

FOREMAN

V

ALI

The Rumble in the Jungle — 24 September 1974

Muhammad Ali vs George Foreman

24 September 1974

Your task is to write a detailed description of the fight from the point of view of ONE of the boxers. To help you, choose which boxer's point of view you are going to write from then watch the fight again and think about what that boxer must have gone through. Think about it through our five senses. What does he hear? What does he smell? etc. You can use Norman Mailer's writing to help you write your version of the fight.

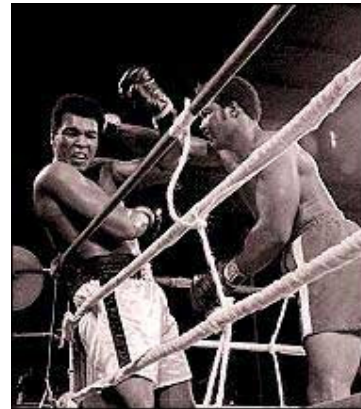
"Ali, gloves to his heads, elbows to his ribs, stood and swayed and was rattled and banged and shaken like a grasshopper at the top of a reed when the wind whips, and the ropes shook and swung like sheets in a storm, and Foreman would lunge with his right at Ali's chin and Ali go flying back out of reach by a half-inch, and half out of the ring, and back in to push at Foreman's elbow and hug his own ribs and sway, and sway just further, and lean back and come forward from the ropes and slide off a punch and fall back into the ropes with all the calm of a man swinging in the rigging. All the while, he used his eyes. They looked like stars, and he feinted Foreman out with his eyes, flashing white eyeballs of panic he did not feel which pulled Foreman through into the trick of lurching after him on a wrong move."

Norman Mailer, *The Fight*

FOREMAN.....James Kelly

I came out second and the crowd was cheering Ali's name. No matter what they did it didn't affect my confidence. I was ready for the fight of my life. I entered the ring. The atmosphere was unbelievable. I was ducking and weaving trying to catch the crowd's attention but they were having none of it. They were with Ali all the way. As the referee was explaining the rules I was staring in Ali's eyes like a cobra waiting to strike. For one moment I could see fear in his eyes.

The bell rang. By the time I had turned around Ali was dancing around the ring. He threw a few misses at me; in the first half a minute nobody threw any major punches. Then BOOM! It hit me like a German bomb in WWII. He threw a right hand lead at me! This was the last thing I was expecting. Nobody in two years had thrown a right hand lead at me. The crowd roared like a pride of lions in a jungle. He threw twelve right hand leads at me in the first round. I lost it. I went mad like a bull in shorts. My focus had gone; my aim now was to destroy this guy. I changed my plan. My strategy was to crush Ali "like a snail" under my boot. The bell rang.



I was on the rampage. The next round I went at him. He looked petrified. I swung multiple shots at him. He stayed on the ropes ducking and weaving trying to avoid my punches. I was like a hyena hunting for food. I was throwing multiple combos to his ribs, face and even his arms. I pounded him like a tsunami smashing upon a building. But he was still standing.

ALI.....Andrew Taylor

When I came out of the dressing room I felt a lot of fear for the first time in my life. When I was walking down to the ring I could hear the crowd chanting, "ALI, ALI, ALI!" When George Foreman stepped into the ring, I stared into the eyes of a monster.



The bell finally went; I realised I had no chance against this monster. About half-way through the first round I started to hit George with right hand leads, which I had told nobody about. When the bell went for the second round, George came at me like a steam train with punch after punch. I felt nothing, I said to him, "George you disappoint me!"

When we got to the fifth round, George was *so* tired; I smacked his jaw so hard you could see all the sweat just bounce off his face. I already knew that I could taste the victory in me with the vile taste of sweat and Vaseline in my mouth. Soon as George fell to the floor, I could hear the 10 count. Soon as the match finished, everyone came into the ring chanting, "ALI, ALI, ALI!"

ALI.....Callum Brown

As I casually walked out of my dressing room, I saw thousands, hundreds of thousands of people, all of them chanting my name. As I looked to the other side of the courtyard; I saw a machine, jogging toward the ring, ready for a fight. Me and Foreman, both of us glaring into each other's face, knowing either one of us would be leaving in an ambulance.

