

Spring 5-1-1993

Boxer Rebellion

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Recommended Citation

Magarotto, Ezio (1993) "Boxer Rebellion," *The Prairie Light Review*: Vol. 12 : No. 2 , Article 32.
Available at: <https://dc.cod.edu/plr/vol12/iss2/32>

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Boxer Rebellion

Ezio Magarotto

Lisa began to cry; it seemed that was all she could muster anymore. When she met Charles a few days ago he had appeared to be such a caring person. After talking to her for a while that day, he decided that there was room at his place, and that she could stay if she wanted to. Lisa was so tired, so hungry. She had no one left; her mother ran away with someone she met during an audition for a beauty contest, and her father had been put to death by lethal injection after killing a truck driver who tried to shoot him. Time after time Lisa had been taken in by families who didn't have any of their own, but in the end she always ran away. This time she felt it would be different. She couldn't say no, so she went with Charles back to his place.

At first everything was wonderful. Charles fixed something for Lisa to eat and just sat there talking to her as she regained some of her energy. Lisa wondered when Charles was going to show her somewhere to sleep. She hoped he didn't expect her to sleep in the same bed with him. All he had done was fix her a meal so far. Did he assume that she would want to sleep with him as a sign of gratitude? After Lisa's meal Charles turned on the television where they both sat. Lisa began to get very tired and finally fell asleep.

Lisa woke abruptly when she felt Charles carrying her. It looked as if he were bringing her toward the bathroom. Lisa looked fearfully at the man she thought was different from the rest. Charles told Lisa that she was dirty and that he would take care of her. She struggled and fought against his grasp. She could only yell unintelligible sounds, her fear was so great. Charles's grip became tighter still.

His arm on her throat became oppressive. Soon she would pass out from lack of oxygen. Lisa knew she must act before it was too late.

With all her might, Lisa bit Charles; it was all she could do. Charles instantly freed his grasp upon Lisa. He was in obvious pain, and also maddened by Lisa's unforeseen attack. Lisa knew she must escape, and quickly, before Charles tried to do her any harm. She ran through the house looking for a way out. Excitedly she saw the porch screen door and ran toward it. It slammed open with the force of a cannon blast. Lisa ran as fast as she could until the sound of Charles's voice screaming that he would kill her was indiscernable from the night's wind.

After what seemed like hours of relentless running, Lisa had to stop; her bladder felt as if it would burst at any moment. She looked around in attempt to find some source of relief. Farther ahead Lisa saw something familiar. She walked closer to the object, sniffed, then lifted her hind leg and used the red fire hydrant for its unintended purpose.