

My Honor is My Life

by Shane Hutchison

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Their backgrounds consist of a gamut of educational experience, family economic states, and religious affiliation/practice. Socially-adjusted, they range from social misfits to social giants. (Prendergast, 1993, p. 14).

Their Home Life

"Danny!..when will you ever get things right?! I don't know how often I have to tell you how to do your chores. Why are you not playing with the other kids? Are you some whoosy boy? Does mommy need to put a diaper on you, a nine year old? I swear sometimes, as much time as you spend inside the house, I might as well as put an apron on you!"

Man, it seems like there is nothing that I can do right. Why does my mother always cut me down? Does she really think I am a Whoos, a sissy? A diaper!, anything but that. She must think I act like a baby. An apron?! That would be so humiliating. What would my brothers and sisters think? I bet they would tell my friends and then it would get all over school. I would then be the laughing stock of the whole town. Everybody will know that I deserved to wear an apron like a girl.

Danny is such a dork. Why did I deserve a brother such as him for? Remember when mom used to yell at you like that? Yes....it sure wasn't fun. But now I have grown out of it. I have learned better, to get out of the house, especially now that I can drive. She doesn't cut me down like she used to.

"Alan! Your room is not clean! You should be old enough to know better. Man I sure wish you would grow up sometime. You truly are a pain in my neck. Why don't you take care of your brother more. Help him go outside more. You two are brothers for crying out loud. Why I have been cursed to have you as sons I do not know. YOU ARE NOT L..I..S..T..E..N..I..N..G...!! Listen to me, I am your mother. Quit fucking up or I will send you away. Heaven knows that my life would be all the more happy without the two of you."

New blood joins this earth
 And quickly he's subdued
 Through constant pained
 disgrace
 The young boy learns their
 rules.
 With time the child draws in
 This whipping boy done
 wrong
 Deprived of all his thoughts
 The young man struggles on

and on he's known
A vow unto his own
That never from this day
His will they'll take away

What I've felt
What I've
known
Never shined
through in what
I've
shown.
Never be
Never see
Won't see what
might have been
What I've felt
What I've
known
Never shined
through in what
I've
shown.
Never free
Never me
So I dub thee
Unforgiven.

Metallica, The Unforgiven

Excerpt from "We Learn What We
Live"

If a child lives with criticism, he learns to
condemn.
If a child lives with hostility, he learns to
fight.
If a child lives with fear, he learns to be
apprehensive.
If a child lives with pity, he learns to feel
sorry for himself.
If a child lives with ridicule, he learns to
be shy.
If a child lives with jealousy, he learns to
feel guilty.

Lower Self Esteem

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- * Can't accept less than perfect in self and others
 - * May have troubled intimate relationships.
 - * Form relationships that reinforce and reflect negative self-image.
 - * May live extremes through self abusive or destructive behavior.
 - * Seek approval and affirmation through external sources.
 - * Define self by "What I do".
 - * May lack confidence.
 - * May enable self and others to act inappropriately.
 - * Try to control things they cannot control.
 - * May be manipulative, dishonest, or underhanded.
 - * Troubled by lack of impulse control, act without considering consequences.
 - * Dependent on people/things.
 - * Can feel powerless, expect that the worst may happen.
 - * "Fun" = "risky", inappropriate or perhaps aggressive behavior.
 - * Vulnerable to criticism, take it personally.
 - * Look for happiness from without (from \$, people, etc.)
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Escaping

Heh, Danny. What are you up to? You seem sad.

Oh, nothing much Steve. My mom just got through yelling me out. Hey let's forget it. Have you checked our trap for those crawdads yet?

Yeah! We have got six of them already. It's way cool. We should make another trap so we can catch twice as many.

Great!, let's go.

Howdy Alan. It's been a long time since we've seen you man.. Are you up to trying out a few brewskies tonight?

Uhm..Why not? There ain't too much more you can do to make your parental figures any more disappointed in you. If you can't be alright with them, you might as well do what you can to be alright with your friends...

Yeah Scott, that sounds swell.

Uh.. Hi Susie cutie. Nice party, huh.

Yeah, it's great Alan. What's up?!

I am drunker than drunk and I am hornier than any corndog you have probably ever known. Do you want to help me..?

[SLAP!] You may be drunk! ... but that is no excuse Alan. I am not the local bitch ready to get laid or do the laying especially for drunk bastards like you!...

