

Psapp, Kevin Paccashio

Back when I was in the seventh grade,
We used to live on, um, Beaumont Drive.
1100 Beaumont Drive.
And I used to take the bus to school every day
To Brooks Junior High,
Which was about twenty minutes away.

Anyway, at the beginning of the school year,
I used to sit at the back of the bus,
And there was this older kid:
He was, um, a lot bigger than I was.
His name was Kevin Paccashio.

And, uh, he used to, um, tease me on the bus.
He used to call me names,
And every time I got on the bus, every day, you know,
He came with it, every time.
I just wanted to run and hide every time I saw him.
So one day I decided I'd had enough, you know.
He wasn't going to bully me any longer
Because he never seemed to get tired of it,
So I said, uh, one day, well, you know,
You can't do that, you know, you can't do that
anymore,
I'm not, I'm not having it.
And he was like, "Oh yeah? What are you gonna do about
it?"
And I said, "Well, you know, what've I got to do," you
know what I mean.
When I got off at my bus stop,
He was going to get off on my bus stop.
And that meant that we were going to have a fight.

So here's me, this scrawny little seventh-grade
student,
And this guy Kevin (Kevin, Kevin), he was in ninth
grade,
He was about three times as big as I was,
And he was going to pummel me.
Now, you see, I knew this:
I knew there was no way that I could beat this guy
up.
I knew I didn't have a chance in hell.
But I'd sort of made my bed, so I had to sleep in it.
'Course, everybody gets off the bus to watch as well,
Which makes it even more sort of humiliating.
So we get off the bus,
And on my front yard,
It's me and this guy, Kevin.

And then he punches me.
And, let me tell you, it hurt.
(Heh, heh, heh, oh.)
And he punched me a few more times, and finally i was
on the ground,
And he was on top of me, and he had me in a headlock,
And he just punched me in the face,
And punched me again and punched me a few more times,
And about that time I was seeing stars,
And, um, I think there was blood all over my face,
bloody nose, and, um,
I think he lost interest.
Um, and so he just left - left me in a bloody heap on
the ground,

And I just laid there,
With my older brother Troy looking on.
(Heh, heh, heh, heh.)
Thanks a lot for the help, Troy.
And I just walked into my house and cleaned myself
up.

Next day, got on the bus.
He didn't say anything to me.
Next day, nothing.
And he never bullied me again.
Never said anything to me again.
So I guess it was worth getting my ass kicked (heh),
On that day.
(Heh, heh, heh, heh - x4)