

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.

