Writing the Wrong

This Much is True
He Could Be My Son

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I was sitting on a bench by a small pond. It was a chilly spring day, unseasonably so for a New England April, but sunny. There were daffodils and ducks, and a young mother with her fearless toddler, who insisted on throwing small pebbles at the ducks nearby.

I sat and watched everything around me and every third person who walked by looked exactly like a young man who I had never met and who was at that moment apparently hiding out in a boat in someone's back yard, slowly bleeding to death.



The chilling debris of an act of terror.

No less than 200 law enforcement officials were poised nearby, waiting for him to emerge. Or die. The orders were to take him alive even though he had killed an eight-year-old boy and blown off the legs and fingers of many others. They had been hunting him for nearly a full day, and like the rest of America I watched while they scoured Watertown, MA for someone they described as "Violent and extremely dangerous".

Then they put his pictures up and my heart stopped, because I knew him. I knew him, not personally, and I had never met him, but I knew him because he looked like he could have been my son, and he looked like almost every swarthy, lanky young man who walked by me as I sat next to the pond.

Dzhokhar Tsarnaev, 19, has been charged with using a weapon of mass destruction to kill and injure American citizens. He and his older brother dropped two bombs in two locations during the 117th Boston Marathon. And then the manhunt for the younger Tsarnaev ensued. The shaggy hair,