



## *My Trip to the games*

*Everyone says "Oh, the games were amazing" or "Oh did you see the games?"*

*Everyone except me. I have always tried to avoid going to see that vile game that people call entertainment. If you don't know what the games are, you are pretty lucky. They come basically ever week. They are held in the Colosseum- a huge big arena. The games are basically where two people, also known as gladiators, fight until one of them dies.*

*When I said how I always had managed to avoid them, this time was very different... My master, also known as the senator, has ordered me there. Anyway, I'm on my way to the Colosseum. I'm so nervous I might faint. If you are wondering why I want to faint it is because one, I don't want to see anybody get killed. Two, I don't want any animal dead. Three, because I think I have to stand.*

*After the long ride, we arrived. My master leaves us and heads to his private box so myself and my friend go up to our seats. Turns out we get our own row except it's very uncomfortable. It's made of wood- that's why. Suddenly, I hear a bang. It's my master. He is at the edge of his box saying chatting. Meanwhile, they are prepping the gladiators.*

*Soon, the games begin. I can't bear to look at it but for some reason, I can't stop. Today's fighters were pretty deadly. A net man and a pursuer. The pursuer fought well but he got too tired. Suddenly, the net man has his sword to the pursuer's chest. Then the crowd cheer 'kill him, kill him' while you can! I cry out *NO!!! Spare him, spare him please.* It's too late though, I see blood oozing from the pursuer's chest. Then I try to run but Linda my friend catches hold of me. I scramble and squirm but she's too strong. When we get home, I cry myself to sleep. I feel horrible and ashamed and angry. How could they let that happen?*

*By Atlannah Farrelly*