

Saving the World from Johnnies

By,
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Three weeks ago Johnny Finch called our shy little hero a faggot. Then Johnny went outside and threw rocks at the young girls playing on the jungle gym.

The week after that, during math class, Johnny told our timid conqueror that he would be waiting for him behind a tree on his walk home. He wouldn't know which tree on which street, but when he least expected it "**BAM!**" – that was Johnny's word. Our hero took a bus that dropped him off 8 blocks from home that day.

Last week Johnny said "Hey Fairy Boy, wanna see something?"

"...nnno" said the terrified youngster as he tried to eat his lunch in peace. His refusal – of course – angered Johnny, who proceeded to drop the pocket knife that he planned to show off and kick our hero's cafeteria stool out from under him. The boy fell to the tiled floor with a hard "**BAM!**" The concentrated impact on his tailbone sent rivers of pain from his ass to his skull. It took several seconds before he felt the cold wetness on his hand. He looked down to see his palm had landed in a puddle of chocolate milk swirling with dirt that it had picked up off the grimy floor. The little warrior wiped his hand on his blue jean clad leg, stood up to retrieve his stool, sat back down and finished his lunch. He jumped at the sound of a piercing shriek. Behind him Johnny Finch was laughing and a young girl was pulling her skirt back up – crying and ready to vomit with embarrassment. Our boy closed his eyes and shook his head.

Our boy was home from school yesterday. He lay in his bed and stared with a screwy depth perception at the ceiling. He could only see out of one eye, Johnny swelled the other one shut the day before. The boy was playing FBI with his friends and Johnny took it upon himself to be the violent fugitive. This was the fourth time since September that the boy stayed home because Johnny had invited himself to play.

The boy watched the ceiling from his limited perspective and conjured the faces of the others who would have to lie at home the next day because he wasn't at school to absorb Johnny's blows. He saw the faces of the unnamed kids of next year who would take Johnny's wrath. He felt their pain throb in his eye. He tasted their blood and salty tears in his mouth. He heard their whimpers and smelled something utterly putrid. Sickened by it all, our boy closed his good eye and fell into a restless sleep.

On his way home from school today our hero hid behind a tree. Johnny passed by and the boy sighed with relief. He sighed with relief as

he jumped out behind Johnny. He sighed with relief as he wound his arm around Johnny's neck and rammed his knee hard up between Johnny's legs – **BAM!** He sighed...and pushed the kitchen knife into Johnny's doubled over abdomen. Johnny didn't have to invite himself to play today.