Essay: Do The Right Thing Challenge Pg #1

It was a regular September afternoon. The stadium was full. I was with my green shirt on supporting my team. If we won we passed to the playoffs but if we didn’t we were eliminated. Soccer was taken very seriously by a lot of people that were there, a lot of times even driving them to violence.

The score was 1 to 0. We were winning. The other team scored. The score was stuck at 1 to 1. Only 20 minutes for the game to end, the other team scored again. We still had a chance. 5 minutes left and they scored again. The game was lost.

My friend, my friend's sister and I are walking towards the car to meet up with their father. All of a sudden we hear a large and loud crowd stomping right towards us. We saw hundreds of cops right next to us. Hundreds of angry
I've never been very good at school. The scores were never anything to get very excited about. My parents had a lot of expectations for my education, but I just didn't have the drive to meet them. I feel like I have a lot to learn to make up for my past performance.

My friend, my best friend, is going to college this fall. I've never been to a school like that before, but I'm really excited to meet new people and experience something different. I feel like it's a chance for me to grow and improve.
fans were chasing the cops!

In the anger of the lost game most of the fans were very mad and they decided to take it all out on the cops. We had no other choice but to run with the cops and hope to not get hit by the rocks and bottles flying near our heads. To every side we looked it was terrifying. Cops behind us were getting stabbed, cops in front of us were getting hit by rocks, some policemen were trying to hose down the fans but they wouldn't stop. All you could hear were screams and people yelling: "run for your life! With my heart pumping as fast as ever before I ran as fast and long as I could. Finally we out-ran the rowdy crowd of fans. We still couldn't be calm though. In any minute the fans could catch up and we could really get hurt. We
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Essay: Do The Write Thing Challenge #3

Kept running.

After a while we decide to call my friend's dad. He was very scared but he tells us to wait for him where we were because he would pick us up there. He gets there and everyone gets in the car. There was an absolute silence. There was fear in everybody's eyes. We were all remembering the terrifying scene that we had just passed by. Horrible images coming to our heads.

Now a days I ask myself: What if a rock or bottle hit me? What if I would've gotten knocked out? What if I couldn't keep running? I have no answer to these questions. I ask: Could I have done anything about that big riot? Do these people know how they affect a lot of people? I sometimes feel that I could teach them the big problem in what they are doing. They are affecting hundreds of people.