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## Causes and Outlets

by Allen Jay Deasy

Randy awoke on his left side, balancing on the edge of his bed. He was just barely in contact with the edge of the enormous, stained in, wet circle; the circle Randy loathed; the circle Randy created. The familiar sour, almost musky, aroma of his urine penetrated his senses and shot down his hopes. He was wet and cold, and his failure and consequent punishment depressed him.

Randy's failure was imminent, yet he had preyed for its delay. Through self discipline — not drinking a drop of liquid after dinners — and concentration he had gone three glorious nights without releasing. His effort occupied his consciousness throughout most of his day. He must stop this childlike act, this babies habit. "You act like a little baby," his dad would cruelly lecture at the dinner table.

Randy's sister would keep her head down, pitying Randy when their dad would start his lecturing. Yet, when needed, she would pull it out and shoot Randy down in an instant at any time he overstepped his bounds, challenging her in any way. It was convenient to have as a weapon, working instantly to silence Randy, making him easily dominated, instantly regressed. He was open defenseless and vulnerable to all. Randy's problem was his weakness, his fear, his downfall.

His weakness, his fear, his downfall. Randy knew his problem was not physical as his sister had said, indignantly defending him against his tormenting, ashamed father. "He can't help it. Leave him alone," she would boldly cry, before running to her room afraid of the consequences of her insubordination.

"Don't you raise your voice at me," her dad yelled after her. "He can stop it if he wants." He turned to confront the guilty. "You do it on purpose, don't you, to shame me and your mother. To make her slave over your sheets every day, to shame her. Sometimes I don't even think you're our son. Our son would never wet his bed at seven years old. Now go to your room. And look at me when I'm talking to you. Don't you dare drink anything either." His ridicule followed Randy down the hall, "and I'll be up later to make sure you go tonight. There'll be a belting in it for you if you wet the bed."

It was his father's humiliating practice to take Randy to the washroom every evening at nine o'clock to supervise a before bed urination. Randy hated this. He could never go. "Push," his father would cry, loud enough for the neighbors to hear.

Randy would cry and plead that he couldn't go. His father would stare down at the toilet basin and Randy's penis, while the cold water ran persuasively on in the bathtub and the sink. "We'll stand here until morning if we have to. Now try harder," his dad's voice would change from anger to confidence mid-bellow.

Occasionally Randy's mother would come in to further coax his release, release from humility, pain, and demoralizing display. Randy hated when his mother came in. He could block out his father, just as he blocked out Joey Christien's tormenting at the bus stop every morning. But his mother's presence affected him deeply. When Randy would finally muster a meager trickle he was relieved of his torture. His dad would flush the toilet and turn off the faucets (which could release at Father's demand) and give a dissatisfied acceptance of his offering, which was never enough.

"You'd better not go tonight," sufficed for good night, as always.

On this morning of failure, Randy's dad had been pre-determined — by that failure — to be one of pain, humility, and disappointment. He still balanced on his side, determined not to lie in the "filthy germs" that lived in his failure. His scars would deepen today, as every day that his poison was released the previous night. He knew not why he did it. He knew not how to stop it. He knew only that on some nights when his sleep was on the brink of consciousness, slipping to consciousness during his terrible act, releasing his wetness was warm and satisfying. Randy never attempted to stop it when he awoke during the rushing flow. It seemed to gratify him in some way, spilling forth warmth and security that would not be held back. This paradoxical security would then rip into him in the morning, cutting his personality into regression and seclusion.

Randy heard his mother's slow ascent up the stairs. He cringed and wished to die, to be relieved. Her footsteps methodically came towards the door. The door opened and she walked into the room with her investigating nostrils flaring. She looked beautiful in the morning with her pink robe on and no make up, as Randy preferred. Randy's eyes were terrified as hers met them. He could not withstand his mother's castigation. His position on the bed and frightened eyes reinforced her nostril's accusation. "No," she cried angrily and pleadingly.

