~ The Aggressive Neighbor~

By: Giovanna Glavan

The neighborhood kids and I were playing in front of some guy's house. We weren’t causing harm or drama. The guy and his friends started playing some country music. We liked it so we started clapping. They yelled from inside the gate for us to shut up. We did for a little while. Then we came back and played some more, but I guess they had just wanted us to just go somewhere else and we just didn’t know. 

A few of the kids that were with us started peeking under their gate and yelling random things on purpose. To be honest I did yell, “I like Skittles,” but I only did it once.

One of the older guys swung the gate open and we ran. He didn’t see us, but he still yelled shut up.

We went back over. Me and two of the kids went over further away from his house, but the kids who didn’t come further with us started screaming and yelling on purpose. The second youngest banged on the gate with a large branch.

One of the men swung the gate open into the kid that was right there, so we all started running. I was 9 at the time and the others were 10 except for the youngest and the second youngest; she was 7 and he was 6. I stayed with the almost eleven year old and the seven year old stayed with the other ten year old. The 6 year old stayed with them too.

The eleven year old and I were about to walk around the corner when we saw that the man had found the other kids and was screaming at them .The eleven year old darted towards the others as they ran to the house.

I was too scared to run, so I hid in the bushes. When I thought it was safe, I came out. When I darted toward the almost ten year old’s house, they were already coming out with her mom. I joined them. The mom was walking ahead of us going toward the guys house.

An older guy in his 50’s or 60’s came out with his sons, one had black hair, one had brown, and there was another one too, but he wasn’t a really big part in this incident.

The son with the black hair started cursing at us, and the one with the brown hair just stared at him in shock. The older guy was yelling at the almost ten year old’s mom that he was going to send us to child services and make us orphans, or maybe that was just his plan. Of course her mom, aka our defender, yelled to him to not talk about us like that, but it's not like he cared.

The guy with the brown hair apologized to her mom when the others went inside. The guy with the brown hair said he was very shocked that the others did that, but we weren't letting it go that easily. The youngest suddenly brought up on the way back to the house that the guy had grabbed his arm really hard, so we called the police.

The police came at night. The police had to talk to all of us. I also mentioned that the older guy had pointed at me and said he knew my dad. He didn’t but he thought he did because the man who lives behind him looks like me.

The police said that they couldn’t arrest him if nobody saw him actually grab the youngest’s arm. The police went to his house and he denied the fact that he grabbed the youngest’s arm.

The police left and we all went inside. The parents of the almost eleven year old and the seven year old came to our house to let us know that the girls were grounded.

That man and his sons continued to do bad things to us. For example, he barged into one of the kids' patio and started harassing them. He has moved away but his sons come to the neighborhood for no reason.