Youth Violence

There are many causes that may lead to youth violence. Some think its the way you were raised, television and movies, video games, alcohol, drugs and gangs are other examples. Also peer pressure can sometimes lead to hanging around with the wrong people and doing the wrong things. This is my story. My friends grew up around drugs and violence, and they had no real families. They were always out, growing up around people who were negative influences. Instead of doing homework, they played ding-dong-ditch. Instead of studying they bullied the nerd for his lunch money. Now they are in high school, and acting the same. They joined a gang called “The 9’s”, and started using drugs. It was sad because most people who joined the gang died within 3 months by drugs or violence. I had a great friend, and his name was Joe. We were friends for years, then he joined the gang and started using drugs. The saddest part is when his dad was walking and he was killed by a member of another gang. Ever since then he was a different person, first he was nice, but now he hates everyone outside of the gang. He needs to sell drugs to keep food on the table and to stay in the gang. He has mugged about 30 people and gotten into 4 shootouts with the rival gangs. I would tell him to stop but he would kill me. And when he wants to rob stores and steal cars, he never does when I’m around. He never does things when I’m around because we are like brothers still. I would never talk to many guys in the gang because I don’t want to do what they do. He got enraged when he heard that his brother went to prison for robbing a bank for drug money and he killed a civilian and 4 guards during it. Joe was so mad he gang members to come help him go kill cops. He

* This Story is not Real
asked me, and I said no, and called the cops, and he did not get in trouble when I said he was my friend. That was when Joe had it and got his gun and killed 4 cops, and he went to jail. I visited his cell and he was very mad. He got life in prison and no chance to ever leave. He said that the gang was worth it and that he did the right thing, but I knew he should have stayed with me. Now he will never have a good life, and I will. I miss him but I am very happy I never joined the gang or did drugs.

Sometimes its hard to do the right thing. To stand up for yourself and what you believe in. Especially in those times where there is pressure from your friends, and you want to fit in. It feels like you would be considered cool to join a gang and do some of those things. But really the cool people are the one’s that do the right thing.