During the fight, I said to Foreman, "I thought you could punch harder", knowing, he would lose his composure, eventually. I made Foreman look like a bit of a mug by throwing not one, but twelve right leads, embarrassing him, and making him lose it. And he transformed into a madman.

Foreman was quickly losing his strength; I was going to destroy the nightmare that stood before me. But the punches just kept on coming and coming. I didn't think any man could put himself through so much effort, but no matter what, I could NOT let Foreman beat me in this David versus Goliath reenactment.

When the bell rang to end the round, I went to my corner. Foreman sat, gazing at me, I could see my death in his eyes, was this it, was I going to lose my title? Or even worse, be killed? I tried to keep myself from leaving the fight, but I knew deep down I couldn't beat this machine, a machine programmed to kill. It was going to be the fight to end all fights.



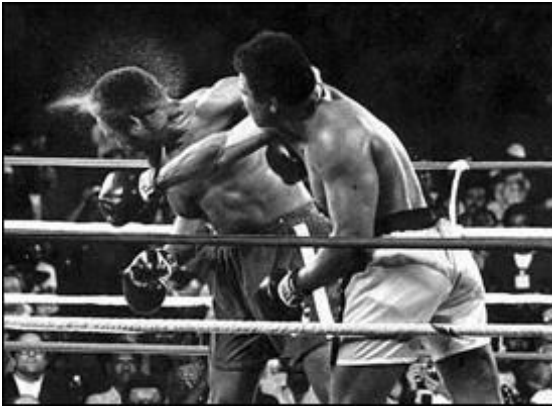
Eventually Foreman started to punch slower, and weaker. I knew I would be able to strike back and annihilate this monstrosity. The punches to my stomach were getting too much to handle. It was now, or never.

I saw my chance, Foreman slowly stopped hitting me; I went in for the kill. I hit him in the face, in the stomach and again, dealing the knockout blow to the jaw. I did it. I destroyed every man's nightmare. The crowd went wild; everyone was chanting "Ali Boombayay". I looked over to the other side of the ring to see Foreman crawling out of the ring and screaming "WHY!?!?!!" loud enough to break glass. finally, it was over!

ALI.....Dan Clipston

I could hear the crowd creating a special atmosphere. I got the knock on my changing room door; the time had come. The pre-match build up had aimed for this moment. I was first to enter the ring. It hit me; I knew what I was in for. Everyone was backing Foreman as soon as the date for the fight had come out; I was the underdog. "RAWR!" said the crowd. I wasn't even looking but you could tell George had left his changing room. The "RAWR" was like listening to lions getting fed at the zoo.

The match commenced. I started to dance round Foreman; I let him know I meant business and nothing else. An even start to the match, punches flying against one another. I kept talking to George. Everything I said to him had a reason behind it; I really felt like I was getting somewhere by winding him up gradually. I had a game plan and I was always going to stick to it. Everything I had said to him so far really



clicked with him and suddenly I saw a side of George I had expected to see. The blood and the sweat were pouring out of both of us. I have to admit, the sleeping lion woken up is a sight I never want to see again; I was scared for the first time.

Foreman was going wild. Punches were flying everywhere from him. As Foreman forced me to the ropes I began to try and dodge the furious bricks, his fists. I was rocking from side to side on the ropes; I got out the way of most of his punches. My confidence was building up the more punches he threw and missed. From round to round it seemed he was tiring, because of his loose right hand lead. Foreman was like a robot that needed new batteries.

I took advantage of Foreman's lack of energy and that was when I went for him. Jab after jab and a right hand lead was what he needed, and what he got. I was tempted to throw one last punch. The countdown started as he fell to the floor. I stood there in shock but at the same time I was deeply proud of myself. That was it; I was champion. Who would be my next conquest, no one knows?

ALI.....Jake Beaumont

The bell rang. I danced. Like in all my fights I danced looking for the knockout. Thirty seconds from the first round bell, I threw right hand leads. Foreman was troubled. I could see anger and frustration in his face. I threw another eleven right hand leads. Foreman's expressions dramatically dropped. His face steamed up. The bulldozer in shorts started swinging away at me like there was no tomorrow. I took and took and took his punches. They were really hurting me now. I didn't show any expression. I would just take them. The bell went. I could smell fear in the air; I knew it was my own.

