

# R I V K A

Dedicated to every child that was bullied and didn't feel they had a voice... this ones for you

# 1987

This is a pretty fucked up story

But it's my story.

So fuck it.

I had rushed full speed into the boy's bathroom and ran up to the long steel urinal, dying for a leak. At twelve years old, I always waited until the last minute, pulling my dick out just in time, usually leaving piss stains inside my pants. It was the same this time. I shoved up against the trough, pulled my dick out, and started to go.

I wasn't looking around to see who else was there; who does that? I didn't expect the first blow or the second that followed right after. All I knew was that I suddenly hit the concrete floor, and my head was ringing.

He started his attack all at once, jumping down on me and pounding into my gut so I could barely catch my breath.

I looked up, stunned, and saw Terry, his cold, beady eyes staring down at me. Next to him was Ross Rivers, this tiny, fat runt of a kid grinning madly with the satisfaction of having delivered a good sucker punch. The big gap in his teeth and crazed eyes made him seem almost deranged. But next to that ugly, freckled face was a third kid.

Andrew Black rammed his knees onto my ribcage. Even with tear-blurred vision, I saw he'd pulled out his switchblade. I wasn't sure if he'd actually be insane enough to use it. I was terrified.

I curled up on the floor, trying to protect myself and catch my breath, and became aware that a crowd had gathered around to watch.

I was bleeding, and half my face was smeared with blood and piss from the puddles on the floor.

Inevitably, I heard the chant that sends a rush of excitement through every twelve-year-old boy.

"Fight! Fight! Fight!"

But it wasn't a "fight."

Not that they cared.

The beating continued. They were slamming my head, smashing my ribs, and not pausing for a second. I tried desperately to somehow protect myself from the pain and humiliation.

But it got worse.

I realized only then that my dick was still sticking out of my shorts, and I'd pissed all over myself. I heard a wave of laughter and realized that girls were now in the boy's bathroom, witnessing my humiliation. I recognized a girl from my science class.

It seemed like everyone around me was screaming, cheering, and laughing, like some kind of crazy mob.

It was the first time I wasn't invisible at St. John's. I wasn't the ethnic kid that everyone ignored.

I was the center of everything.

Blood was pouring from my mouth when Terry jerked my head up from the floor and forced me to look up at everyone.

"THIS CUNT THINKS HE'S HOT SHIT AROUND HERE!"

Fucking lie. I already knew I was nothing to them.

He jerked my head around, showing off my battered face while laughing like a battlefield hero—like he was Charlie Sheen in Platoon.

Ross, of all people, slid up to Terry, "Gee, enough. Yeah, Terry?" He sounded raspy and tired—maybe even sickened by the insanity.

But Terry and Andrew hadn't had enough. They hadn't made their point. They dominated everyone at St. John's. They imposed rules with horrible consequences while constantly filling kids like me—mainly me—with fear.

"Fuck that," Terry seethed at Ross, then screamed in my face, "THIS IS MY SCHOOL, MY COUNTRY!"

My face felt like chopped meat. I wasn't sure what was broken and what might be permanently damaged. I thought of my parents and how disappointed and embarrassed they would be if they saw me, their only son, letting himself be beaten up just for being who he was.

Ross nudged Terry, almost begging him, "Let's get the fuck out of here!" I could hear the desperation in his voice. He was getting nervous—maybe a little scared, "Leave the wog; he's not worth getting expelled for!"

Still holding my head up, Terry stuck his face close to mine and spit on my cheek.

"Lucky Faggot. Next time, I'll kill you."

He slammed the back of my head onto the concrete one last time and let me go. I didn't dare move.