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Weakness Is What's In Between Your Legs

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Weakness Is What's In-Between Your Legs by Lorelei O. Farrell

I wanted to learn how to fight.

And yet, I stood there. Stood there, with an astounded sense of reality sending me downward with the swiftness of the round-house kick I still failed to execute with precision.

Right between the eyes. Words can be just as forceful of a weapon as two withered fists coming at you straight. Right between the eyes.

My own fists been clenched; tighter still as my embarrassment swelled in my throat. The saliva had built up so much I had to swallow it back. It tasted bitter, and coursed like the lactic acid in my legs and the heat in my face.

My ears were ringing with his voice, and all the rest of theirs, sharing their take on female capability.

“You generally want to position yourself this way. When you’re up close with someone— you know how girls usually go for the face and hair in fights.”

Not me, you prick. I kept my fists pinned at my sides. *Thanks for partnering me with the only other vagina in the class. I’m sure she appreciates it too.*

I wished then and there I had the agility and experience to go for the bastard’s throat. To strip him of his condescending sureness. To prove him wrong. A month had been wasted as every day it was another comment, or cold shoulder, for assistance, or serious recommendation of technique.

I am outnumbered, I thought. *My intrusion is made known every time I am partnered with someone other than a ‘girl’.* *I am worthless here, I have no place.*

When my strength was remarked on, the bile only grew fiercer. *Why does it surprise you, asshole?* I recalled the incidents: the spit in my face, the years of psychological warfare, wasting breath and hostility over having to defend myself to drunks and oppressors, and having to idly stand by and allow myself to be subjugated for my inherited ‘weakness’.

But my taut muscle, legs, feet, and bone proved them otherwise. I knew they were meant for withstanding the weight of countless adversities.

I was just the awkward amateur having to make justifications worth the shame and grated teeth. What was I paying for again?

I wanted to learn how to fight.

Not with tongue.

Not with wit.

But with my bare hands. An agentic power systematically rendering me inferior for far too long.

Adrenaline is a tricky thing.

A ninety dollar lesson for the life-long ‘wisdom’ and up-front effect of machismo bullshit.

I could’ve just gone back home for free lessons.