

My Story

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This is a story told by Anthem through the key struggles in his life. It's shorter than my normal writings. Please enjoy.

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1 - My Story

MY STORY

Take a look around for a moment and tell me who you see when you look into my eyes. Am I just some random scum that roams the earth for his own personal benefit? Tell me what you think. My life is a tribute to the hardships of everyone who suffers. I am not who you think I am, much less a person you would like a relationship with if you're that serious. I have only me, myself, and my own problems to work with as I live and breathe.

I thought the world was done for when my father plotted to take it over. In all of his megalomaniacal ways, I found myself the helpless victim of a tyrant. I was the victim of an unscrupulous charlatan, who only happened to be my father. I exist because of a mistake, and what for? God knows no one can ever love me intimately, though I've thought about it a dozen times over. What I wouldn't give to have a son or daughter in this world, and the fact that I am only thirteen speaks for itself. I've felt loving impulses all of my life, most of which have been for my mother. Yes – my mother. She's the one who's taken care of and cared about me since day one. I longed for the day that I would see her again, and I have. It's like she's almost my girlfriend, though I know she can't be. My step-father is equally as well a fine human being. He doesn't care about the way I look, much less talk. I may have the blood of a different creature inside me, but I am me nonetheless. I'm human enough to know what love is.

Through all of my troubled times, however, I think that the person who identifies with me the best would be my younger brother, Reuben. I knew I had a brother somewhere. It was only a matter of time before I saw him again. He's hardly what one would consider naïve. He's brave, he takes chances on his own, and only being eleven years old, he's growing into a remarkable individual. I sometimes ask myself: "why can't I be like that? What is it about me that people tend to resent so much?" I think it's because of the fact that I have the blood of an echidna in me, and that half of my DNA sprung from a 'science experiment,' so to speak. You can't conclude, however, that I too am a science experiment. I think it was Klarthen's idea all along. I think he intended for me to be born. I think he wanted to see if an artificial being could procreate, and so one did. He was my father, Johan Darkwind McCloud. I sometimes think that my father meant no harm on the world. I think that when he was my age, he was just as troubled. In fact, he was so troubled that my mother gave birth to me when she was only twenty, and he was only fifteen, just slightly under sixteen.

I don't know when he became evil, but I don't think that being evil benefited my father much. I think it was his only resolution to an incomplete life. I think it was his way of revenge. I could never get him to grasp the meaning of his living while I was with him. Sometimes when I go to bed at night, I cry like a little baby. I cry because he is dead – my only link to who I am and who I want to surely be remembered after. I know my father had a good side, and I wasn't about to doubt that. I'd never seen him actually express it, but the way that my mother speaks of him sometimes most certainly suggests that he was good at one point, before deciding he wanted revenge. I didn't like the fact that he killed millions of innocent people, but I suppose one could say he felt inclined to fill the empty blackness in his heart, and by killing humans, he was achieving that goal. I mean, I would like to put myself in my father's shoes and find out the road he was walking on, but now that he's dead, I can't do that, so I guess I'll just have to tell my story. I would like to be one on one with you. Put aside all that you think and feel. Just listen to what I have to say. I know you'd think that because I am only half human you wouldn't want to listen to me. To some teenager my age, it would be mere reflection on my sexuality that would drive

away potential listeners, but I feel since you're an adult, you could take what I have to say to heart and mind. Yes, and believe it is true that I am only thirteen.

I was only six years old when my mother first sent me off to school. I didn't know what it was, and I was afraid of it, nonetheless. I remember mom getting me up around seven in the morning. She normally gave me a bath at night before I went to bed, but she always wanted me to get cleaned up in the morning before school started on the first day. I can't remember why. She'd take me into the bathroom and undress me (and yes, I was completely comfortable with my own mother doing this), regulate the water, and put me in. I really didn't notice it before, but I felt a little heavy when I was soaking in the water. I suppose it was because I had thick hair all over my body. It sort of looked darker too, when it was drenched in water. It went from that silvery gray color to a very darkish gray, almost black. One of the last things I remember about being in the bath that morning was when I asked my mother just why I looked the way I did – without any clothes on of course.

"Anthem, all boys look like you do without any clothes on. The only thing that separates you from other boys is that you have this fur coat of yours. It's nothing to be ashamed of, trust me on that." my mom, Kari told me.

Then I proceeded to ask, "Then what's the difference between boys and girls if all boys look like me?" "Well," mom began, "I thought you'd be older when you'd ask me this, but I guess you would have found out sooner or later, and it's better that you find it out from me rather than from your peers. Kids can be jumpy about that subject these days."

