

another pSecret pSociety pshort pstory



The Bully's Last Slurp by Mike Bozart (Agent 33) | FEB 2017

The Bully's Last Slurp

by Mike Bozart

© 2017 Mike Bozart

Xeeb, a Hmong American, was one of only two Asian students in his 11th grade chemistry class at North Burke High School, which was ten miles (16.1 km) north of downtown Morganton (NC, USA) in a foothills community known as Worry. He often wondered who had fretted so much to get this tranquil area its uneasily anxious name.

He typically kept to himself. Though, Xeeb had some friends of every race. He was not antisocial.

His parents constantly stressed the importance of doing well academically. And, he had not disappointed: Xeeb had brought home straight-A report cards three of the four quarters in 10th grade. It took his mother a month to calm down after he received a B+ in physical education. His three-years-younger sister was just as studious.

Xeeb's school experience in western North Carolina had gone fairly well from kindergarten through 10th grade. There were a few ethnically insensitive remarks along the way, but nothing mean-spirited. However, all that changed in early September of 2007, the beginning of his junior year at the moss-on-the-mortar-joints-between-the-bricks high school.

There was this one ultra-white-skinned kid – nearly albino – with light blonde hair, who was your classic stoner-jock (a football player who smoked marijuana). This particular Caucasian American, oddly named Looger, would tease him in the chemistry lab before the start of class. The first insult, “I bet Xeeb can make rice in his beaker,” was followed with “Don't gook [*sic*] it up!” a few days later. Xeeb just looked at

Looger and shook his black-haired head. *What an inbred idiot.*

Xeeb wasn't the fighting type. Besides, it would probably be a bad idea to fight Looger, as he was somewhat taller and thirty pounds (13.6 kg) heavier. Thus, he just told the late-60-ish female Caucasian teacher about the harassment after class. The next day she had a curt talk with Looger before the bell rang.

All then seemed ok. The teasing and taunts ceased. That is until a mid-November Monday. That's when Looger decided to move to Xeeb's lab table for an experiment involving hydrogen (H) gas generation from hydrochloric acid (HCl) and zinc (Zn) metal shavings.

After the HCl was carefully poured into the flask by Xeeb, Looger strategically knocked over the unlidded bottle of acid. It spilled across Xeeb's right wrist, just above the opening of his black neoprene glove. The immediate sensation: It burned like crazy.

"You did that on purpose, Looger!" Xeeb shouted.

"No, I didn't; it was an accident," Looger sheepishly retorted.

The teacher quickly neutralized the HCl on Xeeb's tan skin. Then medic arrived ten minutes later. His chemical burn was treated at the town hospital. He would be ok, but a scar – that looked like a bracelet – would always be there to remind him of that odious day.

Xeeb's parents weren't convinced about the deliberate spilling of the bottle of HCl by Looger. His mom told him, "Son, accidents happen in labs sometimes." His dad then added, "Just be glad that it wasn't worse." This just made him angrier. *I'm going to get even with that shit-for-brains asshole. No, not even; I'm going to go one better.*

Xeeb and Looger would never again partake in any chemistry experiments together. The wiser-by-the-years instructor, now somewhat suspicious of the incident in retrospect, separated them by placing Looger in the back of the room. He was now the only one at the rearmost table. There was no communication of any kind between Looger and Xeeb over the next five weeks.

On Friday afternoon, December 21st, classes recessed for the Christmas break. Over the two-week-long holiday vacation, Xeeb had plenty of time to plot his revenge. On a late December day, as sleet tinkled on his second-floor bedroom window, his mind locked onto a most pernicious, time-delayed method. *Dad just got a new contract for asbestos abatement at that old mill in town. I could get some of that asbestos pipe insulation, bag it, and pulverize it. Yeah, get it into a hyper-friable state. And then, I could mix it into a bag of pot [marijuana] and give it to Looger as a peace offering. I'm sure that he would gladly smoke it. He wouldn't die immediately, but probably within twenty years – since he aggressively inhaled those malicious microscopic fibers – the linings of his lungs would be gone, along with his dumb-ass life. Wait, hold on. What if other people smoked that pot, too? This plan is no good. And, do I really want to monitor him for two decades? Hell no! Scratch the asbestos idea.*

Thank You for previewing this eBook

You can read the full version of this eBook in different formats:

- HTML (Free /Available to everyone)
- PDF / TXT (Available to V.I.P. members. Free Standard members can access up to 5 PDF/TXT eBooks per month each month)
- Epub & Mobipocket (Exclusive to V.I.P. members)

To download this full book, simply select the format you desire below

