

Persevering By That Extra Surge Of Strength

By: A.X. Bueno

Here I am in another fight, this time at Ciudad de Concha Naranja
Orange Shell City, a beach city to the northwest of where I call home
Today my opponent is an about 145 feet ornery buffalo
It's not easy to dodge it's stabbing horns and it's deadly hooves and paws
I try to go for a punch from the left but miss as he clocks me in the jaw
He put some serious power in it and then he tries for another swing before I can get out my claws
I'm rattled by it but my reputation didn't come from being someone to go down after one punch
So I steady myself and stand as this buffalo, no this bison tries to skewer me with its small horns
Pulling off an experienced dodge I land a counter-hit, hard as I can earning more scorn
From the bison that is as my punch sends it and its shaggy brown head fur flying back some
Allowing me to better see its now even more pissed off eyes
For a good minutes we just block, dodge and exchange blows with each other
I do my best to avoid causing any collateral damage as tries to hit me another
We've been fighting for a little while now and he's still set on destruction
I'm here to keep this city defended and fill in as it's protector for a friend
As I try to keep this fight between us by keeping him on his toes he hits me with a surprise
An unexpected leg sweep that sends me onto my back so he can go for a punch to my ribs
Then he lifts his hoof to seriously aim it right at my eyes
I manage to roll out of the way in time and he merely digs into the earth like on it he has dibs
Next time I'm less lucky and he grazes my arm
Leading me to claw the ground and groan out for a moment in pain
I then go for a kick to the bison's relatively short legs and he takes it while noticing my alarm
He's got me on the ground, on the backfoot so far in this fight
He presses his advantage both in this fight and with his slightly larger size
Getting on top of me on the ground to pin and deliver even more painful blows
A punch to the face then another followed by a third to the gut
I try to squirm my way out of his onslaught as he continues to punch me, in my speckled nose
I taste a bit of blood in my mouth but I refuse to lose this fight and let that be the end
I think of Sid, my darling bull back home going about his day, maybe even waiting for my return
I think of the people both back in Rosettburg and hiding in the city here
Of how I'm meant to be there for and protecting both right now as my body aches and burns
From the force of all these ground shaking hits of which I can't take much more
So I pool all of my strength into my legs and arms and push this gargantuan bovine off me
Actually surprised by the push back from me I then go for a clawed kick to the bison's face
Superficial scratches so I still have to focus hard on finishing this fight so I can soon return home
A roundhouse kick to the belly here and a few punches to the face and body here and there

He takes damage from them all but simply retaliates instead of going down
Going for a headbutt this time I counter him and it with a palm strike to the chin
It lands and brings him down securing me this day's win
I pant hard from all the effort and gently rub the bruises I'll probably be feeling tomorrow
I look forward to the love and maybe less so the bit of grief I'll get from Sid when I get home
Then there's the fact that here I prevented what could have been a lot of sorrow
As I watch the people of this city emerge from their hiding spots and feeling safe again
I bask in their praise and also take time to look towards the shore
I know I'm gonna see another sunset and that like so many other lovely things fuels me all the
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