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klottie1 PM. Follow. Favorite joined 03-28-12. id: 3860582 Favorite Stories 362Favorite Authors 50 Adam wrote just 25 lines painstakingly slowly when his inner, repressed so far, teenage self reared his ugly head. 'That's what I had. I'm not going to stay here for hours writing lines like some damn 10-year-old. What the hell does Dad think he's doing? I'm 18 years old, for God's sake; I'm a man, not a cursed child! Sigh.' 'I'm tired of being treated like a boy one minute and a man in another. After all, I'm man enough to look after my two younger brothers and the damn ranch whenever Dad wants to leave on business, but when dad comes back to treat me like a boy again.' Adam stopped writing completely and hit the table with a pencil so hard it snapped in two. Ben looked from his paper to the noise, trouble son? I do! I'm done. I'm not going to sit here and write lines like some damn kid anymore. I'm 18! I'm a man, not a little kid, and I'm tired of every time you come back to treat me like a boy. If I'm man enough to look after my brothers and ranch while you're away then I'm man enough to treat me like one all the time. Adam spit in full teen tantrum mode. Both younger boys stared in disbelief at their older brother's actions. Hoss, what's Adam doing? He asked Little Joe, whispering across the table. Hoss looked over his little brother and shrugged: I have no idea, Joe. But he seems to have lost his mind. Dad's not going to make any tantrums. Hoss whispered in response. Both boys gave their eyes back to their older brother, waiting for their father's reactions. That's when Ben reacted. Ben nailed the paper to the coffee table and got up on his feet. Turning around he put his hands on his hips and flashed at his eldest, who was still sitting at the dining table. I suggest you curb that temperament of your young man before I make you. I told you I wasn't discussing punishment with you. The options I gave you earlier are the only ones you'll get, Ben retorted in a barely controlled voice. Now, if you'd rather we had an argument in the barn, then you're marching there alone and I'll be joining you soon. no. I don't write lines, and I don't go to the barn, you're not fair. I didn't shirk my responsibilities this morning. I asked my brother to look after his little brother for a moment. It's not a crime, and even when Hoss stepped down, it's not like Little Joe ran away, he sat on the ground with his friends. Adam said haughtily. Be quiet! Now listen to me young man. I think you're forgetting who's in charge here. I'm Dad and I'm the one making the rules here. All three of you disobeyed me, and you know it. Your younger brothers have accepted that they made a mistake and accept theirs. And so will you. Adam stood up and flashed to his father: They may be, but they're still children, I'm not. He was yelling. You're my child, Adam, and you're going to do what I damn well say! Ben was screaming. NOW YOU CAN MARCH TO THE BARN AND WAIT FOR ME. AND THAT'S NOT A SUGGESTION. GET IT! Adam threw up his hands: You see that's exactly what I mean, treating me like a child instead of a man. You wouldn't do that to one of the ranches. Men don't get sent to the barn to talk to their fathers... ADAM STODDARD CARTWRIGHT! I'M SICK OF THIS! HOW DARE YOU DEFY ME IN MY HOUSE AND IN FRONT OF YOUR BROTHERS! GO OUT TO THE BARN NOW, BEFORE I BARE YOU HERE AND DRAG YOU TO THE BARN FOR THE REST! Bellowed Ben, his hands are already going on the buckle belt. Adam clenched his teeth and fists, realizing that arguing in front of his brothers doesn't mean he looks mature. Unfortunately, his teenage temperament was still in full flow. He threw his father a fierce resushing before stomping on the room. Opening the front door; He went through it and locked him up. Well, I'm not letting him smass me, that's damn safe.' Adam flew across the yard into the barn. 'Fuck! I'm going into town for a drink. That's what men do when they're angry, drinking, angry about it and getting into a fight, but they wouldn't be doomed to write sentences about running away from responsibility. I didn't avoid anything; I just asked Hoss to keep an eye on Joe for a while. It's not like we were anywhere insecure and Hoss is old enough.' Adam grabbed his saddle and hit him across Sports back, tightening the straps under his stomach as he continued to physically hinge. So much for hoping dad would calm down and be in a better mood after meeting friends at church. Well, I'm not going to let that take your bad mood on me anymore. I'll go into town and when I get back maybe he'd calm down enough to listen to me.' Adam finished the last buckle on the saddle straps and, then grabbing Sport's sidings he took him out of