

American History X: Racism is war!

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Submitted: December 23, 2003

Updated: December 23, 2003

WARNING: you must have seen the movie American History X, if you having do not read if you go ahead and read you will be completely LOST!!!

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Wednesday, 15 October 2003, 7:33:51 PM

Rating: R18+ - Very Course Language. High Level Violence and Adult Themes.

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AMERICAN HISTORY X

"racism is war"

"My brother Derek"

"People look at me and see my brother"

"I go back to that same night again and again in my mind, I wonder what would have happened if I didn't go into Derek's room and told him what was happening. Sometimes I imagine what would have taken place, I imagine different things every time, but this one seems to be stuck in my mind every time I think of it."

Daniel 'Danny' Vinyard lays inside his warm bed, as his covers lay over him; he slowly opens his beautiful blue eyes by the sound of Derek and Stacy's moans in the middle of sex in the room down the hall. Impossible to sleep now that he was awake. Danny moves over and looks at his digital clock it reads 2:43 am. He lays there looking at a small Swastika poster opposite his bed.

Outside three black teenagers make there way outside the Vinyard's driveway. Two of them get out and quietly shut there car doors.

One of them move over to the front porch for lookout, with a double barrel hand gun in his left hand. The other slowly moved his way to Derek's black 1986 Jetta GLI. Holding his gun up high he looked inside as a grin crossed his face. Looking up at the house he looked back down, held and smashed a crowbar into the driver window.

Danny quickly shot his head up as he hears the sound of braking glass, he moves out of his bed and opens his blinds to see the black teenager get in Derek's car.

Danny looks at his door, not knowing what to do; he hesitates looking down at the black teenager.

Stacy moans in pleasure as she lay on top of Derek, Derek quickly moves as he hears the sound of his car struggling to start its engine.

Derek pushes Stacy off him, he quickly finds his skivvies under his bed and shoves them on.

"Derek honey, what are you doing?"

"Stacy don't worry... stay here"

Derek answered as he opened his top drawer next to his bed and drew out his SIG 45 semi -automatic

pistol.

“Jesus Christ, Derek?...What are you doing?”

Derek didn't answer nor even look at her, he quickly moved out of his bedroom as he slid on his united black combat boots, slowly making his way down the stairs. Derek stopped as Danny made his way out of his room.

“Der...”

Danny didn't say nothing more as his eyes narrowed on Derek's pistol.

“Danny stay there”

Derek stopped his little brother on the end of the stair case, moving him back .

Derek made his way to the front door, looking through the peek hole, seeing a black teenager between 16-19, on the look out impatiently as he tapped his gun on his leg.

Derek moved aside and took a deep breath in as he quietly unlocked the door. Resting his left hand on the door knob waiting for the right time to open and make his move.

Danny watched his brother look at him with anger in his eyes.

Derek slowly and Quietly twisted the knob, opening the door as slowly and quietly as he could. Walking out with his gun pointing to the teenager's head.

“Drop it!”

“please...please don't shoot me”

The cries of his mate, echoed through the other teenagers ears, seeing the skin head, shirtless, tattooed with a goatee, Derek holding his pistol at his mates head, gave him a cold rush. Picking up his hand gun he got out of Derek's car raising the gun pointing at Derek.

“Help!”

“Shut the frack up!”

Getting angry as the teenager cries for his life, pain and guilt ran through him.

The other teenager ran up behind a bush and shot at Derek.

Looking beside him, seeing the teenager shoot at him, Derek fell to floor to duck the speeding bullets, the other teenager ran for his life.

Derek grabbed his gun and took a shot at the running teenager, shooting him directly into the spine.

The cries of the teenager echoed through the streets as he fell onto the road, blood covering his back.

“You sick mother fracker”

“Derek”

Danny yelled as the teenager charged for his brother.

Derek's body is thrown into a wall, as the teenager forced all of his anger onto him. Moving off the wall, Derek grabs hold of the teenagers gun and tries to get it out of his hard grip.

Derek punches him in the ribs, making him fall back in pain as he grabbed hold of his rib cage.

Dropping the gun, Derek kicked the gun ten feet away from him, looking back he pointed his gun at the black teenager.

“Now what are you going to do?”

Derek asked as a grin covered his anger. Not letting the teenager out of his sight. He moved over near the entrance to the house.

Danny walked out slowly catching his brother holding the gun at the teenager's groin.

“Derek.....please don't do it”

“Get back inside Danny”

Danny walked back in, but watched as he stood in the doorway.

“mamma's boy”

“What was that?.....what did you call my brother?”

Derek got even angrier as the teenager spoke, his knuckles went white as he held tight on the gun.

“Do you want to die?”

The teenager just laughed as Derek asked in anger.

“You wouldn’t do it... you pussy”

“my father gave me that car you mother fracker, did you ever shoot a fireman?”

he cocks his piece.

“you don’t think I will?”

making his point as he raised the gun up from the teenagers groin to in between his eyes.

“Derek”

Danny came out in alarm as the driver came running up with a semi- automatic pistol, holding it in distance from his own body, moving over to Derek.

“Put the fracking gun down you fracking white peace of shoot!”

Derek looked at Danny telling him to go back in side and stay inside.

Derek slowly kneeled and released his gun down on the concrete path.

Derek looked at the driver, moving his leg to his side tripping the driver on the fall. Bullets fire as the driver falls to the floor.

“Danny get down”

Stacy came from behind Danny holding him by the shoulders.

Danny just stood and stared at his brother with adrenaline filling his eyes.

Grabbing hold of his gun, Derek shot the driver right in the centre of his head.

Dropping to the floor his eyes open in death as blood ran down his face.

The teenager stood and stared at his mate dead in front of him, realizing what had just happened he looks at Derek .

Kicking Derek as hard as he could as tears of anger and pain crawled down his cheeks, taking it all out on Derek, kicking him several times in the stomach and ribs.

“Derek”

The cries of Danny as he watched his brother been kicked and smashed by a black teenager.

The teenager forced all of his energy through his right leg.

“sick white rooster dick mother fracker”

kicking Derek right on his skull, smashing his head onto the concrete, blood poured down from the split skull and skin.

Derek screamed in pain as his head smashed against the hard concrete.

Danny rushed outside and jumped on the teenager from behind kicking and punching as he cried in anger.

Danny leaned as hard as he could making the teenager fall to the ground, finding Derek’s gun he pointed it at the black teenager, wiping away his tears as he looked at Derek who was slowly picking himself off the floor.

Grabbing the gun from his little brother he shot the black teenager with no warning... the sound of the gun firing filled the streets.

Derek lost it falling back to the ground, falling unconscious.

Danny grabbed hold of Derek’s head moving his body closer as he held his older brother crying out loud as he hears his mother and sister cry from fear of the gun fires....

“I don’t know why I imagine it that way, but maybe its because Derek got a taste of his own medicine?, or maybe because I think it’s wrong?, I have always wanted to ask how Derek was when he was in

prison... I haven't asked because I know Derek will say "ill tell you later"

Danny moved off his computer chair and slowly made his way onto Derek's bed, kneeling down reaching under his brothers bed, receiving a black box with a swastika engraved on it. Opening it, seeing a swastika bandana and a folded up poster of an eagle holding the swastika with WHITE POWER written under the Swastika.

Danny stopped looking at the eagle and the swastika as his eye caught a ripped out news paper article on Derek. ' The Skin head...

Opening the sliding door quietly, Derek finds his brother sitting on his bed with tears falling from his cheeks.

"Hey! Man what's up?"

Walking to his brother, sitting next to him.

Danny rests his head on his brothers shoulder as Derek wraps his arms around him.

"Der.... What happened?"

Derek lifts his head as his brother asked, a question with a long answer.

"what do you mean?"

Making sure that it was what he was thinking he asked his sad brother quietly.

"What happened to you back there"

Derek drops his head in pain as he remembers his past.

"I'll tell you when I'm ready Dan"

"That's what you always say Der"

Derek pushed his brother off him and faced him, there eyes meet.

