

## My Boxing Career

The bell sounded to signal the start of a 3-round boxing match. My opponent sure looked a lot bigger than me. By the time the first round was over I had been hit at least a hundred times. I never had a chance to throw a punch. When I stumbled back to my corner my trainer told me that it would be alright if I threw some punches. That's what makes up this sport of boxing, give and take. The bell went to signal the start of the second round and away we went. It was like watching a replay of the first round. I came out of the second round still a virgin fighter. I hadn't made my first punch.

When I flopped down on the stool in the corner my trainer told me that I now had my opponent scared. I was startled and said, "What do you mean I have him scared?" I asked in astonishment. "He's afraid he's going to kill you" was the reply. The bell sounded and the third and final around began. Mercifully, it lasted only forty seconds. That was the first fight of my boxing career and also the last. I decided then and there to give up boxing and haven't been in the ring since. I was 9 years old.

By the way, I won that fight in the 3<sup>rd</sup> round. My opponent had thrown so many punches at me in the first 2 rounds that by the 3<sup>rd</sup> round he could barely lift his arms. I hadn't thrown a punch in 2 rounds of the fight and my arms were as fresh as could be. Now, he was the punchee and I was the punchor. When he went down after less than 1 minute of the third round he simply didn't bother to get up. I told my trainer that it was my powerful right that ended it. He pointed out that, actually, he had tripped over his untied shoelace and was so tired from punching me that he didn't have any energy left to get up. What did my trainer know. He was only 9 years old as well.



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**YMASC President 1970 - 1971**



