The Very True Adventures of a Gay Superhero.

By: Cody Benedict

So, I have been told that everyone has a story tell, each one more unique in than rest or at least, like I said that’s what I have been told. So, here is mine: I was born in the late spring of 1991, I was a perfectly happy baby, born to a perfectly happy family. However, the events of next few months were going to shape my life forever. At a normal nine-month check up on a normal day, something happened; the doctor realized that my eyes were not registering with the finger test. The doctor became very concerned; he insisted that I go to Children’s Hospital by ambulance because the doctor had a notion that what was wrong with me was life threatening, luckily it wasn’t what they thought, it wasn’t a brain tumor however, it was bad I was an astonishing statistic I was born congenital cataracts.

 What does this mean, I was born blind the doctors estimate that I could recognize light changes and that’s it. Lucky for me science had advance enough by then the doctors were able to save a lot. I personally just wish it were more. Soon after my first of over ten corrective surgeries my dad had left us, I guess he couldn’t handle the cards that were laid before him.

 My family moved on without him, it has hard for mom especially being a single mom and having a child with a serve vision impairment and a teenage daughter. As a matter of fact if I could pick anyone in this world to be my hero it would be mom.

 Growing up with a vision impairment was hard, always being stared at for having such thick glasses, having the teachers hand you papers with the text size that I am pretty sure you could recognize from space. Not having a dad, don’t get me wrong my mom tried to do “boy” things, but she worked a lot, I remember spending a lot of time with my grams at least until I was ten that’s when I really remember having to grow up, Some say that’s to young, but to be honest now I don’t think I would have it other way,

 While growing up I always knew there something different about me something a little more different the obvious. As I looked around all I saw was how different I was than those around me. This difference about me plagued my life from the time I was 12 years old to the time I was 16. I always knew deep down what made me different than my counterparts, I was gay and it was time to accept that.

 I remember like it was yesterday, I was sitting in Advanced Geometry and I had received a text message that kind of threw me aback. It was from a boy, someone who I knew but didn’t. He seemed interested in me but after a long line of rumors being thrown out through out the school and that what actually forced me out. He was my first love and honestly I still believe even until this day, if everything changed, we got to know each other, we may have fallen in love, maybe we would still be together? I guess I will never know, maybe it worked out the way it did for a particular reason. All of these thoughts circled my head at once, but I had bigger fish to fry. I was out and it was time to face the music, I had to come clean to my family, There were only two outcomes it was going to be really good or it was going to destroy me.

 Sadly, coming out that turned out to be the easy part. I was stuck in the very center of a crowded room surrounded by individuals with the social graces of an everyday gutter rat, from that moment on it came at me everyday from an endless parade stupid. “You probably want to sleep with me because you’re gay.” and endless sea of sort of degrading comments. However, it didn’t last long like most cases of bullying did because it turns out I was wrong not everyone in my small town had the same small town thoughts, what came to happen was people or at lest some came to realize that I was still a person and I wasn’t this evil demon that came out of the deepest pits of hell trying to corrupt the boys in our town down a path of sin or at least that’s what I was told. However, in my school, there was one person, one person who stood up against the bullying and what was weird was people followed, I remembered the exact day the bullying stooped I was a sophomore, in biology class, we were working on a lab and I herd the whispers and snickers just as I did every day. The next thing I see this kid being put in a headlock and drug over to my table and forced him to apologize to me, for the first time in what seemed like forever was the center of the room but I wasn’t being made fun of and it stooped just like that, and I guess it always helped me that I always had the “cool” friends. And honesty I have been told by most my friends that the reason they liked to be around me was because I was some much different than everyone else this person told me I had to much beauty and love inside of to allow a bunch in her words “douche bags” to destroy that/

 High school flew by just as summer always seems too, from endless memories of friends, being runner homecoming king, president of bands, and just growing up and starting to figure this little crazy they call life. I graduated in 2010 and was hell bent on getting out of this small town and that’s exactly what I did. I found a small university, which I thought was the perfect fit, oh how soon it took me by surprise that I was very wrong. I went to a university at first where being different was not taken very lightly. It lived and thrived through a very strict moral code and if you didn’t fit the code well, you were cast out.

 So, I should have known from the start that was going to be very interesting journey I was about to embark. I was placed in all upper classman housing due to a first year housing shortage, all the boys were older than I was, I lost my really cool roommate and gained a homophobic one I asked to be moved countless times and all the time was denied. As that was going on I had been sick for way to long, it turns out I had mono. Which was embarrassing enough on how I got it, but there was something worse just waiting for me just a few hours away. I had worked for the housing office just as I do now, but I was in a different role. I had went to my supervisors office to discuss with her what was going on with my health and that we could talk about it later.

 Well later came a little sooner that I had imagined she began to explain to me that I had to go through an emergency move because I was the university’s first case of bed-bugs, I had two hours to move all my stuff out and by all means I couldn’t tell anyone what was going on. I just will let you now take a moment and soak in how bad that was, in and got. I had to move to a room that was on the third floor of a walk up, on the all girls’ side. Oh, did I forget to mention I went to a catholic school? There some laughs out of situation like my true belief in ghost. The hall I was living in was said to be haunted by nun who died in a fire, and it was said she didn’t like having male visitors. Some how, the door to my room became locked and it was so bad that the police had to kick through the door. That led to some interesting talks with the administrators about the door, my roommate and “self destructive behavior”, I remember having this conversation like it was yesterday,

 The universities motto was “To contemplate truth, and to share the fruits of the contemplation.” So here is the truth that I discovered the place was not for me, I was not really like or accepted there except for a few special people of course and I was not afraid to tell the student body why I was leaving. To be honest and all the mistakes I had made in my life going to that university was probably the worst mistake and the one that was easiest to correct, I made a trip to visit a school right down the road and fell in love.

 In the fall of 2011 I started here at Capital University, I was ready to make a all-new fresh start. I made tons of new friends, people here didn’t judge me, and well at least for the tings I couldn’t help. I was eager and ready to make a change. So, that’s exactly what I did! I assisted the start up group called “SafeSpace” with the simple philosophy that everyone deserves to be feel safe, love and supported no matter your sexual preference or gender identity.

 I soon later decided there was something missing in my life, I bit the bullet I said I never would, and I was going to rush for Greek Life. I started to connect with some of the brothers and sisters of all small christen based fraternity, it scared me to death at first they were going to throw Bibles at me and try to save me, but that wasn’t the case at all as a matter of fact there were a lot of people who were just like me! I finally found a place I belonged. I was invited to join the order and I am with them to this very day!

 All these experiences and more that I left out have shaped me into the person. Leader, friend that I am today. Even though it seems I have been dealt with a hard deck to play I don’t thin it matters because I have taken those cards and handled them most elegance and grace than any person could have.