How violence affected me, it was heart wrenching when my cousin got shot. Why? I thought, maybe he was at the wrong place at the wrong time or just hanging with the wrong people all the time. All I know is I cried cried and cried until the tears just stopped like they were demanded to. Feeling the way no child should feel, ready to destroy everything in my path, ready to get revenge, and ready to yell at the entire universe ha! The way no child should have felt. Hmm...what kind of individual grows the courage to kill? I feel no one cares enough to talk ...people just don’t to care when it comes to violence.

Every day I think about what happened no one cares though because they are guilty of what to my cousin that specific day that died in his best friends’ arms and I had to hear it from him to. Just would because no other low life would tell me but Ronny. I know that I was only 6 years old and people thought I did not have an opinion wouldn’t or either it was I couldn’t understand .only me still felt that no one cared that I was terrified to walk down the street thinking about what happened to Joey, and I’m that it will happen to me one day and I won’t make it to the park or even the next day.

Why? Do I still think about it? Maybe because it was such a brutal time in my life, or it just a living nightmare just living in my mind. I just can’t be so light minded when it comes down to some thing like this, I mean would you be? I know your suppose to get over things like this, but for some weird creepy reason I can’t .this is like one of those type things when people are being nice to you and it is suppose to help, but it is like a piece of glass stuck in your foot and every time you put pressure on it ,it hurts. that is
what this feels like every time I think about it. People do not understand what it feels like to have the same picture in your mind every time you look up.

Today I finally got over the tragedy and I am able not to be afraid to anything that comes to my mind. I lost the thought of what happened to Joey and just can remember him as the person he was once before, the person my family and I love and care for always. He will always be gone, and never forgotten he is now in heaven and I will always miss him.

This tragedy affected me in many ways it made me somewhat paranoid about what can happen if I don’t make the best decisions, or even make the greatest and still be hurt for being innocent on the streets with friends, like the old saying” bullets don’t have a name” it is true so keep that in mind and never forget always be heard.