

# **The Day I Finally Slugged Robby Krause**

A true story from [The Rocklore Files](#)

Of [Jamie Thompson](#)

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During all of my first seven or eight years of life Robby Krause, my neighbor from two houses down the street, terrorized me with cruel, devious psychological warfare. Oddly enough, we actually got on quite well most of the time but I lived in nervous fear of those times when he decided that it was time for him to focus his malevolence on me... and he knew it. Robby had inscrutable power. He was always hatching up treacherous, double-dealing plans and he had a bewildering ability to sway the collective mind of all the kids in my neighborhood in a moment's notice.

I was a very mild-mannered kid. I hated fighting and violence so when Robby periodically decided to turn the whole neighborhood against me I usually just took it in stride. After stepping into some sort of trap spun out of Robby's dark imagination I'd spend a couple of days hanging around my house or with some other family friends until Robby's crosshairs found another victim. Interestingly, it was usually Robby who would show up at my door, not to apologize, but to smooth things over. Maybe I was just more fun or perhaps easier to abuse than other kids so Robby would "make up" with me so that he could do it all again in a few weeks. I don't know. But my character was such that I was always willing to let bygones be bygones.

I was always a head taller than all of my neighborhood friends and one day during my eighth year of life I had an epiphany. I suddenly realized that I had the strength and weight to run roughshod over pretty much anybody in my circle of friends. I didn't particularly want to do that but when Robby's little terror campaigns came my way I started imagining it and I soon became convinced that I could do it and, if I had no choice... **I would do it.**

There was a nice sized hill on our street that served the kids in my neighborhood for various games throughout the year. During the summer we rode skateboards, bikes, and roller skates down it to pass the time. During the winter we used it for sledding after a new snowfall before the plows came through.

One cold Saturday afternoon in the dead of winter all of the neighborhood kids were out sledding down the hill. Robby was there but he didn't have a sled. He came from a large family and they didn't have enough sleds for everyone and, apparently, on such a perfect day for sledding Robby didn't claim one before they were all gone.

After I went down the hill a couple of times on my sled, Robby, who was bored and looking for something to do, decided to make sport of me. Whenever I went down the hill he ran up next to me, jumped on my back, forced me to steer my sled off the road into the curb, and then bailed out just before I crashed. Then he went back to his position on the side of the road near the top of the hill to wait for me to go down the hill again.

After Robby crashed me into the curb a couple of times I decided that the best solution was for me to stop sledding down the hill until such time as he was no longer in position to jump on me. So, I just hung around at the top of the hill. Before long Robby got tired of waiting for me so he finally approached me and said, "What's the matter, Thompson?"

"Nuthin." I replied.

"Why don't you sled down the hill?"

"Because every time I do you jump on me and make me crash and I don't like it."

"Oh really?"

<Silence> By this time everyone had stopped sledding to watch the showdown.

"Well, if you're not going to sled, why don't you just go home?"

"Maybe I don't feel like it."

**"Why don't you just go home, Thompson?"** He asked emphatically. Suddenly everyone on the street joined in.

"Yeah, Thompson, why don't you just get outta here. Go on home you retard. Hit the road..." Well, Robby had done it again and I had sure had enough

for one day so I tugged the rope on my sled and started walking down the hill toward home. The moment I was out of Robby's reach, though, I jumped on my sled and rode it the rest of the way down the hill letting out a triumphant hoot as I reached the bottom. All the kids laughed... except for Robby who was furious.

**"Hey, Thompson, get back here! What do you think you're doing?!"** he yelled as he ran down the hill after me. I got off my sled and continued the half a block journey home hoping that ignoring Robby would get him off my back. It didn't work.

**"Hold it right there, Thompson!"** he said, planting himself directly in my way. "Whadya do that for?" he asked in a snippy tone, glaring at me.

"What did I do what for?" I asked sarcastically.

"You slid down the hill. Why did you do that?"

"Because it was faster than walkin'." I said with a twisted smile. The other kids laughed. Robby glanced nervously up the hill.

"Did *I* say you could sled down the hill?" He asked pompously

"No."

"Then whydya do it?"

"I didn't think I needed your permission." I said, rolling my eyes. The absurdity of the situation was apparent to both of us but Robby couldn't back down without losing face in front of all the neighborhood kids, many of whom were still watching from the top of the hill, so he didn't. For the next several minutes we glared at each other in silence. I wasn't sure how the situation would end but knowing Robby he wasn't going to let me pass unless he felt I had been properly punished for sledding down the hill. As the seconds ticked by I planned my defense. "Right in the face," I said to myself. "Yep, if he tries anything I'll just smackim' right in the face." I mapped out the route in my mind. I was mentally ready. My fists were clenched. My arms were cocked. I was focused on the objective. Suddenly, Robby made his move. He pulled his right arm back in order to throw a punch but I had a hair trigger on my arm.

Before he even got his arm all the way back my right fist flew and bashed him right in the mouth sending him sprawling backwards straight down to the road onto his back where he slid in the snow for several feet with his hands clenched over his mouth!

I was astonished! I couldn't believe I did it! After all those years of being bullied by Robby I finally decked him! He groaned and then sat up. He pulled his hands off of his mouth to check for blood. Then he looked up at me with tears in his eyes and screamed, "**Whadjya you do that for??!!**" That caused me to be even more amazed! Robby pulled himself up and ran into his house crying. The other kids all gaped in amazed silence. I looked down at the imprint his body made in the snow after I had hit him. It was a beautiful, memorable sight! I went home feeling like a new man... and I was.

I was amazed at Robby's response because, after all of the abuse he had put me through that day (not to mention the years before that), he actually seemed indignant and angry with me after I decked him. He seemed to have completely forgotten about the way he treated me that day. In his mind, all that counted for anything was that fact that I punched him in the mouth. He acted like it was an irrational injustice out of nowhere for no reason.

In my experience I think of a sociopath as someone who perpetrates evil upon others and then shows no remorse and even becomes indignant and angry when someone else holds them accountable for their words and actions... which they try to pretend never happened. Looking back over the years I've realized that I've been encountering sociopaths fairly regularly all of my life. How about you?

The thing that I've come to realize is that such people will never grow up and become responsible adults unless someone resists them and compels them to own up, be accountable, and take responsibility for their words and actions. It may be awkward and unpleasant but if such a person is a good friend or a family member, in my humble opinion you are doing them a great disservice by

turning a blind eye to the problem. If you, who loves and cares for the sociopath in your life, won't do anything... who will?

The End



Jamie Thompson is a writer, musician, songwriter, photographer, videographer, husband, and a stay-at-home-dad with two small children.

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