the barn. He put his foot in the crowd and dragged himself in. He just swung his other foot over the saddle when Ben left the house. Ben stood in the main room in disbelief. I just don't know what's got into this young man lately, how dare he defy me. So much for that! Before Ben followed his eldest to the barn, he looked at the dining table until the sound of clapping pencils on paper was noticeable. He saw both younger boys staring at him. Did I tell you you could stop writing? he asked sharply as he stared at them, challenging one of them to challenge him as well. Do any of you want to join your brother in the barn? Hoss quickly shook his head: No, sir. I'll take the lines, Dad, said bending his face down and starting to write. What about you, Joseph? Ben asked. Little Joe jumped into his chair to Ben's stern words: No Dad! I'm sorry, please don't slap me. Then you'd better get back to writing, son. While I go and find out what went into your brother. Yes sir, I will, squeaked Little Joe, trying very hard to hold back the tears that were forming in his eyes. Ben stormed across the room and opened the door, stepped in and closed it hard. AND WHERE THE HELL DO YOU THINK YOU'RE GOING AS A YOUNG MAN? Ben shouted so loud you could hear it inside the house. I'm going into town for a drink, Dad. At least they treat me like a man there! Adam snapped. OH NO, YOU'RE NOT! ADAM STODDARD CARTWRIGHT YOU'RE GOING TO STOP THIS TEENAGE TANTRUM RIGHT NOW! GET OFF THAT HORSE OR I PROMISE YOU YOU WON'T LIKE THE CONSEQUENCES. Ben's furious face raged with rage and that was almost enough to break Adam's resolve, but then his Cartwright temper rose on its own. no. I go into town, because that's what men do when they're angry. They go drinking and talk to their friends. See you later, Dad, and Adam kicked his heels into Sport's hips and ran off him from the yard. Ben stood in the middle of the yard in shock: 'What the hell happened here? Did my eldest son just lose his damn mind? Inside the house... Little Joe stopped writing when he heard Ben yelling and, siding from the table, ran to Hoss and climbed up to his brother's lap. Hoss, I'm afraid. Dad's really mad, isn't he? yes, it's Joe, and I'm a little scared, too. Adam must have, so. Said Hoss as he hugged the little boy tightly. Little Joe snuck into his brother's chest and whispered, I'm scared for Adam, Hoss. He's going to get it now, isn't he? Dad's not going to hurt Adam, is he? He sobbed. There's no Joe. Why would you think that little brother, Dad's not like that? Because..... sniffing, sniffing, him... Sounds.... Really..... Crazy.... Sobbed little Joe. Adam and Ben's shouts could be clearly heard throughout the house. Hoss hugged Little Joe tightly and kissed him on top of his head: Don't worry, Joe. I don't know what got into our older brothers' heads today, so angry and defying him. He'll be really sorry after Dad's done with him, but Dad's not going to do anything but give him a seat belt. Adam just needed to shut up and accept the lyrics. Writing lines is better than having a sore buttocks any day. In the yard... Ben stormed into the barn determined to saddle Buck, ride after his son and hide him from his life; along the road if necessary. Just after Ben reached the barn, three men ran out of the bunk house into the courtyard. Jake, go to the house and get the two younger boys and take them to the house upstairs. Keep them there and occupy them with a game of cards or something. Make sure little Joe rests though; He still needs to rest. Carl, you and I are going to go and find Mr. Carl. I may need help to stop him from doing something he'll regret, Bill said. Yes sir, Jake said as he fled towards the house. There was a knock at the front door and then it opened and Jake stuck his head in, Hoss, Joe, you need to come with me right now. Sorry Jake, we can't go anywhere. Dad's going to freak out if we leave the house, we should write a text. yes, well, Bill sent me to pick you up and told me to take you to the bunk house for a while, Jake said, walking in and walking toward the table. Come on, Joe, let me carry you there, he said gently trying to get the younger boy out of his brothers' arms. no! I want Hoss to carry me, Mr. Jake? Little Joe pleaded. Okay, but you need to get here fast. Hoss bring your brother and mind step off the porch, said Jake, leading the way. Back out... Ben had just lifted the saddle from the saddle stand, when the barn door opened and Bill and Carl were standing there. I'm sorry, Mr Cartwright, Carl started it, but Bill was holding his hand, let me deal with this Carl. Bill got close to Ben and put his hand on his hand. Ben, his Bill. You can't go after him, he said gently so as not to adhere the angry man in front of him. Ben looked