

LOVE HURTS

It was in the toilet block that I learned he didn't love me. As I stood at the trough and started to pee, I heard a snicker, a giggle then a snort. The cubicle doors opened. I saw him first, but he wasn't smiling, and I knew things had changed.

"So, look who we've got here! Weedy Wilson!" Scott Brown pressed his right palm against the wall just above my head, so close I felt his spit hit my cheek.

I zipped up my fly.

"Or should we call him Wilson the Wanker?" He threw his head back in feigned hilarity and his cronies snickered on cue.

I looked at Chris in the hope I could make him see what a fool he was to be hanging out with these thugs, but when I caught his eyes he turned away. And that's when I knew. I can see now that my kind of love scared him. Heck, it even scared me.

Scott Brown grabbed the back of my shirt, and pulled me toward him. "You're one ugly faggot, Wilson," he said, "and we don't want any faggots 'round here, do you hear me?" He grabbed my right shoulder as the others leapt forward to seize my limbs. They dragged me into a cubicle and forced my head into the toilet, my cheekbones pressing against the sides of the stainless steel bowl. The water started rushing over the back of my head just as I vomited for the first time.