I lumbered out of my corner for the second. I began to feel fighting Foreman was like fighting against the old me; the lethal and ruthless boxer I once was. Foreman was exactly like the old me. He was flying like a Butterfly and his punches were stinging me like a Bee. "Whoosh, Whoosh, Whoosh, Whoosh!" Foreman's punches were landing on me like hammers on a nail head. His hits were really hurting. I wouldn't show the pain I was going through; if I showed I was in pain, it would have put Foreman in control.



Rounds passed by. I was in utter agony now. It felt as if a tank has just gone through me and I was the remains, lying there on the ropes. I was like a wounded mammal with prey around me wanting the kill. The crowd knew I was fading now. Their intense chanting had changed to low level humming.

As I came out for the eighth round I felt as if I could take no more pain. My ribs were battered and bruised as they had never been before. My confidence was dropping. Foreman came out surprisingly different compared to previous rounds. The machine looked tired and weary. My confidence went through the roof. I could win this. Foreman threw some sluggish punches. They were still hurting but not as much as in early rounds. As the punches were getting more sluggish I went in for the kill. I came out the ropes; hit him with two hits to the back of the neck; hit him with a sharp left followed up with a lethal right and came round with a left hook. I faked a right as he was going down. 1,2,3,4,5,6,7,8,9,10 rang around my head. As I shook my head I knew I had been victorious. I had slain the beast. I was the champ again.

FOREMAN.....Kenny Penrose

It began. I entered the ring last. I knew this was it; I had to win.

The temptation to batter him was running straight through me; I wanted to murder him. I knew I had to win, this was my time, my fight, mine.

I stood there as he bounced around the ring like a kangaroo at a zoo. My eyes, staring him out, focused on him. He was mine. The bell rang. This was it; he came at me with right hand leads. I was shocked. I came back pounding him against



ropes. I was dominating. It felt like he was going to go, but he just laid there far back as he could, taking and taking everything I threw at him. Eight rounds later I was worn out, my legs and arms had turned to jelly, and I could hardly throw a punch. Ali was there again huddled up in the ropes; as I threw and threw punches at him, he took them all. Suddenly he came back at me. I

felt my legs go but I was still standing. Then all of a sudden I was down. My eyes were shut; all I could think of was the vile taste of sweat dripping from my face. Then I knew; it was over.

ALI.....Liam Wilson

I walked out of the changing room, sweat dripping down my face, with fear deep inside me. It was like I had just stared at a lion straight in the eye. Foreman walked out jumping around making the crowd cheer for him with his eyes bulging out of his head. At that point I was scared, as I saw Anger is his eyes.

I was already in the ring when Foreman came out. At this point I was petrified. Someone or something needed to boost my confidence, so I made the crowd start cheering for me. They were shouting, "Ali Bumboyay" and that made me focus more on the fight.

The bell went for the first round, "DING DING DING". The crowd just stopped chanting. The reason why the crowd stopped is so that they could hear the pain and torture that I was going through. It was like a bear came and attacked me in my sleep, "POW POW POW!". Foreman was laying punches into my chest. All of a sudden I laid a right hand



lead into Foreman's jaw. Foreman stumbles like an earth quake has just hit the arena. Foreman was taking the right hand leads in the wrong way; it was making him like an atomic bomb ticking just wait to destroy anyone around him. The bell for the end of the round rang. That bell saved my life!

The second round started. I looked Foreman in the eye and examined his weak points. There was a problem, there were no weak points. He was like a bulldozer in shorts; there was no stopping him.

ALI.....Oliver Williams

I emerged from the tunnel; the crowd was deafening, like the deepest roar from the leader of a lion pack. I entered the ring and shouted to the crowd, 'Ali Bombayai' and the crowd shouted it back. The band was playing and Foreman entered the ring. Numbness came over my senses; my body tingling with anticipation. We honed in on each other, faces millimetres apart. Foreman's stare was like a cheetah stalking its prey as we returned to our corners. The bell rang.