She then proceeded to tell me about how boys and girls anatomies were different. I took it in like any kid would. When she told me how I was born, and the process that it took for me to be born, my face went sour. I couldn't believe that that's how we all get here. I guess we all have some sort of like and dislike to the concept of that subject we call 'sex,' but I was very fortunate to learn about it at that age. Mom even was personal enough to ask me about what I like to call now, 'impulses,' and I told her about it. She told me that it was completely normal, and that I shouldn't freak out about it. That's one thing I always disliked, because kids in school would always make fun of me for what I was and how I looked. All of the kids would throw me to the side. The boys were the most violent, but some girls had the gumption to put me down as well. I remember hearing such things sputtered as: "maybe you should marry him and have kids." Responses varied from 'eww,' to 'gross' and so on.

I must say that those harsh comments really had a tendency to hurt me. I've come to find as I've aged that even little boys are confident in their sexuality, but mine was always shunned, always put down, and I still feel that way to this very day. Anyway, there's a particular instance in elementary school that I'd like to highlight on. It's not one of my favorites, because it ends up with me getting hurt pretty badly. I'm sure you can guess what happens to me if you took one look at me. And recess was called one day...

I was walking along the playground as I would usually do. I was always alone. There was a corner of the school that I considered mine, because no one would go there. It was near the fence, with a tree that loomed over to provide me with shade. I would sit there after taking my short walk everyday, and everyday I would dwell on how I ended up here. I wasn't completely understanding of my existence. I was at a loss for words. I remember approaching a group of girls who were sitting down, as if they were playing a mini-game of some sorts. On top of that, the boys would be playing some kind of role-playing action type game on the playground and I would be considered the big bad-guy. I didn't take to it even though the group of boys on the playground thought I was.

"Looks who's coming this way. Let's run for it..." the girls would yell out as they would then get up and scatter from their places. After that, I would see them running to their 'heroes,' the group of boys in the role-play. This is the one time I remember all of them coming over and surrounding me. Thinking it was a

game at first, I wasn't at all too phased. When they actually grabbed me and lifted me off the ground like a crane lifting a heavy block, that's when I got to thinking they were serious. I was quickly rushed over to a small grove of trees – thick oaks as they were. I don't know what the big deal was about this because it never happened to me before. Before I even knew it, my arms were held in their reverse direction, around one of the thin oaks by one of the boys in the group. As to keep me from struggling, my feet and legs were also constricted.

The one who claimed himself to be the 'hero' in some sort of sense stood only feet away from me. A few seconds had passed before he let out a yell and rushed me. His shoulder felt like a pile-driver going into my chest. I can't remember a time I felt more pain than when he rapidly lifted his knee between my legs. After he did that, the others let me go and I collapsed to the ground, screaming in bloody pain. I was trying to put pressure on my private area to attempt in some form to relieve the pain. Then I was helped up by some adults and taken to the nurse's office, where I was treated – mildly, but still treated. My mom came to pick me up, and we went after the bullies together. I told her who they were and she helped nail them with a few suspensions. However, that didn't help the fact of what came later. It seemed that was only the beginning of a long string of fights that I would get into in the same manner, and every time it ended up with me on the ground, getting hit in the balls.

I never could quite understand that. Boys would always attempt to hit me in that area. I don't know what it was about me that forced them to think that way, it just happened to be so. I think it was because I was cute, and they knew it. I would be sure to get a girl later on in life and they knew that too. Not that I have one now, because I don't. Nor have I set my sights on any kind of female. You would think that a 'pretty-boy' like me would be out for that sort of thing. I'm not out for sex. I would like a child someday, but I would also have to live with the fact that my children would want children, and so on and so forth. The cycle would never end. That's why I can't have children of my own. Besides, what's the point of having five seconds of serenity when I know I'd be better off if I didn't? That's why I have a brother. Now I'm not trying to put myself down, but the way I view myself as a procreating type of individual has been shot down by so many. I'm not fit to do so, and I know that to be fact. I know there are humans out there who feel the same way that I do. I have so many questions even now, and I'm glad my mother will be there to answer them for me.

Anyway, I decided to stay home one weekend. I didn't have any friends, so the thought of going outside to play was out of the question. I was eight years old then. Even so, I didn't have a brother to look to then, either. I went into my mom's room one day, and it was well lit from the daylight shining in from the outside. The drapes were swaying with the slight breeze that came in and swept across my face. There was a small strip of wall between the walk-in closet and the bathroom and I decided to sit down on the rug right there. I was wearing a tee-shirt and a pair of light blue short jeans. Heck, I tried to look at my collar and there was a little bit of white hair sticking out from it. I sort of laughed back in my mind, but I was contemplating other things as well. Mom came out and sat down beside me. She patted my head and caressed her hand down my arm, holding my hand as it ended up...