Randy spoke not a word. She flung his entire bed covers off, exposing the full length of his body, protected by crossed arms. The cold morning air violated him, penetrating his soaked pajamas. Randy's bared sheet, with a circular yellow stain, was the guilty verdict. It changed his mother's face from apprehension (her usual morning face) to anger. She jerked his protecting arm, flinging him off the bed and onto the cold hardwood floor. "You little brat, how could you do this to me? How could you do this?" she cried not expecting an answer. "Haven't I got enough work to do? Get in that bathroom right now and wash up, you brat. Just wait till your father gets home. You hate me, don't you? You hate us!"

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Randy walked to the bathroom weeping. This punishment he could not bear. His mother's words lanced his very soul. His stomach was in pain. Randy wanted to throw up but couldn't. While he washed his naked body, full of goose bumps from the crisp morning air, his mother continued her weeping and questioning. Why does he do this to me? Why does he hate me? The warm water from the wash cloth cooled instantly on Randy's body, and the chill it caused and the running water in the sink produced an intense desire in him to urinate, yet he couldn't.

Randy's mother was downstairs and his stained mattress exposed when he entered his room, shivering and lonely. Randy pleaded to God to let him stop doing this to his mother, as he pleaded to God every morning and night. Why, he thought, as a lump rose in his throat followed by tears in his eyes, why do you do this to me? Randy often blamed God for doing this to him and his mother. For he loved his mother dearly and would not do this terrible thing to her. He often grew angry and cursed God for making him do this and for making his mother hate him. Randy wept.

Upon leaving his house, with the feeling of relief that one gets when leaving a hostile and uncomfortable place, Randy suddenly felt the daily anxiety of going to the bus stop. His sister followed close behind, his only defense. Joey Christian would be there as he always was, even though Randy wished him dead every night. Randy's stomach ached once again. Fear and anxiety brought the unmistakable look of vulnerability into his eyes.

A snowball struck the back of Randy's leg producing intense pain. Another missed and another grazed his head. Joey and the others had been waiting behind Randy's house. Randy ran. His sister faced the antagonists and screamed, "stop it, you jerks."

Joey rhythmically sounded, "Look at Randy run. Randy the Panzy. Randy the Panzy. Look at the baby run. Look at the baby run."

Randy's sister ran to catch him.

At the bus stop they waited for Joey and his gang to come. Randy's sister was excited and angry, adrenaline pumping. Randy stood with head averted in pitiful fear. "Don't you listen to them Randy. Joey is a jerk. Fight him back, Randy. Fight him back."

Randy's sister's words brought neither spirit nor life into him. He said nothing and cowered, head down, hands in pockets, shoulders and arms protectively flexed towards the middle of his body.

Joey strut down the sidewalk flanked by two of his buddies, all three had snowballs in their hands. Two girls stood off by themselves paying attention but not taking sides. They didn't know Randy and thought him worthless of even the energy it took to torment him. He was merely an amusement for Joey and his friends. Randy had no friends. He sat on the bus alone and ate lunch alone, unless his sister was with him, which was rare. She had many friends and only bothered with Randy when he was being teased or beaten, protecting him fiercely. These two girls only exerted the effort to laugh when Joey would make fun of Randy or when the other girls would laugh and talk about him.

Randy's sister stood between him and the approaching boys. Her fists were clenched and her feet were planted in a threatening stance. Joey dared not hit her with a snowball. "Leave him alone, Joey Christian," she pleaded angrily.

"Look at the Panzy. He has to have a girl protect him. Randy the Panzy. Randy the Panzy." Joey settled for taunting, for he didn't want to risk the humiliation of fighting and possibly losing to a girl.

The two girls giggled.

Randy did not even hear Joey. His thoughts were elsewhere. He yearned to relieve his bladder and he thought of the pleasantness of arriving home after school to an empty house — his mom worked until five o'clock. It was his only peace during the day — when he was alone. Now Randy faced a full day of school. His stomach would hurt all day and he might throw up again after lunch, an incident which meant an extra amount of ruthless torment the rest of the school day and the dreaded bus ride home. The only time Randy was not alone was when he was by himself.

The cold winter penetrated Randy and he closed his eyes and released his hold on himself. His urine flowed down his legs, steaming warm relief. He imagined urinating on Joey. The group at the bus stop looked on as Randy's urine stain descended his legs. His sister was stunned. Joey was astonished. Joey's look of astonishment quickly changed to one of satisfaction however, as he smiled, thinking, wait till they hear about this.