

# Ricky

By sheppard46

Submitted: November 10, 2006

Updated: November 10, 2006

*A school teacher discovers that one of her students has been abused by his father.*

Provided by Fanart Central.

<http://www.fanart-central.net/stories/user/sheppard46/40776/Ricky>

**Chapter 1 - 1**

**2**

"Ricky"

Written by Adrian Sheppard

Nov 9, 2006

Synopsis: A school teacher discovers that one of her students is being abused by his father and tries to intervene in the situation. Will she be able to get Ricky out of the house before his father does something nasty to him?

Classes were in full progress at the Auburn District Primary School. Mrs. Fayola Warner, middle-aged and vibrant, was conducting Math classes with her students. They were full of energy as each one volunteered to answer the questions that she asked them. "Now class." said Fayola in her slight American accent, "Jean has fifteen mangoes while Peter has twenty. Peter gives Jean five of his mangoes and now she has fifteen plus five of Peters mangoes. How much does she have altogether? Is anyone willing to write the answer on the blackboard?"

Excitement bubbled up once more as each student, eager to answer the question, raised his hand.

Fayola chuckled to herself, then spoke up, "All right, class, settle down. One at a time, please."

One boy, who had his hand up, spoke, "Miss, let me try."

Fayola looked at him and said, "Good, Ricky. Come and write the answer on the blackboard for us."

Ricky stood up and walked up towards the board and carefully worked out the problem.

He said, "Thus, Jean has twenty mangoes altogether."

"Very good, Ricky." Fayola said as the other students applauded him.

As he made his way back to his seat, Fayola noticed that Ricky had a bruise on his right arm. She thought that something was not right with him.

Later when school was over, Fayola was talking with Ricky as they stood out of the school building. "Tell me, Ricky, how old are you?" she asked him.

"Ten, Miss." said Ricky.

"Youre making really great progress at this school, you know." remarked Fayola, "Thats really impressive of you."

Ricky smiled and Fayola noticed that he was shy. "Are you all right, Ricky?"

Ricky shook his head. Once again, Fayola asked, "Are you sure youre all right? I can see that youre very shy and you tremble a bit."

"Yeah, I am." said Ricky, "Thanks for asking me, Miss."

Soon as Ricky and Fayola were talking with each other, a creme Nissan B11 Sunny pulled up outside the entrance and the driver blew his horn as if he were impatient. Both Ricky and Fayola looked at him.

"Hes your father?" Fayola asked as she ran her hand through her graying hair.

"Yes, Miss, thats my father." replied Ricky.

Rickys father blew the horn impatiently and shouted, "Ricky, come on, nah man. I aint have whole day here! Its time to go."

Ricky glanced at Fayola and said, "Miss, I have to go."

"Okay." she said as she watched him grab his bag and hurry towards the car.

As the car sped off, Fayola mumbled to herself, "Poor Ricky! Something just isnt right about him with

that bruise on his right arm."

Fayola thought more and more of Ricky. She knew that he was always bubbly and full of energy ever since he first came to the school. Deep down in her heart, she knew that something fishy must have been going on at his home and that he was trying his best to hide it away from everyone else. As a matter of fact, she wanted to help him and try to get him out of this dreary situation before it was too late.

The very next day, while Fayola was teaching Science to her students, the school principal who was a plump man named Mr. Fred Huggins, came into the classroom and said, "Mrs. Warner, I'm sorry to interrupt your class, but someone is out here to see you."

"Okay, sir," said Fayola. To the students, she said, "Class, read the passage in your text books until I return, please. And please, no talking and no noise in this class."

Fayola walked into the principal's office and saw a rather muscular-looking man with a dark look in his eyes. "Are you Ricky Bristols' father?" Fayola asked him.

The man answered, "Yes, ma'am, and I'm here to talk to you about him."

"What about him?" asked Mr. Huggins with a look of disbelief.

The man responded, "I can't stand Ricky at all! He is the worst of all the children in this school. He's rude and very disobedient and he must be dealt with seriously."

