

It was now Bobby's turn to tell a story. He hesitated cause he didn't know what story to tell. Maria says "Bobby tell them the story about Michael and his little brother Andy."

Bobby looks at her, then at the friends and says "I doubt they want to hear this story babe." The friends then go "well maybe we do bobby! Come on just tell us...".

Bobby then thinks for a minute and says "oh all right."

Bobby's story begins...

Michael was this little 15 year old boy that use to live on my block. He was like in a gang or something. He was always with the wrong crowd. He had a little brother named Andy. Like most little brothers Andy looked up to Michael. Andy always wanted to be with Michael and go wherever Michael and his friends went. But Michael knowing that he was doing the wrong things didn't want his little brother around him so he kind of neglected Andy.

One day Michael decided to spend time with Andy and take Andy to the park. Andy was enjoying his time with his brother and suddenly a group of guys came. It was Michaels gang. They had a problem and needed Michaels help. They saw that Michael had Andy with him and told Michael that he should bring him home before he got hurt. Michael told Andy its time to go. Andy was excited because he was now with his brother and his friends. He felt cool hanging with older guys. As Michael friends, Michael and Andy were walking home a group of guys that had problems with Michael and his friends were following them talking crap and starting problems. It got real bad a guy pulled out a

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gun. Michael was scared because he had his brother so they ran home. The guys that had the gun followed and shot!

Like that...Andy was shot...and gone.

Michael losing his brother was the hardest thing ever. He felt like he lost his other half. From that day on Michael started doing the right thing. He was no longer in a gang. He went to school and did what he had to do. Losing his brother taught him the biggest lesson of his life. You never know what you got till its gone.