

## A Hole in the Head

By Sara Bloomberg

When my Mom, Ruth, was about ten years old, she knew a very mean boy named Ronny Lux. He lived near her and would pick on her and others either at school or in her neighborhood. One day, when she was outside in her front lawn, she saw Ronny hit a little girl who lived in her neighborhood right across the street. He had always been so mean but hitting a little kid had crossed the line. Mom got so mad that before she knew what she was doing, she picked up a rock and threw it at his head! This startled him, so he did nothing for a second. Then he realized his head was starting to bleed and he ran home crying. After she had done this, Mom, being the “good girl” she was, instantly felt terribly guilty. She slowly walked through her front door, and before she could even say anything her mom asked “What’s wrong?”

Mom replied, “Nothing.” Her mom just stood there looking at her. I don’t think Mom was a very good liar.

“Okay, I saw Ronny hit little Janet from across the street. I got mad and threw a rock at his head and now there’s a hole in his head and he’s bleeding!” Mom spat out. Her mom didn’t lecture her because of how guilty she already felt. Just then, Ronny and his father came to their house. Ronny’s dad was kind of a big man and scared my mom a little.

He had his arm around Ronny and angrily said, “Your daughter hit my son and now because of her I have to bring Ronny to the hospital!”

“I am really sorry,” her mom apologized. “I will pay the hospital bill for him.” She still didn’t punish Mom because she knew Mom knew what she had done was wrong and would never do it again. Ronny was fine, he just needed stitches, but my mom will never forget that day she threw a rock at Ronny Lux. In fact, the very next day she went to Sunday school and told everyone there that the reason Ronny wasn’t at Sunday school was because she’d hit him in the head with a rock. Apparently nobody really liked Ronny because no one seemed to care about him. They did think it was cool that she’d hit him in the head with a rock, though.

Mom no longer throws rocks at people she’s mad at. She told me, “I now prefer to talk to people when they do something I don’t think is right. I never have to feel guilty, it helps the other person learn, and I don’t have to pay any hospital bills.”