The Problem We All Live With

What is violence? This is a question that many people who have experienced violence would be able to answer, and people who have not would not care. Violence is a drug that all of mankind is compelled to take. Violence is the devil that has come and to curse the earth’s balance of trust and loyalty and threaten its moral soul.

Until now, I haven’t really talked about violence that has affected my life personally. About seven years ago I used to live in Dorchester. I had grown accustomed to the regular shootings and little grave sights on the sidewalk. As a little boy, for me this just became part of life. There were just sometimes of the day when you would be able to play outside and sometimes when you would stay inside. You would be away from the window so no stray bullet hit you. I had also a seen gun on the woodchips of my local park.

I can remember it just like it was yesterday. It was a warm, summer day. It was just a day that screamed for you to come outside. I was playing with my oldest sister in a shabby, old, messy park. When we were playing hide and seek I ran as far as I could and hid in some secluded bushes. While was there, I noticed a blunt object. I noticed what I know now is a Colt 1911 lying right in front of me. I jumped out and ran to my sister. I said, “I want to leave now.”

She replied, “Why we just came here? Well don’t expect me to come here again later today.” We left and I was to never return there again I promised myself that. I didn’t
tell anyone about it because it was hard to talk about. You expect your neighborhood to be safe. When it isn’t it was just hard to accept.

This was not the time when violence has affected my life. I witnessed two men holding guns at each other. As I watched them, I wondered. What are the chances that this could happen to me? This made me feel unsecured. When you feel unsecured, it is terrible. You just don’t see the point of going on. Even though I went through all this I never witnessed anything up close. I always watched from my window or in a car. That was all going to change.

It was cold, windy afternoon. You could hear that the crickets were even shivering. It was just that cold. I walking was home from a corner store that was across the street from my house. I was almost home when I noticed a teenager was confronted by two other teenagers probably three or two years older than him.

I could tell that they wanted trouble. They started arguing and the boy’s hands rose up into the air. He cried, “I don’t want to be apart of this. Just let me go home.” At that instant I could see the faces of the two other boys turn from calm into furious with rage. They pounced on the boy like a lioness on a gazelle. They beat the crap out of him. They kicked, punched, and taunted him. The boy pleaded and begged for mercy. This drove them on. I couldn’t take it anymore so I went inside.

At a young age, I knew this wasn’t right and I want to stand up and do something. What possibly could I do? I was just a little boy who was trying to be a hero. I would have probably been killed if I went thoughtlessly and tried to help. I guess my parents also got feed up with all violence around our family because shortly after my experiences we moved to Hyde Park.
I haven’t ever shared any of this information with anyone. I feel that if we go to
the heart of communities we will see that what causes youth violence is fear. It is much
easier to go along with a current system then try to change it. I feel like this contest
helped me to remember and not to forget because each of us has a story that can help end
violence forever. It will raise awareness and that is essential.