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Do The Write Thing Essay, 2014

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Pedestrian

(This is a fiction story)

It happened so quickly. I was at the wrong place at the wrong time. I was walking home when it happened. I was shot. By a gang, while I was crossing the street. It started on a perfect day walking home from school.

The bell rang. It was the beginning of summer! The kids threw their textbooks at the black trash can in the corner. I stepped into the hall and the kids were yelling and screaming. I sighed. Finally school was over.

My name is Seth Walker. I'm the most popular guy in school and the star quarterback for the Northern High School Raptors. I was also a straight "A" student. I had everything going my way. I stepped out of the school and started walking home. My friends waved good bye as I was walking by.

"Hey Seth! school's out wanna come over my house and hang for a bit" Alex shouted to me.

Alex is my best friend he is also the best defensemen on the football team.

"Sure Al" I replied

We walked to his house and talked as we walked. When we arrived our shirts were soaked with sweat. I stayed with Alex til around six o'clock then decided to walk home.

"Bye Seth!"

"See ya Al!"

It was getting dark and the temperature was slowly dropping. I was on Slow Street. The most dangerous street in town. On the news there are always stories about kids getting killed or hit by cars on this street. This never bothered me cause I've walked this street about a thousand times.

I looked both ways. No cars were coming. That's when it happened. Something pierced through my arm and I screamed and fell. I had been shot. I clutched my right arm with my left hand. I could feel my warm blood drip down my arm.

They stepped out of the car and walked towards me. I saw their cigarettes hanging out of their mouths'. They were dressed in all black. One bent down to me and searched my pockets. He grabbed my wallet and looked inside. Then walked back to their car, but before they left they punched me and suddenly everything went black.

I woke up and I heard beeping noises. My parents and Alex were whispering in the corner. Alex walked over to me and told me I was in the hospital and I was badly injured, but I was gonna be okay.

It's been a year since the shooting. Now I'm fine. I started an anti-violence program at school. The police never found the men, but, that doesn't bother me.

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