

Essay on A Quarrel

The glass door swung open and out came a young man headfirst. Quickly the rest of his body followed and I realised he was exiting so fast that he was in danger of falling into the drain a few feet outside the door. Somehow he managed to stumble on his hands and feet before he came to an abrupt halt at the verge of the drain.

I stood rooted to the five-foot way by his sudden and strange emergence. The shop from which he emerged was an air-conditioned bookshop which I was just about to enter. Had I been faster by a couple of seconds I probably would have been hit by this human missile.

Immediately after he stopped, the young man spun around and ran into the shop. I looked through the glass door and saw him arguing furiously with another man inside the shop. The sound they made was muffled but I knew, from the expressions on their faces, they were both very angry.

decided against entering the shop because it was better to keep my distance from people who are engaged in a quarrel. They are violent and have started using physical force. I wanted no part of it.

Just as I turned my back to the shop, the quarrel spilt onto the five-foot way. The young man was holding the other man, who was older, by his collar while making threatening gestures. I started to hurry away.

I did not get very far before the quarrelling twosome caught up with me. They were shouting obscenities and other unprintable words at each other at the top of their voices. Obviously they were very upset with each other.

Soon the heated argument deteriorated to shoving and pushing. I had a bad feeling that soon blows would soon be traded. They were too close to me and I might get hit by a flying kick or fist. I tried to get away from them but somehow they were shuffling around so much that I could not predict where they were going. I seemed unable to go around them in the narrow five-foot way.

Finally, I managed to put a bit of distance between these violent people and myself. I hurried away to a safe distance and looked at the quarrel.

By then others from the shop had emerged to separate the furious two. It took seven or eight hefty young men to keep these two from each other's throat. They calmed down somewhat but they were still cursing each other even when their hands were pinned by the others. One group of men dragged the older man back to the shop. The hot young man managed to free one of his hands to show a dirty sign. The older man spat in reply.

I turned to walk away wondering how two persons could get so angry. An observer could immediately see how futile and foolish a quarrel was, but the ones involved were blinded by their rage and thus cannot see their own folly. Thank goodness there were others to stop them quarrelling, otherwise, someone might really get hurt.