at the touch, I gotta bill. Didn't you see what happened? Adam defied me not once, but several times! Yes, I've seen it. Ben. And believe me, the whole ranch heard. That's why you can't go to an old friend. First, Adam is obviously a very angry young man, and you're a very, very angry father. Nothing good will come of going after him now... I can't let him defy me like that, Bill. I just can't. BenSigh interrupted: I know you can't follow Ben, but if you follow Adam into town right now, things are going to get worse. Adam will see it while you're still treating him like a child and you'll both end up saying something you'll regret. Second, I bet you have two very frightened boys who need their father to calm down. Come on Ben, put the saddle away and we'll go to the house and get some schnapps. I already asked Jake to take the younger boys to the bunk house, raised his hand as Ben started protesting. It was to keep them busy and not be in ben's way. Jake will keep an eye on the younger ones until you're calm enough to talk to them. I can't see you like this Ben; They'll be scared enough like what's going to make all that yelling. You told me earlier today that you don't just want to be a disciplinist; You just wanted to be their father, so you need to calm down for that. Come on, let's go to the house. Ben sighed deeply, nodded and put the saddle back on the saddle and allowed Bill to guide him from the barn and back to the house. Ben followed Bill back to the house and he went and sat in his chair. Sigh: I just don't know what got into that young man. He wants me to treat him more like a man than a boy, and yet he keeps things from me and now this! said Ben When he gets back, he's going to be very sorry about that little outburst of rage. After all, what kind of example does he set for his younger brothers? God, I need schnapps. Bill, give us both schnapps, please. The bottle is already open in the liquor cabinet. Bill went to the office space where Ben's desk was located and opened a wooden liquor cabinet, removing half a bottle of brandy and two glasses. He poured both of them a generous serving of brandy and returned to the chairs. He offered one of his glasses to Ben, who thanked him and then sat in the chair opposite his friend again. Ben dragged the amber liquid for a long time and coughed on a burning sensation in his throat. Tell me, please Bill, what am I wrong about? I've tried so hard to give the boys a different and hopefully effective punishment, but my eldest just put it back in my face. Ben put the glass on the coffee table, leant forward and sat down with his elbows on his knees and put his head in his hands and rubbed his face hard as if waking up from a nightmare. I admit that, like you, I thought Adam would get the at writing the lines, but I did as you said and suggested that if you'd rather we could go out to the barn for a discussion with my belt and it seemed to buckle. I hoped it meant he would comply and still respect my decision, it was only a few minutes before he suddenly slammed his pen and started raging at me about how unjust everything was. Bill sat quietly watching Ben nod occasionally as if in agreement, knowing Ben needed to draw his frustration. Eventually Ben ran off and sat in his chair. When Bill was convinced Ben was done he was saying: Teenagers don't always think about things before they do something Ben. Sometimes they just act on impulse and you should get used to it. I bet Adam's already calming down and regretting his actions. Harrumph, well gone he's coming back I'll damn well make sure I give him an incentive to think before acting like that again. He growling Ben.Bill didn't answer that he was just thoughtfully sipping his brandy: Oh Adam, you silly young man. Why are you still arguing with your father about things? I thought you'd outgrown that. Obviously not! This outburst of rage yours is going to cost you a lot more to sore ass. The two sat silently for nearly 30 minutes. Ben slowly sipped a drink in his glass, with a distant look in his eye. Thinking about what he did to deserve Adam's wrath. In the meantime... Adam drove the Sport the track to the city. As his anger faded, tears began: 'Why does my dad have to treat me like a cursed child when he's home?' I know I was wrong to yell at my dad like that, but damn it, I'm a man now, right? Why can't he see that? Adam solved Sport to the trot and wiped his eyes with a handkerchief. 'OH GOD. What did I do? Dad was already angry in the house he must be able to be tied up now.' Snooping. Spotting a stump nearby, Adam stopped Sport and got off his saddle. He was on the stump and buried his head in his hands and cried. 