

# The price of freedom

[Linguistics](#), [English](#)



## The Price Of Freedom

The music was getting louder, and the dance floor was becoming populous. My friends were good dance and keeping up with their styles was becoming difficult. The night was one of a kind. The exams were one week away, and the fact that the examination was the last of my final year of campus gave more momentum to the party mood. One of my friends went to the bar to get three beers for the three of us. The girls on the dance floor were also friendly, and the music groove was captivating.

As the music went on to play, my new cell phone rang, and an unfamiliar number appeared on the screen. I thought that the contact was one of the many contacts that I had lost over time. I went on to pick the call and an elderly voice called out my name in a friendly tone. The man summoned me to meet him outside the club so that he could make clear his intentions.

I walked out of a small room that served as a pub and at the same time as the dancing room. Immediately I walked out of the club, and three men were standing adjacent to the door and met me as if they knew me well. One of the men spontaneously offered to buy me a drink that I agreed to. We entered the club and one of my friends held my beer from afar. I signaled him to give me a couple of minutes before I could join them. As we approached the bar, the man who had offered to buy a drink told me to order any drink of my choice. I went ahead and ordered a soft drink since I thought that the men were friends of my father or at least one of my uncles.

As the bartender fetched my order, I took a quick look at one of the men. He was dark, tall and well built. His blazer's size appeared to be bigger near the waist, and the thought of a gun crept into my mind. The other man tapped

my shoulder and requested to see my phone. I asked him what intentions were since I did not have an idea of who he was. The other man went on to ask for a physical evidence of my phones receipt. I told them that I had no obligation of doing what they asked, and I had used my phone for some time thus there's no way I could have stolen it.

One of the men told me that it was true that my phone had been stolen and that he had evidence to back his statement. My friends had already come nearer and were listening carefully. They also reassured the men that the phone was mine since I had possessed it for some time.

Suddenly, one of the men drew out a gun from his waist. In a fraction of a second, the other man showed me some pictures that depicted all my dealings in the past two months. The argument was that the phone belonged to a late police officer who had been killed, and all his belongings had been stolen. The signals had led them directly to me after tracking the phone signals for some time.

It was my word against their evidence. I had bought the phone from a second-hand dealer, and I asked whether I could take them there. The two men who told me they were police officers told me that that was impossible. As we walked out of the club, one of my friends abruptly punched one of the men, and we started running. Everything was complicated. We were now fugitives.