

THE FIGHT

The fight goes something like this:

There was an alcoholic who was a real fighter, a boxer. He was very tough. He didn't give up easily. Once in the ring he always fought to win and most of the time he did win. He was very strong-willed.

He had a big fight coming up. He was fighting a fight against something called Alcohol. Now this was a fight for the championship. Alcohol was the champion but the fighter was going to beat him and win the title. It was more than a title fight it was a fight for life.

He got in the ring and faced his opponent Alcohol. The bell rang and the fight started. He did pretty good at the start of the fight. He put Alcohol down a few times in the first round. The crowd went wild every time. The room was filled with people who rooted for the fighter to win. Alcohol was not loved by anyone there.

As the next round started, the fighter ran to the center of the ring and the battle began again. He held his own this time. Alcohol got in a few good punches and staggered the fighter several times but again the fighter put Alcohol down more than once during the round. Again the crowd cheered the fighter.

Another round and the fighter was tiring somewhat. He put Alcohol down again but Alcohol got up and put the fighter down as well. They battled it out until the bell. As they rested the crowd didn't cheer quite so much.

As the next round started, Alcohol rushed out and put the fighter on the floor with a straight right but the fighter got up and put Alcohol down with a left uppercut! The fight progressed and though the fighter was dazed somewhat at the end of the round he was still in there fighting. The crowd was a lot quieter now. He looked around with his blood-shot eyes and noticed that the crowd was smaller. Many people watching the fight had left.

Round after round he battled Alcohol. Sometimes he'd put Alcohol down and sometimes Alcohol would put him down. But he was tough, this fighter, and he kept getting up. He looked around at the crowd and noticed that only family and friends were now watching the fight.

As the fight again started Alcohol put him down once more, as the referee counted he looked and seen most of his friends leaving the arena and only his family was left. He got up at the count of eight and rushed out to put Alcohol down with a solid right to the heart. Another round, another very rough round, and he was so beat that he almost didn't get up for the next round and when he did he noticed that no one was left watching him fight this important championship fight.

Well, he'd show them! Out he went. The fight went on and on until finally Alcohol gave him a punch that put him down and dazed him and the fight was stopped. The fight was over, he'd lost. Alcohol was still the champion.

A while went by and he didn't get in the ring during that time and he healed up. One day he started to think. Alcohol couldn't knock me out, he just won on points. As he reminisced about the fight, he thought to himself. There's a few tricks that I didn't use in that fight. You know, I think that I can win if I get in shape and get another chance with Alcohol the champion. I think I can win the title if I just try hard enough.

So back in the ring he went to fight Alcohol for the championship. This time Alcohol put him down fast and often. There were no friends and family watching this fight, they were all gone. He didn't last many rounds at all. It seemed that every time he threw a punch that Alcohol knew in advance and blocked it and responded with a crashing blow to the fighter's head and body.

After only a few rounds he put the fighter out. Alcohol was still champ! The fighter was tough and stubborn though and he continued to try to beat Alcohol. It took a long time before he could admit complete defeat.

When he gave up fighting Alcohol, he realized just how much he'd lost during those long years of fighting and how many years of his life. He'd lost everything and he was an old man. But with the admission of defeat he was directed to a place where many old fighters hang out. That place is Alcoholics Anonymous. A place where old fighters reminisce about the 'good' old times fighting Alcohol and a place where they help each other to not get in the ring with him again.

It's a wonderful place. A place of hope and inspiration for old fighters. A place to make new friends and new dreams..... Keep coming back.

-Unknown