

Fighting for my Life

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I woke up in my hometown of New York City. I live far from school, so I take the subway four times a trip. I get ready and get on the subway "To 16th street" says the conductor. I see a man dressed like a normal person, but he was staring at me. I got off the first ride and got on to the other one. He followed me. I was nervous now, but I was only twelve, why would anyone want to do something to me? I moved to my third trip and here he comes right on the stop. When he moved from stop to stop, he would get on the opposite side of the tram. I get off number three and make my way to the last stop, all I must do is get to school. I walk to the stop and then the tram goes without me! The man taps me on the shoulder and says, "You need help little boy."

All I remember is his cold hand on my shoulder and now I am in a car driven by the man. I see a light a streetlight, but it fades in the distance. I see a tunnel and then a crowd of people all screaming at the car rejoicefully. The car door opens, and I see a big ring, no not a wedding ring, a boxing ring. I was brought to a room with what looked like one hundred beds. I picked one and put my backpack on the bed. The backpack, there had to be something useful in there. I looked until I found a heavy pen. I put it in my pocket and heard the man coming so I froze. He emerged from the darkness and said, "You are now the property of the ring, you will fight on your sixteenth birthday in the ring for freedom." I know that as a kid I loved to fight my brothers, but in an actual ring it is intense. I guess I must start to train for one moment when I can see my family again.

Today is my sixteenth birthday. I have trained for this moment. When they call my name to the ring, I will show them just who I am. I get ready for the fight and go to the ring. My mind has one hundred thoughts, but I close them out and say, "I am ready." The bells go off for the first round and I get a hit to the face. He lays down a couple punches, but I feel fine. Until he hits me in the jaw I fall to the floor. My face pressed up against the hard wooden floor and punch after punch I was hit. The referee calls the round, and I can feel the blood dripping down my face and jaw. I know that I cannot keep this fight going, so I think about what I have. And then it hits me, the pen, but how to use it? I look up and see a fire alarm, I cannot reach it, but I can set it off. It was me was only hope, so I threw it and set off the alarm! Everyone went running as I heard the sirens approaching. The cars approach and police cars come also. They rush to the scene, arrest spectators, and take fighters for questioning. They took me to the hospital and left the ring to rot.

I woke up to the nurse that helped me remain calm throughout the inspections. She said "you have visitors." I thought that it was the police for questioning, but I saw someone familiar. She rushes to hug me along with to kids and I say, "mom!" I hug her as tight as I can so that I will never be apart from my family again.