

Qadir Muhammad

English Composition I – Draft # 1

October 11th 2018

Far Gone

The year is 2004, Qadir is nine years old and was excited to spend the weekend hanging out with a friend of his. It was a Friday, and that also happened to be the date that his friend, Brian, would be getting a visit from his cousin. Whom he had moved away from a couple months back. They used to live on the same block until he came to Qadir's neighborhood. The three of them decided to come together and play a game they assumed was their own making, free for all basketball. Each shot that you made went toward your own score. But to keep neutrality they made a rule that no player could help another make the basket. It kept things competitive and balanced. Today the sun is shining brightly, and the wind blowing gives you the nicest blast of air when your body experiences heat waves from all the movement. The court itself is divided into two parts all surrounded by a green cage and separated down the middle to create two sides. With the flooring colored a darker green. Both sides of the cage being full sized for two separate groups to play at the same time, and usually both are taken up right away. Between the bigger kids and adults on the block, kids like Qadir hardly got the chance to use the court. With it being empty on a chance like today, it finally him and his friends a chance to see what an actual court was like instead of some kiddie little stand set-up in the driveway. Today like Qadir had hoped was going to be a good day.

Over the course of their little game Qadir manages to take the lead. But the lead scoring shot causes Brian's cousin to get angry. As the ball fell through the net and he picked it up, Brian's cousin started to argue the fairness of the shot. He makes a claim that as Qadir jumped for the shot he elbowed him as way to shake him away from blocking. Qadir rises to the argument but when he challenges the other boy, the other kid even though short than Qadir retaliates with more anger. What was at one-point playful trash talking between the three boys was now blowing out of proportion. Qadir looks over to the third of them standing off to the side, waiting for his friend Brian to step in and shut the situation down as he knows them both where Qadir only knew him. Though Qadir would do it himself he can feel that it would be out of his place to do so since he doesn't know the relative at all. So he attempts to diffuse the hostility with a little joke. But with the current vibe between the two, instead of saying it lightly it, his following words take a more serious tone.

“Whatever nigga, I didn’t elbow you. Maybe you should watch yourself when playing someone taller? Every time you try to block me it feels like a fly is getting in my way.”

The other boy knows that what Qadir just said was a shot at his height. Removing his shirt, the boy take a few steps closer into Qadir's space. But he wasn't fazed. By now Qadir is used to other kids trying to use scare tactics on him. The only reaction the boy can get out of Qadir is a

rather disturbed and uncomfortable look in his eye as he took a step back. Not out of fear of the other boy striking him, but because he simply likes having his personal space at the other kid was starting to weird him out. He also doesn't want the other kid to get the wrong idea and start assuming that he was scared. So instead of backing away further, Qaadir decides to dig his fingers into the ball he is holding.

“Say something else, nigga, and I PROMISE I’ll slap your sht.”

The words echoed as Qaadir listened to them. Immediately the words put themselves on replay in his conscious. Tried as he might the rage inside of Qaadir built up like a geyser overflowing with heat. The ball which he was holding through the entire ordeal eventually couldn’t bear the brunt of this anger anymore. Of course, being a child, it wasn’t like Qaadir could crush the ball with his bare hands. But more so that it just wasn’t doing enough for him anymore. Pressing into its buoyant surface with his fingers as the words spoken seconds earlier start to ring louder. All his youth, all his childhood did he let people talk to him anyway because of his longing for companionship. At the start of this year Qaadir told himself that he would deal with things like this no longer. The orange sphere in his hands became like a tether. A way for him to project his building outrage as to not ruin what little fun he was hoping that we would get back to having. Just hoping that this spat would blow over.

But the last thing he was willing to allow himself to let happen is to stand there and let another kid talk about bringing harm to him just because he was standing up for himself. So Qaadir drops the ball. As it fell toward the green pavement he raised one fist and cocked it before driving it into the face of the kid before him. Pain, he could feel pain. Qaadir meant to put this kid in front of him down, which he did, but the response from his fist wasn’t what he was expecting. Qaadir threw the punch wrong. But the adrenaline was kicking in and before he knew it, the kid was scrambling back to his feet while he was busy shaking out the hand he struck the other boy with. Brian's cousin retaliates by going for a body blow into Qaadir's stomach. It connects but their difference in size and reach allows Qaadir to roll his body with the punch thinking it was hitting him sooner than it actually did. Throwing his head back Qaadir rams his head into the other boy before tackling him into the ground. His fist start flying. Pounding away at the boy beneath him as he vented his rage and showed Brian's cousin that he was nowhere as big as he thought he was. More pain. Except this time its erupting through Qaadir's head. A blow to the right side of his temple rocks him. It was Brian. Of course, Qaadir couldn’t have expected him to sit there and watch his cousin get bested in front of his own eyes. As Qaadir laid there trying to regain composure over what had happened, a foot crashes down into his abdomen. Qaadir immediately reacts by covering himself and curling into a defensive ball, but the rest that he couldn’t cover was open for fire. Fist, kicks and stomps rain down all over. Eventually it ends. Qaadir watches as Brian walks away with his cousin whom was wiping his mouth clean of the blood running down his lip. Rolling onto his back Qaadir groans as his body aches with pain, staring into the sky that despite of what just happened, was still as peaceful as ever.

“What did I just do?”

He questions himself as he climbs to his feet. He is shaky, but he manages to gather himself and rise off of the ground. He touches his lip and winces at the sensation of broken flesh. Blood was now on his thumb and only reminded him of what he had done and how stupid it was of him to do so. With nothing else to do at the court Qaadir walks home. Looking at his hands as each foot passes over the other. The wind blowing against his face and easing the fiery pain that was abusing the wound on his mouth. He walks through his front door and passes by his mom on the way to his room.

“Qaadir are you okay? What happened?”

“Nothin’. Nothin’ happened.” He replies before going into his space and closing the door behind him.