

## A Christmas Story

### RALPH

Every neighborhood had them. The lines were clearly drawn—like a kid caste system—you were either a Bully, a Toady or a Victim. The bully of legend in Hohman, Indiana, was Scut Farkas. (*FARKAS's beady eyes dart here and there, looking for trouble.*) Scut Farkas. What a rotten name! What kind of parents would name their kid “Scut”? Still, I have to admit, the name fit him. He was a wiry, malevolent, sneevily, snively bully. His lips curled cruelly over green teeth, and he had yellow eyes. So help me God, yellow eyes! (*FARKAS throws a leg over the fence, oozes up, over, and down, using the shortest garbage can as a step.*) Every kid I knew was afraid of Scut Farkas. If he acted friendly toward you—so much as said “Hi” to you, you dared to feel safe and warm inside. But mostly he just hit you in the mouth. Randy lay there like a slug. It was his only defense. At one time or another, Farkas treated every kid in the class to a good, brisk, ten-don—snapping arm twist. He gave us this refresher course on a rotating basis. We figured he kept a list and checked us off in tum, but Flick caught it from Farkas more often than any of the rest of us.