

# FOR WHAT I HATE I DO

## *Chapter 16*

Book Coming Soon...

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After the NCAA's, but before departing for Houston for the summer, I had to meet with the coach about my academic meltdown. This spelled trouble.

"Come in, Mr. Morris. Close the door."

I eased the door shut and took a seat to face judgment.

"Relax, Miguel. It's not brain surgery," said Coach Durham, trying to ease my anxiety. I cracked a smile at his attempt at humor, but the coach assured me that this was no laughing matter. "I want to start off by saying congratulations once again on your victory in Utah. As you can see, I have placed the team's time on the record board. Looks nice, doesn't it?"

"Yes, sir."

"Look at this, Miguel. The entire squad is ranked 17th in the nation. Now that's an accomplishment."

"Yes, sir," I responded, noticing our second- and fourth place rankings in the mile-relay event in a magazine on his desk.

"Now, why couldn't you perform like this in your physics and chemistry classes, Morris?"

"I'm not sure, Coach!"

"You're not sure, Morris? Well, be sure of this. You are now on academic probation. And that's serious business!" Coach Durham said, pounding his fist on the desk. "You've never had problems with grades before, Miguel. And I know you can do the work. So, what's the problem? Girls? This is sad, Morris. Two 'As', a 'D' and two 'Fs.' You have a 1.97 GPA, Miguel. Not acceptable!"

"Well, Coach I ... "

"You what?" he interrupted.

"I'm having personal problems."

"Like what, Morris?" Coach asked.

"Well, my oldest sister was diagnosed with MS," I said, trying to explain why my scholastic performance cratered.

"Multiple sclerosis?" asked Coach Durham, now sitting upright in his chair.

“Yes, sir. And I haven’t been able to focus lately because of it and other matters.” I tried to weasel out of the discussion by talking about my family problems while leaving out the dirty secrets about my sexual encounters with other athletes.

“Well, Miguel, I can sympathize with you, son, but you have to get yourself focused in a hurry. You only have this one chance to correct your grades, or else ...”

“Or else I’m out?” I said, completing his sentence.

“Yes. Out!” he emphasized. “The university is very strict where academics are concerned. Star athlete or not, you must make the grade.

“Yes, sir.”

“While on the subject of being strict, you now must report to the dean of technology before you leave campus tomorrow. Matter of fact, he’s waiting on you now,” said Coach Durham, glancing at his watch.

“Right now?” I asked, with wide eyes and a racing heartbeat.

“Yes. Now, Miguel.”

I was petrified as I slowly left Coach Durham’s office to visit the dean. I had heard rumors about him concerning black athletes. Many believed his policies were biased against minorities. Now it was my time to face truth and consequence before this alleged racist bastard.

During my walk to his office, I had a chance to think about my future at MSU and my true intentions with Tish. I really did like her, but could I actually fall in love with her? How could I even live with myself knowing that I might surrender to sexual temptations with other men? I knew I had to make a change or I was going to cause a lot of unnecessary pain and hateful feelings to women who I might get involved with in the future.

When I arrived at the entrance of the column structure, my knees began to buckle and my stomach churned. It seemed as if all energy had been zapped from my body, which wilted like a wet noodle.

As I inched closer to his door, I overheard Dean Kramer talking on the phone with Coach Durham about my future at MSU. I was about to face my executioner, a 250-pound tyrant.

The heavy-set Kramer wore wire-framed glasses that sat on the tip of his reddish thin nose, which appeared to be too thin for breathing because he often would wheeze between sentences. His thinning salt-and-pepper hair lay from one side to the other in an attempt to hide his baldness at the crown of his pale head.

He was still on the telephone with Coach Durham when he instructed me to enter and take a seat. He then abruptly ended the conversation with the coach, telling him he would call back with details about our meeting.

“So, Mr. Morris, how’s your day been, son?”

“Not good, sir,” I said, wanting to get out of there as quickly as possible.

“And why is that, Morris?”

“Because of my grades, Dean Kramer.”

“Your grades, huh.”

“Yes, sir. My grades.”

“Well, Morris, how did we get to this point, son? Please explain that to me, boy.”

“Boy!” How dare he call me “boy,” I said under my breath as I tempered my anger. That reminded me of the time my high school coach used that word, which enraged Caleb during my first track practice.

“Well, Dean, it’s like this,” I said trying to explain, seething with anger.

