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Do the Write Thing Essay, 2015

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Do the Right Thing Essay

My name is Harry Farnsworth. I'm 13 years old. I have blue eyes and brown hair. This is the story of me being robbed.

I grew up in a neighborhood where it wasn't uncommon to see gang wars or be mugged. It wasn't like this before. In fact people were nice enough to let homeless people stay at their house until they got back on their feet. But one day food, taxes, and rent went up causing teens to do drastic things. Soon there were homeless people and people getting robbed were everywhere. Some people didn't step foot outside.

I had a friend who I'd hang out with after school. We'd hang out by the game store and browse through the games. One summer we had saved up our money to get this really expensive game. On our way to the shop there was a gunshot. **Bang!** Then there were more. **Bang, Bang!** And three more. **Bang, Bang, Bang!** My friend and I tried to go back home but that's when someone grabbed us in an alleyway. We were scared stiff. The guy who grabbed us was big, buff, and bulky. There was someone else with him three guys in fact. One was skinny and had a knife. Another was medium weighted and looked like he could pack a punch. The last of them was normal size but had a gun. They all had masks and hoodies on. The skinny one ordered, "Empty your pockets!" We did as we were told. He then said "Give what you have to the big guy behind you." We did. Then the guy with the gun moved closer aiming at our heads. *This is it. I thought. Were going to die. Shot by a thug in the alley.* but instead of shooting us he checked our pockets as if we lied. Like we wanted to get shot for lying to thugs. He moved back and said "NOW!" All three of them came running at us. We didn't try to fight thinking that they would kill us. They all beat us up until we were face first on the ground. The guy with the gun said "No snitchin' or next time we'll kill you both!"

After that the shooting stopped. We went to our own homes covered in dirt and bloody noses. When my mom saw me she asked what happened, I told her I was being chased by a dog and banged into a wall. She knew I was lying and told me to tell the truth and so I did. My mom signed me up for an online school. It was boring because there was no human interaction. I couldn't even go outside unless I was with an adult. If I wanted a new game or if my mom went to buy something she would tell me to lock the door and not open it at all.

After a while she had to send me to school but she would walk me there and back. I never saw my friend again, talked to anyone but family, and stayed as far away from corners. I'm still scared of some people and try to avoid eye contact. I keep thinking though it's not all their fault, if people didn't raise the prices for things that people NEED, things like that probably wouldn't happen so much.

THE END

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Violence affects me by my own mom not wanting me to go anywhere without someone who is family, or friends, and is older than 18. She also wants me to be safe around strangers.