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# Do the Write Thing Essay, 2015

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## Growing Up In Violence

Violence is not something a person can run away from. More or less it's an everyday struggle people either deal with or try to deny. Violence in exact terms means behavior involving physical force intended to hurt, damage, or kill something. Really no one actually has the precise meaning in their head when people bring up violence, but what everyone does have is memory and personal experience. To me when I hear violence I think about my childhood. I grew up in so much violence it's always hard not to think about childhood.

I was raised up with my mother in Vermont. It was constantly cold and the nights seemed like years. My mother and father got divorced when I was about two years young because my mom started to show her true colors. Her sickness had taken a toll for the worst. Soon after the divorce my mother was taken to the hospital. The doctors didn't know what was wrong with her and kept sending her back home. The issue with this was I lived alone with my mother miles from help and we had no phone service to call for help if needed. I was around seven at this time.

Even if doctors couldn't exactly diagnose what was happening with her, my whole family knew there was something wrong, mentally wrong. I would come home from school scared not knowing what I would see when I walk through my front door. Nervous for what I was going to encounter next. Some days she would be completely normal and have dinner cooked for me when I got home and help me on my home work. Other days she would throw me on the floor or drag me upstairs put me in my bed and pour ice water on me. She would tell me how bad things were going to happen and how she didn't love me. One day I remember coming home and she was saying how there were witches calling me and how she had to dump cat liter in the toilet for them to stop. This just goes to show how scary violence can be, verbal or physical.

Once again my mother was back in the hospital. This time doctors had a good feeling they were coming close to a diagnosis. Three months later doctors knew.. my very own mami has a mental illness called Schizophrenia. This is a brain disorder in which people interpret reality abnormally. I was both relieved but upset. I had no idea what the future would hold.

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All over the world children are being abused or miss treated due to mentally challenged parents. Doing nothing won't help though. We all have a say in what happens in this world and if we work together everyone as a whole can make a change. Also every penny counts, you can donate to your local mental hospital for further research on illnesses. The simplest things can make the biggest impact on someone's life. Violence comes in all different forms from abuse, gangs, drugs, family or pretty much anything but with your help we can put an end to this.