'I knew when I got up that this was going to be one of those days. Dad's not the only one who's had trouble sleeping. I was so worried about Joe and Dad was mad at everything. I just want things to get back to normal. Why can't I find him to listen to me without having to yell at him? Which I meant to say no to him and eased out. How can I even go home now? What am I going to do, I don't really want to go to town, but I can't go home yet?' Adam's head was full of random thoughts. I wish Jake were here or Will would, to understand how I feel. Wait a minute, Will. It's Sunday after all. Will should be home. I'll ride there instead of the city and maybe Will can help me figure it out.' Adam dried his eyes with a handkerchief and then opened the cafeteria, took a sip of water and then swung his face, allowing cold water to intricate his swollen eyes. He replaced the canteen on the horn of the saddle and swung it into the saddle. Come on, Sport, let's go to Evans place now it's not a town. He told his horse as he veered off the main track and headed in the direction of Evans Farm. Adam was on his way home to Evans Farm. Will and mr. Evans sat on the trim and drank lemonade, and Will raised his hand in greeting. Adam got out of Sport and tied the reins to the fence, before he left and stepped on the trio. Good afternoon, Sir, Will, Hi, Adam. I didn't expect to see you this afternoon. Is there a problem at the ranch? Asked Will who noticed his friend's eyes were a little red and swollen. No, it's all right at the ranch. I was wondering if you had time to drive, Will? 'I'd like to ask you for advice on something,' Adam replied. I think I could go for a ride, it's a nice afternoon. Dad, should I stay on the farm for anything? No, son, go for a ride with your friend. Will thanked his father, finished the lemonade and rushed to saddle the horse. Adam stood on the trim waiting for Will, consciously squirming. How's your father Adam? Is your little brother recovering well from the accident? 'I saw that you were all in church and the Reverend's prayers mentioned Joe's accident but I didn't get a chance to talk to your father before you left,' Mr Evans asked. Little Joe's recovering well, sir. He still has to rest and the doctor visits every day to change the bandages, but besides, he's fine. Thank you for asking around after his health. That's good to hear, Adam. And your father, how's it going? Mr Evans asked again, without missing the fact that Adam had not answered his initial question. Good, sir. Although he's clearly still worried about Little Joe, Adam responded carefully by choosing his own words. yes, well, that's. it's just expected, I guess. He must have been very worried. Will told me he was away from the farm when the accident happened. Fathers always worry terribly when their children are hurt and be away from you, it must have been very difficult for him. How do you deal with everything, surely it must have been difficult for you too, to be left to deal with your brother's ponderos and unheeding at the same time? Adam continued to goey, hurry up, please. I don't want to have this discussion with you, Father! Adam? I asked you a question, are you okay, son? You look distracted and anxious. Would you like to sit down and have a cup of coffee? Adam looked into Mr Evans' eyes, thank you sir. I'm sorry I'm a little distracted right now. I apologize if I look rude. Apology accepted. Do you want to talk about what's bothering you? No, sir. I'd rather go for a ride and get some fresh air. But thank you for your offer. That's when Will came out of the barn. Oh thank God I thought Adam. Would you excuse me, sir? Sure, enjoy the ride guys. Oh and Adam, if you need to talk to someone who's not just your friend you can always come and talk to me. I promise I'll listen without judgment. Adam tilted his head: Thank you, sir. Adam left the porch and joined Will against the fence. He swung in the saddle, and Will did the same. I'll see you later. Come on Adam lets him ride. The two young men ran out of the yard and broke into the gallop as soon as they hit the track. It was 20 minutes before Will broke his silence. OK Adam, what's up? Will I know I said I wanted to drive, but that was just to get you away from the farm. Can we find a place to sit so we can talk properly? Of course, what about Eagles Peak, that's only about two miles away? There are rocks to sit on and water for horses. Yes for sure, Eagles Peak is fine, Adam replied, veering off the track and heading in a new direction. When they arrived, both young men got off and led their horses to the water, leaving the sidings hanging down to lose. Finding a few suitable rocks nearby, Adam sat down and waited to Will to do the same. Will, I need your advice, he sighed deeply. I messed up really bad and I don't know what to do. Will looked