We charged forward and exchanged a few jabs, testing each other's defences. I spotted an opening and threw a right hand lead that hit Foreman's head like an almighty steam train smashing through a wall of solid flesh and bone. This is it, I thought, I have him! But I was terribly wrong. Foreman morphed into a thing of nightmares; a volcanic eruption, punch after punch. It was as if they were waves



smashing down upon the rocks, relentless and unforgiving. I backed up against the ropes leaning into them like

they were my lifeline, the only thing that would save me from drowning in the endless waves of punches.

Round after round the storm pounded down upon my body. Round after round I leant against the ropes. Round after round he swung and I swayed. Eventually Foreman started to tire. I sensed my chance when his punches became feeble slaps upon my chest. I threw my most powerful punches; every single one pounded Foreman in the face, beating the Nightmare to a bloody pulp. I kept going channeling all my energy into owning Foreman.

I connected with a vicious left hook to his jaw and he came down like a diving plane, crashing into the ground with an almighty thud. The sound that followed was overwhelming; the crowd made more noise than you could ever imagine. It was like a huge explosion that went on forever. The crowd swamped the ring chanting, 'Ali Bombayai' over and over. Then I realised, I was heavy weight champion of the world. I had won!

FOREMAN.....Tom Gurden

I came out second, jogging, feeling confident. The crowd was chanting, "Ali, Ali, Ali!". Nothing could break my confidence. I entered the ring ducking and weaving, catching the crowd's attention; they were having none of it. The crowd was shouting, "Ali Bumboyay!" he had no chance.

I could taste victory mixed in with sweat and vaseline trickling down my face. The bell rung and my back were still turned. I turned, Ali was there dancing right in front of my eyes. He swung a few fast punches and missed. 30 seconds into the first round, he caught me with a right hand lead. I knew Ali's trademark was his speed but I couldn't believe it, he made me feel like a swatted fly. No one else had ever landed one on me!

Ali's pupils were bulging and the vaseline smeared across his eyebrows had turned into slimy goo as the heat rose into his head. Fire built in my belly. I crazed; doing all I could, landing punch after punch in his face and in the ribs. I could feel the vibrations tingling from my fist, straight up my arm, and his nose merging into my knuckles felt a dream. His groans bellowed down my ear as I landed rib shot after rib shot. He teased me down my ear, "My punches weren't hard enough!"

Bell rung and we was now at round five. I was tired. I had a feeling Ali was off down this round, I could feel the victory. His face was swollen and his eyes were closing. He was all over the place like a drunken man, swaying out the ring as if he was leaning out of the window looking onto a roof, then I snapped, my head went. I was like a bomb on the last five seconds ready to explode. After each punch I threw I could feel the power building. I had no accuracy. My stamina was decreasing after every breath I took; I felt dizzy and then... BOOM! It was like I got hit by a boulder, right in the jaw! I could feel my feet going from underneath me. BANG! POW! THUD! I could feel, see and hear the punches travelling into my brain as each punch cut into my face like a hot knife through butter. My adrenaline was high; I could not feel the pain until I saw the blood trickling from my nose. Then he landed the last punch. That was it. My feet had gone. I tried to hold up on Ali's shorts but I went, just like a tree that had been chain-sawed. I hit the ground and could barely hear the count. My mind and ears could work out 6, 7, 8, I tried getting up. I had no chance!

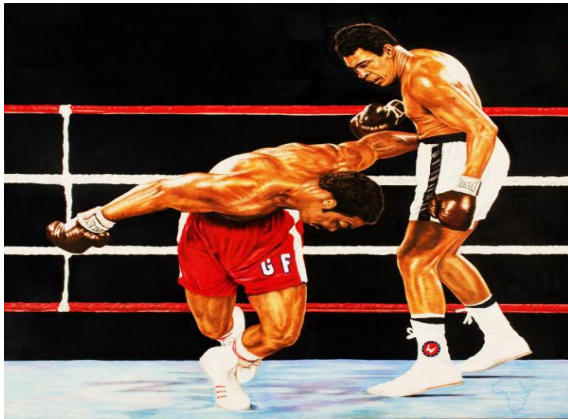


The crowd went wild! I was a defeated man. Ali bounced around the ring, getting pats on the back and congratulations from every angle as the ring got raided. My trainer got me up and took me into the corner. The last thing I saw was a wet sponge coming into my face.