Both Mr. Huggins and Fayola stared at him and they could see that there was suspicion on his face.

"This fellow is talking complete nonsense," Mr. Huggins thought to himself, "Here he is, bad-talking his own son."

At this instant, Fayola ran to the classroom. Her students looked at her and saw that she was panicky.

"What's happening, Miss? What's going on?" they asked her.

"Ricky, come to the principal's office, please," Fayola said to Ricky.

"What is it, Miss?" Ricky asked in a reluctant way.

"Your father is here, Ricky," Fayola said in a kind of shameful manner.

"Am I in trouble?" asked Ricky as he was getting out of his seat.

"I don't know. Just come," said Fayola hesitantly.

Ricky followed Fayola to the principal's office. Upon arrival, Ricky saw his father standing there and his heart froze. His father gave him a dark threatening stare for a few minutes, then he pulled the young boy towards him and said, "You stink dog! You make me shame! You shame your teacher, you shame your classmates! In fact you shame your whole f\*\*\*ing school! You're wasting your time!"

"Mister, you're talking complete rubbish!" Mr. Huggins rose to his feet and shouted, "I can't understand how you could come in this school and embarrass us with s\*\*\* about your own son! Your son can't be like that!"

"What are these guys saying about Ricky is total junk! Understand? It's really total junk!" Fayola shouted.

Poor Ricky just stood there feeling miserable and would not say anything.

Ricky's father grew angrier. "All you ain't believe me? Eh? Well, I go show all you how I does deal with Ricky and put a stop to all his damn blasted dotishness!"

Having said this, Ricky's father grabbed him by the shirt collar and dragged him to his classroom, while Fayola followed.

Then- right before the eyes of his classmates- he took off his heavy canvas belt and began flogging him severely. Ricky cried louder and louder as his father rained the heavy blows on him. Fayola looked on with horror and disbelief, while the children, shocked at what was happening in front of them, scampered out of the classroom.

After his father had stopped beating him, Ricky fainted to the floor and at the same time, Mr. Huggins,

accompanied by a security guard, came into the classroom and dragged Rickys father out of the classroom. They kicked him out of the compound and then, Mr. Huggins shouted, "Dont ever come back here in this school again! If you try to come back and do this same s\*\*\* again, I go rack yuh arse wid plenty friggin licks, eh?"

Meanwhile, Fayola was kneeling beside Ricky. "Are you all right, Ricky?"

Ricky could not answer, after all those blows that his father dealt him. At this moment, Mr. Huggins entered. "Mrs. Warner, is Ricky all right?" he asked.

"I dont know, sir. Maybe hes still stunned from all those blows." said Fayola, with her arms around Ricky.

"What you plan to do?" asked Mr. Huggins.

"Im going to keep Ricky away from his father for now." said Fayola.

"Brilliant idea." said Mr. Huggins, "Keep him away from that blasted son-of-a-dog! Hes a coke addict and an all-round criminal and he has to be stopped before he do anything weird."

By now, Ricky soon recovered from his ordeal and was able to talk. "Miss?" he said.

"Yes, honey?" said Fayola.

Ricky said, "I dont want to go back home with him. Hes so cruel to me."

"No, Ricky, you wont." replied Fayola, "I am taking you home with me."

"Am I staying with you?" asked Ricky.

"Yes, youre staying with me." said Fayola, "Dont worry, youll be in good hands."

Later that evening, Fayola and Ricky made their way to Buffalo Terrace where Fayola lived with her husband and daughter.

As they got nearer to the house, Fayola could see her daughters dark gray Nissan B12 Sentra in the garage while her husbands blue Nissan flatbed truck was parked outside in the yard.

When they got in, her husband and daughter were in the kitchen cooking. "Hey everyone, Im home." said Fayola as she went on to kiss them both.

"Well, who have you brought over here with you?" asked her husband Chris.

