

## Chapter Four

### Madness or Attempt of Murder

One spring day, I enjoyed the weather but I needed to eat and drink something. I went to the house and opened the house door and went in. Then I went upstairs and asked my mother “Can I have a green apple and apple juice?”, and she said, “Of course, just don’t drink or eat all of it.” I looked at her and said, “I won’t, believe me, I won’t.”

After getting approval from mom, I headed downstairs to the kitchen and grabbed an apple. Soon as I grabbed it, I heard, “Don’t you even dare take that green apple!” I looked and it was my brother, Christopher as he walked into the kitchen. I looked at Chris and said, “But mom said I could!”, and I grabbed it anyway because there was at least 5 green apples there in the refridgerator. I got up from being on the ground and soon as I did, I felt a pain in my back and it caused me to drop the apple. The pain was caused by something very sharp and long. I asked, “Chris, why did you...” I couldn’t finish the question because I was bleeding and I was in pain. I showed my mother what Chris did and she got furious and told me to use cold water and sit in the tub for an hour and a half.

She called my father who was at work at the time and my father basically said to mom, “I didn’t see it happen so Chris did no wrong.” I heard the anger in her voice from the bathroom while she was in the bedroom. I woke up the next day unsure of why all this was happening to me. I refused to eat for two to three days, maybe four because of that incident. The more madness that happened, the more that I had anger built up inside. “There has to be a reason for all this, THERE HAS TO BE!” I said inside my head. I was so mad at my family that I left the house and decided to go to a park that was less chaotic but not before taking what I needed.

While walking to the park, I saw a lot of stars. When I got to the park, I laid on the grass looking at the stars. I started to tear up and then I asked out loud, “Please God, if you are really there; please help me as I am going through major pain. Please show me a sign of some sort.” I continued to lay in the grass crying because I hated my life.

A few weeks later however, I was back home and had to use the q-tips. I threw them away and then just before I left the bathroom, something told me to check the trash can. I went to the trash can and saw a cross that the q-tips formed. Suddenly, I started to cry quietly while smiling because I knew that God has heard my cries. I was very happy and shocked at the same time.