

Faggot

by Thomas Pluck

In study hall Brandon sat like a little faggot so I said "Hey faggot."
"That's right, faggot. Don't look at me. I don't like faggots looking at me. I don't want their faggot eyes on me, faggot."

Bell rang and he walked like a faggot and held his books like a faggot so I knocked them out of his gay little hands.

I bumped past him as he bent to pick them up. "Fag."

Last bell. Walked home, played X-Box.

Dad kicked my feet off the coffee table.

"Keep your damn shoes off my furniture, faggot."

