



## Extracts

\_\_\_\_\_ There were always arguments in my house between me and my parents because things got so bad in our family. \_\_\_\_\_ I got home late at night on purpose after my parents told me I had to be in by nine. This was too early for me and so I stayed out as late as possible because I was always being blamed for everything. \_\_\_\_\_ We had an argument as soon as I came in because they were waiting for me in the hall – ready to go. I had turned off my mobile so that made it even worse. \_\_\_\_\_ “Get to your room!” was shouted at me. So I started to climb the stairs to get to my room so that I could have a break from their voices, which were really starting to get on my nerves. \_\_\_\_\_ They were why I stayed out so late because they were always nagging me to get more work done and to sort out my room. But I could not relax at all because my mum was soon at the door shouting, “Why do you do this to us? Why don’t you just have a thought for other people instead of yourself? You are just selfish and don’t care about others. How do you think we feel? Didn’t you think we were worried?” She never stopped. \_\_\_\_\_ I suppose most people would say that I should have changed and not argued so much with them. \_\_\_\_\_ .

I didn’t even really look at them but just stood there.

It was happening just the same like it happened every day.

Life can be extremely boring at home when you are struggling with teenage emotions.

Then I banged the door and threw my boots in the corner before jumping on the bed.

The problem with most parents is that they hate what you have become but blame you instead of themselves.

My dad let her finish and then he joined in with what he had to say.

What they did not realise, of course, was that I really enjoyed the conflict - it amused me to see their distress.

I had been talking to mates all night which was much more fun than being at home.

They nagged me about lots of other things as well such as helping round the house and cleaning the car.

It was about this point in the drama played out every night that my gran was mentioned, “What would your gran think if she could see you now?” – and there it was – so predictable.

It was so boring because it happened every time I came in late.

It went on and on as usual and I just stood there and listened to it all go on and on.

The problem is that I have a wicked streak and they were just puppets in the game I played inside my head.



We were always arguing and arguing so that we never really talked to each other unless we were arguing about something or other.

I didn't get much chance to say a lot because of all the shouting in my ears.

There was a moment when I felt a twinge of pity for them – but then I remembered my role was to play 'the ungrateful son' and it disappeared from my conscience.

It went on for so long I stopped listening.

Lack of immediate access to me always winded them up even more and added to the fun.

The arguments happened more and more and the shouting got louder.