*Some writers claim it is extremely hard coming up with an ending to a story, others say it is the beginning that is troubling. I agree with both views. Waking each morning to view a blank page, so many possibilities, so many stories to create with various formulas, skills and unique ways of displaying a story. One of the hardest questions being what will I write about, who will I become, what is the message I’m wanting to tell? Messages need to be conveyed in a way that is difficult to figure out and yet so simple. It should become almost common sense in a world where peace and acceptance is lacking. I hope this story can illuminate the dark, the innocent to the ignorant. And so the story begins.*

The year is 2007. It was summer and hot as hell. From what I can remember, I walked out of my math class with the promise I will return. However I had no intention. Never liked math to be honest, never understood it. That, and I didn’t really feel like being in a class where I am considered a freak. ‘Long haired spastic’, many called me. I didn’t really know how people could see a disability like a disease. I felt completely isolated from school where everyone got along. Kicking a can along the foot path, I wonder why people hated me so. I never ran my mouth off and never fought; I was a standard wall flower. Yet I had been labelled and branded a freak of nature before anyone really got to know me.

I sat down to have lunch. I peeled the plastic back from my vegemite and cheese sandwich. That time of the day was the only time I could eat without being molested or interfered with by my upper class men or my own peers. Halfway through the odd tasting combination of a sandwich, I heard a high pitched scream for help. The cry was almost blood curdling. From what I could make out it was a girl. I finished the last of my food, crumpled up the plastic covering and placed it in my pocket. I sat for a while in a daze until one more ear piercing scream rang out again. “*FOR GOD SAKE HELP ME!*” I jolted to my feet and headed over to the direction of the noise, not knowing what I would find.

What I found pissed me off. Three grade twelve boys, beating a girl from my English class. I had never liked violence. Was and always have been a pacifist. One of the boys had her by the head, pushing it down into the dirt while another kicked her hard in the ribs. The third boy stood hurling horrible words at her. “Cheating cunt,” he said. “You are nothing but a whore. You are mine. Don’t you forget it,” he continued as the others kept up their assault on the young girl. I stood watching the vicious attack. ‘*Don’t get involved,*’ a voice in my head urged me. ‘*Just turn around and keep walking,*’ the voice pleaded to me. I clenched my hands into fists so hard that my nails pierced the flesh of my palms.

The location in which this was taking place was between two buildings. It was a tight squeeze. Still, I know if I were to intervene, the time would have had to be then. The largest of the three boys, whom was kicking the girl, stood back facing me. I slowly started to move in until I was almost on top of them. The screaming continued. The girl was now coughing up blood into the dirt, which was being mixed into her knotted hair. I snuck up on him. Placed my back against the larger boy, wrapped my arm around his neck and flipped him over my shoulder. He landed with a heavy thud on the ground. The shouting stopped almost instantly. The other two boys stood still like a deer in the headlights.

“Who the fuck are you?” the ringleader said, spiting into the dirt, glaring at me. “Icarus. And I don’t know what is going on here but I need you to stop,” I replied meeting his glare. He walked towards me. Fresh anger spread across his face. “You fucking her too, huh?” he said stopping inches in front of me. “Never met her before in my life. I just heard the screams,” I replied. I stepped back a little uneasy. The voice in my head now screaming, ‘*RUN NOW AS FAST AS YOU CAN’.* He spit into the dirt again. “I know you, freak show. You shouldn’t have stuck your nose into this,” he said, swiping at my face with his fist.

He struck me twice, hard. Blood pooled at the corner of my lip. “What the fuck is your problem freak show. Fight back,” he said, launching another strike. I lowered my head. His blow struck my forehead then twisted awkwardly. I heard the bones and his wrist snap. “Why do I need to fight back against you, friend? Keep throwing insults. You are too weak to do anything else,” I said, smiling as he screamed out in pain. He cradled his broken wrist like a hurt dog. “Let’s get the hell out of here man,” the large boy said. He got to his feet in a daze, pushing his to friends away from the girl and me. I dropped to the girl’s side, lifting her head from the dirt so she could breath.