"I promise ill tell you...I just have to find the right time"

Wiping away his tears Danny looked up at his brother, believing him so much.

"Yeah... I believe you...I know you will"

Derek gave his brother a warm smile as he got off the bed and walked over to the computer.

"You doing your assignment?... you better finish it"

getting off the bed to his brother, Danny sat on the chair and looked up at him with a grin.

Derek started for the door..

"Der?"

Turning back to look at his brother with his eyes red from the tears.

"Yeah?"

"I love you"

Derek smiled, for a minute feeling like he was beaten a hundred times... but healed as is brother spoke.

Derek looked at him with a cheeky grin...

"are you going to take that back Dan?"

Danny smiled at his brother knowing he wants to say the same but cant...not yet.

Danny started to laugh.

Kidding.

"Yeah"

Derek laughed with him then exited the room.

Danny looked back with a smile. Looking at the monitor of the computer, Rubbing the back of his head trying so hard to keep him self together.

"Derek didn't want us to visit him in prison, he said it would make things worse and if we came he wouldn't see us anyway. three years without him.... It was tough, though I couldn't image life without

Derek forever.... First off, Mom wouldn't forgive herself for telling Derek she's ashamed of him.....Devina would also never forgive herself for hitting Derek over the head with a baseball bat ... on the other hand I'd probably end up the only person not feeling guilty or sorry... I love my brother more than anything... but I wonder so much why he isn't telling me what happened in his three years of prison"

Tears ran down Danny's cheeks again.....

Murray sat the dinner table next to Doris, along with Stacy, Devina, Derek and Danny.

Sitting and looking at Derek, wanting so much to start a conversation.

"The irony is that most of the stores that were destroyed during the riots were owned by black people"

Danny shakes his head and looks at Murray...

"That's stupid though, why trash your own neighbourhood"

"Well that's my point, it's an irrational act. It's like an expression of rage by people who feel neglected and turned away by the system"

Doris puts her fork on her plate, agreeing with her lover.

" Exactly, I mean it's like we had in Watts or the riots in Chicago in 68"

Derek shakes his head and slams his fork down on his empty dinner plate.

"That's crap, I don't buy that for a minute. Calling a riot an irrational expression of rage, that's such a cop out. It's opportunism at it's worse, it's a bunch of people grabbing any excuse they can find to go and loot a store, nothing more. The fact that these people ripped off the stores in their own communities all that reflects is the degree in which these people have absolutely no respect for the law at all and certainly no concept of community or civic responsibility".

Murray looks at Derek confused as he disagreed with him every word.

"Now wait a minute white people commit crimes against white people too"

"Yeah but their not offing each other in record numbers all over America. Look at the statistics for Christ sake, it's 1 in every 3 black males is in some phase of the correctional system Is that a coincidence or do these people have, ya know, like a racial commitment to crime.

Stacy stays Quiet until Derek tries to make his point..

"Not only that their proud of It"

Murray jumps in

" Well maybe that says something about prejudice in the judicial system"

Devina get angry and directly shoots at Derek...

"Yeah if you want to talk about criminal statistics you might want to take a look at the social inequalities that produce them"

Derek sees Devina take a shot at him and plays along.

"Yap yap, you know what, that exactly what I hate. Because what you're doing Davina is taking one thing and calling it somethin else and eleviating the responsibility that these people have for their own actions. It's like saying, it's not a riot, it's rage. It's not crime, it's poverty. It's just nonsense. It's bullshoot. It's exactly what happened in this trial too, the media twisted things around so people got all focused on these cops on whether or not they were going to be convicted and whether Rodney King's civil rights had been violated. I mean everyone lost site of ol' Rodney King himself".

Everybody at the dinner table go quiet for a beat....all looking at Derek.

"Can we drop the Rodney King thing?"

Doris snaps as she leaves the table..

"anyone up for dessert"

Danny nods as he watched his mom walk out.

“Well at least Stacy agrees with me”

Stacy smiles at Derek and licks her lips.

“I agree with you Der”

Danny looked at his brother with pride in his eyes.

Murray starts to get up until Doris comes back in smiling with dessert.

Murray smiles and sits back down.

Derek continues to give Murray an evil devilish look.

“Derek will you please stop giving Murray the evils”

Davina yelled as she watched her brother angry as anything.

Doris walks over to Murray and kisses him, in front of her angry son.

“that’s it”

Derek gets up in anger, he pushes Doris away from Murray.

“Derek what do you think your doing?”

Derek keeps his mother away from Murray, who was reaching out for her.

“Derek your not her father.... She can do whatever the frack she wants to do....now let go of her”

Derek kept hold of his mother.

Devina grabbed a hold of Derek’s back and tried dragging him away from Doris.

Finally letting go of his mother, Devina started to hit Derek....

“You fracking asshole”

Devina cried out loud as Derek grabbed hold of her...

“Hey!....let go you little dog....learn some fracking manners Davina”

Derek grabbed a piece of stake and shoved in over Devina’s nose and mouth.

“Learn some fracking manners”

Murray wants to get a hold of Derek but doesn’t interfere.

“Let her go....she cant breathe”

“You shut the frack up”

Derek yells at Murray as he tries to get Derek off Devina.

Gasping for air, Devina leans down...

Derek removes the stake as Danny jumps in and tried to get his brother off Devina.

Derek swings around accidentally knocking his brother off him, making him fall back into a wall, luckily not harming him.

Doris get a hold of Derek and pulls Devina out of his tough Grip.

Devina loses her balance and falls over, getting back up immediately she looks at Derek as she caught her breath.

“Derek....leave them alone”

“shut the frack u Murray”

Devina looks at Derek with hate in her eyes.

“I hate you...I hate you...you fracking ungrateful bastard...”

Devina runs up the stairs crying in pain.

Doris moves over to Danny and hugs him tightly.

Derek rips his shirt off, leaving him with a tight singlet on.

Moving over to the dining table, smiling at Murray.

Murray stared at him, not understanding what had just happened, almost disgusted by Derek.

“What are you doing Derek, this is your family?”

“Right, my family. My family so you know what? I don't give two shoots about you or anyone else or what you think. You're not a part of it and you never will be”

Getting upset and annoyed Murray yells...

"That has nothing to do with it".

Realizing how dumb Murray is Derek explains how he pulled it off...

"Oh it doesn't? You don't think I see what you're trying to do here? You think I'm going to sit here and smile while some fracking kike tries to frack my mother. It's never going to happen Murray, fracking forget it, not on my watch, not while I'm in this family. I will fracking cut your shylock nose off and stick it up your @\$ before I let that happen. Coming in here and poisoning my families dinner with your Jewish, nigger loving, hippie bullshoot. frack you! frack you! Yeah walk out, Asshole, fracking Kubala reading mother fracker. Get the frack out of my house".

Derek screamed as he pointed to the door.

Murray looked at the door slowly walking towards it looking at Derek.

Derek looked back at him, grinning as he pulled his singlet collar down showing his Swastika tattoo on his left tit.

"See this...see this...it means you're not welcome"

Seeing Derek's huge Swastika on his chest, made his stomach roll...a horrible sick feeling ran through him, making him rush out of the Vinyard's home.

Doris looked at her son, angry and discussed by her own son.

She got up in a rage, leaning against him wanting so much to hurt him...

"what did I do?"

Crying in rage as she tried to reason with her son. Trying to grab a hold of his singlet.

"don't touch me.....aren't you ashamed how can you bring him to my father's dinner table..."

"What did I do?"

"Don't touch me... you disgust me, Aren't you ashamed....bringing him in here....."

"What....what did I do?"

"How can you go from dad to that?"..... aren't you ashamed?"

"I'm ashamed that you....came out of my body"

Derek sank as his mother screamed..... feeling so upset and sad.

Crying she pushed her self off Derek and ran to the door.

"Go run to your fracking Kike....go run to him"

Derek shouted at his mother slammed the door.

Stacy hugged Derek not wanting to let him go.

"I'm sorry baby"

Derek moved off Stacy and walked over to his brother, who sat at a small table as he watched his mother and Murray speak from the front window.

