

## **Dictation 12-13-04**

All the guys went home, and of course I had to write “I must not be disrespectful in church” five hundred times. I did not get through until seven o’clock. After the sun went behind the peaks, there was no light except the street lamps. I was scared and lonesome. When I finished, I put the papers on the teacher’s desk and went home. My old man was waiting when I got there. He knew all about it. He made a run for me as soon as I got in the house, but I did not cry or anything. I took it like a real guy. I knew he was my father, and he would stop hitting before he hurt me too seriously. He kept saying he was going to kill me, but he is my father, and he does not scare me with that stuff.