

David

~~There are times in our lives when~~

There are decisions in life, where the only choice is a choice that makes you hate yourself.

One of these decisions thrust itself into my life last fall. It came as the result of ~~my~~ ^{war}. This boy is the nicest, most welcoming and sympathetic boy you will ever meet. ~~What a great person~~

He is a refugee ~~who~~ from Sudan who has lost both his parents, his siblings have abandoned him and he suffers from a form of cerebral palsy.

He came into my life one afternoon when I came home from school and saw him sitting at my kitchen table with the worst burn on his knee, that I had ever seen. My mom ~~came~~ ^{walked} into the kitchen then and noticed I was home, "Oh hi son, this is David, and he is going to stay with us for a couple of weeks until his knee heals."

"Okay Mom," I said, "that's fine."

Two weeks turned into four months, and building ever so slowly was a feeling unfamiliar to me. At first I couldn't place the feeling. David would at times knock on my door and ask me for help with homework and other problems. He really liked me, and would always talk with me when he got the chance. However I found

myself avoiding him. I would come home from school and listen quietly so as to sneak by him. I didn't know why I did it, but for some reason, ~~the~~ the thought of talking to him gave me dread. I started feeling more and more uncomfortable in my house and I would spend much of the time at home locked away in my room. However he could still get me there, and as I ~~would~~ would hear ^{the sudden knock of} his weak hands ~~knock~~ on my bedroom door, my heart would jump with dread, for I knew he wanted something that I didn't want to give him.

Then one morning I woke up, and I was tired. I felt as though his innocent and pure presence was somehow peircingly ~~my~~ ^{my life} surveying my every move. The days that followed I stopped talking to people, stopped feeling happy about things. Well, in fact my mood would swing and I felt at moments that I could talk to him and have fun with him but then I would suddenly fall back down into a pit of emotions. And then I knew it, I hated David and I didn't know why.

^ It is bad enough to ~~know~~ live with someone you hate, but it actually drains the life out of you to live with someone you hate yourself for hating.

And I truly hated myself. Why in all the world would or even could I hate David? ~~Why~~

~~David~~ David, the epitome of ^{innocence} ~~innocence~~! David, who loves me so much! My mind raced and cried with the effort of understanding why, but then I stopped thinking and started crying. ~~My mind raced and cried~~

The next day, my mom, who had been asking about my mood frequently, asked me yet again why I was so down. And I told her everything. By doing so, however, and I knew this, ~~that~~ I ~~was~~ had destroyed any hopes of David continuing to live with us. ~~as~~ I knew

that David would no longer be able to be taught, and nurtured and loved in the hospitable environment that is ~~in~~ home. By telling my mom, I had made the hardest decision in my life: to stunt another's life and dreams at the benefit of ~~myself~~ my own.

It has now been several months since David had to leave our home and most ~~fortunately~~ ^{fortunately} he has found another, though only temporarily. And though he ~~is~~ ^{is} happy with his situation, for he is happy for almost any situation, I will never be happy with his situation. If he still lived with us he would have everyday schooling and nurturing as he does in his ~~home~~ current home. However, other than that he would have a ~~school~~ ^{school} and

Security and stability. So as I go about my privileged life every now and then I am reminded of David and am reminded of the pain I felt making him leave our home. Everytime this happens I think to myself, is there something I missed? ~~Why~~ I always thought I was fairly moral and ethically correct. However when I look back on this situation I see nothing but selfishness and self-interest in me. ~~Why did I not try to get along with him more?~~

And now, ~~at this point~~ I say to myself what if I had just opened up to him? Why did I not try to get along with him more?

Alas, it is over and I must deal with my mistake, one that I will never make again, for you always have a choice.

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