

JUST NOT CRICKET

“I know what you’re like, just stay away from me!” That was the only thing people seemed to have time to say to me now. The only time they manage to say anything else is if they have to. School life sucks. I wish I didn’t have to come but you know how it is. Funny really because when I started, only six months or so ago I had been excited all the new kids to meet, and the teachers. Odd how it turns out that nobody likes you and end up on your own. It’s not even my fault really, anyone would have done the same if they had been in my position. I suppose that hindsight is always twenty twenty and looking back I could have avoided the situation, but I ask myself would I really want to...

Dave had been round the back of the cricket pavilion. It's where a lot of the kids hang out every now and then. You see nobody is supposed to go round there, which makes it all the more attractive, have sneaky fag or whatever. I suppose that’s what drew him round there in the first place. Anyway I had to see him about some homework that was due to be handed in and I wanted his opinion on it, he was always good at history and it wasn’t one of my favourites but one of those things I had been politely forced to do. So anyway I went looking for him and couldn’t find him in the usual places so, as I said, I thought I would check round the back of the pavilion, you know, just on the off chance. Well he was there. I must admit that at first glance I didn’t really know what was going on, it didn’t take long to see though. He was picking on this kid who could only have been about eleven, twelve tops. I mean it’s just not on, Dave’s so much bigger. He didn’t see me at first because his back was towards me. I could see this kids face though, clear as day, his eyes all wet and puffy from crying and his lips were trembling as if he was just about to start again. I recognised him as being one of the bad lot from year nine. He saw me but thinking about it now I suppose he thought that he was getting his just desserts and I was there to help Dave out, whereas in reality I

guess I was the cavalry, in a funny sort of way. So for a minute I just stood there because I wanted to see what exactly was going on. Dave was being really nasty to this kid. He was going on about how he was going to make this kid's life hell round the school for what he had done and that if he told anyone about this little get together he was going to break his f-ing legs. He wasn't holding back on the language. Now I know I should really have tried to stop it then but I was getting all the more curious, what could this kid possibly have done to Dave to get him so riled? The kid started whimpering then so Dave twisted the arm he was holding and the kid went white, but it did the trick I suppose because he shut up.

"D'you know how much that f-ing bike cost me?" He said and it was obvious to me the poor bugger didn't know and really didn't care.

"Do ya?"

No reply. Then it came to me; a few weeks ago Dave had bought a new bike or at least he had got hold of a new bike by fair means or foul. Now Dave's been well into his bikes since I came to the school and has probably been a cycle nut for a while. You know the sort, riding five miles across dirt and shit just to ride up a big hill and then come down really fast. Can't see the point of it really but whatever floats your boat. Anyway he'd been bragging all around the school about his new bike then the Tuesday before, when he went to the bike sheds after school, his wheels had been totalled. Someone had taken a dislike to him for whatever reason and taken a pair of wire cutters from the Arts block and snipped most of his spokes. Not only that, as if that's not enough, they had scratched loads of the paintwork on the frame. I imagine the picture is probably starting to form in your mind. Anyway Dave had somehow come to the conclusion that this little kid had done it. Only problem is that I knew Dave was wrong. And how did I know that? Easy, I saw the person who did it. Now I'm not going to name names and all that and there are two reasons for this. Firstly I happen to quite like the girl (ok it was a girl I'll give you that much then) and secondly I must admit that, even though I was going to ask him for help, I cannot stand Dave. Not really sure why I don't like him

but I don't. He gets right on my pecks. He's the sort that's always right, black is white, white is grey, grey is pink or whatever. He strikes me as the kind of person who would trip your gran over to beat her to press the button for the lights on a pedestrian crossing. Now's not really the time to go into it lets just leave it at I don't like him. He of course thinks that I worship him, my fault in a way, I'm too weak to tell him what a dick he is. Not only that but he's so damn popular with everyone else, bar the obvious, it makes you want to vomit. I can empathise with how she must feel to warrant what she did sometimes you just can't take anymore and you have to let off steam some how. So anyway, he's giving this kid some bruises and a bit of pain and lord knows what else that by rights somebody else should be getting, not that they would want it you understand.

"I said do you know how much that f-ing bike is worth?" Now he didn't quite say that last time which I think is a bit unfair on the kid, and as I said the kid couldn't give a damn about how much it cost He's probably never seen the thing so it's not likely that he would know anyway.

"Five hundred and ninety nine quid. That's what it's worth." It was at this point that I really noticed that he wasn't asking how much it cost but only how much it was worth, so I think that out of the two choices, fair means or foul, we can all pretty much guess as to which category he falls. Then he gave the kids arm another bend and the kid gave out a yell. Well more of a moan than a yell but it was hurting. I remember thinking that if he carried on it was going to break before long.

"You little f-er," I'm sorry but I just can't bring myself to utter the F word. Shit is ok, don't get me wrong I'm not going to preach about the wrongs and rights of swearing. It's got its place and I am happy to swear whenever I feel the need but not the F word. It's not the way I brought up.

"You shit" He snarled at the kid, Pete I think his name is, not really important just bugging me, it's on the tip of my tongue. Now as I've said I knew for a fact that the kid didn't do it, so he's got no clue. But, and this is the one, this here is my opportunity to get a nice girl that I like out of a sticky situation that has the potential

to really mess things up for her. And of course Dave is a prick. So I decided to wait just a little longer to see what was going on.

“I didn’t do nothing.” Said the kid. Stupid thing to say really, he should learn a little more English because he would realise that he had admitted to doing something.

“What d’ya mean” said Dave tugging him around a little, “You didn’t do nothing? Therefore you did something?”

“No I didn’t do anything wrong.” Said the kid blubbering again.

“Learn how to speak English properly then you twat.”

I rest my case.

“Anyway I don’t believe you. I’ve been told by one of the teachers, they saw you.” Now this was a turn up. I wonder why one of the teachers would claim to have seen this little kid do it? I can only suppose that he had caused them some grief in one of their lessons and this was an easy way of getting back at him without all the red tape.

“Why did you do it you little bastard.” Dave was practically spitting in this kids face now. Time to move in.

“Come on now Dave.” I said walking in with my hands outstretched in what I hoped was a peaceful manner, “Let up eh?” You should have seen his face when he saw me. A Kodak moment if I had ever seen one. His mouth opened comic book surprise. His eyes widened like a rabbits in front of car headlights.

“I uh..” was just about all that he could seem to manage.

“ You uh, what?” I asked starting to enjoy the confrontation.

He let go of the kid and started to try to explain. Well he obviously couldn’t do a very good job because I knew more of the facts than he did so was in quite a good position to see exactly how much he was squirming.

“...so just don’t let anyone important know and I’ll owe you one.” Were his last words and then off he went, confident that because he was such an all round nice guy and I really liked him that I wouldn’t tell anyone. It made me laugh to think that

he expected me not to tell on him when he had just beaten up a kid smaller than him and then expected me not to tell. That's just not cricket

...So I told, I snitched, I was that weasel. So I did and now nobody wants to talk to me, not even the girl who did it, if you can figure that one out let me know. But I suppose that I can take solace in the fact that Dave has been suspended and there is a high possibility he could get sacked. Not only that the head was pleased with the way I handled things and has let me know I'm next in line for head of year twelve so that's nice I suppose.