“Excuse me?”

“I mean, sir. Somehow I got behind in my studies because of personal problems. I just lost focus and interest. That’s all.”

“Well, Morris, you cannot just give up, son, because of a few bumps in the road. You’ll find that there are a lot of hurdles in life, and that’s not an excuse for failure. Does that make sense, son?”

“Yes, sir, Dean Kramer.”

“Good because we need you to pull your grades together and get back on track, so to speak. Keep in mind, Morris, you can be replaced; there are a lot of kids who would love to be in your shoes, boy. Do you understand me?”

“Yes, sir, I understand.” But he better not call me boy again, I thought to myself. I swear I’ll kick his ass.

“Perfect. Now this is the situation. You need a 3.0 to stay afloat here, Morris. Summer school is in your future. We will not

settle for anything under a B-average from you this summer. So the ball's in your court. Can you make the grade?"

"Yes, sir, Dean Kramer."

"Just what I wanted to hear, because I know you don't wanna be a ditch digger like your daddy, Morris. Do you?"

"My father's not a ditch digger, sir!" I answered tersely. Now I was really pissed.

"That argument may constitute your belief, but the fact still remains he's supervising backhoe operators in the hot outdoors. Is that what you want to do?"

"No, sir," I said, masking my fury. What right did he have to insult my dad or me?

"Good. So get it together, Morris. Is there anything you would like to ask me before I end this meeting?"

"No, sir. Not really." I answered. I was too hot under the collar to delay my exit from his office. I didn't need him to say another word, or I was going to be all over his white ass – school or no school.

"Well, just remember, Morris, a 3.0 is what you need. I gathered my composure and made a quick exit.



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Gabriella I gotta say what's in my mind Something about us doesn't seem right these days life keeps getting in the way Whenever we try, somehow the plan is always rearranged It's so hard to say But I've gotta do what's best for me You'll be ok.. more Paste this code into your blog: Gotta Go My. Own Way Lyrics | (lyrics are written by Girraff-fa-fa-fa-fa-fa-fa(y)) Gabriella I gotta say what's in my mind Something about us doesn't seem right these days life keeps getting in the way Whenever we try, somehow the plan is always rearranged It's so hard to say But I've gotta do what's best for. me You'll be ok.. What Does "What I Want to Do I Do Not Do, but What I Hate I Do" Mean? Amazingly, even a Christian as mature as Paul understood that just because we love the Lord and delight in His ways (Isaiah 58:2), it does not mean that we are perfect or will always obey Him. Paul went so far as to call himself the "chief of sinners" (1 Timothy 1:15) and a "wretched man" (Romans 7:24), recognizing that, though God's way is spiritual, he was not (Romans 7:14). What Do Different Bible Translations Say in Romans 7:15? We know that the law is spiritual; but I am unspiritual, sold as a slave to sin. I do not understand what I do. For what I want to do I do not do, but what I hate I do. (Romans 7:14-15, NIV). For we know that the Law is spiritual, but I am of flesh, sold into bondage to sin. Currently I hate my life. I wish I had a different Dad. I am jealous of other people cause their dads are so fun, even I like being around those people.. I don't know what your father has done or is doing and whether it warrants hate - it's ultimately a question for you (although if you are prepared to share details of his actions or behaviours - specifically the ones which lead you to hate, then others may be better able to give you a sense of whether it's a proportional response). For What I Hate I Do is a stunning yet fact-based fictional look at the abysmal and catastrophic lifestyle of protagonist Miguel Morris, an NCAA track and field champion whose sexual addictions (underscored by chemical abuse), send him on a downward spiral and bring so much hell on earth that it endangers himself and others. A single biblical verse in Roman captures Miguel's struggles: For What I Hate I Do, which paraphrased means, I really want to do what is right, but I don't do it. Instead, I do the very thing I hate. ...more. Get A Copy. Amazon. I hate you for what you did And I miss you like a little kid I faked it every time But that's alright I can hardly feel anything I hardly feel anything at all. You gave me fifteen hundred To see your hypnotherapist I only went one time You let it slide Fell on hard times a year ago Was hoping you would let it go, and you did. I have emotional motion sickness Somebody roll the windows down There are no words in the English language I could scream to drown you out. I'm on the outside looking through You're throwing rocks around your room And while you're bleeding on your back In the glass I'll be glad that I made it out And sorry that it all went down like it did.