at his younger friend and noticed Adam nervously his hands. This has something to do with what happened at the church this morning? I asked Will. Your father didn't look happy when you drove past me with the car. Adam nodded: Yes, he did! Dad wasn't too happy that I left Hoss to look after Little Joe while I came to talk to you. Especially when Hoss then decided to go and talk to Ed and your brother Tom by the trees. Ah, let me guess, Little Joe realized he wasn't being watched and he did something he shouldn't have done? Yes, it was, but it wasn't that bad. He just got out of the car and sat on the ground with his friends. Granted, he was supposed to be in the car, but still it's not like he started running around or anything. Dad got back in the car and he was mad at Joe for getting out of the car and, Hoss and I for leaving him alone so he could do it. I tried to talk to him, explain and beg him to calm down, but he wouldn't let me. My dad asked me to drive the car straight home instead of into town like he originally planned. He kind of promised Joe candy if he behaved, as an incentive for Joe to know as he was getting really frustrated at being stuck inside and mostly in bed for days. On the way home, I tried to talk to him a few times, but he wouldn't let me say a word. When we got back to the ranch, he asked Hop to have lunch for a few hours and disappeared for a walk. I was very angry, Will. My father wants me to be a man and look after my brothers and his ranch when he leaves work, but when he comes home, he starts treating me like a boy again! Did you try talking to him about this Adam? I do. I tried when we got back, but he just told me to take care of the cars and horses and do what I was asked to do. When he came back from a walk, I was in my room where I went to lie down. Dad came and knocked on the door and told me to wash up for lunch and join him and my brothers at the table. Then he told us all that we would be punished after lunch, we would not be splashed which was a relief, but he intended to punish us all in the same way. Well, we had lunch and then dad asked us to stay at the table so he could talk to us. I was expecting a long lecture, but no, he just went over 3 stacks of paper and pencil each and then he announced that he wanted us all to write lines. Lines for Hoss's sake! Dammit, I'm 18, not 10. Adam finished and pouted. Will sat quietly as Adam spoke, but seeing Adam's pouting he began to laugh. Don't make a face! Adam exclaimed. I'm sorry, Adam, but you're easying. So you posted some lines, what did you have to write? he asked trying not to laugh. I'm not going to avoid my responsibilities on my little brother. He wanted me to write it 300 times like some damn little kid. Will reassessed the derision and then coughed... So I assume you were challenged by your dad for that? How did that happen? yes, of course I tried to talk to him about it, but he just said, I'm not discussing this Adam. You will sit and write a text alongside your brothers unless you want to discuss it with my belt in the barn. Some choice eh? Sounds like your father was pretty determined for you to write those lines. That's why I assume you agreed to it? Asked Will. Yes, but I was very frustrated and embarrassed. I tried to tell him that writing lines for young children and I got a lecture that 'Writing lines is for naughty kids, Adam. While you're almost a man, son, you're not yet and, in my eyes, young man, you're still my child. He said all this in front of Hoss and Little Joe, Will! Adam bitter. I bet that you off, Adam. Yes, it is. I started writing lines, but I was so angry, I saw myself inside and I lost it. I slammed my pen against the table so hard it snapped in half. Of course Dad heard it while he was just sitting in his favorite chair across the room, reading his paper. My dad asked me if there was a problem and it was like a red rag to a bead. I don't know what really happened then, like I wasn't myself. All my frustration and anger surfaced at one point like a volcano. I started talking about how unfair it was to have to sit and write sentences as a little kid, I said I was tired of being treated like a little boy instead of a man and I'm sick of swearing. Of course, Dad was furious and started yelling, telling me to control my temperament and stuff. But I couldn't do it, Will, I couldn't get control. I told my father, no! I didn't want to write lines, and I'm not going to the barn. Is he going to whistle through his teeth, Wow really, do you have a death wish? It's getting worse, Will. Dad yelled at me to keep my mouth shut and 'Listen to me young man now. I think you're forgetting who's in charge here. I'm dad and I'm the one making the rules here.' Of course, I stupidly refused and