Who would ever thought stepping out the house could take your life...

My cousin is a good person, never a kid who would harm or kill anyone, one of those kids who wouldn't mess with anyone. He was a cool kid. I loved to play with him a lot. His favorite thing to do is to play basketball and he was cool with me. He always told me I was his favorite and it hurt to see him go.

One day on a summer afternoon, my cousin and I were going to the court to play ball and he heard something so he said stay near. "Nay," I said, "I'm okay."

All I heard was shots and then my cousin was on the steps bleeding. The moment when you see something like this and it makes you stop. Your heart feels like it has stopped and that's how I felt when I saw my cousin on the steps, laying them to bleeding.

That's how violence affected my life.