

**BULLYING
ASPIRE
TO
STOP
INSPIRE
TO
BUILD**

Dedication

except
This book is dedicated to the forgotten souls, lost souls, captured souls, the souls of sorrow. To those in foster care who seek someone who cares, a loving family to call their own, a warm bed to sleep in and a private room to think in.

To the Bethany's, Sylvia's, Kimberly's, Paige's, Claire's, Caroline's, May's, Little Charles', Termit's, Adante's, Gerald's, Peter Lavin's, Thomas's, Jefferson's, and Headmaster's.

To the abused and abuser's, the bullied and bullies, the hated and haters.

To those who are addicted, caught in a vice, fear for their lives and take lives.

To those with no home or food to eat, with plenty of air but not even a sheet for sleep.

To the givers and forgetters.

To those who seek help and those who seek to help, not hinder.

To those who made promises and broke promises but tried again and tried again.

To those who make life complicated for themselves, for others and take life for granted.

To the healing of the worlds forgotten neighbor and neighborhoods, the souls of sorrow and the laws that follow.

To those who feel trapped in it all, by it all and the love we seek through it all.

Whether by nature or temperament, we all loose our train of thought but are given a second chance not to leave prey or be preyed upon by the Dorge's of the world.

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Dorge

An Orphanage that is ruled by the mighty iron fist of Charles Chalet Dorge, a former orphan himself, who practices brainwashing the children in his care and making them think they do not have family, when most of them were kidnapped from their homes as infants. They are encouraged through threats to forget any memories they may have of their former lives, their families and friends, as they once knew them.

The administration encourages the children's addictions, catering to their every addictive need.

Bethany, a girl who is trying to figure out her past as well as find a place for her future, discovers a hidden book along with some personal letters, where art will imitate life. She becomes the unlikely hero to the others.

Bethany is smart, tall and attractive. She could also be funny and charismatic if she was not such a bitch. She talked back, fought and caused trouble for the administration, broke the rules and did what she damn well pleased.

Twice, earlier on, when Bethany was still a rather small and young girl, two different families visited her, on two different occasions. Both had refused to adopt her. That is because Bethany refused to turn from the blank wall she was staring at and visit with them.

"She is on her very way to being, well, a smart ass here shortly. She is an emotionally disturbed little witch who will eventually cause physical and mental harm to herself as well as to those around her," one woman snorted before storming out of the Orphanage.

"Furthermore, she is high risk antisocial, suffering from ADD and RLS or they suffer from her. She will no doubtedly grow into a terrifying tyrant of a human being before dying a grumpy old selfish insane hag of a woman," the second woman said before leaving.

As soon as the woman turned to walk off, Bethany clamped down on her leg and bit a chunk out of it. She was immediately removed from the Orphanage and placed in the Charles Chalet Dorge, where she was immediately isolated from the other kids.

Any other kid would certainly loose their mind and be scared to death, while they cried their heart out. The small room was dark, cold and had a very thin mattress on the floor. The only sound that was heard was the sound the kid made. But Bethany stood right in the middle of the room without a sound for three days straight, then simply twisted the corner of her mouth once she was finally let out and was able to join the other kids. Most of which did not like her because of what they heard about her.

When Bethany stood straight up and locked her knees in place, it had a challenging affect on the smaller kids, some of the older ones too. She was intimidating. She proved to be smarter in many ways than what was originally thought of her. She is a leader and she stood out.

She knew, was quickly learning, what the administration already know, what they are condoning. Bethany's name came to mind after the headmaster got food poisoning and was bedridden for five days. She has been strongly scrutinized ever since. She was nosy and beginning to make trouble for the administration. She would often try to make the other kids aware of what was going on but sometime it was to no avail.

"Why don't you speak out about it instead of crying?" Bethany told one girl referring to the girl's addiction. They stood in the corner in the library building where no guards were. "Talk to the other kids. Let them know what's up. You never know who is gong through the same thing. They may even learn something from what you're going through."

"What and have everybody laugh at me. Don't you know I have a reputation to uphold?"

