

# A Teenz Point of View

## Punish Me

by Candy Lott

Sounds stupid huh? Coming out of the mouth of a 15 yr old that probably seems like the dumbest thing a teen can say. To me it isn't. That is what I need, and that is what my mom should know to do. After all, she is my mother. But I guess she doesn't.

Lying in my bed I try to cover my face and ears with a pillow to minimize the noise from downstairs. She knows we have to go to school tomorrow, so why would she entertain her friends on a school night? Why would they be listening to the oldies on a Wednesday night? I know the words by heart. She and her friends call them the "oldies but goodies" and every other song you here one of them scream, "that's my song". This goes on until 2 am; the drinking and smoking, fussing and fighting. Why can't you be a mom and do what other mothers do? Care enough about your children to help us with our homework. Be patient with us when we can't pronounce a word correctly instead of yelling and wanting to beat our brains out. Make us a good dinner, talk to us, PUNISH US. That's what we need. We need discipline.

I would never admit to my friends or even my cousins, but that's what we need. When my friends' parents put *them* on punishment and they complain, all I can say silently is, "You are so lucky. At least they care about you." If I told them how I really felt they would joke me and make fun of me. Imagine if I told them I like it when my mom punishes me. They would look at me like I had 4 heads. When I get in trouble I get excited in secret. My heart beats fast. I am on punishment! It may seem strange, but to me that was a sign that she cared. Deep down I am saying "YES, my mom cares about me enough to teach me right from wrong. She doesn't want me to have a child in my teens. She doesn't want me to be a statistic. She actually loves me". This is what I would think. But that only lasts long enough for her man to come over and then she wants me out of her face. The punishment didn't last too long. She looks at me and says "Don't you want to ride your bike?" Then I can go outside for as long as I want to get out of their way. Sometimes I would get on my bike, ride to the creek and just sit there and wonder. "*Does she like him better than me?*" If I had enough guts I would yell at her and say "Mom - Take us to church, we want to know who God is."

I see the other families get ready every Sunday and go to church and I want to go too. "Put your foot down. No, I don't want you to let me drink a cooler or smoke a blunt with you. I want you to be a mother."

I will do these things because I am a teenager and don't know any better, but I really don't want this. My spirit screams, "Help Me!" Deep down I need structure. I only go along with it because you allow it. But what I really want you to do is teach me how to love myself so I don't look for love in a boy or in a man. I don't want to find love in all the wrong places. Teach me that the only free thing in life is education. Drill it in my head that school is important before I drop out. Punish me so I don't become a statistic. Punish me until I get it right. Don't give up on me; don't let me give up on myself. I don't know these things; I just act like I do. My sprit continuously cries out "*Help Me!*" I assumed that parents automatically know all these things, but I never stopped to think that you were just a kid when you had me. You really don't know these things. They were never taught so you can't teach them to me. Because we are so close in age we are growing up together...the blind leading the blind.

And now look at me, a statistic 5 months pregnant at 16. Will the cycle ever end??? "*Help Me!*"