

usually does. One boy, the one who lost his left arm to the swamp of the principal's body, said that the hall monitors took the boy who coughed up oil for reeducation. One girl, the one with eyes in her cheeks, her eye sockets swollen shut, says the hall monitors turned the boy into a brick for the wall to heaven that the class president, the boy who oozes, wants to build to protect girls like you and keep boys like the boy who coughs up oil out of it. The girl whose mouth open sideways says everything you've heard isn't true. There were four hall monitors who came at him, waving batons, yelling how the boy who coughs up oil was selected to be the next brick in the wall to heaven. The boy who coughs up oil stood there and took two or three shots from the batons before fighting back. All but one of the hall monitors managed to escape. Escape, you question. Yes, escape. The girl whose mouth opens sideways points out the row of lockers with a boy sized dent in them. He threw one of the monitors here. The one who didn't escape (the girl whose mouth open sideways pauses, eyes water.) The boy who coughs up oil beat a hall monitor to death. He (the girl whose mouth open sideways starts crying) beat one of the hall monitor's faces in. I watched (the girl whose mouth open sideways breaks the conversation off and runs away, crying). You know you need to speak to the boy who oozes before he retaliates, before this escalates into a full scale war.