"Hey!..... you ok?"

Danny looked at his brother, who knows he never meant to hurt anybody.

Danny went to nod but jumped up from his seat as Devina ran in the room holding a wooden baseball bat running to Derek.

Whacking it over Derek's head, he fell back, but got a hold of Devina from the back and held her...

"hey....calm down....calm down....I'm sorry.."

"frack you"

"I'm sorry I never meant to hurt you.....It's not you"

"frack you"

Devina moved her body as far as she could way from her brother.

"I never meant to hurt you....I would never hurt you.....you know that, don't you?"

"I don't believe you"

"I trust you Derek"

Danny answered as Derek looked at his sister.

Derek looked back at his brother.. Knowing Danny has always trusted him, Devina moved to Derek's left looking at him.

"I hate you"

Derek went to look at Devina, before even getting a glimpse of her, she threw the baseball bat at his head, hitting his skull, Derek fell in pain, kneeling with his right hand pressing down, to stop the blood, while his left hand leaned on the floor for balance.

"Argh!.....god!"

Danny's heart raced as Derek yelled, pain from his own sister. Devina ran up the stairs and slammed the door behind her.

"Der?"

blood covered Derek's right hand.

"Derek"

Seeing his brother in pain made Danny cry, a fourteen year old who loves his older brother deeply, watching him spit out his own blood from what his sister had done....

"If I ever did lose Derek, I'd probably leave this world and be with him once again... but on the other hand, I have my mom and Devina to look after...Derek has a soft heart, believe it or not. he just doesn't show it... that's like me. I don't show it unless I feel I need to.

Derek has lately been telling me to do good in school, be nice to Sweeney, don't frack it up, he even ordered me not to go to Cam's party....I don't have any idea what the hell he is thinking.

Sweeney rang our home phone on the day he got back, telling him about my MEIN KAMPF paper I handed in, he basically disagreed with the whole thing, I thought he'd like the idea. Well Cameron's party tonight and I'm up for it, though I don't know if I can get past my brother...."

Derek, now with hair over his skin head. Still with a goatee wearing a tight white shirt , black leather jacket and black jeans, walks down to the beach house, as the music booms through the streets. Walking through an exit, he struggles to get through as Fat Skin head Seth stands in front of him not noticing his mate Derek behind him.

"Hey!....Fatty move"

Seth got angry as he hears the voice of someone calling him a fatty. He turns to attack. But instantly stops as he sees Derek.

"fracking A, man back from the grave"

Seth hugged Derek, nearly squashing him.

"Geez look at that hear man"

Seth played with Derek's hair until he backed his hands off him.

"Long time no see hey!"

Derek slowly tried to move away from Seth and into the crowd of white skin heads and Hitler look-a-likes.

The beach house was covered with whites, beer and drugs.

Music bleared away, as the people sang and danced in front of a huge Swastika with a picture of Hitler.

"Hail Hitler"

The crowd began, raising there arms up.....even a little 8 year old was wearing an army suit with a Swastika over his forearm.

Every white person would raise there arm, for Hitler.

“Hitler!”

Singing as the music pounded.

Derek made his way to the beach house door, until a young cute blonde grabbed a hold of his arm.

“Hey!....are you going in there?”

“Yes”

Derek looked down at the drunk 17 year old.

“Can you tell Danny Vinyard that Lizzy is out here?”

Derek nodded with a little smile.

“Thank you”

Lizzy replied as she rested back on the couch and took another sip of her Wild Turkey.

Seth watched Derek enter the beach house.

He stands in the door frame and looks. White Power paraphernalia cover the walls.

From behind Derek heard his name been called out.

He turned seeing two 17 year old teenagers run up to him.

Chris yet another skin head showed him a cup of beer.

“Here!”

Derek shook his head.

“Hey!.....where friends of your brothers, this is Jason and I’m Chris.....You are fracking God man!”

Derek moved himself away from them, as he turned a corner leading him to Cameron’s office.... The door was shut.

Voices murmured from behind the door.

Derek opened it, seeing Danny and Cameron talking.

As Danny looked up, to see his brother.

Rush ran through him..

“Danny?”

“C’mon, man I had to check it out...”

Derek shrugged his shoulders, and shook his head at his brother.

“You knew I was gonna come”

Danny made his point and looked at his disappointed brother.

“Get out I need to talk to Cameron”

Derek pointed behind him, he shifted over from the door frame making enough room for his brother to exit.

As his brother brushed past him, Derek whispered.

“There’s a pretty blonde outside asking for you”

Danny stopped and looked at his brother with a happy grin on his face.

“Lizzy?”

“Yeah!”

Danny laughed...

“I gotta check it out”

Danny ran to the door and ran outside.

Derek watched his brother then looked at Cameron with a frown.

“wow!..... your back....the god of Venice beach”

Derek let Cameron walk out of his office.

“Take a seat, no need to watch your back here, Derek.”

Cameron sat behind a Swastika hanging.

Derek gives Cam a very evil stare.

Cameron sparks up a cigarette to break Derek's uncomfortable stare.

Cam hates the silence as he watched Derek stare at him.

"How was it in there with all those frackin' monkeys, man? You're lucky they didn't kill you"

"I agree"

"Who runs the place? The monkeys or the wetbacks?"

"The Mexicans"

"It's a frackin' vacation for them in there, huh?"

"They were really organized. I'll tell ya...it was impressive. They...."

"They're frackin' peasants, Derek. All of them"

A beat of silence hovers the room....

"So what's up, man? I'm hearing a lot of shoot about you...they say the joint messed with your mind"

"It did....Be careful with me, Cam. You don't know what's going on with me"

"frackin' talk to me then. We're family here. Let's work it out whatever it is"

Derek starts to get very serious as he gets out off his seat.

"I'm family, Cam? Is that why you came to see me all the time up there?"

Cameron smiles but doesn't know what to say.

"I had to distance myself from you after that"

"frack you, Cameron I am out....your bullshoot...that shoot out there I am out.....and Danny is out to. You're a fracking chicken hawk...praying on kids"

Cameron impatiently gets out of his seat and stands three feet away from Derek, angry and cant believes what Derek is saying.

"I don't pray on fracking anyone".

"No. You fracking use them. To filter your insanity....I lost three fracking years because of you....you used me!"

Cameron smiles in disbelief.

"You and Danny are like brothers to me, Derek. Come on, man"

"He's not your brother, Cameron. All right? He's my brother...you know what....if you come near Danny again ill cut your balls off, stick 'em so damn far up your @\$@ they'll come out of your frackin' mouth.....I mean it Cam"

After a beat...

"You hear me, Cam?"

Cameron Explodes, taking in one feet closer to Derek.

"frack you, Derek! frack you! Don't think you can threaten me with this shoot for a frackin' second! I'm more important to him now then you ever were"

Derek snaps cracking Cameron in the nose braking it, he looks at him.

Cameron falls onto the floor, holding his nose he gets back up and looks into Derek's eyes.

"Your are a dead man, Vinyard"

Derek swings at him, blocking his force. Cam pushes Derek into the bathroom, hitting his back into the sink.

Holding him back, punching him two times in the face.

Derek ducks his other swing, grabbing hold of his head, pushing his head into a mirror, smashing his face into the mirror, blood crawled down Cameron face.

“Dead man”

Cameron swung a towel from the bath tub and wrapped it around Derek’s neck choking him, kneeling down gasping for air, Derek moved his body towards a wall, making cam hit it.

Pulling backwards and forwards, hitting cam’s body against the wall.

Finally releasing the towel from Derek’s neck, Cameron got a hold of the back of Derek’s head and forced his head forwards hitting the side of the bath tub.

Screaming in agony, Derek crawled to the floor as blood came running down from the wound.

Grabbing a hold of Cam’s right Leg swinging his leg up, making him trip. Getting on top of Cam, punching and kicking him.

“Stay away from Danny”

Derek whacked him on the side of his neck....

Agony striked him..

“I wont need to..... he...he comes to me”

Derek cracked him in the face, Cameron was out...

Derek slowly got off Cameron, falling to the ground next to him as he took in a few breath.