"We're in an Orphanage. You don't have a reputation you nitwit," Bethany said.

"Well," the girl said thinking, not sure how to respond. "What are you staring at?" The library was quiet and Bethany happened to be moseying around, snooping, like she normally does, when she heard the girl at the back of the library between two isles.

"I'm staring at you, girl," Bethany said.

"Why?"

"Because you look stupid. Instead of talking about your problems, you find the quietest place around and think nobody will see or hear you and you cry. Well, guess what? I heard you and I see you and you look stupid. That's what I'm staring at," Bethany said challenging.

"That's not very nice," the girl said wiping away her tears.

"I'm not a that. My name is Bethany. Don't believe everything you hear. But you cant get any help if you don't talk. Even deaf people know how to communicate what's wrong with them. And they aint crying about being deaf either. Speak up and don't look for validation from nobody. You know your own self-worth. If you don't you need to find it," Bethany said.

"Yeah but, this addiction. It's not mine. I don't own it. It owns me. Its not my fault and that's not fair," the girl said beginning to cry again.

"That's why you shouldn't be crying about it. Me," Bethany pointed to herself. "I'm finding a way out of here even if it kills me. I don't want to spend the rest of my life in no stupid Orphanage. Cant you see what they're doing to us? They dont care about us. I'm sixteen now and I'm old enough to take care of myself."

The girl soaked up everything Bethany told her then raced off and explained it all to the headmaster. One of many times she would do so, which caused the headmaster to confront Bethany on several occasions. Other times, Bethany caused her own confrontations with the headmaster and his staff.

The dark Castle-like front of the Dorge sat back off the main street in old Beacon Hill, across from the Boston Commons. It seemed as though no one walked up or sat on the grand concrete steps that led up to the mysterious looking building with the large columns, even though the downtown area was full of life on a daily basis.

The four red doors at the top of the steps always seemed locked and unused. The brown skinned engineer with the medium build would often park his city truck in front of the building for hours, looking for some kind of activity, any. But none ever came, at least not while he was watching. This time he was forced to pull over. He had looked down at a map and temporarily lost control of his truck, spinning it into a 360-degree turn. His truck stopped right in front of the building.

He jumped out of his truck and climbed the steps looking for a secure and stationary spot to corral his nerves. Before he realized it, he was at the top of the steps. He got spooked at the ghostly looking place and caught a chill then raced back down the steps on wobbly legs then jumped in his truck.

The place had no front or side windows. Other buildings bottled both sides of the building in. Nothing could be said about the back of the building. Thomas hadn't time to explore its area lately but he knew from experience there was something going on behind those doors. Something was wrong. He also knew, even though there was no name on the building anywhere, the Charles Chalet Dorge functioned as a fully operational Orphanage. He knew this because it was named after his great-great grandfather.

Excerpt from: Dorge

The other staff members who served the food in white uniforms stood at the ready, incase more food was needed, glancing secretly at one another.

The headmaster leaned back in his seat, glanced up at one of the servers and crooked a smile at the corner of his mouth before he rolled his eyes back at Bethany. The other kids were eating so fast now you would think they were in competition again.

The headmaster suddenly jumped to his feet and nearly leaped over the table in front of Bethany. Some of the other kids pushed away from the table. One little girl moved so fast that she pulled her food down on her uniform and started crying. Suddenly everyone started talking loud, some were yelling.

The headmaster was frozen in place. His eyes were bulging as his face turned red. This was the first time he has shown this level of aggression toward Bethany in front of the other kids. He meant to physically harm her but Bethany held a knife to his stomach. This time she would be the aggressor. She had a serious look on her face that let him know she meant to follow through if he made her.

As far as the other children go, they always felt the headmaster cared about their health and well-being. Had always hoped they would find a loving home, even though Bethany had tried to convince them otherwise. Told them they had all been unwillingly removed from their families and brainwashed, that they were never going home or be adopted, which none of the children believed. They always thought Bethany was crazy. She bit a ladies leg for Pete's sake. *I wouldn't want to adopt her either.*

Adante quietly stared at Bethany from the other end of the table. He did not know what to make of this latest stunt. She was asking for it this time and she has gone way too far. He forked a small piece of turkey, swished it through the gravy on his plate then shoved it in his mouth and followed it up with a full cup of punch.

