

And then we... Part 3

by avocadoben

Well, Bainz' dad didn't kill us for stealing his bomb because one of the drug addicts at my house was a cop. At least he said he was a cop, or knew a cop, or had something to do with the cops. I don't know for sure. I know he didn't look like a cop, at least he didn't when he was at our house, which was pretty often because he used a lot of heroin.

Anyway, when the heroine-cop found out about the bomb, he went over there and musta said something because Bainz'd dad never said a word about it. I expected he'd pound us, but he didn't. In fact, after the cop talked to him, he never hit us again. I was always afraid of him though, because I knew he hated us and-- he was mean.

You shoulda seen the way he treated his wife. I saw him hit her in the face once just for frying an egg wrong. She cried and ran out of the room. I felt weird, but he sat down and read the paper like nothing happened. Bainz didn't say nuttin' either, almost like it was normal to see her cry. I felt sick—inside—and thought I did something to make him hit her.

We left right after he hit her. Pretty soon, his mom disappeared. Bainz said she moved somewhere out West—Wyoming, I think, and that she didn't love him anymore.

The part that didn't make sense to me was when Bainz said she didn't love him. I listened and didn't argue because that's what friends do, but I never believed him. Even though my mom was a drug addict, I knew she loved me. She shoulda hated me because it was my fault she was a drug addict--I was always in trouble, but she didn't hat me

I figured that if my mom loved me, his mom had to love him because she was always nice. She used to smile at me when I came over and told me she prayed for me. And not the kind of praying where people call you a punk and pray you die, but the nice kind,

where people actually hope you get better. Her praying didn't make me a better person, but it was nice of her to try. .

Anyway, because Bainz' mom was always nice, I figured right away that his dad killed her. I wonder sometimes how he did it--if she felt anything while he was doing it? He probably made her feel every bit of it. He was that mean.

Anyway, after he killed her, he treated us different. Not nicer, he was never nice. He was just different, in that he never talked—and I mean—never. He'd be working in his garage, or sitting in his kitchen, and I'd say “hi” and he'd just stare at me though his thick, black-rimmed glasses. It was creepy because his crew-cut and glasses made him look sick. Not vomit sick, more-- devil sick. And the sicker he got, the worse his house got.

My house smelled bad and was filthy with drug stuff and garbage, but Bainz's place was different. It seemed, I'm not quite sure how to say this, but it seemed dead. It wasn't like that when his mom was alive, but after he killed her, the house and everything in it was horrible.