told him they were the other kids and I didn't and he angrily ordered me to go to the barn and told me to wait for him. I made some comment about being exactly what I thought of him treating me like a child instead of a man and complaining that. Men don't get sent to the barn to talk to their fathers. Oh God, you have a death wish, don't you, this is worse than I thought. So what happened then? My dad yelled at me for defying him in front of my brothers and threatening to saddle me with a belt on my bare face and then drag me to the barn. I was angry and scared, but mostly embarrassed. I edied to the barn banging on the front door on the way in temperment. Of course I knew then that if I went to the barn, I would get the logging of my life and that's when I completely lost my mind. I fumed about a lot of things like 'who does he think threatens me like that? Well, I'm not letting him smass me, that's for sure. Fuck! I'm going into town for a drink. That's what men do when they're angry, drinking, angry about it and arguing, but they don't get punished for writing sentences about shirking their responsibilities.' I saddled the Sport and took him from the stable determined to ride into town and go to the salon where I would have a drink and be treated like a man. Unfortunately for me, Dad was on his way to the barn and saw me climb the Sport. AND WHERE THE HELL DO YOU THINK YOU'RE GOING AS A YOUNG MAN? he was yelling.' And I snapped at him. 'I'm going into town for a drink, Dad. At least they treat me like a man there!' He told me to get down or there'd be consequences I really wouldn't like. He was real. Will. He turned purple and all that and I've seen him like that in my life. I was scared and tempted at that point to do what you said, but I just couldn't take it back. Men don't get taken to the barn for a slogging! Adam's done. Oh, really? Will laughed. Adam stared at his older friend and hit him, but Will easily intercepted him. I'm sorry, Adam, but do you seriously believe that men don't have any consequences for bad behavior? Adam, I'm four years old from you. So, I can tell you that if I change the line anyway while living at home with my parents, I'm still grounded. It's part of living at home, I suppose, but also a matter of respect. I respect my father and show that respect by obeying his rules or accepting the consequences of not obeying him. yes, well, your consequences won't be physical, will they? Adam complained miserly. Adam, do you know the last time I felt my father's belt? Will asked staring at his younger friend. No, but I bet it was a long time ago, Adam replied. It's been the past week, Adam! What? no. It couldn't have been, you're 22! You're a man in the eyes of the law. I'm not lying to you, Adam. I knew that arguing with my father would probably lead to a debate in the woodshed, but I weighed all the options and decided that in this case it would be worth it. Why did you let him sing you? You're old enough to leave home. True, I could have, but then I'd have to leave home and I didn't want to do it. Besides, as I explained earlier, it's all about respect. Adam, there are always consequences in life and sometimes there's a chance you'll be punished for the price you have to pay. Being an adult or a man like you said, not getting you out of dealing with the consequences of your actions. Being an adult means accepting the consequences whatever they may be. You're doing the crime you're doing at the time. I think your father was actually trying to make you and you brothers a good turn by choosing a non-physical punishment this time. He obviously felt that you should all be punished and that it was obvious to all of you that you were being punished equally. He probably wanted you to know that he was unhappy and probably disappointed with your behavior, but he didn't want to do it physically. Personally, I'd rather have my arm hurt from writing for hours than back pain from belting or splashing. Oh, come on Will. Are you saying you would just accept and sit writing for hours as a small child? Adam said suspiciously. Given the choices you had? Yes, damn right I would! I like to sit down. Eating standing is not allowed at home and, riding on a sore buttocks for days is not my idea of fun. Adam started talking, but Will hung up: Hang in there before you say anything, Adam. I understand it's boring and embarrassing, but also seeing everyone walking stiff for a few days. After all, everyone in he knows what that means. It's not like they're going to think you might have been sitting on a Velcro or a wad nest instead. All parents here discipline their children with corporal punishment, and even the sheriff has been known to hand out a few special forces to those he catches to get