

And then we... Part 2

by avocadoben

The way I figure it, mom wasn't worth a shit. I'd cry when she hit me but she'd just keep pounding. When I was seven, she burned a hole in my back. It happened one day at the fair. We were walking around. She didn't have any money so all we could do was walk. I had my shirt off and she bumped me with her cigarette. I cried like a "little baby," at least that's what she called me. I remember her boyfriend; she had loads of boyfriends. He laughed when he saw me cry. Later that night, he snuck up behind me and burned me again. I cried and told 'em to stop but they just kept doing it. Not all at one time but whenever they got mad at me for being bad. Which was all the time. Eventually they stopped burning me. They might have just got tired of doing it but it was probably because of the drugs. Wanta see the marks?

Anyway, when she got into drugs it got really bad. People, scary people with no teeth and no place to go, kept coming over to our house. They slept, or watched TV, or ate all the time. I'd go to bed and they'd be in my room or in my bed, so I slept on the floor in the basement. It was pretty good except that it's where the cat peed, so it smelled pretty bad. But none of the creepy people bothered me or burned me, or hurt me when I was there, so it was okay.

I never went to school anymore. Besides, why go to school? I knew I'd never be anything anyway, and the people there didn't know anything about my life. They had lunches and actually did their homework. None of the people at my house went to school; heck, they didn't even go to work. In fact, they didn't do anything at all.

Anyway, after awhile, I started stealing stuff. I think I was telling you about the old lady down the street. Yeah, I think I was. Anyway, she had pop bottles; loads of 'em in her garage just waiting to be stolen. It was easy to steal from her because she was so nice. And she had cookies. I ate a bunch.

So she had bottles and told me she would give me some if I came over to her house one day a week. I didn't believe her because no one gives you anything. But since I was gonna steal her stuff, I thought, okay, no big deal, I'll come over. Me and Bainz walked by her house one night when we were talking about how to steal her stuff and heard what sounded like singing coming from inside. We snuck up to the window in the living room and looked in.

Anyway, we watched and these people musta been doing better drugs than the people in my house because they were standing in a circle with their hands raised in the air talking in a language I never heard before. It sounded like--well, I don't know what it sounded like, but if you ask me, it was the most beautiful sound I ever heard. Like angels singing. I never seen an angel before, but if they exist, they probably sound like those people.

It went on for awhile and the middle of the singing one of the people would talk in a loud voice while the rest kept singing. I never seen anything like it. It made me feel kinda nice--inside. I don't feel that way very often.

Anyway, I was listening to them sing when I looked around and Bainz was gone. I made our sound, you know, like a bird, and waited for him to call back. Nothing happened so I went looking for him. A little bit later I gave up and went home. It was weird not being with him. We always hung out together. Did I tell you the time we blew the door off the school? It was great. We got some stuff out of his dad's basement. His dad was a real weird guy. He had lots and lots of guns. Talked about 'em all the time but never let us mess with 'em.

Anyway, one time Bainz got whipped by his dad and got real mad. We decided to break into his dad's gun room and steal some guns. We took a bunch of stuff, but the guns were locked up, so we took whatever we could find. One of the things we took had a fuse and looked like a bomb. It was round, kinda like Boris and Natasha's bombs in the cartoons, only not that big. Anyway, we knew his dad was going to kill us for taking his stuff so we decided, what the heck? Might as well blow some stuff up.

