A good story starts with a good beginning. Get us hooked in 150 words or less.

He stood, his balled fists shackled to his hips, exposed, helpless, unprotected, as he braced for the worst. After ten long years, it had come to this. He knew this day might come. In fact, he almost expected it. But now that it was here, all those expectations went out the window. It took every bit of willpower he had not to flinch, not to scream.

All he could do was stand tall and face forward. He heard himself inhale deeply, and hold, for what must have been an eternity. As time itself trudged along at half-speed, he, like never before, appreciated the room's blaring silence. Finally, his chest caved, and he emptied his lungs.

The first blow swept him off his feet. Yet surprisingly, it dispelled all fear. He had survived one. He could survive three more. And he cherished those ten long years.

Rather, I cherished those years.