

# Composition 101



He writes how his best friend bled and died in his arms. He is twenty and at school on the GI Bill. He wants to be a fireman. He gives rides to the other students. He delivers me a female student who smells flammable. She has been raising her mother's six children. She's just found out her brother has been molesting a four year-old girl. Their faces are round as fruit. They look at me as though I have answers. I look at her paper marked with tense issues, spelling errors, punctuation. I say,  
*Here is where we can start.*