

Spencer Bellhorn Is Not a Wimp

by Caleb

Fifteen minutes had passed and I was tired of watching the charcoalblack squirrel run up and down the big oak tree that shaded Kolben St. from the bright morning sun.

Where was Sarah? Had she forgotten? No, Kolben St. had been our meeting spot for the past three years. She's probably sick, I reassured myself. "Yeah," I mumbled, "sick," and set off to school.

"How's it going?" yelled Mr. Crabapple from his porch.

"Great!" I lied.

Then Mr. C smiled a smile I wish I could smile. But I couldn't. I could only manage a frail grin; like the one you see from a sick grandmother. I bit my lip until I couldn't feel it anymore. My eyes twitched side to side like a nervous squirrel. I closed my eyes and repetitively muttered, "Sarah's with me, Sarah's with me, Sarah's with me," trying to convince myself she really was. I walked past every house like in it was a man with a knife.

That day the elm trees leading to the playground of the Mario Gabinetto School seemed bigger, but then again so did everything.

"Auggghh!" screamed a voice as something collided with my chest. Then all I felt was the hard playground concrete against my cheek.

"Sorry." I apologized as I stood up and brushed myself off.

"Watch where you're goin'!" growled a voice that I thought I had heard before. All at once I realized I what I had bumped into. It was Humphrey Dugbill, the meanest bully in the history of Butts, Missouri.

I absentmindedly tried to walk away so that the oversized predator wouldn't prey on me. My puny frame is no match for his bulging one. I wanted to shrink and shrink till he couldn't see me anymore. "Well, well, well, if it isn't Spencer Bellhorn! About to get beat up and without your girlfriend to protect you!" he emphasized the word girl a lot.

"Any last words?" he asked smugly. What was I going to do? Where was Sarah when I needed her?

Right on time, the "Bading-A-Dinga-Ding" of the 9:00 bell filled the air. "Saved by the bell, Bellhorn—I'll see you after school!" Humphrey yelled over the crowd of screaming kids.

I couldn't pay attention to Mr. Jimenz in math class because I was thinking of a plan, a plan to defend myself against Humphrey. Could I run away like all the other kids had done? No, I would have to stick up to him. Then a thought crossed my mind. Humphrey had never actually punched someone, he had just threatened to! So why should I be afraid? It was a risk, But also, it was the only way.

I stood in the playground of the Mario Gabinetto School to await my fate. If my plan worked, I would never need Sarah to defend me again. If it didn't, I would.

"Spencer?!!" growled a voice behind me, "I thought you would run away like all the other wimps. Oh, well, all the better for me!" I didn't have to turn around to know who it was.

"Whatever, Humphrey," I said calmly. Kids of all shapes and sizes gathered to watch. I could hear a "Yeah Humphrey" chant starting in the crowd.

Humphrey braced himself. With his fist up and the grimace on his face he looked like a heavyweight boxer. I didn't pose like him. I just stood there, arms folded, and a grin on my face. He picked up his fist and pointed his elbow towards the clouds behind him.

Sarah's definitely not my girlfriend!!!!!!!

"This is gonna work!" I thought and grinned.

His fist shot forward. The grin faded from my face.

I felt like Roger Clemens had thrown a fastball at my face. My head hit the ground. I lowered my hand to my upper lip. I lifted it back up. I saw red.

Humphrey and the other kids smirked. Their smirk turned into a giggle and they started to walk away like I wasn't really there. I needed help; couldn't they see that. They just left me in the dirt, like I wasn't there.

I wanted to cry, I really did.

Then I remembered Humphrey's words; "I thought you would run away like all the other wimps" I didn't run away! I wasn't a wimp. Even though I was standing there with a bloody nose, I felt like I had won. It was then that I realized that everyone at one point in his or her lives needs to be protected. Even the mighty Roger Clemens has bodyguards, and he isn't a wimp, I'm not a wimp.

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