

1-1-2015

# Do the Write Thing Essay, 2015

Follow this and additional works at: <http://scholarworks.umb.edu/dtw>

 Part of the [Civic and Community Engagement Commons](#), [Domestic and Intimate Partner Violence Commons](#), and the [Educational Sociology Commons](#)

---

## Recommended Citation

"Do the Write Thing Essay, 2015" (2015). *Do the Write Thing, Boston*. Paper 344.  
<http://scholarworks.umb.edu/dtw/344>

This Article is brought to you for free and open access by the Breaking the Cycle of Violence at ScholarWorks at UMass Boston. It has been accepted for inclusion in Do the Write Thing, Boston by an authorized administrator of ScholarWorks at UMass Boston. For more information, please contact [library.uasc@umb.edu](mailto:library.uasc@umb.edu).

B715104

### The story that changed My life

How violence has effected my life was when I was 9 years old there was a fire up the street from my house. I was shocked that 10 people lived in the house. I was told that 4 people survived and 5 died. I was missing. The fire fighters tried to look for her, they found her after an hour. She was under a pile of rubble. she was dead. That was my first time experinecing death for the first time.

I asked my mom if she was sleeping, she said yes. As I soon grew up I figured out she wasn't sleeping. she was dead. I was sad she was taken from this world. But I was told that she was committing suicide by burning the house down but little did she knew there was other people in the house. Luckily 4 people got out. But the five wasn't so lucky. The women also died. That's how violence has effected my life.

The story that changed my life

How, where has it started and the end where  
 I was a young girl there was a funny  
 the first time I was shocked  
 that the people lived in the house. I  
 was told that Algonquian survived and I was  
 always amazed at the things that he had  
 for me. They found me after a long  
 time. I was very happy to see him. He was old  
 but his eyes were bright. He was the  
 first time.

I called my mom if she was sleeping she said  
 yes but I was gone. I found out she was  
 sleeping she was dead. I was sad she was  
 in the room the night but I was told that  
 she was remembering something by through the  
 house but a little bit she knew the way  
 that people in the house. I was happy to find out  
 that the first time I saw the house.