

Chapter 5

I couldn't have been more wrong though! Sometimes in the middle of the night, I was suddenly awakened. The Hooligans had me by all four limbs and head. They proceeded to lift me out of the bed. I turned my eyes as far as I could towards Counselor Quentin's bed to scream for help, but he wasn't there. His bed was made as neatly as it had been hours before.

The Hooligans pushed me into the bathroom and forced me to my knees, each one holding a limb. Their esteemed leader, Jeff, had me by the neck and hair. They opened the toilet (full of fresh waste, of course) and then Jeff thrust my face down into the concoction of water, urine and excrement. He pulled it back up and shouted at me "Where do you keep your god damned money you little motherfucker!!"

I couldn't speak. I was dizzy and nauseous. I vomited all over the toilet and floor. Jeff thrust my face back down in the poison again. "Don't fuck with me you fucker!" He pulled my head back up and I struggled to gulp in precious air.

I heard the one named Daryl say "Let's ram the broomstick up his asshole. I bet he'd love that!" He got right up close to my face and said "You know you like it don't you, you little fucker. You know you want it!"

I struggled to breathe again. Oh God, I thought to myself, just tell them where the wallet is and maybe they'll leave me alone. I was shivering and fighting back the reflex to vomit again. I gulped as much as I could in and whispered, "Middle pocket of my backpack. Brown wallet.

The immediately relinquished their grip and dropped me on the floor. The slammed the door and I lay there for a longest time crying. Finally, I summoned enough strength to stand up. I grabbed a few clean towels, wiped up the floor, flushed the toilet and took a shower to clean myself up. The tears were gone now. I carefully opened the

door and ran back to my bed. I got under the covers. I could only hope the Hooligans were all asleep. I closed my eyes but couldn't sleep.

"What a fucking poor trailer trash loser," said Hooligan Jeff. "Only fucking twenty dollars to his name."

"Hey, you little pussy," harshly whispered Jeff. "I bet you want your god damned mommy now, don't you?!"

"After we get through with you, they are going to have to send you back home in a body bag!" said Robert.

They all laughed.

I hovered deep beneath the covers and began crying again.