How much is a life worth? In this case it's priceless.

Coming from a boring day at school, on February 28, 2011, I walked in the house and saw my mother crying. She was bursting with tears. I tried to comfort her, and make her feel better. "I also tried to get her some rest after crying in the living room chair for a long amount of time," explained my baby sister.

My mother didn't respond to our please, but cried until my father arrived at 4:30 pm. When I saw my father appear, he came up to my mother and asked a question about why she was crying. Questions were floating in my mind. Wait how come I asked her that question and he didn't answer me? Was it because I was too young to listen to this conversation? Was it so dangerous or hurtful to listen to I could cry or get scared? Was it due to my grandmother and grandfather's death since I didn't see them around downstairs? If that was it, I could probably go crazy and radical with all the items in the house, with anger and tears to go along with it.

My mother sent me upstairs, but my mind kept wondering why? So I dashed quickly behind the wall in the first stairwell, as I peeked and listened to the conversation. My mother told my father that my cousin, Astrid, shot and stabbed to death just for her money. Astrid was only at the age of 18, a young adult. My heart was beating at a high constant rate, my brain felt like it was going to erupt, and my body felt weak. Tears burst out of my eyes.

I went to my bedroom and imagined all the good stuff she sent me like money, gifts, toys and game systems. The biggest present of all had been her heart. I remembered when she called and said "I love you" and that I was the best cousin she could ever have. That was just happened at Christmas 2010, only months before this horrible day.

Astrid's death made me feel melancholy and depressed. Living with violence is dangerous and horrible. If you were me, think how you would feel and what you would do about it. Violence doesn't just happen around my family, but to every human being on this earth we are living on.

It took me three days to surpass this tragedy and forget whatever happened, but I still have something in me that makes me feel depressed about it. But we should all know life is not easy because money and survival are a struggle. There are many ways for youth violence to occur, due to shootings, stabbings, and fighting. It's not easy to forget violence for the ones gone so always hold them somewhere in you heart.