

Too little, too late essay sample

[Literature](#), [Fiction](#)



I couldn't dare imagine a situation were I'm kicking and screaming for my life, trying my hardest to get away from the claws of death. And even though everyone can see and hear me yelling at the top of my lungs for help, no one has the courage to do so. In the short story "37 Who Saw Murder Didn't Call the Police" by Martin Gansberg, that was the fate for Catherine Genovese. Gansberg does an exceptional job explaining the events leading up to, and after the tragic death of Catherine Genovese. How could 37 people be aware of what was happening and not one person call the police? Why was the first call made too late? Not everyone can be a hero, but I agree with Gansberg that at least a call should have been made, especially when someone's life is in danger. I was slightly angered while reading this story, especially after reading it only took detectives two minutes to arrive on the scene to pronounce her dead! If someone would have called police after her first, or even second cry for help she would have still been alive. Reading this story made me feel that I should rely on myself more when in dire need, because it's not for certain that anyone is going to help me.

Also from reading this story, makes me reflect more on events in a previous essay I've read "Black Men in Public Spaces" by Brent Staples, where a man was heavily judged by his looks. From reading Gansberg's story, I further understand why some individuals stereotype, someone could take your life if you're not careful. In the summer of 2004 I encountered a similar situation to the one told by Gansberg. My personal experience helps me relate to this experience, but the ending is a little different. There was a lady who was shot in the late hours of the night. It was told the shooting involved drugs, but that didn't matter to me, the lady was screaming for her life! Neighbors

came to there windows, a few even stepped out on their porches, but nobody made a move to help her. Unlike Catherine Genovese, this lady was not well known to our neighborhood. Once the lady collapsed something went off in me! I immediately ran and grabbed a towel, ran outside.