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# Do The Write Thing Essay, 2014

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# It Hurts

It's just me standing there,  
Alone and afraid.  
Taking another step,  
Taking another breath  
Their voices giggling in my ear,  
Hands forcing me to the floor.

As the bell finally rings  
I enter a world of darkness,  
Neglecting,  
Force and fear.  
I enter alone.

Crying in my head,  
Screaming out of my mind.  
For hours I'm forced to take the pain.  
I leave but it's not over.  
I take my final step into my ride.  
The ride in which I have no seat,  
Not a place to talk and smile for me.

Just to absorb more fear and pain  
To take it all in  
No matter how I feel.

I'm pushed off my death ride  
Consumed by the darkness of the night,  
With a light flickering above me.  
Seeing eyes stare,  
Hearing pain than a bang.  
I run

I ran faster and faster,  
I keep going  
Seeing terrorized faces.  
Youth with trouble written all over.  
Flashing police lights everywhere

Finally,  
I'm at a home where they don't know  
So they smile,  
And I smile back.  
Praying they don't see the same pain.  
The same pain in others,  
In myself  
In bullying  
And in violence.

Everyday youth violence forces me  
To live life in a sad way  
To control how much time I can play  
How much time I spent outside  
It controls me.

Though I'm not too mad,  
It's not completely their fault.  
It's when they are neglected at home,  
When they need attention,  
When they are abused,  
When they are bullied,  
When they want to be popular,  
When they hang with the wrong crowd,  
When they are peer pressured,  
When they are in a bad environment,  
When they follow what they see on TV,  
When they don't care cause no one pushes them,  
They turn to violence.

I'm not going to turn to violence.  
No matter how tempting it,  
Or how angry I am.  
I don't care what it takes,  
I'm going to do something  
And help save lives.

I refuse to judge others.  
Instead I will treat others  
The way I would want to be treated.  
I will be an example to the lost ones  
Show them how things are done.



I can show them kindness.  
Listen to their pain  
And wipe their tear.  
Give them a shoulder to lean on.  
I could be a true friend.

If I cannot do anything,  
If I can't show them the way,  
Or be there friend,  
I will make sure someone does.  
I will tell any adult I have to because  
I have experienced violence,  
And it hurts!