 15

Why? Mother Why? You were so good and truthful to your children. This man who is he? Who does he think he is? He is full of jeopardy and danger. Why him? He is not fond of you, obviously. Why did you let him put your children in this despicable situation? You and only you ran back every time. Why?

These are the unspoken questions that knock at my head as I sit here in my new home. I lay beside the window taking myself back to the start of a new relationship between two adults and three children who tried to get close to each other, but at the end it never worked out.

This man wanders in my head. He is dangerous, a heartbreaker. He is everything a woman doesn't want, a nightmare that should not be walking the thin line between love and hate. He has been to hell and is nothing but hell in my life. Why is he so much into my life?

I lie on the windowsill crying inside with worries about how my life will go. I take myself all the way back to the day he walked into our life.

It was one year ago. My mother showed up at the apartment one day with this horrible-looking man. He was very polite for the first three months of their dating. The fourth month was about the time they both started drinking constantly every weekend. I hated it. He got busted for drugs and went to jail. My sister and I had to live with my step aunt because the state thought that we were in danger. My aunt gave us weekends to spend the night with my mother. One weekend we went over there stayed longer than we were allowed. I called my step aunt and told her to come and get us if she wanted us to come back. She told me that we needed to come over there and get all of our belongings because we were going back home. I was so excited! That excitement dropped after three days because my mom told me that she had to go get him from the jail. She should have left him alone, but she had some kind of blind love for him.

He walked in the door all ragged up. I knew from a feeling in my stomach, and the way he looked. I knew from a feeling in my stomach, and the way he looked, he wasn't the same. He wasn't anything nice. From that point on, this man acted like someone died and made him king. On New Year's Eve my mother, him, and a couple of friends got drunk. My mother's friends left; I thought they would stop drinking, but they didn't. I was in the kitchen, and he told me to turn the light out while I was in there. I told him that it was stupid to turn the light out while I am trying to look for something, and that I didn't have to listen to a man who was stuck up on himself. He walked his lanky self in the kitchen

and busted the bulb with his hand. I got angry and scared at the same time. I knew right then he was mad at the top. My mother came to him and told him to stop acting like that and fix the bulb. He turned around and punched her to the floor. My two sisters ran back to the room, I grabbed a knife and stabbed him in his left shoulder. He yelled in anger. He got a towel, headed to the room, and passed out on the bed.

The next morning my mother woke all her children up, and we rode out of there. My aunt tried to help her, but as soon as that man got out of jail for harassment she went back. He beat her around ten more times, until she realized she made a very big mistake that had changed her life forever.

My sisters and I are now split apart. I have been to four different places before the year was over. My sisters live together. I live with a woman I have only known for seven months. I get to see my mother and my sisters every other Friday from 12:00 to 2:00p.m.

So it seems that I am okay. My mother doesn't drink anymore. I haven't seen "Gerald" since the last time he beat her. My younger sister is still the bad brat, and the older sister, is still the sweet thing.

I guess the Drunken Couple would have never thought the relationship that started out so fine could turn out to such a lifetime full of sadness. No one thought it would end like this. I know that I have taken care of it by not letting it bother with my grades or my emotions, so I can be successful.

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Have You Ever Been A Foster Child?

Mark Davis Age 15

Have you ever been a foster child? Well, I am and I will give you some tips to follow if you can. First, you must trust your foster parents as if they were your biological parents. The second thing you must do is obey your foster parents and do as you're told. Next you must do what your DHR worker says, because they are there to help you. The fourth thing you must know is who's on your side, like your state worker, foster parents and agency worker. It is good to have someone who comes by each week and checks on you. So, listen to your foster parents and respect those who are older than you, because they can tell you some things that will help you in life.

Think about all the things your biological parents did for you and realize that if your foster parents did not love you they would not have taken you into their homes, Some foster children are young and may not understand why they are foster children but the older kids understand.

When your foster parents tell you to do something, do it, and do not get angry because they are just trying to help you out in life. And do not argue with them because you will never win an argument. If you are grounded for doing something you know you should

not have done don't complain because that might give you more punishment time. And don't go back and do the things you got in trouble for in the first place.

There are more people you should know; one is your DHR worker. This is the person that places you in a new home and helps you when you are in trouble. Do not forget who is on your side because in times of trouble they are there to help. They also do fun things with you and take you fun places. I remember when my DHR worker took my brothers and me to the park and out to eat. Listen to these people because they can teach you things that will help you in the real world. They teach foster children these things so that their own family won't have to suffer.