Bethany pinned the headmaster's right gloved hand down on the table then placed the blade against his fingers, then looked down at the girl who had shoved back behind Bethany. She asked the girl if she should cut off his fingers, hoped she would say yes but she said no. He was lucky but Bethany did not care about luck. She did not have any, if so she could not locate it.

"Try me and you will loose the rest of your fingers," Bethany growled.

Catherine burst in the dining hall at that very moment to remind Charles about the meeting he was supposed to have with a visitor in a secluded part of the Orphanage. When she saw what was going on she secretly marveled at the predicament but like the rest of the staff, refused to show any emotion.

The headmaster sneered at Bethany, promised to deal with her later, then slowly and carefully eased his hand from under the blade, stumbled backwards, knocked the poisoned food to the floor then raced through the doors. The kids looked at Bethany for a moment as she took her seat, sitting the small girl next to her, then went back to eating as if nothing occurred. The staff served more food. Some were happy at the past event.

The headmaster plopped down on the sofa in the suit in complete darkness. He cursed himself for being in his current condition, cursed the person who forced him to be that way and cursed that little bitch, Bethany for bringing it up in front of the others. He had done a good job of concealing it up until now. No one even thought about it. Most of them never even knew anything was wrong.

Charles had been an Orphan faced with unmentionable racism. A prominent teacher from Berkley's school of music eventually adopted him. He and his wife took the boy in feeling there was a hidden talent in him somewhere. The boy soon became a musical genius, mastering every instrument made by man, but the piano was his specialty. He played the piano like a smooth spread of frosting on a cake.

His father Charles Chalet had become so proud of the boy that he made him his junior. He began to bleach the boys' very dark skin and relaxed his hair so much that by the time he turned sixteen he was accepted as a white kid. Charles Sr. explained to his neighbors and colleagues that the boy is his son from a previous marriage and that he had recently gotten custody of him.

Charles jr. was very happy with his new life. Because of his musical gift, he toured around the world, meeting and working with Michael Jackson, the Rolling stones, Madonna and Prince. His biggest deal came when he was summoned to play for the Queen of Britain. It was also his worst nightmare.

Midway through the concert, as he took a break, Charles jr. was standing in the wing of the stage and overheard the stage manager shouting at his father about deceiving the Queen and her court. He told Charles Sr. that his son is a nigger in disguise and has no place on his stage and does not own the very right to perform in front of the Queen.

"The boy plays better than Stevie Wonder, Jerry Lee Lewis, Ray Charles and Sir Elton John. Nobody plays a better piano than Sir Elton John. You and your, out. You are being ordered out as of this moment!" the man shouted.

After the Queen had finally arrived, Charles and his father were being tossed out before Charles jr. could perform. And as if nothing had occurred behind the curtains, another kid was immediately introduced to the Queen as Charles Chalet, a white kid. He even winked at Charles on his way by, flapping his tuxedo tails at him.

Later that evening, when Charles and his father were walking to Lore, a famous restaurant a block from their hotel room where all of the celebrities hung out at, the stage manager jumped out of an alley and shot Charles Sr. to death. He stared at Charles jr. before he dropped the gun down by his feet and hopped in a dark color car that pulled up and sped off before Charles had time to react.

Charles carried the guilt of loosing his father around the streets of Britain before he found the man and shot him to death with the very gun the man used to shoot his father with. By the time he returned to the states, he ended up in a mental hospital because he had also taken the gun and shot off most of his own fingers.

After Charles inherited a multi-building property, he converted it to a private world, giving it it's current name. Because he had been treated so unfairly, left abandoned, again, he extended the same courtesy to the children who were secretly brought to his private organization.

Eventually he had custom gloves made to fit his disfigured reattached fingers. Now this little bitch wanted to mock him in front of the others.

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