Fayola said, "This is one of my students, Ricky Bristol." To Ricky, she said, "Ricky, sweetheart, Id like you to meet my husband Chris and my daughter Stacy."

Ricky smiled and shook their hands. He said, "Hello Mr. Warner, hello Stacy, please to meet you."

"Please to meet you too, Ricky." said Stacy and Chris.

"Great young boy." Chris smiled, then he said, "Dinners almost ready, so get cleaned up."

"Okay." said Ricky. Chris advised Stacy to show him the bathroom and the room where he could stay.

By now, dinner was already on the table and Ricky, Stacy, Mr. and Mrs. Warner were eating. "So Ricky, tell me a little about yourself." said Stacy.

"Well," Ricky began, "I come from Burnett Street."

"Ah, Burnett Street is a real nice neighbourhood." remarked Chris, "I grew up there."

"You live with both your parents?" Stacy asked.

"Only my father." said Ricky, "My mother is dead."

"Oh, Im so sorry, Ricky." said Chris.

"It must have been very hard on you." said Stacy, looking at him with pity.

"It is hard on him, Stacy." replied Fayola, "Especially without his mother."

"The people in Burnett Street are nice folks, arent they?" said Chris.

"Yes," answered Ricky, "but not everyone is nice, you know." He looked down at his fingers and he had a sad look on his face.

Mr. and Mrs. Warner and Stacy looked at him. They were all concerned about his well-being. "Are you sure youre all right, Ricky?" asked Chris, "Perhaps, if you dont mind, Ill take a look at your back.

At first, Ricky hesitated, but Chris insisted saying, "Just let me have a look at your back; it might be

bruised up and you dont know. Dont worry, son. I will not hurt you, I promise."

"Okay." Ricky muttered as he got up and walked towards Chris. He took his shirt off to allow Chris to look at his back.

Chris couldnt believe his eyes when he saw how serious the bruises on Rickys back were. "Fayola, Stacy, have a look at this, nah." he said.

Both Fayola and Stacy looked at the bruises. "Oh my goodness!" Fayola sighed.

Stacy looked at both her mother and father and said, "I can tell that Ricky has been hurt pretty badly." Fayola and Chris agreed.

For once, Stacy looked at Ricky and said, "Ricky, Im going to ask you this question. You dont have to answer if you dont want to, because I know how youre feeling."

Ricky shook his head.

"Ricky, do you know who has been hurting you this way?" asked Stacy.

"I...I am so ashamed to tell you." said Ricky, "I cant tell anyone, because he will kill me."

He? Who is he?" Stacy questioned.

Ricky, on the verge of tears, had no other choice but to respond, "My father. Hes been hurting me everyday. He treats me like an animal and he makes me do most of the hard work day and night. He doesnt care about me. He dont care if Im hungry, or tired or what. And even if I dont do the work properly, hed beat me with his canvas belt and then lock me in the tool bin and starve me for several days and I...I." He was so choked up in his tears that he couldnt finish.

"Oh, what a wicked fella your father is." Fayola remarked.

Stacy, noticing the tears in Rickys eyes, held him close to her and said soothingly, "Dont worry, honey, you are safe with us. No one here will hurt you, ever."

Chris then said, "Perhaps, Stacy, you can give Ricky a couple pills to ease up the pain a bit."

"All right, Daddy." said Stacy as she got up and led Ricky to the kitchen.

Stacy gave him a couple pills with a glass of water. "I think you should get some rest." she said. With those words, she took him up to her bedroom and tucked him in the bed. She gently caressed his forehead and kissed him saying, "Get some rest, will you? Perhaps, I can put on some music if you like." She put on a `Pure Moods CD and the music began to play. She smiled and then left the room. The music was so soothing that Ricky soon drifted off to sleep.

Ricky awoke the next morning when it was almost seven oclock. Stacy came into the room to check on him. "Good morning, love, I hope you had a good nights sleep." she smiled.

"Sure I did." said Ricky.

"That `Pure Moods CD I played for you last night really put you to sleep, eh?" said Stacy.

