

# THE FIGHT

*Gina Allisce Mickle*

Yesterday one of my friends called me about fifteen minutes after I got home. She's like a big sister to me but from a different hood (the Central District on the other side of Seattle—the CD). Her name is Dana. I met Dana my freshmen year in school, 2005. I started to kick it with her, and the relationship between us became strong, and then I became part of her kinfolk.

Well, out of nowhere she says, “Gina, you wanna beat this girl up?”

Lots of times close friends will get someone to fight their battles if the other person's too young or too old for that person to fight.

I'm like, “Why?”

She said, “Hold on, talk to Montez.”

So Montez gets on the phone saying, “Who's this? Who's this?”

I was like, "Montez, it's Gina from Marshall, the one from the South End. But anyways, what happen?"

He was like, "Man, this beezy almost got me shot and I could of died. She ratted us out to the South End n----s earlier."

I was like, "Oh, that's the reason why you want me to fight the girl!"

"Yeah, man, the girl goes to Nova, and if you beat her up then we'll pay you, but I mean if you don't, then whoever beats her up will get paid."

"Oh, let me talk to Dana."

"Gina! Are you going to fight her?"

I hesitated.

"Man, yeah, I guess."

I got off the phone, thinking, dang, I love fighting, but I'd rather see a fight then be in one. I was thinking, what if she beats me up? What if I beat her up? Either way someone is going to get beat. Oh well. By this time my friend Tashi had called me from Cali.

She was like, "You might as well just shoot her and get it over."

I laughed hella hard. "Tashi! This is not Cali, where we shoot people, and plus I'd rather just torture the female instead. It's easier for me."

The next day after school, Dana brought some of my homies to the school. All the CD n----s were getting me so hyphy. I was so ready, I wanted to kill her.

Dana came up to me saying, "Are you ready for her?"

"Yeah, I'm ready."

When we got off the bus, me, Dana, and all my homies walked to Garfield. We were on top of the "Pyramid," the kick'n-it spot next to Ezell's Chicken where the fight was going to be. Twenty to twenty-five people were around. They were so hyped. So I walks up to the girl I'm going to fight, and I looked her up and down, and I threw the first punch by stealing on her. She fell on the ground, and I hit her at a fast, constant pace. When she tried to get up, I jumped on her back, hitting her on the side of her head. I jumped off her back, and, round two, I started fighting her again. She seemed so mad, getting beat up by someone that was shorter than her. She was calling me all types of names. I really wasn't bothered by what she was saying.

...HAPPILY EVER AFTER

Dana grabbed me, thinking the fight was over. She was like, “Girl, you smashed her, you smashed her. She didn’t want none.” Then out of nowhere the girl grabs my shirt from behind and my shirt rips.

I was like, “It’s over. You don’t want me to beat you up again, do you?”

She just walked away looking hella stupid.

Montez came up to me and gave me forty bucks, and he shook my hand and was like, “Thanks, cuz—you know, you should be from the CD because we know you would be down for us.”

“Oh, thanks anyway, but you didn’t have to pay me.”

“Gimme the money if you don’t want it!”

“No, I’ll keep it.”

Man, the fight between me and that girl was the talk of ‘06. The friendship between me and Dana has lasted all through everything. Having a friend be a big sister like Dana means you stick together no matter what the factors are: fighting, bailing one another out, money, you name it. That’s how good the bond and connection we will always have is.

IT'S NOT ALWAYS...



*In a few years, you might find sixteen-year-old **Gina Allisce Mickle** at Cascadia Community College studying to become an engineer. These days you will find her dancing at house parties and hanging out with friends. Gina describes herself as an energetic and hilarious person who is inspired by positive people.*