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Daylight Breaks

By David Thai

Maternity Prep 6

2/26/11

"Amen" the little boy said.

Bang Bang!

Sirens, red and blue flashes of lights.

The woman cries while the kid lies on the ground.

She describes the man wearing all black but his face,
She said, "His face, had blue eyes and had a face of a killer.
There was blood on the walls and a knife stuck into one of the victim arms. The
murder has escape within our reach. As we soon know it, the little boy was dead.
Friday, the definition of chaos and freedom, one part you're free and one part you're
dead.
My brother used to be in a gang, the rule he lived by was "violence solves everything,"
but he was wrong. Once when I graduated from college, there I was, trying to hear
from him but it was too late, mother told me his last words were "Adios."

Sunday morning, I headed to my brother's funeral, till this day Sunday is the
definition of gloomy days. Only mother was able cry while all the rest of us stood there
like we didn't even care a bit.

[REDACTED]

[REDACTED]

[REDACTED]

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Two days later I find myself in a poker game and I got to hand it to myself, winning \$1,500 right of the bat. I realized I had an amazing talent of being unstoppable at poker if I was drunk or on drugs. I soon got addicted to cocaine and became a drug dealer then a drug lord.

I tried to stop my rain of tiara before I could hurt anyone, but it was too late.

Over the past years I was being consumed by violence, money, and women.

I lost my pride, my friends, family members and everything. I turned myself into the cops, but made me become more dangerous. I was the threat to the nation like Osama bin Laden. I thought I give up till I met this dude name Rich and was like a brother to me. We talk about our problems and see how we can help each other. I really enjoyed being his friend, till one day I had to leave him. I got married to this woman named Leona and I had to move away. Rich and I still keep in contact, I promised to meet up with him in the future. Monday morning, definition of a new start, that day I felt free, wild, and young.

I soon discovered my wife was cheating on me and that man that she was with was my best friend. I decide to run away and turn to the dark. I went back to becoming drug dealer and gambling and many more.

I felt so empty inside I wanted to kill myself like in 7th grade when I kept getting beat up and nobody saved me. Reminds me of taking my father's life at the age of 15, I joined a gang just like my brother done in the past so I decide to follow him even to hell.

My mission was to sell 18 pounds on cocaine and was not a hard nor easy task. I got paid 900 dollars which was a good amount and a sneak some cocaine for myself.

Remember the time when I told you about my talent about poker when I'm drunk or

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high so I head to the bar because I was low on cocaine. Once I got there I saw Rich so I took a bottle and smack the #@%\$ out of him. I then got drunk which went out of hand and then somehow I find myself holding a gun and a knife. This little kid went up to me and asked for money so then I shot him and stab him in one of his arms. I found out I was the killer. My life is the definition of violence.

The End