



Language had always delighted me; now it became the enemy. Words I knew, and had always used, couldn't seem to make the journey from my brain to my tongue.

I excused myself to go to the bathroom, and felt tears welling up in my eyes. I wasn't sure if they were tears of rage, or tears of shame

They were chanting in time to the song. "Nigger lover! Nigger lover! beat beat beat beat."

I'd never met a woman who could remove a battery before. I was impressed.

I was a complete fuck-up. I couldn't even commit suicide right.