

You keep having that dream where you emerge from the ocean with two actual legs, where you see dead boy after dead boy in the sand and the boy who oozes smiling his mud hole smile, bearing his poison teeth saying how he did this for you, pointing at the sun-warmed bodies strewn about the beach and you wonder whether you should convince the boy who oozes the wall to heaven he wants to build is a good idea, stomach hanging on his arm to quell the lust for blood in the hall monitors' batons, stomach risking losing the boy who coughs up oil forever to save boys and girls like him from becoming bricks in the wall to a heaven girls like you belong in. You look out the window, at stars you cannot see through the smoke choked sky, and you laugh at the notion of such a thing as "forever". Forever is how you were born with fused legs riddled with psoriasis, how the boy who coughs up oil has tumors that talk to him, and never to you.

You wake up in the nurse's office. You start to get up but the leather straps cinched around your wrists won't let you. You look at the blood and bruises on your knuckles and ask yourself what happened. They were coming for you, one of your tumors says. You ask who and the tumor says shut your eyes and remember. You watch on the movie screen of your eyelids how four hall monitors descend upon you like a swarm with their batons, yelling how you have been selected to be the next brick in the wall to a heaven that keeps people like you out of it. You block the first two or three baton strikes with your forearm. The fourth one causes something in you to snap. You watch your fist burrow into one of the hall monitor's stomach, expelling the air out of him with a loud oomph. Your right elbow breaks the jaw of the hall monitor behind you. You lift another hall monitor and throw him into a row of lockers. The last hall monitor, the one still standing, drops his baton and runs. You turn your attention to the hall monitor on the floor, trying to catch his breath, and you kick him in the stomach so hard, he flips over on his back. You mount the hall monitor and punch his face over and over again until two guards lift you off of him and drag you away. What did I do, you ask. The right thing, another tumor says.

When you don't see the boy who coughs up oil in your American History class, you ask around to find out where he is. You saw him earlier during your lunch period, eating alone as he