**Down We Go**

**By Sean Maphia**

In the distance, I see the enemy marching in sync, lined up and ready to kill. Today’s the final stand-off.

The weak versus the strong.

The meek against the immodest.

“It’s been a pleasure to fight with you,” my companion says to me, his eyes rolling with fear.

“And with you,” I reply, frightened. I gulp down my fear, ready to stand my ground.

The enemy stops all at once. Hungry for violence. Thirsty for blood.

Some of my men trip over one another and are taken down instantly by the other side, before they can even aim. I see a burly opponent in front of me aiming right for me. I throw my weapon like it was made of flames. He lets out a girlish shriek.

I relish my victory, but it doesn’t last. It seems time has stopped. All around me, I see the men I have grown to call friends knocked down one by one. Some have been hit in the face, some in the groin. I’m the last one left.

“Come on, do it already!” I shout with a tear in my eye.

 “Alright, get going!” the gym teacher shouts. They all aim at me.

The devils all aim at my face. I look upon them, like I would look upon death. Jesus, I hate dodgeball…

Then, a sea of red.