

Rebel Child

“That child deserves a beating,” hollered a gray-haired stranger across the streets to my parents. Some faces in the crowd turned towards the stranger, others towards me, and some even started applauding. Adding to my insult, his finger was pointing directly at me.

Just moments before, I was screaming at the top of my lungs with every step I was dragged closer to the fair. I didn’t want to go, but nobody ever listened to me. And now this stupid stranger sentenced me without ever asking why. God, I was mad.

I am taking another look at his face. His gray hat hides the bushy overgrown eyebrows a little bit, but he still seems like the meanest person in the world. His dark-brown eyes are filled with a mean and cruel shimmer, but I am not afraid.

I felt a shock of electricity surge throughout my young body. My stomach seemed to be connected to an unknown power source. This was my very first time that I had ever felt an exploding rage like this. Energy rushed from the center of my body towards my hands and feet. The tingling and numbing effect spread towards my lungs. My breathing became faster as a rage boiled deep inside of me. My small fingers were firmly rolled into little fists. I was possessed by the burning injustice that this stranger had judged me without ever asking for my side of the story.

Like lava exploding in the sky, a tingling energy channeled my senses into one clear mental desire: to hit this stranger as hard as I could. I broke away from my father’s controlling grip and blindly ran into the road. I didn’t care to check if any cars were

driving by. As I continued across the road, I started swinging my right arm above my head. I was used to throwing child fits, but this new emotion was more powerful than anything else. It completely bypassed my thinking. I was a rebel child - on autopilot.

Completely shocked, the stranger stood still and watched this little James Dean on his way to justice. Cars or not, I was going to hit this guy. My mind focuses very hard on this hit. I never even had a second of doubt whether I should proceed. I didn't think I could knock him over, but I also didn't think that I could not. Heck, if he had stretched out his arms, I wouldn't have been able to reach his body at all. But neither did any of these problems occur to me, nor would they have stopped me.

I was running in full force when my parents finally came to their senses and ran after me. Halfway across the street, my father's strong arms tightened around my struggling body and picked me off the street. I thrashed to the left, jerked to the right, and arched my back as hard as I could, but all to no avail. My parent's mission was accomplished: their little hellion was secured. Most bystanders stood frozen in silence. They had watched me break away and they knew only too well what my plans had been. They didn't seem to be as impressed with my courage and determination as I was. In their eyes, I was probably the ultimate brat from hell. But to me, I was a rebel child unafraid to stand my ground.