

# My personal experience essay

[Experience](#), [Personal Experience](#)



**ASSIGN  
BUSTER**

The light shone through the curtains emitting a soft peaceful glow from the designs on its fabric, with my head aching and my eyes barely open I peered through a carving on the curtain and squinted my eyes to see if the weather had changed from its usual continuous downpour, my expectations were drowned and revived for it was dry but frost had added it's touch to the scenery.

Following the same routine each week, I threw on some old but very warm clothes and found my way carelessly downstairs, there was a reason for me to be happy today, but I was not fully awake yet to remember why.

I passed through the kitchen avoiding the cupboard that I always seemed to knock into in the morning, sunlight shone through the window reflecting the brilliance of the kitchens woodwork, glasses lay shimmering in the light on the drying board beside the sink, I filled up the kettle to make myself a cup of coffee and watched as the steam implanted marks on the beige wallpaper.

Looking through the patio while drinking my coffee I had a more broad view of today's weather, Frost had embedded itself on all solid objects in view. Trees, plants even the gravel of the driveway shone in brilliance with this white sheet of frozen dew.

As I opened the patio door and hastily put on my slippers a soft, cool breeze blew across my body sending a shiver down my spine and causing the hairs on my arms to stand.

I inhaled the cool, crisp air which was waking me better than my coffee, I walked alongside the garden admiring the view and took special interest in

the way that the grass sparkled as I swept past which reminded me of jewellery such as diamonds or emeralds.

As I went back inside I put down my cold mug of coffee and headed upstairs where I found a bundle of towels, half-wet, half-dry lying on the ground, this was the place they were thrown the last time they were used.

Twenty minutes later after a warm refreshing shower I realised I was ready for breakfast, by this time I had realised that the reason for me to be happy today was due to the fact that I did not have to go into work and that later on two friends of mine Stephen and Scott were to come to my house.

I threw myself on the couch and relaxed as the enormous cushions sank beneath my weight, I lay there reviewing the week's happenings in my mind and wondering what I should do today, time passed as I lay in this trance and was deeply frightened when I was aroused by the sound of knocking on the front door.

I sat upright and headed for the door, on the way grabbing my wallet, keys and mini-disc player.

I opened the door which gave a loud creak and slammed it shut with force while trying to fit my keys into the keyhole, I glanced briefly at Stephen and Scott, while saying " hi" I stroked the cat as I walked past the box from which it was emerging stretching it's legs, no doubtedly I had woken it up while closing the door.

After we had conspired the decision was made that we would go to Curry's first as I needed a new pair of headphones for my mini-disc player.

After a careful selection process for a pair that were of a good quality standard and cheap in price we headed outside to the car park so I could attach the newly bought product.

After I had discarded of the plastic case in which the headphones were contained, I inserted the headphones into the player and wrapped the wire around the player itself,

I put it in Scott's bag, as I did this however, I noticed that coming down the hill was a group of six unruly looking ruffians aged from around 17 to 19.

I made it clear to Steve and Scott that we should go as the youths were pointing in our direction, as we were about to make off, to our misfortune, a jet black jeep with only two seats which were occupied by two passengers pulled by us.

It held two women who were looking for directions, by now the gang who we had spotted had walked past us which came as a great relief to me.

After we had helped the two women and they had figured out where their destination was they departed, and we ourselves thought we ought to do the same.

With a quick turn I noticed that through the buildings see-through shutters that we were not alone, it turned out that the gang had waited there and started to follow us as we left.

Steve and Scott started to quicken their pace quite fast leaving me behind them as they broke into a run and were followed by five shouting "there he is, get him" they were a good distance away from me so I thought of going back to Curry's for help when suddenly I felt a great weight pound on the back of my neck, it struck shock into me as it had surprised me more than anything.

One of the gang had stayed behind and strayed a little to clumsy behind me since I was the biggest of the three, unlike him, he was a tall, dark, rough looking character wearing what looked like a 'hand me down' baseball cap and protruding from the cap was his thick black greasy hair which was curled from the tips upward.

His muscular build summed up his attitude so I thought it best to run, and I did, but it wasn't long before I was stopped again.

The greasy haired thug sprinted after me in a fit of rage and tripped me up, those few seconds of falling before impact with the ground made me think of the horror which may yet come to be.

With a quick glance after a hard collision with the ground I noticed three other thugs were surrounding me, they had given up on the chase for Stephen and Scott and thought that it would be fun to take a kick at me, and they did they kicked me over and over again.

They booted me in the back of the head laughing like schoolchildren with a new toy, I was surrounded with no way out, they had formed a circle where each person was able to get a kick in, I waved my arms in the air hoping to

block blows that came to my face, I squirmed around trying frantically to escape this vicious circle of attacks while continually receiving kicks in every part of my body.

I tried to scramble to my feet, tried to get away but was stopped by another fierce kick to the stomach which had winded me, at this point I hadn't realized that it didn't actually hurt, sure my arms were drenched with blood and my legs weren't functioning properly but with each and every kick I only heard, not felt, like sound vibrations off a pair of speakers each kick was like ripple of sound of a dance beat, maybe the shock of all this had suppressed the pain, or the adrenaline in the heat of the moment.

With the attacks coming yet still to the stomach and arms I screamed out as best as I could " why, why are you doing this, I've done nothing" yet from saying this must have induced a renewed attack from members of the group who were seeming to ease off, laughter was the only reply from which I heard.

Even now clearly, I am haunted by the look, from which I was greeted by one of the group, his eyes were filled with malice, hatred, malevolence, but why?

Who was he?

I didn't know him, " what have I done".

I screamed as loud as I was fit to, with my voice quivering during the end of the outburst still I relentlessly waved my arm in the air noticing that what

was once a blue piece of clothing had turned to dark red with rips all over, at this they scattered, they ran why?

I picked myself off the ground, I collapsed under my own weight, I tried again and yet I failed at this attempt, I crawled, squirming my body left and right trying not to put pressure on my arms.

I got to the nearest wall and propped myself up against it, I inspected my injuries and only now realizing the pain I was in, when I looked around I caught sight of Stephen and Scott, apparently they had stopped someone on the road for help and were coming towards me, they helped me into the car which they had stopped and surprisingly it turned out to be a friend of my fathers.

As he drove me home the increasing pain seemed overwhelming, I drifted away into deep thought as I sank into the seats of the car.

Weeks have passed and a formal complaint has been made about the thugs but I have yet to hear from the police, it had turned out that the thugs were after Stephen and Scott because of their religion, they both were protestant. The thugs themselves were catholic and lived in a local estate area which is notorious for crime and supposedly uncontrollable to the law, they had mistaken me for a protestant and I had received the full beating intended for all of us.

As I look back on this experience now it makes me wonder what these youths have gone through in their lives to make them capable of committing such an act and thinking in the way they do on the differences in religion, I

am continually haunted by that piercing look I received on the day, that look, the look I got was from something not human, it was something else. These people care nothing about what they have done to me and to support their reasons the only response was the fact that they thought I was of another religion, their bias is so thin, so pointless.