

# Bogdan

*by* Bill Yarrow

Dad was dying. Meanwhile, the blood  
from a puncture wound was drying on  
Bogdan's palm. He was a tenth grade  
messiah, famous for acts of attrition.  
I had solicited his help with a bully  
who had been threatening to beat me  
up for wearing a leather vest to school.  
He said he'd see what he could do.  
The next day, my tormentor was not  
in class. I went looking for my savior.  
He was loitering by the cafeteria tray  
return, eyeing the cruelty in passersby.  
I went up to him and asked for another  
favor. "You only get one." I pondered that.

