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Robbie sat in class, but his eyes looked inward to his mind. His face wasn't soft like the other kids. His eyes didn't bounce around the room, they penetrated the distance. The teacher talked about cell division while Robbie thought of Anita's upskirt from the other day. She had stood on her desk and danced. He wanted to devour her whole. Robbie looked around at the other kids. They laughed and talked with dumbstruck faces. He knew he was better than they were, and that they didn't deserve the right to be in his presence.

The bell for lunch rang. Robbie walked outside to the long, wooden benches. He sat alone. He didn't have a lunch and didn't care.

Robbie watched an Armenian kid whose posture was the likeness of Frankenstein. His limbs moved, but never bent. A stupid grin lay on his face. His hair was wavy and always the same. He had the brown eyes of a rat, a mechanical laugh, and his mind was clearly void of identity.

Robbie had been sent to the principal five times, one more and he'd be out. Why not, Robbie thought, what have I got to lose? He stood up and approached the kid.

"Scum," Robbie said. "People like you."

The Armenian looked up. He was a Straight-A student who knew the answer to every question.

Robbie lifted his shoe and kicked him in the mouth.

"Scum like you," he said.

The boy fell off his seat, grabbing his mouth. Robbie grabbed his head and dragged him to the wall. The students stopped eating and cheered.

“Fight! Fight! Fight!”

Robbie gripped the kid’s head and smashed it into the wall. Crack. A spurt of blood dropped from his mouth along with two chipped off teeth.

Teachers were running towards Robbie. He dropped his cool demeanor and spastically stomped the Armenian. Each second he had was potential for more damage.

“Scum – like – you!”

Robbie sat in a jail cell with a cold face and cold eyes. He envisioned Anita with her upskirt.