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# Do The Write Thing Essay, 2014

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## VIOLENCE

I stared into the distance, the locker room was empty. Everyone had gone to class, I couldn't catch up due to my limp. When I was born, my parents were shocked when they heard their second son may not be able to walk. After years of physicals and doctors appointments, I could walk as great as any other kid but a limp stayed with me. Shaking myself from my thoughts, I took one more glance before approaching my locker. I have history, I reminded myself. I grabbed two large history books from my locker. *Where's the third one?* I searched my locker once more before searching my backpack. I crouched down to my backpack, feeling the scratchy material. Before I could unzip my backpack, someone's foot slid under me and I collapsed to the floor. Startled, I shrieked in surprise and looked up. I did not expect to see five boys staring down at me, but at the same time I kind of did. It was King and his friends, they often beat me up and called me names but this was different from other times. King's real name was Kingston, he was the toughest kid in seventh grade and got kicked back three times. He dislocated my shoulder, broke my finger, and made me break and lose a couple teeth. I couldn't think of anything else he could possibly do to me now. King's smile stretched to his ears, and his friends all had a satisfied smirk on their face...but I had a strange feeling that they were not done with me yet. "So..." King began, "what do we have here guys?" He turned to face all of his friends. Each blurted out a name. "A moron?" One said. "A wimp?" said another. "A freak?" They all laughed, each took one hard kick at my bad leg. I curled up into a ball for some protection. I was cornered, I was worried, I was SCARED...I felt as if my leg was covered with bruises...with blood...My face sweated like rain droplets from the clouds, my eyes started to water. *Why? Why me?* King clenched his fist and punched my head multiple times. The blood droplets stained my white T-shirt, I struggled to look up. King smiled and took some weird disordered square box out of his pocket, it was covered in dust. He unfolded the box, and exposed the shiny blade...it was a pocket knife. He waved it in my face and whispered, "care to know what this is?" I tried to focus my eyes on the blade, I saw a series of flashes in the distance... They ALL had pocket knives. I expected the fighting but not the knife. Before they could reach me the ground shook like an earthquake, it looked as if a million teachers had ran into the hallway. A stampede with humans! My vision blurred, and I awoke later in the nurse's office. Many teachers crowded me asking me what happened. I raised my hand asking for silence, "how did you find me?" I gasped. A male teacher with strange glasses pointed behind him, "this young man reported an armed fight." He replied and smiled. He asked me if I was okay, I ignored him and gazed at the boy. I ~~know~~ *know* him! People called him cat eyes because of his green eyes, I waved and smiled to thank him. He waved awkwardly, but I had a strange feeling we were going to be great friends..