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Do the Write Thing, Boston

Breaking the Cycle of Violence

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### Do the Write Thing Essay, 2015

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## Cruel Violence

Violence has affected my life in the worst way possible. It took someone that I cared and loved for. His name is Juan "Nani" Nuñez. He was shot and killed by his own friend. He died so young at the age of 22 years old in October of 2014. I hope that what I went through no one ever has to go through. It caused me to have an emotional breakdown at his funeral. When I seen his body laying in a casket so pale I broke out in tears. When I got home I stayed in my room for about three days and then I couldn't take it got in a big verbal fight with my mom and then became colder the friendly ghost. I disappeared for about two to three hours and went to my ass art because that's where he took me his son and his little sister when we needed a break from the outside world. Then I finally decided to go home and when I got there my mom was screaming in my face and I said "Leave me alone before I kill myself so I can be with nani". After I said that my mom called the police and they came. When they arrived I was sobbing and they kept talking to me but I didn't pay any mind I was just crying the whole time. Then the Ambulance

Child Violence

Violence has affected my life in the worst way possible. I took some one that I cared and loved for. His name is Juan "Nino" Rojas. He was shot and killed by his own friend. He died on the way at the age of 22 years old in October of 2011. I hope that what I want there more over was to go through. It caused me to have an emotional breakdown at his funeral. When I saw his body lying in a casket so bare, I broke out in tears. When I got home I started in my room for about three days and then I couldn't take it. In a big week fight with my mom and then became worse. The finally got T. diagnosed for about two to three years and went to see out because that's where he took me to go and his little sister when we needed to work from the outside world. Then I finally decided to go home and when I got there my mom was screaming in my face and I said "Learn me alone before I kill myself so you be with me". After I said that my mom called the police and then came when they arrived I was sobbing and they kept talking to me but I didn't say a word. I was just crying the whole time then the ambulance

Showed up and i was escorted to the hospital. I got evaluated by therapist and doctors. They said "i wasnt safe enough to go home." So i had to go to the child's assignment unit at cambridge hospital. I dont want what happened to me to happen to any one else. I go threw therapy every two weeks and take a pill every morning but thats not all that happens when they young are involved with violence. Kids commite suicide and threats scary. I really dont know what i can do about youth violence. I only know that i never want someone that i know to go threw violence or in the hospital or threw therapy or talking medicen. And that is what i have to say about youth violence.

After violence  
I wish I knew how to deal with  
the situation. I wish I could  
do something to help. I wish I  
could see the situation from  
their point of view. I wish I  
could be a better person. I wish  
I could be a better friend. I wish  
I could be a better neighbor. I wish  
I could be a better citizen. I wish  
I could be a better human being.  
I wish I could be a better person.  
I wish I could be a better friend.  
I wish I could be a better neighbor.  
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