**Goal:** 500-600 words about an event in my life (should contain a clear beginning, middle, end, and reflection on what you learned/gained.)

When you were 7-8 years old, did you ever wake up and think that the person you love would be shot in front of you? No one does.

My ears picked up the uproar that was going on. Dad was on the phone with someone yelling, mom was chasing after him. Surprisingly I was still calm.  I heard the front door swing open and my dad's voice echoing from outside. I needed to leave for school so my mom tried to get us out, but he pushed us out the way and entered into the living room as if he lived there and he had the power.

 At this point I'm standing behind the couch that separated the living room from the dining room. My dad and the man were directly in front of me and beside them was the tv. Standing behind them was my mom next to the laptop stand in the far right hand side. On the left side, my baby brother was sitting in the recliner chair; next to him was a small table, and beside the couch was the pile of laundry that had been there since earlier that week. On my right I had a full view of the open back door, with the short stairs leading to the back of the house. As the fight intensified, my oldest brother came in through the front door and was standing behind the intruder.

Within seconds my hands began to shake. By the time I could blink, the man in my dad's face pulled a handgun from his waist. *Where did that come from? I didn't see that!*  "Shoot Me!" My dad chanted that phrase over and over again like a broken record. **Pow!** The gun went off so quick that it was almost like time froze.  *Go get help!* As the sound of the gun went off, I was already out the back door. It was almost like Usain Bolt when he hears the gun go off telling him it's time to run the race.

*Maybe I can run down the street and get help.* But by the time I reached the front, not only did I see him, but I heard yet another gunshot. *Did he see me?* I immediately spun around as if my feet were on disks, and ran to the back. My older brother was just about to lock the door, but he saw me and pulled me in. Adrenaline was pumping through my body so fast I stopped hearing. The world seemed silent; still, frozen. I walked in and saw my dad covered in blood. *Where did he get shot? Why is there so much blood? Is he dead?*

My older brother came from behind me and told me to go sit with my baby brother.  The sound of sorrow and fear deafen my ears and I couldn't hear anything until the police arrived. They put me, baby brother, and my mom in one car, my oldest brother in another car, and my injured father in an ambulance. During the car ride, I distracted myself with the bright world. Even though I just witnessed something so violent, so graphic, my mind and soul still found beauty in that moment.

We had nothing but the clothes on our backs and we had to stay with my dad's cousin for the time being. As my older siblings were brought home from school crying I was comforting them. I had a sense of ease, I knew he was going to survive. God blessed my family that day, and I always give him thanks.