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Historical Narrative

I had been watching this man on my spare time. Cassius Clay, I believe was his name. He was a very famous boxer beforehand, and after that he was sent to fight in the Vietnam War. For anti-violence reasons, he converted to Islam and changed his name to Muhammad Ali. Muhammad Ali won many, many matches before he was forced to fight in a war he didn't want to, and when it was over, he jumped straight back into the game. On his first try, October 1st, he had already been in the finals to regain his championship title. There was only one person waiting for him, not allowing him to have it once more, and his name was Joe Frazier.

"Thrilla in Manila", I think is what all the people surrounding the ring called it. At that very night, I was everywhere in the stadiums. I filled everyone's mood, especially "The Greatest" Muhammad Ali's, who had a smile on his face for days before the fight. When the bell rung, everyone was already on the edge of their seats. Most people were rooting for Muhammad Ali, but a few still stood for his opponent, Smokin' Joe. One round, two rounds, 5 rounds, it was a tight match. Neither of them budged, and I was nowhere near fading away in the crowd. Honestly, I kept getting bigger and bigger, and eventually, I burst everywhere. Eight rounds, twelve rounds, then finally, the fifteenth round came. This was one of the biggest fights of both of their lives, they couldn't just give up now. They couldn't go on forever though, it was the end of the fifteenth round and Muhammad Ali was deemed as the champ once again, by a TKO (Technical Knock Out).

It was that moment, that I burst. You should have seen the smiles on everyone's faces. When the new Champ, once again, took the belt he held it up high, very proud, with a bigger smile than everyone's in the crowd. It took a while for me to leave that situation, not that I wanted to. After that night, and the night after that, Clay partied and others that knew him, or even knew of him, partied to celebrate his great fight. That was my, by the way I am the figure known as Happiness, favorite or one of my favorite historical events.