**Timing is everything.**

Planning

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| --- | --- | --- | --- |
| Characters | Setting | Plot | Moral |
| * Gerald * Doctor * Lyle | * Seattle, south park * northwest | Our protagonist, Gerald Bryant gets involved in a street fight consisting of multiple opposing cliques and suffers a fatal brain injury. 5 minutes prior Gerald’s demise he is miraculously awoken by hampered adrenaline during the fight and is told he only has five minutes to live. In a panic he queries himself on what he can do to make the last moments count, by the time his life is at his last second he is left with no threads tied however he now knows the importance of timing. | * Time is a valuable and scarce resource * Do not let your own pride cloud choices you may regret at a later stage |

**Timing is everything**

Essay

The ranched smell of sweat being secreted from the peak of my temple running down past the indent of my dark hazel colored irises can be so faintly smelled in the midst of a gang fight. A “gang” altercation lacking in any sentient cause. It is without legitimate reason to which we are dancing in the earths lavish with hands drawn in a habitat meant to unite those of the lower-class districts, this is where balls should be thrown not hands.

The same sweat burdening my nose ridden by the rain that starts gradually increasing in her intensity as the fight progresses, as more blood is shed. Our clique is dominating. Whilst I hate such confrontations and acts of brutality, I fear how I may be ridiculed if I am to flee from my boys. A disorientating clash of lightning erupts throughout the district and in a momentary instant I am in awe of the act of . My foe sees this as opportunity to pounce into the air and deliver a knee directly to the rear end of my nose which in turn causes me to lose all stability I had prior and collapse to the inflexible ground. I lose consciousness upon impact.

I am not sure of the time that has passed since the incident occurred, only that I am in an environment to which I am alienated. I am no longer in the south park districtyet I am still in Seattle. I find it humorous in a disturbed manner, how moments prior one is informed of news that may be life altering, we may be so full of optimism, so certain of our self-centered prospect of what is to come. No one is certain of when death will inevitably meet our being. I just happened to have an abundance of luck, or a lack there of. 5 minutes. 5 minutes before the head trauma resulted in a fatality. I glared at the contact list I had so desperately scurried to reach to resolve my conflicts, to find peace. only to come to a halt once I realized such an act is unattainable. The risks we take in refusing to apologize to those whom we have wronged will inevitably end up in the regret one dies with. The chances I never took, the people I resisted loving, the food I prohibited myself to eat. All aspects of life I did not partake in either due to the false ideology that such an instant may come again, which I now know. It may not.