"You can say that." said Ricky.

They both laughed, then Stacy put his arm around him and said, "Come on, lets go down for breakfast."

Stacy and Ricky went down the stairs and joined Mr. and Mrs. Warner in the dining room for breakfast.

When breakfast time was done, Stacy said to Ricky, "Ricky, Im going to the grocery. Do you want to come along with me?"

"Yes, Stacy." said Ricky.

"Good." said Stacy, "Just go and get yourself cleaned up and Ill find some clothes for you to put on."

"Thanks." said Ricky as he made his way to the shower.

By the time he had finished showering, Ricky dressed himself up and then went to join Stacy who was waiting for him by the car. "Ready to go?" she said.

"Yes." said Ricky as he and Stacy both got into the gray B12 Sentra and drove off.

They drove to Wan Hings Supermarket not too far away from where they lived.

They entered the grocery, pulled out a shopping trolley and began their shopping around.

"You know what I was thinking, Stacy?" said Ricky.

"What is it?" Stacy smiled.

"Can we go out for ice cream?" asked Ricky, with a slight playful glint in his eyes.

"Really?" Stacy smiled. "Well sure, sweetie. Maybe after lunch, we all can go. Ill tell Mummy and Daddy when we get back home."

An hour later, Stacy and Ricky had completed their shopping and were queuing up with the other customers to have their goods cashed.

This time, when Stacy caught herself, she went to make sure that Ricky was sticking close to her, but when she looked for him, she discovered that he was missing. "Oh God! Where Ricky gone?" she sighed, "I thought he was here by me."

She left her trolley by the cashier and ran all over the supermarket searching for Ricky. "Ricky? Ricky? Where are you?" she cried. Her heart was racing and she was panicky. She called Rickys name several times, but to no avail. She was worried and scared that she might have lost Ricky.

Stacy finally came to her senses and asked every passer-by of the whereabouts of Ricky, whilst describing him. One man responded to her, "Maam, if youre looking for your little boy, he was just snatched away by two suspicious-looking fellas. Believe me, I saw it all."

"Jeezan-ages!" Stacy cried in disbelief and put her hand to her mouth. She finally thanked the guy and proceeded to call her mother on her cell phone.

"Hello Mummy?" said Stacy.

"Hi, Stacy, whats the matter?" Fayola responded.

"Mummy, listen to this." Stacy replied in a worried tone, "You wont believe what Im telling you, but Ricky was snatched away by two men in the grocery a while ago."

"What?!" Fayola was shocked at what she was hearing.

"Its true, Mummy." said Stacy, "A guy in the grocery said that he witnessed two suspicious men grab hold of Ricky and took him out of the store and God alone knows where theyd carried him!"

"Oh my God!" sighed Fayola, "I dont know what to do."

"Mummy, I think you better call the police." said Stacy.

"No, Stacy, I dont want to call the police just yet." replied Fayola, "Im going to find my way to where Ricky lives and try to deal with his father in such a way that is best."

"All right, Mummy," said Stacy calmly, "Ill be on my way home now."

Soon Stacy left the supermarket with her bag of groceries and was now on her way home.

Stacy got back home and as she put the groceries on the counter in the kitchen, her father Chris appeared. Chris could see how worried Stacy was. "Wheres Mummy?" she asked frantically.

Chris answered, "She instructed me not to tell you where she went."

"Thats all, Daddy?" Stacy chuckled in disbelief, "But Daddy..."

But Chris chimed in saying, "Stacy, its for our safety, remember that."

"But how will we make out without Ricky?" said Stacy, "He might have been kidnapped and Im afraid it wont be easy."

"Stacy," Chris said after all, "your mother will soon find a way. Shes really a brave woman and I believe in her."

Stacy smiled, "Whatever you say, Daddy."

Meanwhile, Fayola eventually found her way to Burnett Street. While she was there, she asked one passer-by which house was Ricky Bristols. The young lady showed her the creme and brown house to the far left. "Thats where Ricky lives." she said.

