Do The right Thing

Violence has effected my life. In 2012 my friend was crossing the packed street of Column Blvd, he was hit. We hung out all the time, his name was Christopher. He was really funny and great at basketball. Christopher's family was traumatized. His brother killed himself knowing that his brother was also not with him anymore. It affected me a lot because I seen him at most everyday and he only lives up the street even though he was only 4 years old and younger than me. We were still very close. He was a great kid and didn't deserve to pass away. He had a long life to live and it was cut short. When I first met Christopher he made me cry. Not in the way you thought, it was a cry of laughter. He was one of the funniest kids on the street. He would never be mad or upset in any kind of way. Christopher was special, he had all these nice shoes and more. Christopher was so young and a great basketball player, he had learned from his brother. And well, me of course. One summer day my best friend Devin woke me up my sleep and bang my doorbell. He said "Chris is dead!" I replied "Chris is too up the street?" He said "yes" I was stunned. Christopher had a loving family and many talents. I never saw a young man die, I still think of him this day.