“That was not suppose to happen”

Derek calmly got off the floor, and looked at himself in the broken mirror.

Blood all over him from Cameron’s shattered face....

Walking out of the beach house as soon as he could, rushing out. He stopped and called for Danny.

Seth sees blood all over Derek and walks to him.

“What the frack happened to you?”

Derek didn’t answer nor look at the fat skin head, he once again called for his brother.

Seth moved away from Derek and ran to the beach house.

Danny hears the shouts of his older brother and looks over the balcony and sees him.

“Come on”

Derek waves for him.

Danny sees the cuts on Derek’s face and jumps down, luckily not harming himself.

“Derek?”. are you ok?”

Derek looked at his brother, before he could moved his left arm behind his back, Seth pushed Danny to the side and shoved his hand gun in front of Derek’s face.

Moving two steps back Derek stared into the gun barrel.

Adrenaline rushed through him, as he looked at the anger in Seth’s eyes.

“You make me fracking sick”

Obviously Seth has seen Cameron unconscious in the bathroom, with blood all over him, From Derek’s punches and his face smashing into the bathroom mirror.

Derek didn’t say a word knowing he cant buy his way out of this.....

“Seth put down the fracking gun”

Danny yelled as he stood behind the fat man.

The music stopped and all of the white skin head trash, stared at the fat man.

Staying distance away from the gun.

“You’re a fracking nigger”

Seth yelled as sweat dripped down his forehead. Wanting to pull the trigger so badly.

Stacy, Derek’s girlfriend came around and saw Seth cocking his piece at her lover.

“Derek?”

Stacy ran to him, and looked at him with so many questions to ask.

Before Stacy could say a word.....

“Stacy go and see Cam”

Ordering her to go and see what Derek had done. She looked at Seth confused, looking back at Derek she looked at his eyes, Fear filled them.

Stacy ran into the beach house.

Derek went to take to steps forwards to Seth.

“You fracking nigger...you fracking nigger”

Stacy came running and yelling out pointing at Derek with tears wiped on her cheeks, As she couldn’t believe what her lover had done.

“shoot him...do it fatty”

Seth looked at Stacy beside him.

“Seth...put the fracking gun down”

Danny cried as he tried so hard to get the gun away from his brother,

Seth looks at Danny.

“shut the frack up....what are you?...a nigger too!”

Derek striked Seth, pulling his arm up, Seth cried in agony, pulling the trigger as bullets came out, echoing the quiet streets.

Derek grabbed a hold of Seth’s gun, and turned it on the others as the went closer on Derek.

“Stay back.....stay the frack back”

Stacy got up and went towards Derek, trying to convince him she didn’t mean to say ‘shoot him’.

Derek looked at Stacy, disgusted

“Stay back....say goodbye”

Derek ran out in the open and ran down the streets.

Leaving the party quiet and confused.

Danny went to see Cam again, now knowing why Seth turned his gun on him, Danny ran after his brother.

Derek walked on the cold sidewalks of the quiet dead streets.

Walking pass graphitized walls and roller doors, Derek walked keeping his eyes, out. Looking out to a couple walking his way.

Looking at them, slightly moving a smile across his worried face.

The two smile at him as they past him.

Derek looked back.

Running towards his brother charging his body into him, slamming his into a wall.

Pushing him hard against the wall, forcing all of his anger and pain into his brother.

“What the frack happened...what happened to you Der?”

Derek calmly pushed his brother off him.

Once again pushing his back against the wall again, grabbing a hold of his shirt.

“Der.....what the frack is wrong with you?”

Derek pushed him off once again, holding his hand in front of him, backing him away.

“Shhh... Easy Dan...Calm down”

Anger didn't seem to escape Danny's soul, again pushing his brother harder against the wall.

"Argh!...Dan!"

Stopping as he realized he had hurt him, he looked at him, his neck and face was red.

"God.....calm down!"

moving his brother away leading him towards a park bench.

Sitting down, waiting for Danny to sit beside him.

Derek looks up at his brother, almost looks like puppy dog eyes.

Danny looks at his brother with Guilt.

"God...I'm sorry....Der I'm sorry"

Derek smiles and shakes his head.

"It's ok Dan, that's why I didn't want you to come.....you weren't suppose to see that....I mean it wasn't suppose to happen...trust me I didn't plan on nearly killing the bastard"

Danny looked inside his brother..... studying him, Knowing he was telling the truth. Danny reached inside his pocket and pulled out a cigarette along with a lighter.

Trying to light it, Derek flicks the cigarette out of his brothers mouth.

"Hey!"

Annoyed, Danny playfully punches his brother in the arm, with a grin.

"Danny....I don't want you seeing Cam any more...I mean it Dan"

"What?"

Danny looked at his brother...

"Why?"

"You don't know what they are like Danny.....Cam...used me"

Danny bowed his head....knowing what Derek explains is true.

"Der?.....what happened to you man?"

Derek locked his eyes with his brother.....

.....

Prison, Day.

"Alright you frackin' pieces of shoot!....get up make you beds and walk to the frackin' door.....don't waste my time its my frackin' house"

The guard violently yelled as he ordered the prisoners to get up.

Derek looks up..... he walks towards the door, waiting for the door to open.

Along with the others Derek steps out of his cell.

Looking beside him on his left.....Monkeys.

Looking to his right....Monkeys.

Derek struggled to breathe.

"Hey! You white piece of shoot.....button that top button up"

Derek slowly did what he was told.

"Are you eyeballing me?.....don't frackin' eye ball me...ill frackin' kill you!"

Derek did anything he could, taking huge deep breaths as he walked to the Cafeteria.

"After two days In there I didn't think I'd last a week"

Derek walked down the sea of benches. Looking for a seat to sit at and pray to get his @\$\$ out of there.

A white power gang leader, Steve looked at Derek.

Waving him over to sit with him and the others. Derek went to them, moving beside Steve. Everybody greeted him, with handshakes and smiles.

After eating....The guard lead them to the exercise yard.

Derek wore a white top as he walked in.....looking around seeing nothing but Mexican's and blacks he kept his head down. Moving towards the weights.

Lifting his shirt, revealing his nicely done Swastika on his left tit.

Black's looked and stared at Derek as he kneeled down and pulled a weight up and across. One of the giant Black's wanted to kill, his anger crossed his face.....but pulled himself away as guards came closer.

NEXT DAY:

Derek stood in front of a short black man, Lemont, a friendly black.

"Don't frack with me aright...coz I'm the most dangerous man in this place....wanna know why?.....I'll tell ya...coz I control the underwear"

With a short laugh Lemont looked at Derek.....waiting for him to speak.

"Hey! I'm Lemont"

Lemont went for a hand shake....not surprised Derek didn't take it.

"Oh!.....I get it a bad @\$ peckerwood with a bad attitude!....well you know what...in this place you better be careful coz I'm not the nigger.....you are"

Derek just smiled and kept on folding the sheets....bored out of his brains.

After that Derek and Lemont became close, With Lemont helping him through the prison life, along with Racism.

.....

"A week in, seemed like three days....I just wanted to get out.

I prayed everyday a miracle would come and save my @\$... but something came.....but not a miracle"

Derek sat on a bench next to Steve, as they watched one of the skin head's, Peter grab a hold of a joint from a Mexican, with a single handshake.

Pete smiled and took a shot, walking back to Steve and Derek, smiling as if the whole world was his.

Derek was disgusted at him, looking at him so disgusted.

Derek finally spoke...

"what are you a fracking redneck pussy?"

Derek got up and took off into the showers.

"fracking.....motherfracker"

Steve whispered as He watched Derek walk with Lemont.

The hot water poured on Derek's face.

Lifting his head noticing everyone has gone out of the showers.

Derek continued wiping the soap, cleaning himself....Until six skin heads, including Steve and Pete enter. Quietly moving behind Derek.

Derek slowly lifted his head for the hot water to cover his face....

Before even sensing the danger, Derek is slammed and pushed against the wet tiled wall.