"Thank you." said Fayola as she made her way.

As she was walking, she thought to herself, "Something tells me that Rickys father was one of the two men who snatched Ricky away. Ive got to find Ricky and Ive got to pounce onto that father of his for treating that little boy so cruel."

Fayola found the house and as she drew closer, she could hear painful cries coming from the bathroom. The house was locked, but she forced her way in and crept to the bathroom door.

She recognized the painful cry as Rickys and that almost shattered her heart into a million pieces.

"Ricky? Ricky? Are you there?" Fayola called out.

"Leave me alone! Please leave me alone!" Ricky shrieked.

"Ricky sweetheart, its me, Mrs. Warner and Im here to get you out of this house." said Fayola, "Im going to unlock the bathroom door, OK?"

As soon as Fayola unlocked the bathroom door, she could see that Ricky was crying and the force of the sobs was shaking him. She held him close and whispered, "Dont cry, sweetie, its all right. Im not going to ever hurt you, OK? Come on, Ill help you pack some clothes and well get out of here fast."

Having said this, Fayola dried his tears with a towel and they both entered the bedroom where they were going to start packing his clothes into a suitcase.

While they were packing, Ricky told Fayola how scared his father made him and what he made him do.

"Your father is such a cruel man." Fayola remarked, "If I hadnt come here for you, he mightve hurt you pretty badly and perhaps even kill you. I promise you, hes never going to get away for that."

When they had finished packing the suitcase, Fayola and Ricky made their way out of the bedroom.

Then! Then- the unthinkable happened. Just as Fayola and Ricky were about to make their way out of the house, Rickys father appeared. He was meaner than before and he was as mad as a raging bull.

There were no signs of love or remorse on his face. Ricky was even more scared.

"Where the f\*\*\* you think you going with my child, woman?" the cruel man growled.

"That is certainly none of your goddam business, idiot!!" Fayola screamed.

"Then what the arse yuh doing in my house?" asked Rickys father, "How the mother c\*\*\* you come in here?"

"You are so disrespectful!" Fayola barked as she clutched Ricky at her side.

"No! Its you who is disrespectful!" Rickys father bawled.

"Dont let him kill me, Mrs. Warner! Please dont!" Ricky begged.

"Shut up, you f\*\*\*ing fool!" said the criminal as he whipped out a 9mm pistol from his trouser pocket and pointed it at Rickys head. He growled suspiciously, "Just you make another sound and that boy is dead!"

Ricky moaned and moaned. His father said as he grabbed him by the shirt collar, "Come on, Ricky, get in the car!" He shoved him in the front passenger seat of the Sunny.

As the car started up, Fayola ran towards them shouting, "Im coming with you!"

The car sped away just as Fayola got in and slammed the door.

"Where you think youre taking this child, mister?" Fayola questioned.

"Shut up and mind your dam blasted business madam. Im not going to take any more bulls\*\*\* from you! Understand?" Rickys father snapped.

Ricky tried to intervene. He said, "Please, Mrs. Warner is right!"

But his father wouldnt listen. Instead, he punched him in the jaw saying, "Keep quiet!"

Ricky began to cry.

"Sweetie, are you all right?" Fayola asked, putting her hand on his shoulder, "Did he hit you?"

"Dont answer her, Ricky." his father ordered.

The car was travelling at a dangerously fast pace, dodging several cars and big trucks on the Churchill-Roosevelt Highway. Ricky was very scared of the way his father was driving now.

"Perhaps, you better come in the backseat with me." said Fayola.

And just as Ricky was about to climb into the backseat, his father held him firmly, saying, "No Ricky. Stay where you are! I don't want you near that woman, ever!"

Fayola grew very furious. She threatened him saying, "Just you lay another hand on the child and I'm going to stop this car and throw you right out! Leave him alone!" To Ricky, she said, "Climb into the backseat, baby, it's all right." Ricky carefully climbed into the backseat and sat next to her.

