Doing the Right Thing Essay

When I was seven years old, I was living in Ghana with my family. My cousin lived about two blocks away from where I lived. His name was Isaac Mensah and he was seventeen years old at that time. He was my favorite cousin because he would always do anything to put a smile on my face whenever I was unhappy. He was also the one that usually picked me up from school. He always brought toys whenever he came to visit. I remember one time I told my mother, "When I grow up I want to be as caring and nice as my cousin Isaac."

One day after school, I was expecting Isaac to come and pick me up so that we could go to the store and get some ice cream. I waited for a long time but he never came. My teacher even asked me why I was still at school. She called my mom and told her to come pick me up from school. The teacher informed me that my mom was not able to come earlier because she had no idea that Isaac wasn’t going to be able to pick me up. When my mom arrived to pick me up, the first thing I told her that we had to visit Isaac because we were going to the store together. My mother agreed and we walked over to his house.

When we got to Isaac’s house, his mom and twelve year old brother were there, but he wasn’t. I was a bit disappointed that I didn’t get to see him. My mom told me to go inside because Isaac’s mom wanted to talk to her. I was eager to know what was going on and in my mind all I was thinking about was “Where’s Isaac?” After a while, my mom called me and said
that we’re going with Isaac’s mom to see Isaac. I thought that he had already been at the Ice Cream store, and was trying to surprise me with the ice cream.

I was really excited to see Isaac until I saw him lying on a hospital bed. I was really sad because I didn’t know what was wrong with him. My mom told me that he was only sick and that he’d be alright by the next week. In my little brain, I thought next week meant the day after. I wished I would have been able to stay with him until he was better, but I was just a kid and forgot that I was still going to school.

Days passed, weeks passed, even months passed and I still hadn’t set my eyes on my cousin. One day, my mother told me Isaac had gone for the holidays and he would come back with a very big surprise for me. I believed my mother and was even counting the days and hoping for him to return.

A year passed; Isaac still hadn’t returned from Germany. I found out that I was moving to Boston. I was really excited because I’d get to see my other family members, but was sad because I’d probably never see Isaac again. I moved to Boston on June 15, 2008.

Sometime in 2010, I saw a picture of Isaac in my parents’ room. On the back of the picture, “R.I.P” was written. I didn’t know what R.I.P meant, so I didn’t panic. I showed the picture to my mom and asked her what that word meant. She called my dad and asked him if she should tell me about Isaac. I kept on saying, “What about Isaac? Can you tell me please?”

She started by telling me the meaning of R.I.P. Then she told me that Isaac was in heaven. And I said “Really, why?” Then she told me that Isaac was dead. And I said, “What do you mean Isaac is dead when you just said he is in heaven?” She told me everything and how it happened.
My cousin was stabbed in the heart for trying to break up an argument. He was playing soccer with his friends and two of his friends were arguing over who gets to be the goalie for the next game. The argument turned into a physical fight. My cousin stepped in the middle to calm them down. Out of anger, one of his friends pulled out a knife and stabbed him. He died at the hospital in Ghana on July 20, 2007.

There are many ways that I can help stop violence. One way I can stop violence is to support kids that live in bad neighborhoods to attend a meeting. The meeting will talk to them about what happens to kids who do bad things. I will let them experience life in jail or juvenile prison. After that I would create a game that would solve their problems. Last of all, I would encourage them to become more interested in more activities; and that’s when the game I created comes in.