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# Do The Write Thing Essay, 2014

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## Violence



Violence. What does violence mean? Violence, to me, is the action of which a person uses physical, emotional & verbal force to bring someone pain. Violence is no joke. How has violence affected my life? From experiencing physical pain. I was seven. I was playing in with my cousin in his room one day. He's a few years older than me, about 12 or 13 at the time. Sometimes when we would play, he would always go just a little too far and played a little too rough. We were playing a video game and I won. I noticed that that made him extremely mad. Guess he was a sore loser. But his anger for some reason got stronger and stronger. This made me scared so I wanted to leave his room. When I tried to leave it made him ever madder, because he still wanted to play... he wouldn't let me leave. He stood in front of the door and wouldn't let me go through. I tried my hardest to slip through him but I couldn't. He got tired of me trying to leave so he raised his voice at me and shouted "you're not leaving." Then things got out of hand, I didn't respond to him yelling at me I just kept trying to leave. But then he picked me up. He wasn't holding me in a safe secure way like one of your parents would if you had a bad dream, no, this was far from that. He held me over his head and was about to throw me on the bed, but then... BANG. He dropped me and I smacked my head off the floor. I immediately started to cry as I felt completely dazed and weak. My cousin picks me up from the floor and with great force tossed me on the bed. Scared and dizzy from the fall I just laid there. Then he got on top of me and told me to stop crying or he'll hurt me even more, his hands gripped around my shoulders like he was about to choke me. I just sat there with complete fright, I didn't move until dinner. Till this day I was never sure why he reacted the way he did, but I never played with him again. This affected me because not only did it scare me but it made me second guess myself. Like, is it wrong for me to win a game? Is it wrong for me to want to leave a room? Was it wrong of me to cry when my head was smashed off the floor? Violence can really affect someone and it stays with them there whole life. But you know, not just what happened with my cousin affected me but everyday life as well. When a little girl gets kidnapped and violated, when someone gets jumped. Violence happens everywhere and you don't need to experience it, to understand it. I get scared all the time walking someone alone. If an unfamiliar face were to smile at me and ask me how I'm doing, would I think of stranger danger or is the person just being friendly? Violence that I have experienced and of what goes on in the world affects me. Makes me question everything that goes on, who I can trust or who has self-control.

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