ALI.....Jordan Fenwick

I came out of the changing room stepping into the arena. All I could see was a bright light. I thought I was dead. I went towards the light and then I realised; I wasn't dead

it was just thousands of cameras flashing!



I got into the ring and then fear kicked in as I saw Foreman. Now all I could smell was the excitement of 100,000 people stood on their feet. Then it began. I got a few punches in, in the first round. I confused him with a right hand lead. Then I thought to myself the only way to stop a tank is to make it run out of fuel. So I backed up on to

the ropes and just let him go wild!!!! He punched and punched and this carried on for three rounds. Then "smack, smack, smack". He was out for the count. I couldn't believe it; I had won!!!!

ALI.....Josh Archer

I sat in my dressing room waiting for my music to come on. My knees were shaking with fear. The sweat ran down my face with nerves. All I could hear was the crowd chanting, "Ali, Ali, Ali!" My music was played and out I went with a spring in my step. The music didn't sound as loud; the crowd were overpowering it. I was full of confidence and I wanted to go out with a BANG! like a big rocket on bomb fire night.

I entered the ring bouncing up and down on my toes; I was ready for this fight and I wasn't going to let the glare of Foreman scare me! He stood at the other side of the ring focusing on me like a Lion stalking its prey. The referee called us both to the middle of the ring; we touched gloves and broke away into our corners. My confidence was flying high; the crowd were chanting my name. I knew this was the biggest fight of my life. I was ready to take on the challenge.

The bell rang for the start of the fight. I started to dance around Foreman looking for gaps to throw a jab but nothing was coming of it; I went to the ropes leaning so far back, like a man leaning out of his window looking up onto the roof, so Foreman could not throw punches to my face. I didn't want to ruin my good looks. Foreman took it to me like a punching bag in the gym, punch after punch to the kidneys and ribs.

The punches got harder and harder and where starting to get unbearable but I knew if I had any chance of winning this fight I would have to stay in contention. Every now and then a gap would appear in Foreman's guard and I would throw a quick 1-2 combo to keep myself in contention. The bell went to end the round. I went back to my corner. My coach said "you have to throw more punches and for Gods' sake get off the ropes. He will start to do you damage. Get in the ring and dance and find the gaps. Make your punches accurate." The bell went for the start off the next round...



I went out with a spring in my step but was soon forced to go back to the ropes by the power of Foreman's punches. I kept telling myself I needed to be off the ropes. I saw it was starting to tire George out as he was throwing big punches like a young kid in a fight. The technique was starting to slip from George round after round. It got to the fifth round and he had lost all his will to throw big punches. I came off the ropes. I was in great pain with the big shots I had taken to the ribs and kidneys but I

gritted my teeth and took the fight to Foreman. I was finding so many gaps in Foreman's guard he was like a lost sheep in the ring. George must have got a new lease of life as he started to come back at me. I let him hit me. We came together. I lent over the left shoulder of Foreman and whispered, "Is that all you got George? You call yourself a boxer?" You could see this got to Foreman but he had no energy. He had just thrown the last big punch at me that he could. I knew now I had to take advantage. I took the fight to Foreman and was throwing the big punches. I didn't want the round to end; I knew I could end it now. "DING, DING, DING" saved by the bell.....

We came out for the eighth round I knew now this was the round I was going to finish it. I let my standards slip in the seventh but not this round, this was it; big punch after big punch to Foreman's face. I could taste victory. Foreman threw himself towards me. He was like a dead weight leaning on my shoulder. I could see the fear in his eyes. I could taste the blood of Foreman – as he lifted his head up the blood flew into my mouth. I knew now he was hurt and that I was going to finish it for good. As George's head left my shoulder I threw a big right hand to his face, my glove moulded to the shape of his jaw. His legs started to shake. His knees went



weak. Foreman took a tumble to the ropes and then to the canvas. His head slapped off the canvas making a loud thud! I knew now he wouldn't get up. "1, 2, 3, 4.....8, 9, and 10. That's it, it's all over."

