

On a clear day in October Bethany Cabell brought
a gun to school. She put it in her purse underneath
some dirty tissue, ~~and~~ a ~~pink~~ Maybelline compact,
a pink-wrapped tampon, and ^{an assortment of colored pens.} ~~a pink-wrapped tampon, and~~
~~that looked like a compact but held dirt and~~

She walked through the halls with it ~~heavy~~ weighing
down her shoulder, ^{she} feeling solid and strong. No one
even noticed her purse hanging lower than usual.

During English, when she ~~reached into her purse~~ groped
for a tissue, the cold black metal shocked her.
For the rest of class she could barely stop herself
from smiling.

at their gaping faces and blushing
each of them away, one by one. Especially
Mrs. Greenbaum, who singled her out for not
doing her homework. "Here is a good student!"
The self-righteous white-haired thin-lipped
old lady seemed to be saying with her
narrow-eyed glare. "See what will happen to
you if you don't do your homework?"
She stood up like Mrs. Cabell here. Bethany
glanced back at her from behind her black ^{rimmed}
glasses. The muzzle of the gleaming
gun. Mrs. Greenbaum's strikingly pinky
fingers pulling the trigger. A bloody fleshy
mouth of bone splintered across the
floor. Bethany pressed her lips together to

On a clear day in October, Bethany Cable brought a gun to school in the sack-like purse she ~~and~~ always carried. She nestled it ^{underneath her textbooks} ~~between~~ some dirty tissues, a tube of Maybelline mascara, and a fistful of colored pens. She had to move her hand kept to ~~her side~~ the pocket of her army jacket so they didn't clank, but otherwise no one even noticed that her bag hung heavier than usual. Bethany walked through the halls feeling more solid and strong than ever.

In English class the stares of her classmates didn't bother her. She just imagined taking careful aim at their gaping faces and blowing each of them away, one by one... Especially Mrs. Greenbaum, who singled her out for not doing her homework. "Here is a bad student," the self-righteous white-haired thin-lipped old ^{litch} ~~litch~~ seemed to be saying with her narrow-eyed glare. "See what will happen to all of you if you don't do your homework? You'll end up like Miss Cable here." Bethany just glared back at her from behind her black-rimmed eyes. She pictured the muzzle of the gleaming pistol ^{between} ~~against~~ Mrs. Greenbaum's strangely perky breasts and pulling the trigger. A bloody fleshy pulp and bits of bone splattered across the blackboard. Bethany pressed her lips together to