Ruben Guthrie

Written By Brendan Cowell

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School school school school school.

Fuck, um – well my parents sent me to a boarding school. I mean how hard is it to have one kid asleep at night in your house how hard is it but no . . . *boarding school!* Look, I gotta say I wasn't like 'this' at boarding school, I didn't like getting smashed on rocket fuel and talking about vaginas, honestly I had no interest in Alcohol at all. I spent my money on magazines and electronics – fashion mostly. By the time I reached Year Eight I had fifteen pairs of jeans.

So of course the rugby guys and the rowing guys and the wrestling guys would come in at night and they'd pin me down and get it out of their system – the *rage*. 'Nice shoes faggot – you got mousse in your hair let's put mousse in his anus!' I'd be flipping through MAD magazine and just put the thing down and take it. *Fine*.

But then this guy called Corey joined our school, and suddenly all that stopped. Corey was older than me, bigger than me and a whole lot cooler than me. He drove a black Suzuki Vitara had five earrings and the word 'Fuck' tattooed inside his lip. My mum was always saying 'bring Corey with you on the weekend' and she'd go all flushed and wear low-cut tops in the kitchen. *(Beat)* To this day I don't know why he chose me but he did.