

# Youth

by S.H. Gall

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There was that one day I sprinted down our street, chased by a bully of sorts, a kid slightly richer than me. His name was Kevin. I hear he's incarcerated now. I pumped my frail legs down a slight incline only to land and slide on my thigh, in gravel. Fuck, it hurts, and I'm old enough to say just that. I'm ten.

Hobbling back to the house, I'm fascinated by the gravel embedded in my torn up thigh, the gray in the red, the tissue screaming. I had never experienced such a lack of ambivalence. I was hurt! This was happening. My house loomed over me like a barracks hospital and Mom saw to it that Kevin was chewed out.

A few days later I began the picking. The scab had formed, and it was massive, a slab. It came off easy, and it smelled good, like raw protein. I ate it. I ate all of it and it was so immense - that pleasure, both from the rich chewy taste, and from the new pink tissue that lay beneath my sustenance.

**Seth Gall has had work published in China, Canada, and the U.S. His work has appeared in Word Riot, SmokeLong Quarterly, and Nanoism. He is S.H. Gall in decomP Magazine, Nanoism, issues one and 27 of SmokeLong Quarterly, Five Star Literary Stories, and Fictionaut.**























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