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Weekly Vocabulary Essay 8

There was a guy who loved to eat potatoes, his name was Johnny Bamboo. He lived in the streets of Hong Kong, makes a living off of street fighting to make some fast cash. In every fight, Johnny would often garnish his clothes in order to look fancy while victorious. His mother was always solicitous about him, advising him to stop fighting. ‘’You don’t know me mom! I am the champion!’’ Bamboo chanted with confidence. His mom replied ‘’One day you’ll be sorry!’’

One day, Johnny Bamboo was at the gym working out fierce fully while flexing his muscles in every position imaginable. Then a man came and grabbed the dumbbells away from him and said ‘’Get out of my territory boy!’’. Bamboo was outraged by the man’s attitude, so he started to pick a fight with him. The man claimed that in order to fight him, Bamboo has to get a commission from James McMango, the head of the fighting circuit.

The match type had to be decided by the general public, thus an election took place. Electors came in and voted for their most desired match type that they would like to see. The results showed up on a huge screen at Times Square, the majority decided on a fight to the death. The winner would be the only one who stays alive in the battle. ‘’This is unorthodox! Fighting is one thing, but killing?’’ Jim Johnson exclaimed as he raged towards James McMango. Johnny and the man fought, it was a brutal fight. Johnny was knocked out senseless, and fell down. The whole crowd showed deep reverence for the loss of a man who fought for their entertainment.