mischief. Then take them home to their dads who finish the job. Oh, you just don't understand Will. I thought you would, but you don't know, adam was whining. What? You think I don't understand what it's like to be treated like a child when you think you're a man! Ha Ha, of course I know, I was there! Adam, parenting is not an easy job. It's not like there's a book or manual you can read that tells you how to be a good parent. Our trouble is we're the oldest, we kind of got the rough end of the stick because we used to be guinea pigs. Our parents do what they honestly think is the righting thing to do and only then do they find out if he's doing it or not. I bet my dad tried things that worked on him, but he found it didn't work with me, so he tried something else. I talked to my mom about this a few years ago. Let me tell you a little story. A week ago, a few years ago, I stayed in charge of Sam for a few days, while mom and dad went to visit my mother, who was sick. I think I was probably about 17. Tom was about 9 years old. He did something wrong, I forgot what to do now and I punished him with a slap. He rebelled and I slapped him again because I was angry that he did the same thing. The very next day he did it again and I lost my temper and I slap him again, this time on his bare buttocks. I slapped him so hard he screamed, but I was angry and I didn't pay any attention to him. When mom got home a few days later, Tom complained that he was in pain and his mom checked his butt and she was black and blue with the exception of the big hard print that was still there. Of course, my mom was furious with me and I was horrified that I hurt my little brother. Mom made Thاتم comfortable and then sent for me. I'd never seen her so angry before and I thought I'd get a really bad splash with her hairbrush and then a sledge of my so. At the time I really wanted my dad to be a good smass of me, to make me feel better about hurting Tim. Mom stopped her from doing it, and instead they both sat me down and talked to me. They asked me to explain what happened and then they explained to me what I had done wrong and how I could prevent the same situation from happening again. My mom told me that if things didn't work out, I should try something else, not get angry and keep trying the same thing over and over again and never punish anyone in anger. You know, I begged my own to still besod me, but he told me that feeling guilty for a while would help me learn my lesson more than a session with his belt and he was right. He said it was more important to find someone to learn a lesson and that the method everything that matters. Then he told me how much it hurts him to punish Me and me, especially when he's physical, but that he does it because he loves us and so he's willing to bear his own consequences to get a lesson or a message. So, you see Adam, we don't always know what the best way to learn the lessons is. Our parents don't always choose the best method the first time either, but we will have to respect them enough to accept the consequences they choose when we break the rules. Violating their rules that they set to keep us safe, or to help us become good people, means that we too must accept the consequences. Adam sat on a rock and poked the ground absent with a cane while Will spoke. So what you say to Will, is that, I just need to shut up and accept any punishment that I'm given, even if I think that's the only one Usually given to a child? I do! Adam, I know you love and respect your father, but you have to show him that you respect him. If you act like you did before as a child by going off, you should expect to be treated as such. If you do act like a man, then eventually he'll see it and treat you like one. Your actions today only serve to prove to him that you are not yet a man. That's why you have to prove to him that you're going to accept his discipline as a man, not as a child. Remember what I said earlier? Being a man means accepting the consequences of your actions. If you are wrong then you must accept it and whatever the consequences: this includes, restrictions on your movement, physical punishment or, if necessary, writing lines, essays or copying pages of Bible verses for hours like my mom used to make me. Sigh: So I should go home and apologize and accept whatever my father wants to give me as punishment? Yes, that's exactly what it is. I'm sorry, Adam, but I think that's the only option you have, unless you want to leave the ranch and leave on your own. You don't want to do that, do you? no! Not yet at least, though I might want to think about it when my father's done with me, grumpy Adam. It's going to be okay, Adam. I believe you father will be as honest as you are. yes, you might be in