My Favorite Mistake

By Aaron Lawson

From my inception until the age of thirteen, I lived in what some might call a “white ghetto”. Within this ghetto teamed with unsightliness unimaginable until experienced first-hand: poverty, drugs, violence, all of these were the purported signs of a ghetto. White trash littered metal boxes, taking as many drugs as could be found. It was abhorred.

When I was about four years old, I had ventured out from my yard for the first time. It was when I reared around the side of an abandoned trailer next to mine was where I saw a few older children. Naively I walked over to them to be met with a swift kick in the gut, in which I had to crawl home from the exasperating pain I was in. This was the first of the many times I would be lambasted.

Because of these harassments and beatings I received all throughout my time in the ghetto, I stereotypically had to learn how to be a “tough boy,” one who does not take anyone’s crap, had to be able to take a punch, things like those. This made me a very… let’s say “troubled” child, who was quick to anger, and not as quick to calm. Throughout my earlier years of school, all of my teachers were virtually my nemeses. Though a blur, Kindergarten was absolute hell for anyone to handle me, first grade largely the same. It was not until third grade where I had eased up between my teachers and me, but many a quarrel was still had between peers.

Countless fights were had. Few people wanted to be my friend, mostly because everybody mutually saw me as an enemy or I saw them as an enemy. It was insanity.

In fourth grade, however, this was where I had a break-through. Though still quite the ruffian, I had somehow managed to find myself with people willing to engage in conversation with me, as impeccable as that was at the time. I believe the reason for this was my comedy. People would constantly laugh at my jokes; want to hang out with me, things like that. This was cool until these shenanigans landed me in a pseudo-alternative school where I became even more angry. But once I emerged from there, I had finally been reborn like a phoenix from its ashes: I was no longer that mean old Mr. Aaron Lawson; no, I had transcended, and became “that cool guy Aaron Lawson.”

It took a while to get used to, but I slowly realized that being a tough, rowdy sort of man isn’t exactly the way anyone should go. If anything it leads you down a path leading to nothing but trouble, and I now know this all too well; I had almost been arrested once for doing such things. But now, it is a more peaceful time, where my fellow man and I can stand side by side in harmony without either of us trying to gut the other, and for this I am thankful.

Since my revelation, things have only gotten better. I have many peers whom I respect and who I believe respect me as well, I no longer live within that wretched ghetto, and I no longer get in trouble at school! Err… perhaps that last part was untruthful, but you understand what I mean.