

Essay on the time when i learned that i am a coward

[Health & Medicine](#), [Beauty](#)



It was a beautiful evening. The great crimson sun was leisurely sinking down the horizon. I looked at my wrist watch and realized it was getting late. I doubled my pace. It had been a good day at school. I was looking forward to a long, beautiful weekend ahead. Suddenly I heard a loud screech of brakes and turned to look over my shoulder. No sooner had I seen the braking vehicle than I felt a strong arm around my neck. I lost my senses momentarily and when I gained consciousness, I was blindfolded and my hands were tied together. I got confused beyond words. That day I realized that all the courage, which I had always associated myself with, was delusional. On the contrary, I discovered that I am an extreme coward. As my senses came back to normal, I realized that I was in a moving vehicle. Questions rushed through my mind as my heart pounded like it was judgment day. I tried to speak but I did not know what to say. Clearly, there were people in the vehicle but I could not tell who they were. They were dead silent. " Hello!" at last I spoke in a voice that came out like a frail whisper - the kind you would expect from a scared five year old. " Who are you people?" I was gaining courage - the courage to talk. I got no answer. Someone cleared their throat. The environment became even tenser. I felt my heart sink and my legs go frail. For a moment I felt a sharp constricting pain surge through my heart. " I am dead" I thought to myself. At this moment, those horror movies, where aliens kidnap earthlings, came streaming into my mind. The horror scenes flashed through my mind as if to haunt me.

The evening was quite chilly, but I was sweating profusely. I did not know what would happen next. Millions of questions flashed through my mind and

suddenly I found myself screaming, “ somebody please help me!” No response. I felt the car move faster. “ I am gone . . . gone for good” I thought to myself. Then, I felt the car brake gradually and finally come to a stop. I did not know where I was. “ Have I been kidnapped?” I wondered. The place where the car stopped was quiet. This made the whole ordeal even scarier. Then somebody whispered in my ear, “ Say your last prayer”. Hardly had he finished than I screamed, “ help me! Somebody please help me!” they hurled me out of the car and let me roll on the grass. As I rolled on the ground with shrill shrieks of anguish, I felt somebody untie my hands. I quickly removed my blindfolds. I could not believe my eyes. Before me stood four of my best friends, Mike, Mark, Jack and Jill, a renowned prankster smiling naughtily at me. I was filled with mixed feelings.

As I stood there staring at them in disbelief, they all burst out laughing – laughing not because their prank on me had been successful, but because of the cowardice I had portrayed. As we all cracked our ribs with laughter, I reflected on what a coward I was and felt embarrassed. Even so, I felt satisfied that I had learnt one thing I did not know about myself – cowardice. As we drove home, I looked outside window and smiled saying in my heart, “ after all, everybody is this car could have behaved the same”. Then I realized this was just a silly way of justifying my cowardice. I smiled once again. Since that day, I have always tried to avoid all situations that could make my cowardly character come out.