

And the bizarre thing is, is that I did it for my old man...I tortured this poor kid, because I wanted him to think that I was cool.He's always going off about, you know, when he was in school...all the wild things he used to do. And I got the feeling that he was disappointed that I never cut loose on anyone, right...So, I'm...I'm sitting in the locker room, and I'm taping up my knee. And Larry's undressing a couple lockers down from me. Yeah...he's kinda... he's kinda skinny, weak. And I started thinking about my father, and his attitude about weakness. And the next thing I knew, I uh, I jumped on top of him and started wailing on him...And my friends, they just laughed and cheered me on. And afterwards, when I was sittin' in Vernon's office, all I could think about was Larry's father. And Larry havin' to go home and...and explain what happened to him. And the humiliation...fucking humiliation he mustuv felt. It mustuv been unreal...I mean, I mean, how do you apologize for something like that? There's no way...it's all because of me and my old man. Oh God, I fucking hate him! He's like this...he's like this mindless machine that I can't even relate to anymore..."Andrew, you've got to be number one! I won't tolerate any losers in this family...Your intensity is for shit! Win. Win! WIN!!!" You son of a bitch! You know, sometimes, I wish my knee would give...and I wouldn't be able to wrestle anymore. And he could forget all about me...