

Guram's Secret:

"Faggot!" The bar of soap hammered into your stomach, the towel it was wrapped in did nothing to cushion the impact. The boys that were holding your head, arms and legs back against the support beam with the towel laughed. "Hit him again!" they encouraged. Another heavy blow landed in your stomach, hard enough to make you want to double over, if you could. Several more blows land, and you are allowed to sink to the floor the towel still wrapped around your head. As you lay on the floor gasping for breath, you could hear feet leaving the room at a quick enough pace that you wouldn't be able to see them if you were able.

You lay there heaving from the pain and angry from the indignity of it all. This is how it has always been, since you realized you were gay. You were not open about it, but inevitably one person found out and then the rest of the school would know in short order. The boys were merciless, and usually the girls were indifferent. Your mom and dad couldn't understand why you kept getting in fights at school; they didn't listen when you told them you were gay. They just figured you were being trendy or going over the top with the whole metrosexual trend. You don't have a boyfriend, and it's really just not important at the moment. You would like to get through a day without getting called "Fag," "Meat Gazer," or "Cocksucker."

You are very alone in your new school and the beatings are worse here than anywhere else. You have been escaping slowly into a world of fantasy as things get worse for you.