


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 405.  
<http://scholarworks.umb.edu/dtw/405>

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).

## Violence

How violence has affected my life is of what I see around me and what I've experienced. It makes me feel worried when I'm outside it makes unsure because I see groups and I automatically think their gangs.

This is a story about my uncle. I was there but my mom told me about. So my uncle was a wealthy man he lived in a fancy house he worked for the marine on a ship. He didn't have any enemies, he was a nice man that everyone one loved. Until one day he was at a store and these three men come up and shoot him. My mom doesn't talk about him, I don't like asking her just by mentioning his name she tears up and starts crying. My mom suspected something about his wife along time ago but never really concluded it. This is why my mom doesn't like when I go outside at night, and now I understand. I feel bad sometimes because he was going to visit my mom. I remember the day my mom and uncles were crying a lot, I never met him but what happened was cold and heartless. Violence needs to stop it can also cause other people to break down.

# Violence

How violence was affected and life is  
 of what I see around me and what I  
 experience. It makes me feel worried  
 in our side it makes us more because  
 I see drugs and I automatically think  
 they go together.

This is a story about my uncle. I  
 was there but my mom told me about  
 so my uncle was a wealthy man he  
 lived in a fancy house he worked for the  
 government for a while. He didn't have any  
 money and a nice man that everyone was  
 until one day he was at a store and there  
 they were some up and about him. He  
 didn't talk about him. I don't like  
 but just he mentioned his name. She  
 and started crying. My mom started  
 about his wife. She said she was  
 involved. It is not my own story.

When I go outside at night and see  
 understand. I feel bad sometimes because  
 was going to visit my mom. I remember  
 day when she was in the hospital. I  
 never met him but I know he was  
 and our families. Violence needs to stop  
 can also cause other people to be