In came my coach jumping up and down with joy like a little kid at Christmas. The referee took my hand and announced me the winner. I was handed the championship belt and lifted it in the air with the

biggest smile on my face; what a way to end a great career in this profession I couldn't have been happier. I set off out off the ring back to the changing room, the crowd were louder than ever like the cry of a whale when it's in trouble. "ALI, ALI, ALI" were the chants from the crowd. I sat in my dressing room. My knees shaking with joy. "I fly like a butterfly and sting like a bee"

FOREMAN.....Josh Pexton

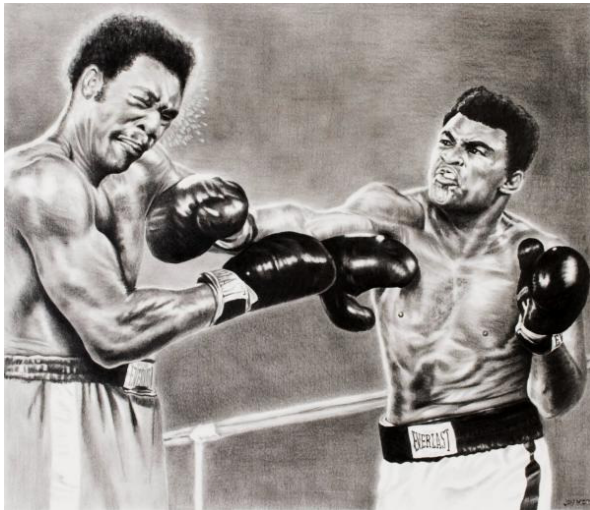
I went into the ring to beat Ali. Many people would watch him be beaten up by me. This will help my career so I hit him hard and got hit a bit myself. Then I beat the hell out of him and then got tired and stopped hitting as hard. By the end of my tough punches I was very tired I couldn't do anything. So he hit me and I lost a fight with a small person. So I would have lost even if I had won and lost if I lost. Someone wrote a book on this match apparently, so now I lose even when I am dead.



Ali.....Josh Watson

I entered the ring, calm and confident, gazing around the massive crowd of people. I was in the ring, staring at Foreman like it was a contest. As I circled the ring I bellowed, "Ali Bombaya!"; the crowd replied, "Ali Bombaya!".

Smash! I threw the first punch. We were both fighting, like two lions fighting for their lives. The bell rang, first round gone.



Foreman started to get angry, started to batter me; I knew I had let the beast free. I was on the ropes, left and right dodging punches, taunting him.

In the second and third rounds he was exhausted; I could tell by the sweat running off him like a waterfall. It was the fifth round and I started throwing punches back, it was my time to shine. Boom, Bang, then Smack; I was hammering him. He couldn't stand straight. That was it. Smack! I

connected with his jaw, and I felt my hands merge into his face. Foreman fell down like a building collapsing.

The crowd went wild. Seconds later everyone was around me. I was proud of myself. I was heavyweight champion of the world!

FOREMAN.....Louis Horwell

I saw the fear in Ali eyes, I was confident. Then when I was squaring up with Ali, I sore the fear in his eyes, but I could tell he was ready. You could cut the tension with a knife. Then the bell rang, I was shocked he was throwing right hand lead. I was furious. Now any respect I had for him was gone. I now didn't just want to hurt him, I wanted to kill him! Then as rounds went on, was hitting him with everything I've got, I was like a machine with no stop button.

As I was hitting him, he was en raging me with his taunting. I hated everything about him especially his shown man ship. He was like a record player on repeat again and again. So then I began to hit him harder and harder! I began to sense victory, with every punch I landed.



The seven round was over I was so tired I was like a man who has had not been fed or watered. I could barely lift myself of the stool. Then the bell rang for the seventh, I summoned up all my strength, I knew it was now or never. I hit him with a fierce right uppercut. He was still taunting me with his wicked words. I was so tired I could barely throw and jab I just wanted the fight to end. Then it hit me like a bull in a china shop. My legs were like jelly. He hit me with a jab. My ribs were drizzled in BBQ sauce waiting for him to eat them. The pain was like nothing like I have ever felt before. I was so tired I wanted to go to sleep and Ali put me to sleep with a devastating combination. I was out for the count. I lost my composure – he was the better man.