

**An excerpt from *Seeking Diversity: Language Arts
With Adolescents* by Linda Rief**

(Untitled)
by Scott

It was a cold and rainy day. Maybe this was the reason that I wanted to stay home. I knew that school would be the usual drag, so I said I was sick. With that simple remark, my mother believed me. (I am a very trustworthy kind of a boy.)

I went back to bed while my mom got ready for school. (She's a teacher.) Before she left my mom called our neighbors just in case I had to call anyone while she was gone. They told her that someone had attempted to rob their house while they were away the weekend before. When my mom heard this, she decided it would be better for my general welfare if she stayed home. I only wish she had told me!

I woke up at 11:30. I listened to the radio for a while and then headed for the bathroom. On the way back from the bathroom, I swore that I heard the clanging of dishes. I didn't think much of it until I heard a cabinet door opening and closing. I WAS SCARED!

I flipped up my mattress in case the robber had a gun. Then I dialed 0. "Hello, get me the police."

"Hold on, dear, I'll patch you through," said the operator.

"Please hurry, I replied.

"Hello, State Police Headquarters," a high, scratchy voice said. "Can you hold please?"

"NO!" I whispered, so the robber couldn't hear me. Elevator music kicked in. I couldn't believe it. Someone was robbing my house and the #\$\$%^& police had put me on hold. I was real glad my parents had paid their taxes.

"Hello," a deep voice said.

"Someone is robbing my house," I said with tears in my eyes.

"Son, where do you live?" the voice asked. I gave the man directions.

"Son, we'll have a squad car over there in a few minutes, 'til then, just keep talking to me."

Seconds, minutes, they all seemed like hours passing by. What the policeman said next really scared me. "Son we can't seem to find your house." But that didn't matter.

"Sir, sir, he's coming up the stairs," I mumbled.

"Who is son?" the officer asked.

"The r-r-robber," I managed to squeeze out. "Click! the latch of my door lifted. My very short life passed before my eyes. I saw the first fish I caught. The time I got the toilet seat caught on my head. The door OPENED, and in walked my MOM.