

"I've been Drafted"



I was drafted today. I got the letter in the mail. I just turned 18 last month and registered for the selective service 29 days ago. I never thought this would happen to me, I'm just a senior in high school, I haven't even graduated yet, and the government wants me to go off to a bloody war. I was already accepted to my dream college, this wasn't part of my plan, but it's my obligation to go to war.

I have a week, a week to decide whether to go off to war or ^{choose} have an alternative choice. I don't have any reasonable explanation for not joining other than it wasn't a part of my plans to go to war. I will have to accept my fate, fight for my country, and possibly die for it. I haven't even shot a real gun yet. The most experience I have had with guns is playing COD with my friends on PS3 and that one time I shot a paintball gun, but my government wants me to go to war and kill people.

My parents haven't stopped crying since I read the letter. How can I be sorry for myself when I'm constantly worrying about them? I think I'm still in shock, ^{and} I don't know what to think because I have no choice. My body is content, but my mind constantly thinks about what will become of me, what will become of my family, and what will become of my friends. I am afraid.

That's it, I'm going to war. I'm leaving everything behind to fight for my country. I may never see my family ^{again} or my friends, but in one week, I'm leaving. I went down to my uncle's house the next day. He hunts and has experience with guns, so I consulted him about ^{being} my draft. He let me shoot some guns and I went home, I am afraid. ^{I am} Afraid for my life, afraid for my family, and afraid for my future. *Nice ending line*

*These are details
support that should
be in body*