"What is it, Anthie? What are you concerned about?" she asked me, and I decided I wanted to question her on the matter again.

"Mom, I know I asked you before, but how are babies made? I was only six, and I didn't understand it very much at all then."

She turned her head away as she was smiling. I heard her let out a little laugh before explaining to me the subject. "Okay Anthem. I think you're old enough to understand how it works."

She explained to me the entire process, which I found quite interesting at the time, but I couldn't understand why kids would tease other kids based on that fact, so I had to ask her about that too...

"Mom, people at school like to tease me based on that. Why do they do that?" I questioned rigorously. "Well son, I think it's because of how you look and act. You're cute and sweet. The girls don't want to come out straight with you about it, and that's how they act. As far as the boys attacking you goes, I don't know what the big deal about that is. I think that boys like to try and prove a point, and the one that makes a stronger presence may be the one who gets all the goods, but that isn't necessarily true either, Anthie. I'm pretty appalled at why they would attack such a smart and wonderful kid, but that in itself could be the very reason."

"But mom, I'm the one who has to deal with it. I know that you can't be there all the time, but if you could just once – help me."

"Anthie, I wish I could be there to help you through school. I love you so much, and I know you know that, but I'm not going to be there for you all the time. You have to be the one to shove the bullies away. For once, Anthem, and listen to me on this, because this is important. For once – why don't you try hitting them where it hurts? Why don't you fight back? Fight back Anthem. Make your presence known. Show them that you won't tolerate it anymore. Anthie, in this world, you're going to have to end up fighting for yourself. Especially you, since you're not completely human. Heck, I'm not even sure if I can let you live like other boys, and when you get older, have jobs like other males."

I sort of started to throw a little tantrum. Not only because my mother couldn't help me in all instances, but because I knew what she was saying was true. To this day I'm not living like other males. I have my own duties and responsibilities. I'm proud to be who I am today, and wouldn't give that up for anything. I help out around the house, I play video games here and there, I go shopping with my mother (despite the fact that people stare at me as if I am some kind of monster), and I even have a journal that I keep. I've kept the same one since I was ten. Here, let me read a passage for you:

June 5th, 2023

Monday

Well, I finally did as my mother told me to. I finally stood up to those bullies plaguing my existence for the entire school year and even previous ones at that. I'm happy to say that I finally fought back, and won the fight at that. The boys tried their hardest to rush me into position again, by locking my arms and ankles to the trunk of a tree. When I saw the opening, I took it. Once one of them let loose of my right arm, I began to struggle. It was like every second was counting on my every maneuver. I didn't know where to go next, so as soon as I freed myself, the leader of that heartless gang, who was a little older than I, turned around. By the time he did so to the time I collided with him was instantaneous. I rammed my foot into his groin as he fell. That's when I noticed I had won the fight. The kid was moaning in pain, both of his hands constricting on his private area. His facial expression was sour, his teeth bared. Water began to flow from the crevices of his eyes and I was amazed at the fact. All of the other kids around me backed off at that point. That was the last time I had to deal with something like that. For the remainder of the year, the bullies never bothered me again. There were some remarks and snickers and snarls here and there, but overall, I feel that I had finally won my battle. That is until I was called into the office, or rather sent...

I'd never been to the Principal's Office before. It was frightening when I first walked into that office, but when I saw my mother sitting there, everything fell into place. I saw others there as well. I saw the bully whom had picked on me all those years back and his father sitting next to him. The Principal spoke on my behalf first, saying that he was honestly inclined to believe me over my opponent. The bully's father then exaggerated on his son's behalf and how it was right and wrong of him to attack me. Then my mother told her story on the issue and how she told me to defend myself in the worst of cases. The

Principal was leaning more toward my end of the story or bargain, whichever you would like to call it. And so as it ended up, I was able to leave the room unpunished, only because I was defending myself, and that was right of me to do.

I don't know if my story is good enough for you to absorb in its entirety, but it was at least something to give you insight into my life and how my life has been affected by the many plagues of society. My life is a testament to that of the human race and myself. I look at myself as a good kid. I always have been and always will be. The fact of whether or not I pass my own virtues on to children of my own is not the key, nor is having sex with another individual as it so has been put to me in the most violent of ways. I just feel that it was good to tell. Although short, I have enjoyed telling it. It's taken a long time for me to condense the information like this and to give you just the detailed highlights of where I've been, and to give you just a small insight into the life of a non-human in practicality. With that, I bid all of thee farewell. Thank you for bearing with me, as it has been an honorable pleasure.

--Anthem Johan McCloud