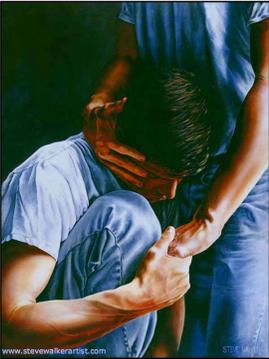


The Most Dangerous Placed in the World

by The Wizard of 'OZ'



This story was written the same way I remember things, fractured and messy...

I say the closet is the most dangerous place on earth. This is for the person in the closet as well as those he interacts with while in the closet. To describe this I need to give you a back ground of my life growing up.

While that person is discovering who they are sexually, they take a lot of chances and in a failed effort to suppress same-sex attraction. I know I was so far into the closet. I had several girlfriends, in my teens, but I had MANY more same-sex partners than I had opposite sex ones. It seems that eventually one is to burst out form the closet, either by being caught or by the overwhelming stress that forces you to crack up completely while being ejected from the closet.

I am not sure why, but in 1971 (I was 9, I started having 'relations' with David Cassidy. Here is the [link](#) to that story.) I may refer to him and our relationship throughout this story. He had a great effect on me.

You wonder why most homosexuals try to remain closeted? Oh come on! Like you don't know! From taunts about being accused of being a faggot, fudge-packer, filthy queer, are just a few of these taunts I was subjected to in elementary school. Plus bullying, beatings and the like. It was also during this time I was beaten savagely. When I was 12, there were 6 grade 12's who attacked me in the field of Royal School.

A few days before the attack, I confided in my best friend that I though a boy at school was cute. (His name was Graham, by the way) So anyway, one early evening I was walking back from 7 Eleven when I was passing the parking lot at Royal, I was accosted by 2 older boys. They said "Where are YOU going, faggot?" I looked away and said "Going home.". They shouted that I was about to be diverted from that, and 4 more boys appeared with them.

Two of them grabbed me and dragged me by the head across the gravel parking lot. My left shoe and sock were pulled from my foot as I was dragged to the field. I was bawling and screaming but they persisted. They shoved my sock into my mouth. The dropped me hard to the ground and they started to kick me. In the stomach, back, groin and head as I tried to crawl away from them. No 12 year old boy can defend himself from 6 older boys, intent on attacking him.

The beating lasted some 10 minutes but seemed like an eternity. While they were beating me they were shouting, "Bloody faggot! Dirty Fudge-packer! Filthy queer! Fag fucker! And many other things I will never forget. They in fact seem like they happened just the other day. I was bruised and literally every part of me hurt. I walked back to the parking lot to retrieve my shoe and walked home. Mom saw my face was bloody (from my nose), I told her I tripped. She never saw the bruises that covered literally half of my body.

I didn't hold Roger responsible for this cuz he was younger than me and didn't know the repercussions of what he told some other kids. He didn't know that one of the guys that beat me also heard...

As a young boy I started getting involved with hanky-panky with other boys around my age. Started around 8 years old – a full year before David entered my life. One of these experiences was with a boy who lived on my same street. We were friends, and we went into his closet, pulled our pants down and proceeded to put our fingers in each other's lower orifices. We called it 'bum-bum' and we did that a lot. I remember another time, I was 10, I think, and me and a boy to remain nameless, were in an upstairs room and we engaged in oral sex. That was the first time I came with another boy. This for me, anyway was way more than "sexual experimentation". It was forming me to what I am today...

Later I met Roger (not his real name). Roger and I had a fort in the bush surrounding my parent's place, and we spent a lot of time there, looking at girly mags (I preferred Hustler as they had photos that had men in them) and yes pleasuring ourselves. We eventually discovered how to pleasure each other, if you know what I mean... ;) That kept on for a quite few years... In high school we were in the photo club and we made good use of the darkroom for our extra curricular activities. Hehe.

When I was 14, to the age of 15, I was sent to an all boys school. (I know, what better place to be, right?) Let me tell you, young Catholic boys are quite adventurous. We used to have to wear suits, I had a rust coloured corduroy leisure suit. I got thrown into an oversized sink (the birdbath) many times. And they would yell epithets at me calling me a fag, queer etc. You'd think I would be used to this by now, but I wasn't. I didn't think I was gay, but that all boys mucked about with each other. I can tell you that some of those boys that bullied me ended up on the receiving end of my mouth under the outside bleachers or in the janitor's closet. I found it strange that we shared such an intimate thing and they would still call me names. Now, I realize these were for the most part straight boys who insisted that I blow them as a form of bullying. They used to say things to me while I was servicing them, "Oh yeah, you like it faggot. Suck it harder!" was just some of what they said. On a very personal level, I tried to black out what they said and just enjoy what I was doing, which I enjoyed a lot. I was pretty busy throughout the year with my extra curricular activities, (I should have got a letter for my jacket, lol, My grades absolutely tanked. For Grade 11 and 12 I was transferred to the public school next door. I tried to kill myself, when I was 17, by driving my car into an abutment, but failed at the last second, bailed and drove over the boulevard.

During grade 12 and the following year I met and started having relations with, my assistant manager at the convenience store named Leslie. (not his real name), went camping a lot with him same as I went camping with Roger in the past. Started with strip poker. We would also go to his place to watch gay porn and have sex. No I never really 'loved' him. But it was fun and fulfilling.. it's different for guys. He killed himself. So did Roger.

Roger was there again and we picked up where we left off. And that was a good thing. I was dating girls but it never felt right, and Roger was my rock. I already told you about him. With regards to girls, from about 17 to about 21 I dated a couple. Julie, Sarah, and Desirée (names have been changed. Didn't do much at all with Julie, The day after Sarah and I had sex, I phoned her up and broke it off. I went out with Desirée for at least a year. Sad, but to

this day I don't remember if I had sex with Desirée. I'm a cad I guess. Maximumly inside the closet, even though I was sexually active with Brad. It wasn't much longer after that that I met Brenda. I was a manager at a convenience store and she used to come in and play video games late at night as her parents used to fight. We became close friends, dated for 12 years and got married, that lasted about 12 more years. During this time I was managing a restaurant and got into a relationship with one of my cooks. I am a bit confused about dates at this point. But I think I was going with Brenda for about a year. I was burning the candle at both ends, and I didn't want to be gay. I tried so hard to make the relationship with Brenda work.

Didn't have a lot of sexual contact (fine by me – again, I'm a cad), but we managed to have a child. Now he's an adult and still the most important person in my life.

I moved away and it was during that time that I realized my marriage was doomed from the beginning. I mean how can you be having sex with 2 people of different sexes at the same time, keeping in mind this was pre-committment. Even for just a year?? This is a dangerous place to be – with HIV and other STD's out there.

I tried to kill myself 3 days after breaking up with Brenda. I was coming out of the closet at this time. I just wanted to be dead. How can one person live with all this heartache he created? After getting out of hospital, I had a bipolar breakdown. Tried to kill myself 3 or more times, 2 attempts completely serious. During this turbulent time I was busy. Busy with multiple partners in Kinsmen Park, hooked up with several 'friends' or friends of friends. One of them died.

I don't have a great track record, but after being in the mental hospital for attempted suicide in and out of emergency for 2 years, I finally came to grips with my homosexuality. I put an ad in the paper to meet a guy for friendship and casual dating. As of today we have been in a monogamous relationship since 2002, at this writing is 16 years.

I am still dealing with the bipolar, and a few other mental issues, but overall I am happy how my life turned out, in spite of all that I've done, and happened to me. I love my partner, I love my son, and he loves me, and I am friends with my ex, his mother. Amazing.