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Do the Write Thing, Boston   Breaking the Cycle of Violence

1-1-2014

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Recommended Citation

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Do the *Write* Thing

Violence was something I thought was supposed to happen every day in Vietnam, back before I came to the U.S. And it did happened everyday there; across the street in the middle of class, even in your own neighborhood. It's bad enough that the adults participate in this atrocious activity, but children themselves were violent; a most certainly repercussion from their parents' actions. I could barely name all of the vicious attacks that I witnessed, but could not possibly count everything that's going on in one city. These examples are only kids involved. The adults' crimes are mind consuming.

- In school there's a young boy in my neighborhood (one year my junior) who constantly got physically bullied by kids in his class

- At the end of a karate class, my cousin got beaten up at the campus by a more experienced student and was rushed to a crappy hospital

- While I was shopping with my friend for a mother's day gift, across the street, chaos broke loose. Two teenagers were fighting and one was wielding a knife. Their faces were ragged and bloodied. No one even looked up as they walked by; why would you stop to stare when you probably already saw this an hour ago?

It became such a cyclical pattern every week that you no longer have the time or effort even care. Parents wouldn't blink an eye when they heard their children had been causing trouble, nor would they do anything about it. Don't even bother calling the police, they won't take it seriously. The officers were as useful and reliable as a dog called for work. Violence from all ages would still go on (yes even toddlers in Vietnam). It's the rule of life right? Who cares if I commit a crime when everybody in my life's doing it, right? It wasn't until I arrived in this country that I realized how unnecessary and wasteful it was. What I thought was natural turns out to be cruel, villainous, and something worthy enough to be put to jail or even death. Violence weren't only sinful and against the law, but it was the utterly stupidest way to waste your time.

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I can never understand the motivations behind those swings of fists, that pull of the trigger, or the hands moving roughly to tear you down. I can only give one reasonable (but barely) explanation on one significantly damaging act that was eclipsed when others rushed in to compete. It was on a high school danger zone. A girl got stripped naked in front of the whole school and was beaten by another girl classmate that rivaled for the attention of a particular guy. Jealousy is a rather savage predator to rouse nasty emotions, but it only stimulate one tenth of the claws of violence.

So why's Vietnam so tiredly corrupted, and not just my birthplace, but everywhere else on Earth? Our poor defense system would give the offenders many chances to start crime. Our economies' money definitely strike as the bane of resentment and hunger. Parents would start to get angry of their poor salvages and would find anger in everything they do. Their kids would follow, and generations and generations of independent and secondhand anger would continue. The rage and weariness would eventually leak out and start to take over, but that's only what I can come up with. In America, causes for violence might be different.

There isn't much we can do except avoiding violence ourselves. I would suggest calling an adult or stand up for the victim of violence but sometimes we can't do that without getting hurt ourselves, or making it worse. Although youth violence appears in unprecedented times, we should try to predict who, and when and why it would happen in order to suppress the oncoming waves of teen savagery. If you see an unhappy boy in class, aim towards lifting his spirits. You might save a hidden anger from becoming explosive and minimize his chances to rash out. Don't go out on the streets at night. Hang out with the right people. And don't be too mean.

Something I noticed in my school is that humor and sarcasm coats every single conversation inside and outside its ground. Everyone loves to sound witty; make clever comebacks so everyone would laugh or consider you cool. Sure it's funny at times, but on others, sardonic wit would seem utterly insensitive to the person's mood. Yes, I do admit that on occasions, I had to refrain myself from punching the person right next to me simply because of a joke. I held back knowing that the person couldn't read my mind to know that I have family issues or any other

problems going on in my life. And neither would you. You wouldn't know if a person's upset or angry, and you might say something you would normally say every day, but it would seem to target at a totally different angle in that person's mind.

So I say we should be more insightful; more perceptive at reading others emotions. In fact, I think that there should be a class where scientists teach kids how to read what other people are feelings from there expressions, and how to intercept them at each certain time. And also, make it clear how you are feeling without being harsh; humans aren't mind readers. Now that would make a significant change to the number of violence going on throughout the country. I would love to see the day where my idea might come to fruition, which is unlikely but I'd like to see it make an impact on the world. It might not work of course, and I was given the benefit of the doubt when it comes to this, but I look forward to a world where the word peace can't be found in the dictionary, for an adjective word without its opposite couldn't possibly exist.