

Chapter 8

Another sunrise. The counselor's cheery voice rang again throughout our musty little cabin. And on cue, he began banging the cowbell. He gave us our allotted time to shower and get ready. We had to gather around in a circle holding hands, yet again, praying together like we really meant it and cared for one another.

He corralled us across the campus for a breakfast of powdered eggs, hash browns and sausage. After breakfast, we joined a huge crowd of other kids marching down the pathway through the woods towards The Lake for morning chapel. Somewhere along the way, I lost sight of Quentin and fell into the back of the pack. I suddenly ran right into The Hooligans standing there waiting for me at attention with their arms crossed.

"C'mon you little shit head," said Hooligan Robert. He grabbed me by my right arm while Hooligan Jeff grabbed my other arm. The remaining three took turns shoving me in the back. They dragged me off the path and deeper into the woods.

"And just where the fuck did you go last night you little pussy?" Said Jeff.

I remained silent. I was too terrified to speak. My mental systems had shut down as if my sleeping body were locked in a nightmare.

"You didn't think you could get away that easy," said Hooligan Rick.

"We're gonna make you wish you were never born, dickhead." Said Jeff.

I started to whimper and cry They kept rambling me through the leaves and underbrush of the woods.

"That's right go ahead and cry for your mommy. She can't hear you. Nobody can hear you. Cry you little fucker," said Daryl.

We kept at a quick pace for fifteen or twenty minutes. They marched me down a deep and steep gully. There was a small creek at the bottom and several willow trees stretching out over the water. They pushed me to the ground. Two of them ripped off my shoes, socks and jeans. Two others ripped off my t-shirt.

Jeff looked at Rick and said, "You got the rope?"

Rick nodded and pulled out some kind thick twine from his jeans. Two of them lifted me by my arms and dragged me to the base of one of the willow trees. All that I still had on was my underwear. They pulled my arms behind the tree and tied them together. Jeff pulled out a roll of duct tape from seemingly nowhere and wrapped my legs together with the tape. By this time, I was hopelessly and uncontrollably crying.

"C'mon guys," said Jeff, "Let's get back to camp before fucking Quentin realizes we are gone."

His four followers ran back towards the hiking path. Jeff stepped up to me and leaned into my face, "Listen, don't fuck with me, man!" He spit in my face and as an afterthought he yanked off my glasses, twisted them to shreds and threw the remains deep into the woods.

"Cry all you want for your mommy, asshole." he said. "She can't hear you. She's probably sucking the mailman's cock while your dad is working his ass off to pay the bills. She's a fucking whore."

He ran away. And as if he needed to assert one more insult to make him feel better, he turned around at me, shot the finger and yelled, "Take that, you fucker!"

I struggled and struggled to free myself, but I was too weak and in too much of a panic. They left. I was all alone. All I could do was cry and even after a time, I couldn't even do that. I was all cried out. The only thing my spirit could do was to go limp and let the insects have their way with me