**ASSIGNMENT # 2**

**Name:** Hammad Javaid **Roll number:** i21-1661

In sixth grade, I got a football from my father as a gift. Football was my favorite sport as it also complimented my height. Shooting the trees with my pinpoint accuracy as they shifted into different types of people my imagination dreamed up was the perfect kind of therapy for me. I dribbled around them imitating the intense pace of an original football game while in my head I was getting away from my seniors. My break-point or rather limit of elasticity was long before fragmented. Although I was tall I was skinny and my larger peers had used this to their full advantage to inflate their ego. I had foreseen this day long before it came.. I had been locked in rooms, dumped into toilets, kicked around, called names, played jokes on and couldn't take more punctures to my self-esteem. A week after my birthday, I was on the football field indulging deep into my own world of imagination shooting real-life crossbars when out of the blue my darkest fear appeared in front of me snatching the ball away from me. However, as Newton states “to every reaction there is an equal but opposite reaction”, i tried following this rule but was of no match to my senior. Rage surged within me and I attempted my own version of judo in dreams to slam my superior to the ground but failed. Anyways I was met with an uppercut and fell like a bag of potatoes. Pacifism had already failed at achieving its stated goal and now violence was the only answer.