

Run, Boy, Run aka Fuck the Fourth

Content Warning: hunting party gone wrong, Most Dangerous Game style

TW: guns, brief reference to RA stuff, denial of body needs, CSA, forced perpetration

The Family

3-8 years old

Sammy helps me get undressed. The buttons on the back are the hardest to get.

"Stay with me, all right?" he says. "We stay together, Ok?"

"Together," I tell him.

When we're both naked, we go outside the tent where all the other children are. My cousins are all here. I try not to look at them. I don't want them to get caught, but the game doesn't stop until enough kids have been got by the adults. I want to be one of the last ones standing. Me and Sammy both.

He has hold of my hand. It's a tight grip, but it doesn't hurt. He takes us to the cousins, keeping an eye on the adults. Grandad-Grand Master's talking with Uncle A while they finish with their guns. Uncle M's off to the side, chewing tobacco. He's got his savage look on, the one where he's in the mood to hurt someone so bad they almost die. I especially don't want to be found by him. My daddy's not around. Maybe he goes to keep people out of our woods. Uncle P's here with his oldest cousin, already teasing at playing with him. I feel bad for that cousin. When he's with us, he don't know the rules very good, and Uncle P can get real mean, when he ain't being funny.

There's a couple of older women with us today. I don't know where they came from. Sometimes, we got guests. They brought their kids with them. That makes me nervous cause I don't know if any of them will play dirty.

Sammy's keeping an eye on them. That helps the worry. He can't do a lot against the adults 'cept step in for me sometimes (which I told him not to do but he do it anyway sometimes), but with the kids, he can beat them up or do other things to keep them away from us. That's his job. To keep me safe from them. (In this context. He was definitely in protector mode when we went hunting, but he wasn't always like this.)

When everybody's ready, the Grand Master steps up and makes the introduction of our game. He dedicates it to ----- (a bad entity we can't name). Then, he shoots at us kids, but it misses. It's supposed to.

We go running, all different ways. I stay with Sammy. I'm slower than him, but he stays slow for me. I don't like it very much cause he used to be able to pick me up and go for this part, but I'm too big now. I hate being the reason I get us caught.

Sammy makes us run for a while, but when we're far enough away, he lets go of my hand. That's when we're supposed to look for places to hide. I'm real good at that.

I fund us a little crack in some rocks. There's a tree fallen down against it, so we go in there. We just sit there for a while, listening. Sammy and I hold hands. We gotta know we're together.

I gotta go to the bathroom soon, but I hold it. I don't know when the game will be over, and pee smells. I don't want to be found cause of it.

Some games, we get lucky. The day ends, we sleep it out together, and when we go back to camp, everyone pretends we've been there all along.

Some games, we're not. When that happens , the adults hurt us real bad. Sometimes, they use their guns to scare us and chase us and shout 'run, boy, run!' Sometimes, they rape us good 'til we bloody and can't stand. Sometimes, they do it to Sammy, and I watch. Sometimes, they give me a gun and make me chase Sammy down for them. Sometimes, they use those guns to make us hurt

each other.

I don't remember how this one goes. I think Uncle M and A find us. I think they hurt Sammy while I watch, and Uncle A does the same to me when they're done because he 'wants the girl.'

I don't give him the girl. The girl is safe asleep. She don't gotta do none of this nasty stuff, but she ain't going near Sammy neither. Sammy's *ours*. He keeps us safe. We love him. He loves us.

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