Two skin head's grab the bottom of his legs and spread them apart, laughing and cheering Steve on as he whipped his towel off him. Standing behind Derek, resting his hand on Derek's shoulder and his left on the wall.

"frack!"

Realizing what is about to happen Derek tries to get out of the skin head's grip. Pete noticed him struggling, Wrapping a towel around Derek's neck, choking him.

"frack you!"

Derek can do nothing but watch the showers next to him. As the water drips down.

"You like a nigger, were gonna treat you like one"

Without a single Warning.....

Nothing but fear, pain and guilt ran through Derek's body.

Finishing, breathing so hard to keep on breathing, Derek's head is tilted back by Steve...

"That was real sweet"

Steve grinned as he looked at Derek.

"frack you!"

Pushing his head against the cold tiled walls. Falling to the floor as blood poured from his cut.

Smack on the floors.

The others left.....Leaving Derek cold, naked and unconscious on the wet tiled floor as steam covered the atmosphere.

Dr. Sweeney walked into the medical room of the prison.....

Stopped by Derek's current Doctor.

"How's he doing?"

The doctor looked at the papers on a clip board.

Shook his head and looked up at Sweeney.

"Took 6 stitches"

Sweeny did nothing but walk over to Derek, lying on a bed on his stomach, still naked but with a thin blanket over the bottom half of his body.

Derek didn't look up nor even lift his eyes to see who it was, He already knew it was Sweeney.

Derek silently sobbed as Sweeney rested his hand on Derek's should, hanging his head in pain for Derek.

"Sweeney.....

Sweeney looked up at Derek.

Night times, A small lamp shines off there faces.

All Sweeney could see was pain in Derek's eyes.

Sweeney and Derek in mid-conversation

"Honour and loyalty run thick, Derek. Not skin colour. Skin is thin. I don't get you, man. I don't.....I got my Doctorate in Education...not in medicine. But if you think babies come into this world evil...you're fracked up, Derek. You're way to smart to believe that shoot.....

There's nothin' more beautiful Derek, nothin' more pure, nothin' more innocent...than a baby"

Derek looks up at Sweeney as he lay on the hospital bed, eyes shrink wrapped in tears wanting so much to get away from it all.

“They killed my father, Sweeney”

“Jesus Derek. Use that brain God gave you for chrissake. What are you gonna do? Seek revenge your whole life and become a lifer in here. That’s what these guys are like, you wanna be like them? fracking little boys in prison? Think, man. None of your guys back home give a shoot about you.....

They only care about your brother. The new blood. And he sure as hell can't take care of himself like you could”

Derek looks at the man with regret.

“Get me outta here, Sweeney”

Sweeney looks at the young man, heavily weighing his options. The two lock eyes.....

Derek looks at his brother, knowing Danny was about to cry.

“God.....man I’m so sorry”

“No I’m not.....I got Lucky.....all this shoot.....I’m out I’m leaving it all....what I did was wrong Dan.....do you understand?”

Danny looked up at his brother.....hanging his head in pain.....

“Yeah I understand”

Danny once again looks up at his brother.....

Blinking as tears rolled from his eyes, sighing as hard as he could making his voice clear.

“I want you to understand.....

Wrapping his arm around his brother, pulling him closer.

“Coz you’re my best friend and I love you”

The words sank through Danny, the words he has waited so long to hear.....there they were. Danny studied his brother, but broke into laughter.

Jokingly getting up, walking ahead of him, towards home.

Derek came up from behind and rested his arm on Danny’s back.

Danny did the same.

Laughing and joking as they walked home.

Derek had a happy feeling, thinking..... almost knowing his life was now going to be even better, with Danny now knowing what happened to him....knowing how bad Racism and hate is.

Derek and Danny finally arrived outside their house.

Still laughing...still happy.

Outside a black BMW parked on a near by curb.

“There’s that fracking traitor”

Seth whispered as he and Cameron watched the two brothers walk on to the driveway and into the front door.

“Calm down Seth, I’ll give him a taste of his own shoot”

Seth looked at Cameron’s cuts on his face.

“If you know what I mean?”

Seth looked at Cam with an evil grin, wanting so much to hurt Derek after he nearly killed Cameron.

Derek and Danny walked in laughing.

Derek quickly walked into the bathroom and cleaned himself, wiping the blood and the cut, making it all clear. Derek came out and walked with Danny to the couch where Devina and Doris lay asleep.

Danny tickled Devina's feet, waking her up, books and files fell down on the floor from her lap as she jumped.

Doris woke up as Devina moaned annoyed.

Derek knelt down to see his mother.

"Everything ok?"

"Yeah, yeah everything's fine"

Doris held her son tight.

"Pardon me.....but...."

Seth slammed open the door smiling with a camera recorder looking straight at Derek as he jumped up..... standing in front of his family, protecting them...sensing something bad was going to happen.

"Seth.... Get the frack out of my house"

"Derek....what's going on?"

Doris asked her son, scared.

Danny went over to his brother, with fear in his eyes.

"Mom it's ok....don't worry....."

Looking at his mother, promising everything will be ok.

"Derek!"

A familiar voice struck through Derek's body, turning to see....

Cameron raised his pistol, shooting Derek....

Doris and Devina screamed as the sound of the gun firing echoed their ears.

"Derek!"

Danny ran to his falling brother.

Falling back.....smashing his body on a coffee table, falling to the floor staring up at the ceiling....the only thing he could see until Danny went down to himholding the bullet wound as tight as he could.

"Der?"

Derek started to gasp for air.....blood was everywhere....

"I told you.....Dan"

Derek grabbed a hold of his brother's left arm, tightly holding him as tears crawled down his cheeks.

Devina and Doris screamed in horror as they watched Derek be shot in front of them, crying in pain, as they watched Derek lay there.....dying.

Devina ran to the phone, shaking so bad she couldn't pick up the phone nor even punch in the Ambulance number.

Doris fell to her knees, holding Derek's face to hers, tears dropped down on him...as he still kept a hold of his brother.

Danny stared at his brother, he was dying as he watched his brother breathe heavily, now falling into tears, still pressing as hard as he could on the wound.....praying.

"Derek"

Danny could only say his name.....nothing more.

"Derek.....Derek"

Crying so hard, he even had to gasp for air as he cried.

"My baby....my baby boy"

Doris rocked him, like a baby, crying...praying.

Derek now started to cough out blood.

Devina collapsed as she finally finished with the phone.

Crawling to her brother as if she had no legs.....wanting to reach him.

Finally getting a hold of her brother, wrapping her arms around him.

Blood covered her pink shirt, as he hugged him, resting her head on his heart, listening to his heart beat...wanting to hear him breathe, wanting to hear him speak.

Paramedics make there way through the already opened door, seeing Derek on the floor, with his mother, sister and brother comforting him.

Two Paramedic run in with a wheelie bed, slowly carefully putting Derek onto the bed.

Placing an oxygen mask on him. Taking off his shirt revealing where the bullet had hit, just above his left collar bone.

Still holding onto his brother, the paramedic looked at Danny. Who hadn't thought of even moving away from his brother as they wheeled Derek out on the driveway and up into the Ambulance van.

Danny looked at the paramedic that was inside waiting for Derek.

Danny stared at him...

"Excuse me can you please take my mom and sister to the hospital....I don't think my mom will be able to drive at the moment"

The paramedic looked at Danny knowing he didn't want to take his eye off his brother.

Tapping the passenger in the front seats of the ambulance van, telling him to jump in the back with Derek and Danny.

"Would you like a drive?"

The paramedic asked as he stood in front of them, as they cried, standing covered in Derek's blood.

Doris and Devina nodded walking to there car, letting the Paramedic get in the drivers seat and turn he key, driving as fast as he could behind the ambulance hoping to get there at the same time as the ambulance.

5:40 am Hospital....

"Insomnia, when your never really awake, and never really asleep, that's how I was when Derek lay in hospital I couldn't sleep for ten days. I'd see him every chance I could. I'd pray for him Well I'd pray but I wouldn't get any answers. God isn't real. Well that's what I think. God isn't real its just a load of bullshoot mixed with reality. She or him or whatever it is 'your trash'. If you were real, Derek would be alive and awake now".....