On my way home. Aren't taxis grand. The traffic going by fast. Wait, is this seat moving on me. Ohhh....my head is spinning. Churning stomach. Wasn't that party fun. All my friends gathered in one place and those girls! Oh man, those girls...Man, that one girl. How dare she slap me! Worse yet, now all my friends know I can't make it with a girl. Whoops! Why can't I keep my head up? Oh that's right, I drank too much tonight. Crap, I feel sick. I will never drink again. But how was that fun! [hiccup..] Time to get out. This sidewalk has never been so hard to walk on, it keeps moving. Finally, I reach the door of the house. Ofcourse not to find any of those parental figures around to ask questions. Got to run to the toilet. It's gushing out. Alright! I made it to the porcelain bowl. Slowly feeling better. Having rid my body of the extra alcoholic fluids in my belly. Tired, need to go to bed. The stairs ascent long and deliberate. What's this, a letter to me from my neighbor Mr. Wilson? He is such a nice man. I wonder why he wrote me this letter. Amazing, it is still sealed, none of my family have read it yet. Good, I will read it now.

Dear Alan, I've sat here for the last hour or so debating with myself as to whether or not I should write you this letter. As you can see, I am writing the letter so I hope you feel that what I have to say is worth listening to. I expect you might have some idea as to what I'm going to write about -- it's not easy getting started, this is going to be one of the hardest letters I've ever written. My wife Joan is sleeping and I'm alone with my thoughts. You left me about an hour ago, but your brief stay again started feelings within me that need to be released and this letter is my attempt to release them. You know by now that I love you. Don't let the word love scare you before I have a chance to explain what I mean by that statement. Love to me means caring. It means caring about someone else's happiness and well-being. It means wanting to be with that person and sharing the experience of a life together. And being in love gives me special feelings, like when the one you love smiles at you and a good rush of feelings fills your heart and mind. Love, after all, is an emotion, a feeling. But love creates wants and desires, and the greatest desire and want is to be able to share love in a real and tangible way. To touch, both physically and mentally. Mentally usually involves that special feeling you get when you make direct eye contact with the one you love, a kind of shyness, but a pleasurable one. And physically it involves touching, and the deepest way to touch someone is sexually. ...in truth my sexual experience with other guys have been very limited. Joan and I lived with a friend for about 6 months once and we did share some sexual contact, and it was a beautiful experience. And no, I'm not trying to re-capture that with you. I do want to share a sexual experience with you. I want to give you the greatest physical pleasure it's possible for one person to give another. And I realize the problems involved with that. For one thing, I don't really know how you feel about me and things like that. Your joking manner often confuses me. I do know that you are sixteen and at the peak of your sexual needs, and I believe that you believe that if I give you head it would make you gay. Do you feel that way? ...I often imagine and hope that one day...your inhibitions will fail you long enough to allow you to step away from your fears and you'll let me perform oral sex on you. I need to get close to you at least once to break away from the drives and feelings that now possess me. ...I promise it will be a great experience for you, and in such a way that you'll feel no guilt about it. And, if after trying it once, you decide it's not for you. I'll understand. Because once will be enough,...will give us something shared that too few people in the world share because they are afraid to share it, love. I just hope that by revealing my true feelings to you won't ruin the relationship we now have....Alan, no matter what,...I'll always be around to help you in any way I can...

(Hussey, Singer, & Strom, 1992, pp. 880-81).

I can't believe he would write me a letter like that. He must feel like I am gay! He did mention that you might have inhibitions about engaging in a closer relationship with him because of feeling like you are gay. He also mentioned that he does not feel that way. Why am I even considering the letter I should throw it away, I should burn it up or better yet show it to my parents. You dummy, your parents will automatically think that you did something to turn Mr. Wilson on. You will get all the blame and everybody will find out and you will be known as gay, as a HOMO! Well then that can't be the answer. I'll just ignore it and burn it up so to leave no shred of evidence. I will have to stay away from Mr. Wilson. You can't get a girl to have sex with you yet you can get a guy to want to have a sexual relation with you. Sounds like you are in a bind. What bind?! I can't believe I am even contemplating this. Forget it, it is best to just forget it.

There is Danny asleep. He looks so peaceful when he is sleeping. Although sometimes, mom is right, he does seem feminine at times.

My honor is my
life; both grow in
one; Take honor
"from me, and my
life is done."

Shakespeare,
King Richard II

Danny woke up from a dream about needles
and the gigantic flowers he'd seen at church.
In the dream, he was trapped inside of a huge.
white calla lily with big, wet, flappy petals.
He could smell the pollen dust and feel the pricks
of the needles that lined the bell of the flower
and he dared not move, lest the needles jab
him in new places with each shift of his weight.
Even after Alan woke him from his dream
he stayed very still on his side like a corpse
while Alan raped him and whispered his name
over and over again in great huffs of breath.
When he finally did move, he put his hands
to his face and saw through the little cage
of his fingers that the snoopy nite-lite
plugged into the far wall had blown out.

My honor is my
life; both grow in
one; Take honor
"from me, and my
life is done."

Shakespeare,
King Richard II

**"Mine honor is my life; both grow in one; Take honor from me,
and my life is done."**

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