"I'm going to kill you for this, you bloody coonooomoo!" Ricky's father threatened.

Fayola eventually got to the stage when she couldn't take anymore. She said, "Believe you me! I have a mace and I've got lots of it!"

Ricky's father ignored her and continued driving dangerously.

"All right! That does it!" Fayola growled.

By the time they were in the vicinity of the Santa Rosa race track, Fayola held her mace to Ricky's father's face and said in a frightening way, "Stop the car. Stop it now, or I'm going to have to stop it for you!"

Ricky's father, hardened as ever, continued driving and subsequently Fayola fired the mace into his eyes. He screamed in pain as he lost control of the car. The car swerved continuously until it struck a lamp post. Fortunately, there was no injury.

Ricky and Fayola got out of the car. While Ricky looked on, Fayola popped the trunk and pulled his semi-conscious father out of the driver's seat and bundled him into the trunk, closing it hastily.

"Let's go." she said as she and Ricky got back into the car. Fayola had a little difficulty in getting the engine to start at first, but it finally turned over and she pulled out.

The car backfired as Fayola turned and drove off. Fayola heard her cell phone ringing, so while she drove, she answered.

"Hello?" she said.

"Fayola, where are you?" It was Chris.

"Chris, I'm on the highway now, in the vicinity of the Santa Rosa race track." said Fayola, "I've managed to handle Ricky's father and put him in the trunk. I'm driving his car now and it's driving kinda funny. It's drifting."

"Good work." said Chris. Then he asked, "Have you found Ricky as yet?"

"Yes, he's with me." said Fayola, "Listen Chris, you better call the police right now, OK?"

"All right, I will." said Chris, "I'm driving on the highway now. Stacy is with me, so hang on, we're on our way."

"Good." said Fayola as she hung up.

As Fayola pulled the car aside, she said to Ricky, "Everything will be all right, honey. Just hold on." Ricky smiled.

He could hear his father inside the car's trunk struggling for dear life. "Get me out of here! Get me out of here, quick!" he screamed.

"You just have to hang in there, sir." Fayola grinned in a sarcastic manner.

In no time, Chris and Stacy arrived with the big truck.

"Oh thank God!" Fayola sighed as she and Ricky got out of the car.

Chris and Stacy jumped out of the truck and as they saw Ricky, they embraced him warmly.

"It's so nice to have you back again." Stacy said as tears of joy ran down her face.

"Where's the culprit?" asked Chris.

"I put him in the trunk." Fayola grinned.

Chris pulled Ricky's father out of the trunk and gave him a dark threatening stare. "You're going to have to pay for this, son-of-a-dog!" he said and at the same time, he punched him in the face.

The culprit spat, "I will see that you will rot in hell, for taking my son away from me!" And he punched him on the jaw.



A fight ensued. Passers-by stopped their vehicles to take a look. Indeed, the fight between Rickys father and Chris drew a large crowd of onlookers. Some of them were even taking photos!

"You scamp! You a\*\*hole! You fraud! You wotliss pile of bulls\*\*\*!" Chris screamed at the very top of his lungs, "You deserve to die for all your dirty actions! You killed the boys mother and you tortured him day and night and you even starved him! You! You will die for all of this!" He then made him apologize for all the years of pain and frustration and neglect.

Rickys father boldly refused to apologize, but instead, he began throwing obscene words like stones and calling Ricky, Chris, Stacy and Fayola all kinds of weird and awful names.

"Do you know how it feels if someone else did you the same thing you did to Ricky? Eh?" Chris shouted at Rickys father and once again, the fight went on.

The fight continued until the police eventually arrived. Of course, Rickys father tried to get Chris into trouble. But the man failed. The police handcuffed him and led him away. He was later proven guilty during his trial and was sentenced to hang.

Years rolled by gracefully. Ricky Bristol was adopted. He was now Mr. and Mrs. Warners son and he was Stacys little brother. Indeed, the Warners were one happy family.

The End.