Danny sat by his brother, still holding on to him. Tired but didn't sleep, he hadn't left Derek ever since it all happened. Looking at his brother.... Tears filled his eyes as he watched his brother lie in the Hospital bed....tubes hanging out of him.

"Derek.....why is this happening?"

Asking his brother even though he knows he wont answer he still asked. Crying as he leaned his head softly on Derek's stomach.

"We have walked away from it all.....and this is what you get?"

Danny didn't understand any of it....none of it made any sense to him.

"Derek?"

Danny cried, scared, sad, worried.....most of all he hoped like hell Derek would become conscious.

Derek's doctor, Dr. Thompson silently walked in, without Danny noticing.

Danny just stared at his brother, blocking every thing out except himself and his brother.

Softly placing his hand on Danny's shoulder...Jumping Danny looked up in alarm.

"Danny...you need some rest"

Danny just went back to thinking about his brother.

"I'm fine....I'm staying with Derek"

Dr. Thompson sadly looked down at Danny...

"Your brother will be ok"

"How the frack do you know...."

Danny panicked and got angry as Dr. Thompson looks at him upset...

"Don't lie to me"

"I promise you he is going to be ok"

Studying the Doctor, reading him like a book....reading...he isn't lying. Danny takes a deep breath. Not moving he still sits by his brother.

"Are you ever going to let go?"

Stupid Question.... Dr. Thompson thought as he looked down at the beaten teenager.

"What do you think?"

Dr. Thompson walked out quietly shutting the door behind him.

Danny rested his head beside his brothers, falling asleep to the sound of Derek's EEG.

8:02 am.....next morning.

Danny slowly opened his eyes, finding himself in another room...

Quickly shooting his head to the side Not seeing Derek beside him. Danny panicked.

Running out of the room not knowing where he is.

"Where's my brother.....Where's Derek?"

A young nurse went to the crying teenager....slowly calming him down.

"What's wrong?"

Danny looked at the young nurse, her hazel eyes glared at him worried.

"My brother..... Derek Vinyard....where's my brother?"

The nurse looked back as Dr. Thompson walked behind her.

"You fracking...."

Uncontrollably attacking Dr. Thompson, slamming him onto the floor.

"You said he'd be ok"

hitting the Doctor in the face....

Not knowing what is going on, is this a dream or a nightmare or misunderstanding.

"calm down...."

Dr. Thompson grabbed a hold of Danny's arms, holding him up, pushing him off calmly...standing up facing the worried 18 year old.

"Derek is...."

"Dan"

Shooting his head to the sound of his voice made him jump, running to him, embracing him, not letting go, so tightly holding him.

"Der..."

Crying in happiness, so happy.... Did god do as Danny prayed?....Derek was out sooner than the doctors even suspected.

"Dan..... you ok?"

Asking his crying brother, looking down at him smiling.

Before Derek could even say more...

"I love you Der"

Derek kissed his brother on the head, holding him as tight as he could knowing how bad it must have been for him.

“We gonna go home?”

Danny looked up at his brother as he asked, the question that he had always wanted to ask him.

“Yeah”

Smiling, taking his brother's smile and replacing it with another tight hug.

Walking out of the hospital Derek slipped on a tight black shirt and black jeans.

Looking both ways on the roads crossing it, getting as far as he could away from the hospital.

Danny caught up with his brother, stopping as he stared at his brother's back.

“Der....what's wrong ?.....Scared of hospitals?”

Derek made a serious face cross his laughter smile.

Danny smiled but looked at his brother, worried.....is he ok?.

“Der?.....what's wrong?”

“Dan..... I wasn't meant to go now”

Dropping to the floor like a rain drop, thinking his brother is in serious shoot and trouble a long with pain.

“What?”

Still not believing his eyes, he still had his mouth open in shock.

“Wait.....

Thinking of where he woke up..... thinking of where Dr. Thompson walked from....thinking of where Derek walked out from.....

“You only just came out from the operation”

Discovering the history of the hospital, realizing why he didn't wake up next to his brother.

“Der.....go back....your not fully recovered”

“Dan I have to go....I have to get out of here.... we all do... me, you, mom and Devina....we all have to go”

Danny walked closer to his brother and looked up at him.....not understanding what was happening.

“Why man?”

Derek gazed at his brother.... Not knowing whether to tell or to just leave.

“Why do you think I escaped?”

Danny gazed back at his brother, looking right through his blue eyes.

“They're still after you...aren't they?”

Derek looked down at his brother, so serious....Danny knew they were as he studied his brother.

“Oh god man.....but they know where we live....

“That's why we are leaving tonight”

“Well what's mom gonna say?”

Derek held his brother by the arm.....pleasing him to walk on with him.

“Ok Der....but I hope your right”

“You think I'm not?”

Derek walked home with his brother still filled with so many questions.

Danny opened the front door slowly, knowing Doris will still be awake praying for Derek.

Danny walked into the lounge room and went to his crying mother.

“Is Derek ok?”

Doris asked as she stared at her son, worried and sick. With her eyes blood shot and red from the tears of hope.

“Ask him?”

Danny gave his mother a shy smile as Derek Came to his mother's view.

Doris dropped her mouth open, she rushed off the seat and hugged her son to tight as tears came rolling down her cheeks.

“Derek, baby are you ok?”

“I’m fine.....”

Derek went to go on but stopped and hesitated as he looked at his brother smiling at the happiness that filled the room.

Devina came out from the hall way looking at her books, yelling out to her mom.

“Mom.....I really don’t...”

Devina looked up dropping her books and run to her older brother holding him.

“Derek.....your....your.....ok”

Devina was struggling to speak as she looked up at her brother.

Derek smiled but moved himself away from the hugs as he stared at them wanting so much to change his past.

“Listen”

Doris glared at her son, not knowing what is happening or what was going to happen.

“We have to get out of here.....”

Devina laughed thinking it was all a Derek Vinyard joke....studying her brother she stopped and hesitated as she focused on his eyes.

“You not joking?”

Derek nodded....no he’s not.

“I wasn’t suppose to get out of the hospital now, I just came out of the operation room....”

“What?.....Why?”

Doris asked her feared son...

Continuing....

“the whole of the Nazi’s are coming for me....now that I nearly killed Cam”

Doris was in nothing but shock, she couldn’t believe what her son had just told her.

“Derek now you can learn from your mistakes”

Derek made an angry face cross his worried and concerned face.

“What Devina.....do you want me to be beaten to death?”

Devina started to cry as she thought of it all happening.

“Where will we go?”

“I don’t know, but we have to get out of here”

Doris ran to her room and shoved all she could in a suitcase she found at the top of her closet.

Not knowing not caring what she packed, as long as she and her family were safe.

Devina heard her mother cry as she rushed as fast as she could.

Danny looked at his brother as he walked to their room.

Getting a sports bag and shoving his clothes, wallet and personal belongings inside as Derek watched him.

“Der....are you going to pack?”

“Yeah!”

Derek kneeled down next to his brother and stared at the huge Swastika hanging above his computer.

Danny stood up and looked down at Derek, knowing what he was thinking.

Derek stood next to Danny and stared at the other WHITE POWER related posters on the wall.

Derek walked over to a medium sized poster with Niggers Beware written under a skull with two bones crossed with a swastika over lapping the bones. He pressed his hand on it and ripped it down.

Danny did the same to all of the Hitler, Nazi posters.

Ripping them all down....until the end with the huge Swastika hanging.

Derek took the left side of the hanging and Danny took the right side.

Looking at his brother with pride to take the past and leave it all, Danny smiled at him.

At the same time, dragging it down and dumping it on Danny's bed.

Danny gathered all of the posters onto the hanging and shoved them all onto a disposable bin. Smiling at each other they laughed in amazement.

Doris and Devina came in, and stared at the bare wall.

"Are we going to get the hell out of here Derek?"

Derek looked at his Sister....

"Did you get the keys?"