pain for a few days, but I bet you'll feel better about everything and maybe even prove to your father that you're more of a man than he thinks you are. yes, maybe. I think you're right, Will. I'm just not looking forward to a 'discussion' in between. Adam sadly said. Do you want moral support? I'll go back to the ranch with you if you want. Maybe with me, your father will be distracted enough to let you apologize before he drags you to the barn. At least if you get an apology in the first, you have a fighting chance that he sees that you are sincere and seem mature. It could also mitigate any level of punishment he has in mind. Would you really be ready to go back to the ranch with me? What about your dad? Won't you be in trouble if you are. back for dinner? No, Mom's going to put mine in the warmer under the oven. And I'll explain everything when I get back. Tom's on limit, not me. All my parents ask of me is that if I'm not going to be home by a certain time to tell them. Dad already knows I'm with you and he'll be fine. Ma's probably going to be a little shut down, but she'll accept my apology for not letting her know in advance because I don't make it a habit. By the way, it's just a suggestion. But if it were me; I'd call your father, sir, all the time, talking to him and make sure you keep looking him in the eye. Sincerely apologize and do not try to give any excuses for your actions. Then make it clear that you will accept all consequences like man. Adam groaned: I won't be able to sit for a week, will I? he said as he swung into the saddle. I think it's probably a given, but to come back now and face things is more manly than running and staying in town. Said Will while he was also editing himself. Adam and Will trotted alongside each other talking about things they wanted to do as they got older. Adam wanted to ride in silence, but Will wouldn't let him see adam was worried about what would happen upon his return to the ranch. Will told Adam he wanted to have a small holding in the future and wanted to get away from farming in the field. He told Adam he wanted to try to get a job at a nearby ranch so he could work with cattle and horses to gain some experience. That's when Adam suggested that Will talk to his father about joining them in Ponderosa for the next cattle ride. Will agreed to talk to his own father before asking Adam if he could do it with an extra hand. Then Will talked about finding his wife and soon settled down. Adam asked Will if he already had a sweetheart, but Will informed him that he didn't. When it was Adam's turn, he told Will all about Marie's desire to attend college in Boston. Adam told Will that he still dreams of learning to be an architect, but that he doesn't want to leave the ranch yet. Maybe I'll be gone in a few years when Hoss is a little older and he can take care of Joe and help out at the ranch he told Will more.Everything too early for Adam the ranch came into view and Adam's face came down and his throat became dry. A few hundred yards from the door, Adam pulled the Sport out. It took Will a few moments to realize that he was talking to himself and that Adam wasn't there for him. And he stopped, turned around and took his horse back to meet Adam. Nervous? he asked. Adam nodded: More like terrified. You weren't there to see my father's face, he said by swallowing air in his lungs, and feeling faint. His heart started hitting his chest hard. Calm down Adam. Slow down your breathing, take a deep breath. That's it, keep breathing slowly and deeply. He pushed himself. Better now? Adam felt his heart racing, a little bit and stopped hitting so hard against his chest walls and the nausea he felt began to fade. He concentrated heavily on inhalation and constant exhalation and his head began to clear. That's right, Adam, you're doing well. It's just a panic attack, Adam. I know you're scared, but you need to stay calm during this. If you feel panic coming again, bury your fingernails in your hand, you're always cashing in on you. Look, you can practically predict what your father's reactions will be and it won't be good if you get angry again and rage at him. So don't forget to keep breathing and try to stay calm. Will patted Adam on the shoulder, you're going to go through this Adam. Will got a weak smile in return. Sigh, I'm fine now, thank you Will. I can do this. But let's go before I change my mind again. Remember what I said, Adam, make sure you look your father in the eye and call him a gentleman all the time. Be honest and honest in your apology without excuses and accept the consequences without complaint. Adam bit him on the lip, nodded and the two boys continued on their way to the ranch. Ranch.

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