

Mr. Harrell's weekend

A shocking Experience

- I awoke from my slumber and was instructed by my wife to get into the car. We had very serious business to take care of and had to leave immediately. I secured my wallet and keys and did as I was told.
- After driving nearly 40 miles, we arrived at a park where there was a large group of people gathered, in what seemed like a picnic fashion. What seemed like games were being played and exotic foods being prepared. There must have been over 200 people present, all seeming joyful.
- I smiled and although I had difficulty understanding the strange accents of the vast number of people grouped, I joined with the children playing their games. One game was ritual jumping across a sacred rope of some kind laid horizontally along the ground with a leader yelling forcefully some words which I could not understand. I followed what the vast number of other children were doing which was jumping across the rope in a rhythmic manner. Somehow, I managed to succeed in the game coming in second next to a six year old little girl who better understood the games significance.

- I soon approached a young boy of nine years and asked him his name. He said he was Christian and I responded that his religion did not matter. He rebuked me and said his name was Christian which I started to doubt. I asked why were so many people gathered this day in this park in a playful manner and his response horrified me. He raised a slender figure toward a large oak tree. There, suspended by a rope hung a young attractive woman. Christian smiled and said this was a fun gathering and I would be pleasantly surprised when I would see his strength. He would soon use a large stick and beat the body of the helpless woman. "All the children are given the chance to rage upon the body!" he stated with a broad smile.
- Horrified, I asked him, "Why! Why, would you do such a horrible atrocity!"
- Christian's response was perplexing. He just shrugged his shoulders in ignorance and proceeded to the line of children all armed with heavy sticks to participate in the lynching. What a terrible sight I beheld as these grade school children repeatedly struck the poor woman's body. Soon I heard bones crack and flesh tear, all the while the glee giggles and excited screams echoing across the shaded park. After about 30 children took their respective turns with the heavy sticks, often with shouts of "take that teacher!" the head of the poor cadaver separated from its torso and a great joyous chorus rang out. The children celebrated with candy and the on looking parents clapped and sang out joyous shouts and songs. I, though, quickly left the scene as I was of a different race and composure than the crowd and I fear for my life.

Summary:

- Historical situation
- Intended audience
- Point of view
- Purpose
- Outside information