Doris threw Derek's car keys to him, catching them ... thinking about his father. Derek walked out of his and Danny's room, looking back...realizing that it was the time he has waited for since he got out of the joint...to leave his past and start over.

Danny took Derek, Doris, Devina and his luggage out to the trunk. Throwing the bags in and slamming the boot shut.

The morning sun shined on him as he looked at the road before him.

Derek walked out and smiled.

"Der.....where are we going?"

"We'll just drive out of here and see where we go.....as long as the other Nazi's around the country haven't heard"

Danny feels a sharp painful shiver strike through him as he thinks of the Nazi's attacking his brother.

"and if they do?"

"May god have mercy on our souls"

Derek chuckled as his brother asked, wanting a serious answer but only got a weird answer in return.

Derek smiled and jumped in the drivers seat.

Danny jumped in the passenger side, as Devina and Doris sat comfortably in the back seats.

Doris looked at her son, as he sighed as he sat on the same seat his father sat.

"Derek, baby....you ok?"

Derek gave his mother a shy smile, he wasn't but he had to keep his head up and look forwards.

Derek turned the key, the engine started, pulling the clutch. Hearing the sound of his car ready to leave his horrified past behind.

"Well, were going to start things over, it wont be easy but were all together again, and that's so good.

Derek has drove us through Venice beach, Were we grew up... the place our father was killed....we left it all....Lizzy, Sweeney... my school.

I have left it all, though Sweeney knows about it all. I hope like hell no one knows that Derek nearly killed Cameron...I hope we will all be ok....I believe we will."

"Der..... Shouldn't you change your name.....incase the Nazi's recon....

Danny stopped as he remembered, his father gave Derek his name.

"Sorry. I wasn't thi...

"It's ok Dan"

Derek replied as he unpacked his things.

Doris and Devina sorted there things out, Devina helped her mom, as she worried about her brothers.

Doris was also worried, but happy to walk away from the past that had broken them all apart.

Doris walked into the lounge room and sat on the floor as she waited for Derek to walk in.

Derek finally did what his mother was hoping.

"Derek.....come here"

Derek stopped and put the photo's down on the nearby kitchen bench and sat next to his mom.

"are you ok?"

Derek studied his mother...

"Yeah.....I mean I feel very tempted..."

"Your doing the right thing"

Doris leaned forwards to catch her son in a hug.

Tightly holding him....

"I want to be here for you.....I don't want to frack it all up for Danny anymore"

Doris cried in her son's arms.....

"I know"

Doris held her son tight, she stroke his hair and kissed him.

Devina walked in and smiled.

The best thing in her life to see her big brother and her mother happy again.

The furniture finally came around, a nice comfortable lounge and coffee table.

With a nice T.V entertainment unit.

Derek set up the T.V and video recorder and turned on the news...

"Just two hours ago Cameron Alexandra and Seth Anderson were beaten repeatedly outside Ben's Burgers, They are now at the ICU At St. Johns Hospital. Also Derek Vinyard surprisingly escaped the hospital earlier on yesterday morning. Here is Vinyard's Doctor....Dr. Thompson...'

Derek's Dr. comes to view on the T.V screen as Devina, Doris and Danny watch.

"Just after the operation I got attacked by his brother, Daniel.....then he and Derek left just like that"

Derek presses the off button on the remote and stares back at his family.

His eyes in hope for everything to be ok for the future.

After all He was his mother's hope for Danny.

"I'm sorry"

Doris felt a push of pain...

"Derek.....it's not your fault, your trying the best you can to help us"

Danny stared at his brother, nothing but trust filled his eyes as he watched his brother.

"look tomorrow I'm going to find a job ok"

"yeah...don't worry honey, you'll find one"

Devina pointed out as she smiled at him. Devina walked past her brother and wrapped her left arm around his neck and softly kissed his cheek.

"you will don't worry"

Whispering as she brushed past him, and into her room to study.

Derek didn't get a smile or a look from Doris.

"Hey!.....you ok?"

Doris turned to her son, as she fears..... thinking of a terrible thing happening to her oldest son.

"Derek....."

Derek turned to his brother.

"where are you going to find a job?"

Derek hesitated as he looked up at the ceiling.

"I'll just look for a 'HELP WANTED' sign I guess...until I find a real one"

Danny sat down on the lounge next to Doris who still had tears in her eyes from the fears.

"Mom....we are going to be ok"

Danny sat on his bed and looked around his new room....

Missing seeing a bed near his.

"Der....."

Derek stopped as his brother cried out to him.

"Yeah!"

Danny looked down at his feet, exhaling...

"Can I share a room with you again?"

Derek wrapped a white towel over his shoulder and walked in, sitting next to his brother.

"like before?"

"I don't know why I asked but I don't feel safe when I'm not with you"

Danny explained as he looked at the unplugged computer monitor, seeing him and his brother.

Looking at his brother.

"well the room is big enough for another bed"

Danny shot his head to his brother and smiled.

Derek got up and stroke his brother's head.

"I'm gonna take a shower"

walking towards the door, Derek looked back and smiled.

Catching the smile, Danny gave him one in return.

The hot water ran down Derek's face, as he lifted his head.

Nothing but pain ran through him as he felt the water crawl down his spine as he looked at the water sparkle from the shower top.....the memory ran through his mind, over and over, until closing his eyes...

Little Derek and Danny playing on a beach, watching the sunset before them, running around chasing each other as the birds land and watch the brother hood.

Danny loses Derek's hand as he chases the birds.

Flying over the young child.

Danny watches the birds fly over him, exploring the birds, inspired by every move.

Derek splashes water over his little brother playfully....

Derek opens his eyes as tears mix with the hot water.

Turning the water off, Derek turns and wraps his towel around him.

Stepping out, Derek looks at his huge Swastika tattoo, almost disgusted by it, wanting so much to get it off him....

Slowly walking up closer to the mirror, focusing on the tattoo, until he wants no more of it as he brings his right hand over it to see what he would look like without the tattoo.

Ashamed of his past he looks at himself, without the tattoo.....

Derek walks out and finds the house quiet as anything.

Quickly shoving his white t-shirt on he quickly checks everyone's rooms.

Turning the corner to Devina's rom, seeing her reading a book, he silently knocks on her door.

"You ok, Derek?"

Derek looks around in suspicion as he looks at his sister.

"Yeah.....where's everyone....the lights are all out"

Devina glared at her brother as he stood at her doorframe.

Devina's eyes cross over to Derek's side as Doris enters behind her son.

“Derek, honey....everything ok?”

Shocked, Derek looks at his mother and smiles.

“Where were you?”

“Go and see Dan, and you’ll find out”

Doris held her son’s face and kissed his forehead.

“Why are the lights out?”

“well we don’t need them on”

Finally knowing and feeling everything is fine, Derek smiles back at his sister and mother, and exits Devina’s room.

Walking towards Danny’s shut door, he knocks twice until he gets an answer...

“Der?”

“Yeah!”

twisting the knob and pushing the door open, revealing Danny sitting on his bed, smiling at him as he looks around his and Danny’s new room.

Derek once again in the same room with his brother, happiness fly’s over him as he sits next to him.

“Did you need any help?”

Derek asked, smirking.

“no I managed...”

Derek looked over and noticed his computer was plugged in.

“Hey!....you did the computer?”

“Yeah!.....Devina will need it for her assignments soon”

Derek nodded.....sighing as he rubbed the back off his neck, tired.

“Well I’m gonna go to sleep”

Danny watched Derek, move towards the door.

“Where are you going?”

“ever heard of ‘takin’ a piss?...Dan?”

Danny laughed, as Derek joked, loving the sound of his brother laughing, he smiled and walked out.

Walking into the room, the lights out, seeing Danny asleep already. Derek quietly moves onto his bed and rests his head on the pillow....slowly falling asleep as he watched his digital clock turn.....11:45.....Darkness covered him.....for another day ahead of him, into a better life, with his family all together and out of danger.

The sun, glittered on Derek’s face as it shined through the curtain’s next to his bed. Opening his eyes, sitting up , noticing Danny was already up and out of bed.

