**Version 1**

The day was bright and full of joy until I received a call that would change my life and the life of many others forever. As I received the news that my dear grandmother had left us it seemed that the day went cloudy, dark, and lifeless in a matter of seconds. My grandmother was loved by the whole family and community and her passing away affected people in so many ways. I could still remember the days when my grandmother and I would go for walks across the town, tell stories, and just talk about life and the future. Since I was a child my grandmother knew I was a smart kid and be someone in life. She never had the educational opportunity I have today due to where she grew up so all she wanted in life was to see her grandchildren grown up and be successful in life in order to live what people call “The American Dream”.

In the eyes of my grandmother doing the right thing was the key in life and the person doing the right thing will get repaid some way or another at any given time. Being new in the community people soon realized that my grandmother was one of the nicest, most caring, and full of joy person one will ever meet. Moving into a new country is one of the most risk taking choice one takes never knowing what can happen to one or at what time and my grandmother worst fear was to have her family split apart. Knowing her fear the whole family decided to gather at her house on Sunday afternoons and just be one big happy family. On the rest of the days my grandmother was alone due to the fact that her children worked and all her grandchildren went to school which she was proud of for she never had an opportunity like we do now. To make the day go by quicker she went on daily walks to relax her mind and body from whatever was happening and be free for the time being.

It was the beginning of a New Year and at the beginning of a New Year most people make a New Year resolution to improve how one is but not my grandmother she was already a wonderful person and had no reason to change. Day after day she continued to take her ritual walks and take in what the day had to offer. Until one day as she went for her daily walk everything was the same as always, she wanted to cross the street so she hit the button to cross the street and as the sign indicated it was her turn she went. The street was practically empty and no sign of danger until a driver in a big white truck merged off the highway to enter the city skipped the stop sign and hit my grandmother at a great speed sending my grandmother sliding over twenty five on concrete. My grandmother had serious injuries and was escorted to the helicopter to go to the hospital but died on her way there. The whole family was divested and refused to believe something like that happened to her. One of the most loved person in our family has left us in one of the worst ways and all the law could do was say “it was an accident”.

This incident brought me into anger and decided to take this into my own hands and go off to college and major in criminology and bring justice to other people who have suffered like how my family has. I would bring justice to many incident people who have lost a love one and most importantly do the right thing and help others like how my grandmother always did, knowing that my grandmother will always be by my side to help me always do the right thing and watch her grandchildren grow up and finally live “The American Dream”.

**Version 2**

The day was bright and full of joy until I received a call that would change my life forever. As I heard the news that my dear grandmother had left us, the day went dark. My grandmother was loved by the whole family, by the whole community; her passing affected people in so many ways. I could still remember the days when we would go for walks across town, tell stories, and talk about life and the future. Since I was a child my grandmother knew I was a smart kid, and that I could be someone in life. She never had the chance to go to school, and all she wanted in life was to see her grandchildren grow up, be successful, and live what people call “The American Dream.”

In the eyes of my grandmother, doing the right thing was the key in life: the person doing the right thing will get repaid one way or another. Moving to a new country is one of the riskiest choices one can make, and my grandmother’s worst fear was to have her family split apart. Knowing her fear the whole family gathered at her house on Sunday afternoons to celebrate being one big happy family. On the days when she was alone, to make the time go by quicker she went on walks to relax her mind and body.

Day after day she continued to take her ritual walks, until one day when she wanted to cross the street. The sign indicated it was her turn, so she went. The street was practically empty until a driver in a big white truck merged off the highway, skipped the stop sign, and hit my grandmother at such a speed it sent her sliding over twenty-five feet on the concrete. My grandmother had serious injuries, and died in the helicopter on the way to the hospital. I was devastated and refused to believe something like that could happen to her. One of the most beloved people in my life had left me in one of the worst ways imaginable, and all the law could do was say, “It was an accident.”

This made me angry, but my grandmother would tell me that anger doesn’t help us. So I decided to do something about it, in the hopes of helping other families in the future get justice after such a tragic accident. I want to major in criminology and bring justice to other people who have suffered like my family has. I would bring justice to many innocent people who have lost a love one, and most importantly do the right thing and help others like my grandmother always did, knowing that she will always be by my side to help me do the right thing. I know she’s still watching her grandchildren grow up, and finally living “The American Dream.”