ARISE TEEN ANGER DANGER:

50+ Anger Stories with Real-Life Consequences

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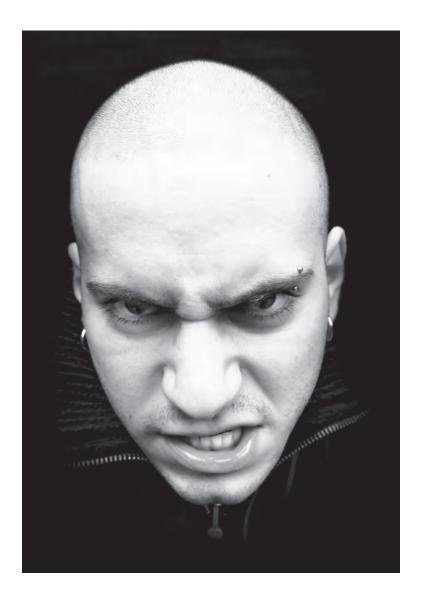
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EDMUND AND SUSAN BENSON, FOUNDERS

ARISE TEEN ANGER DANGER: 50+ ANGER STORIES WITH REAL-LIFE CONSEQUENCES

PART ONE



ANIMAL ATTACK

"Doctor! How is he?"

"He lost a lot of blood, but your friend will survive. The dog punctured an artery in his neck, so he's lucky he didn't die. I'm sorry to say there was nothing we could do about his right eye. Do you mind telling me what happened, DeAngelo?"

DeAngelo smiled weakly. His eyes darted around the emergency waiting room as he tried to hide his embarrassment.

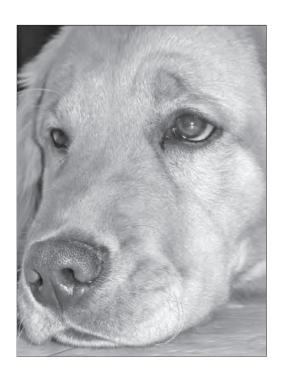
"Tremaine's dog attacked him."
The doctor looked surprised.
"Why would his own dog do
that?"

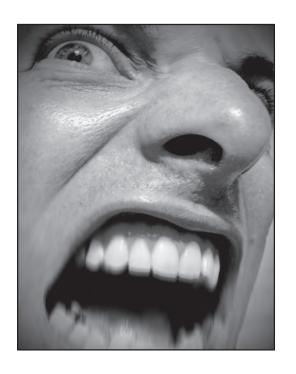
"You need to know that Tremaine's dog, Pork Chop, is a great dog. He's always so friendly! This should never have happened."

The doctor narrowed his eyes. He knew there was something important that DeAngelo wasn't telling him.

DeAngelo swallowed hard and said, "Tremaine kicked Pork Chop." "Oh," said the doctor.

"Tremaine has a really nasty temper," DeAngelo admitted quietly.





"He punches walls and gets into fights a lot, usually over stupid things. Tonight, we were watching a baseball game and Tremaine got upset over a bad call. He started yelling and throwing stuff at the television. Then Pork Chop started barking and Tremaine told him to shut up. When Pork Chop didn't, Tremaine kicked him in the side."

"And then?" the doctor asked.

"Pork Chop jumped on him and started biting his face."

The doctor frowned. "You know that dogs don't normally do that, right? Would I be wrong to assume this wasn't the first time Tremaine hit his dog?" "No."

"What's going to happen to the dog?"

DeAngelo lowered his head in shame. "He has to be put down. The city says he's a dangerous animal."

The doctor patted DeAngelo on the shoulder and smiled, but his words weren't comforting. "Good thing they don't put down humans the way they put down dogs, eh?"

DeAngelo had no answer for that question.



Bethan Hazell

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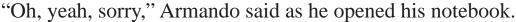
What did the doctor mean when he said, "Good thing they don't put down umans the way they put dogs down?"					

THE PROM DATE

Armando watched Gabriela from afar at lunch. She was eating with all her pretty friends. It would be a terrible time to go up to her. He was too nervous. He would have to wait. He finished his sandwich and the bell rang for next period.

Armando partnered up with Alan during biology class. They were dissecting a frog and Alan was doing all the work. Armando just sat there and stared into space.

"Hey," Alan said, "are you going to help me or what? If I'm pulling the guts out, you need to take notes and do the drawings."



"So, did you ask Gabriela yet? Prom is only a week away. Everyone has a date. Well, except for you and Gabriela. Who knows? Maybe she's waiting for you," Alan said.

Armando frowned. "I keep chickening out. I've never actually talked to her."

"I'm going to tell you something. You didn't hear it from me. She likes you. My girlfriend told me. It's a fact. You can do no wrong, my friend. Just ask her, you'll see."

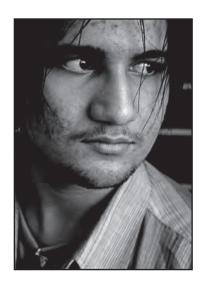
Armando smiled. "Thanks. I will."

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It was raining heavily at the end of the day, so Armando went to the school's newspaper office to write an article that was due soon. An hour later, just as he was about to save his work on the computer, there was a power failure and Armando lost his article. He stared at the computer screen. He was speechless at first, but his anger rose as the seconds ticked away and then he yelled, "NO!"

His article was gone. He would have to start all over again. Armando sprang to his feet and slammed his fist on the desk. "NO!"





He was so angry he wanted to smash the computer, but instead he decided to walk up and down the hallway and cool off. The hallway was dark without electricity, so he just stood in one place and fumed.

"I'll be late turning in the article," he muttered to himself. "I don't want to rewrite the article! I won't. It's not my fault the power went out."

Ten minutes later, the power came back on and the hallway lit up. Armando was still angry, and he took his frustration out on the first thing he saw: a metal garbage can. He kicked it as hard as he could.

Then he saw Gabriela.

She was sitting on the hallway floor, painting a banner for the prom. Like Armando, she had been forced to stop what she was doing while the power was out. The garbage can was heading right for her.

Armando watched Gabriela look up and gasp. There was nothing he could do. It was like a slow motion dream—a nightmare, really.

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The garbage can struck

Gabriela and slammed to the ground next to her. She fell back and cried out in pain. Her friends rushed over as Armando stared.

Gabriela cried softly. Her face was a mess. There was blood all over the floor. Then things got worse.

She looked at Armando. She knew he had done it. She looked at him accusingly as her friends hurried her to the nurse's office.

Armando thought about running after Gabriela to apologize, to beg for forgiveness, to make sure she was all right, but he didn't. He felt too ashamed. Instead, he went back into the newspaper office and he stared at the computer. He began to rewrite the article. Tomorrow, he would apologize to Gabriela.

He would right one wrong at a time.