Derek moved over and looked at his clock... 12:33 PM....Shaking his head from his shattered dreams, walking out to see Danny already waiting for him.

“Hey!.....are you ready to go job hunting Der?”

as he tightened up his laces on his black converse shoes. With a warm smile, Danny looked up and realized Derek had only just woken up.

“C’mon man....wake up”

Derek managed to pick up a cushion and through it at his silly brother, missing him Danny picked it up and aimed it at his brother.

Also missing him, they fight.....hitting each other over the head with a cushion from the new lounge.

Laughing as they play and attack each other, until Doris comes in. Smiling at the happiness of her son’s.

Derek got up and hugged his mother.

“Right I’m going to get change, then we’ll go....ok Dan?”

Turning to see his brother, Danny aimed at him, hitting him in the stomach....Laughing, Danny looked up and noticed Derek now had the cushion.

“Oh shoot!”

Danny ran behind a wall near the kitchen.

“frackin’ sissy Dan”

Joking, Derek walked into his room and got changed.

Derek walked out holding his black jacket.

“When are you two going to be back?”

Derek stopped as he opened the front door.

Doris made her way to her oldest son and hugged him.

“We’ll be ok.....we’ll be back very soon”

Devina smiled and waved as Derek and Danny exit the house.

“So where are we going?”

Derek walked ahead of his brother as he hears music booming away in a car near by.

“Not sure.....

“Der?”

Derek looked at his brother and waited for him to continue....

“I’m hungry”

Laughing, Derek crossed the road and stopped in front of a burger restaurant.

“Here...go get something”

Danny smiled at his brother as he gave him a 20 dollar note and ran inside.

Derek stayed outside in the hot streets, watching people walk by shops browsing them.

Some came by and smiled at him, only to get a small shy smile back.

Standing outside of an alley way, Derek shoves his hands in his jacket pockets and looks around the new strange place.

Derek’s eyes narrow on a gang of black teenagers walking ahead.

Adrenaline rushed through him, as fear stabs him.....turning away from them and walking towards the burger shop. Watching, and hoping Danny doesn’t come out.

“Excuse me?”

Derek’s body is twisted around by one of the gang members.

A large male, bold head, with a basketball jersey on, red pants with a chain hanging off them.

Derek stayed calm as he covered his chest.

“You got a lighter?”

Derek only nodded as his mouth went dry, unable to speak.

“You sure?”

Derek once again nodded.

The other gang members glared at him, eyeing him.

“Hey, Henry c’mon the peckerwood don’t have one”

Derek immediately stared at the other teenager.

Henry brushed past Derek, knocking him, brushing his jacket off him.

Henry noticed he bumped Derek and went back to him.

“Sorry man”

Picking up Derek's jacket, he looked up and noticed Derek's tattoo's.....

Anger raced through him, evil lurked him.

Derek's heart started to pound as he sees Henry's expression.

"You fracking, Racist, motherfracker"

Slamming Derek into a brick wall, Derek is once again defenceless....

The other gang members start punching and kicking him...Agony striked through Derek's body.....

Henry rips his shirt off revealing his huge Swastika tattoo....

Whipping out his dagger, Henry threatens Derek's life as the others hold him still.

Danny waited for his food, until he got impatient, looking outside noticing his brother wasn't there he went out side...

"Der?"

Looking to his right then to his left.....

Fear ran through him as his eyes narrowed the gang attacking his brother.

"Derek!"

Danny ran towards the gang....

Derek faced his brother as he ran.

"Skin-head!....Alex get the Skin-head"

Henry cried out as he sees Alex get a hold of Danny.

Derek's pain flew away as Henry looked at his brother....

Derek managed to throw his knee up, kneeing Henry in the groin.

"Argh!...frack"

Henry fell to his knees in pain,

Derek tried to get out of the other black teenager's grip, as Alex held his brother, to watch the one thing

Danny has feared.

Henry crawled back up and stared at three kids staring at him.

"What the frack you looking at.....go home"

The three kids got scared and ran ahead crying.

Alex moved Danny further away from his brother, as Henry became eye to eye with Derek.

"Racist frackhead!"

Henry whipped his arm across Derek's throat, slicing his throat with his dagger.

Derek kneeled, as blood poured out from his neck, gasping for air as he fell to the floor. Derek's breathing slows to a choked whisper. He blinks, coughs, twitches. Alex releases Danny as the others bolt, running down the alley, leaving Derek dying on the floor of hot concrete.

Danny quickly grabs a hold of his choking brother, bigger than him but he wrapped his arm around him, holding tightly on his throat.

Trying so hard to keep the blood from coming out.

"Der.....don't do this....."

Danny started to cradle Derek, like a 6 month old baby in his arms.

Crying like a baby that has lost his bottle, his face was covered with his tears, as his brother's blood covered his shirt....

"Derek?"

Danny looked down at his brother..... there eyes meet, locked as they look into each other.....

"I'm s-s-sorry D-D-Dan"

The words from his brother made him cry harder.....knowing his brother was about to die in his arms.

"Help!.....Help!!"

Danny cried out to people, but they stood there and watched, nobody did anything.

Choking, Derek tries so hard to keep his eyes open, trying so hard to breathe.....
Derek holds his left hand on his brother's arm, holding as tight as he could.
Derek starts to inhale like glass is raking his lungs.
Danny starts to cry outright, unable to control himself....
Still rocking him, praying for god to do the only thing he'd prayed for....

Derek's grip on Danny's arm loosens slowly, as his eyes slowly close.
Danny feels the death over his brother, softly looking at him....Danny cries harder and harder.....
Holding his brother's face tightly.....nothing but pain crawls over him as he watched his brother die in his arms.

Danny looked around him, seeing Derek's blood everywhere, until his eyes catch the glow of the dagger used to cut his brother's throat.

Danny reached over and grabbed it, holding it in pain and anger.

Danny looked at it, stared at it, wanting so much to kill the gang that had killed his brother, the only person he loved and cared so much for.

"I said that I never feel safe in this world without you"

Danny whispered as he looked at his bloody brother, with tears dripping down his chin.

Sobbing, unable to control what he is thinking.

Danny let go of his brother slowly and sat beside him.....staring down at him....wanting so much to wake up.....wanting this to be a nightmare...why?....why is this happening?.....

Just as he and Derek had walked away from Derek's painful past.....

"Why cant I wake up....."

Danny sobbed harder, until he once again broke.....

His head pounded so hard, he could feel the pain crush his heart like a bullet ripping through his chest.

Danny held the dagger as he kneeled down and held his brother once again...

Holding him so tightly....

Danny sat up, catching his breath....holding his brother's hand...

"Blood to blood....ashes to ashes...dust to dust...."

Pain of loss filled Danny's soul.....falling to the ground next to his brother...looking at him, still crying....darkness took over Danny's soul.....for the one thing....to be with his brother once again.....

His eyes slowly close.....the last thing to see was his brother.....

Eyes closed in death Danny drops the knife from his throat as his body dies.....

The streets, become cold, as the wind runs through the streets....as storm clouds cover the blue sky.....
Rain drops fall on them....

" So I guess this is where I tell you what I learned, My conclusion right?... Well My conclusion is, Hate is baggage, life's too short to be pissed off all the time....it's just not worth it. We've heard it a million times, a Bible quote become cliché: "Vengeance is mine, sayeth the Lord..... We are not enemies but friends. We must not be enemies. Though passion may have strained it must not break our bonds of affection. The mystic chords of memory, will yet swell when again touched. As surely they will be, by the better

angels of our nature”

.....THE END.....

AMERICAN HISTORY X

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Monday, 10 November 2003, 3:49:15 PM

NOTE FROM THE AUTHOR.

A you can see I am an Edward Norton fan, and of course my favourite movie is American History X. I
Got these crazy ideas from my wild imagination...from my dreams.
Over a week I had these dreams, so decided to stick them into a story.
Well hope you enjoyed it. As you know these are not my characters they belong to Tony Kaye (director
of AHX).and Edward Norton belongs to me!. ;)
Cheers
Schuyler.