

Alex Jones short essay 8-4

I was waiting in my dad's car listening to the radio when I heard screaming. I looked outside and two men walking on the other side of the street are dragging a boy with them. He was yelling for help. One of the men looks down at him and asks him if he wants any candy. The boy keeps on yelling. I sink into my chair in fear that they might see me. I look up and see that they had passed. My dad gets in the car and I am silent. We turn down a street and see the men and the boy. My dad doesn't notice them and I just stare at them.

This event has had a very strong impact on me. I consider this was my "loss of innocence" because I realized that there are mean people who would do this and hurt you. This has greatly influenced me. I've always thought of things I could have done to help. If something like this ever happens to me again I would do all that I could to help.