Do The Right Thing

Has violence changed your life? And you didn’t go back to being yourself? All you wanted to do is not talk to anyone? You just wanted to be alone?

I felt this way when my mother told me that my cousin had got shot. It was 2:30am when she left to go to the E.R. When I woke up I was sad, angry, and hurt. I didn’t want to talk to anyone for a while. Feeling this way makes me feel sick to my stomach. I could still remember my mom waking me up to tell me that my cousin had just got shot and she was on her way to the E.R. I was half sleep and didn’t know what was going on, until the next morning when I was looking for my mom to ask her what was she trying to tell me last night. I starting thinking to myself” what was so important that my mom had to wake me up in the middle of the night to tell me something”?

“Ring Ring” I heard the phone ringing. What I didn’t notice was that my cousin was over my house. “How did she get there” I thought. My mom was on the phone she starting telling me what happened. All I could do is break down and cry because I couldn’t deal with the fact that I might have lost my cousin and he may not make it. I dropped the phone and ran to my room. I started bowing with tears. You mean to tell me that somebody went up to the car window and shot him for no reason? Tell me if that makes sense, because it sure doesn’t make sense to me. He minds his own business, so why would someone go to a car window and shot somebody for no reason? Could someone let me know why people do this to other people?
Hearing what happened made me afraid to even go outside and sit in a car. I was scared that someone would come up to my window and shoot me. The sad part about this was that I didn’t even want to go see him in the E.R. I was too sad, hurt, and afraid to see what he looks like. I also didn’t want to see what he looks like sense he got shot in the head. I can’t stand to think about it because when I do I start to cry and it takes forever for me to stop. My mother was telling me that my cousin wanted to see my but I didn’t want to see him because of what happened. I was still hurt. I really do wish that that didn’t happen. Yes I do wish it was a dream but every time I go to sleep and wake back up what happened was real.

Weeks went by and my cousin was still in the hospital. I still didn’t have the courage to see him but I did talk to him on the phone. He told me he was doing well and he will be out the hospital real soon and that when he gets out he wants to see me. That made me happy, I’m so excited to know that my cousin is doing well and when he gets out the first person he wants to see is ME.

Honestly to me I’m not sure what we could do to stop youth violence. I feel as though if we were to do something to stop youth violence it wouldn’t work. I say that because people would probably keep on doing it and doing it and doing it. I feel like it will never stop.