Prompt #3 Tattoo Story by Anna L.

I was walking down the perilous streets of downtown Stevens Point. I kept hearing the echo of soft footsteps somewhere beyond me. As time passed the footsteps got louder and louder. All of a sudden I was tackled painfully to the ground. As I was lying prostrate to the ground I kept thinking about how this was going to be the end of my short life. I struggled and fought my way out of the strange man’s grasp. Even though I am a husky woman myself, this man was bigger. To my disbelief, the man who had confronted me gave me a choice, a choice that changed my life. He said that I could both live and get a tattoo right this moment or he would kill me. So naturally I took him up on his offer and decided to get tattooed. I thought and thought about what I would get done and suddenly it came to me, I wanted to get the three famous words “Live, Laugh, Love” written on my wrist. Those three words really sum up the “perfect” way of life. After being tattooed, the strange man came up to me and told me that the reason he did that to me was to make me reflect on my life and realize that everything could be taken away from me in an instance. He apologized for being so insolent, but then explained to me that this was a chain reaction type of ordeal. Now that he had helped change my life, I had to do the same for someone else.