



## The ways in which I should have tortured Dominic Kelly (age 6)

By: Hoodie, Wed, 08th Jun 11 9:21pm

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I always grimace when people say that school years are the best of your life. I disagree. I suppose those years do make you realise that theres all sorts in the world. That life isnt simple or cosy or easy.

If I think back to my infant and primary school days I wonder what became of those characters in my year.

Of the boy whose shorts and shirts were never clean, whose hair was roughly cut, who always needed a wash, who got picked on and bullied for being poor.

Of the boy (it was an all boys school) who even at age ten would run round the playground with his cock out, or used to play with himself under the desk in class, unbothered by the fact no one else seemed to want to join in.

Of the teacher even who, about to retire, used to beam when we used to start the chant of the Orangeboom ad popular on ITV at the time and despite his strict ways would not seem perturbed when boys climbed onto their desks as it morphed into a chant of Heil Hitler, complete with arms raised.

Or of the boy named Dominic Kelly. He of the curly hair, loud voice and red rubbery lips who was Learning (probably being forced) to learn an instrument. Dominic Kelly who along with two others, decided one day that I could not leave the toilets until I had pulled down my pants and bent over for inspection. We were all age 6. I hated him so much.

Lesson learnt from all of this...never ever use the school toilets. I dont remember once using them in Primary School.

At Secondary School it was a good lesson. Older boys would eat yellow Refresher Sweets and the gob all over the inner door handle for the gents. You had to prise it open from the top, if you could reach.

Moral of all this ? - You grow up with weirdos wankers and perverts at school. Learn what you need to and make your choices.

Then forget the rest.

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**BigCol***Wed, 08th Jun 2011*

.....and then move on out to the adult world of weirdos, wankers and perverts and carry on making your choices.

We all know kids can be brutal little bastards and I was as guilty of being a nasty little shit as the rest of them. I'm sure there's a point later on in life where the browbeaten make a choice to either carry on being browbeaten or stand up and fight against it and the nasty little shit makes a choice to either carry on being a nasty little shit or, likewise, stand up and fight against it. I know what choice I made, somewhere along the way I learned how to look back and shudder at being a nasty little shit.

**mephisto***Wed, 08th Jun 2011*

I've never had a pooh in the workplace let alone school!

**MasterSignwriter***Thu, 09th Jun 2011*

The phrase about school days being the best of our lives are made by people who have really wasted their adult days. That said im lucky in that ive never personally experienced bullying but seen it, and how it effects people. Another example of how humans can revert to their ape status when societal rules are removed.

**Hoodie***Thu, 09th Jun 2011*

Speaking of Ape status - have u seen the news story about the test set for chimps, to see if they could figure out spitting water into a tube would raise the level and therefore eventually get them the peanut. Would be quite long winded process...Chimp solved it by pissing in the tube and getting the admittedly piss soaked peanut in double quick time ! Humans 0 Chimps 1

**Hoodie***Thu, 09th Jun 2011*

Funnily enough I havent ever really thought about the incidents above as bullying...No more so anyway than life itself being one big long bullying episode with occassional respite inbetween...

**BigCol***Thu, 09th Jun 2011*

Me neither H, which is why I didn't feel bad about admitting to being a nasty little shit. We weren't bullies, just boys being boys, giving and taking (ooer!) as boys will.