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DEPLORABLE INSTINCT DEMO BOOK (2024): DRAFT 1/3. THIS IS NOT REPRESENTATIVE OF THE FINAL COPY.

CHAPTER 1:

P110

“Ethan! Are you even paying attention at all?”

Mrs. Fargo sternly screamed across the classroom, directing the room’s attention to me. The very last thing I wanted. Though Mrs. Fargo was correct, I wasn’t paying attention. Not in the slightest.

“Sorry Mrs. Fargo” I muttered defeatedly. I could start to feel my soul drain from my body as she stared at me. Not that I actually cared if Mrs. Fargo felt respected or not, but I wasn’t looking for any trouble today. She begrudgingly stared at me for a second longer with a fake smile before pathetically turning around and continuing to dish out the same old verbal slop that nearly every other student in the classroom was ignoring. You could see the chronic alcoholism and recent divorce taint every last movement the stupid cunt made.

“So are you serious about all that shit dude?” Kevin desperately continued pleading with me across the table that we shared. Kevin was a dumb kid, he lacked self confidence for whatever reason and constantly looked to me for advice. So I liked to fuck with him. If he’s going to be that fucking stupid as to ask, then I might as well make the most out of the situation.

“Yes she’s just trying to make fun of you secretly or bully you. Why would *she* want to be with you?” I condescendingly muttered to Kevin. A perverse little smile overtook my face as I could feel the life drain from his body as his confidence shattered before me. I was of course referring to Mandy, who is the attractive Mexican girl sitting across the classroom who has been slyly trying to ask Kevin out for days. She most certainly was attracted to him, very much so. A girl like that could easily fulfill someone like Kevin’s life. But why should he get to have happiness at such a vulnerable age while I sit here rotting in place?

The girls at Oakmont High didn’t even give me a second glance. In fact it appeared as if the girls attending here had discussed in great detail privately about why to avoid me. Perhaps I didn’t fit in, or perhaps I stood out in a specific way that made me oh so easy to hate. Whatever it is, I didn’t feel bad about stirring the pot a little bit whenever possible. They didn’t give a single fuck about me, so why did I have to give a single *fuck* about them? As far as I was concerned this was my playground. I have no intention of graduating from this institution either, as soon as I’m old enough to live on my own I’ll be pursuing my *real* dream of getting an education for programming. I have always wanted to program my own first person shooter games, though I’m always distracted by the pathetic superficial drama of other people.

“*Ethan once again you aren’t paying attention to the board!*” Mrs. Fargo mistakenly stated from across the room.

She had disrupted my thought process once more, a grave mistake for anyone in my vicinity. A wave of complete rage and fury washed over me as I almost instinctively rose from my chair and scrambled vulgarities at Mrs. Fargo.

“For the last fucking time I don’t fucking care!” I screamed violently.

Mrs. Fargo was stunned, and the rosy color’s that seconds ago had dominated her cheeks were replaced with a ghostly white hue. She was frozen like a deer in headlights. The entire classroom was anxious and staring at me in complete silence. I tried to sit back down as if nothing happened though the class was not going back to its normal formation. They continued to stare coldly as I sat there for another few minutes. A campus security guard then walked into the room and I could feel his cold presence lurk behind me.

“Ethan, let’s go! You know we don’t mess around with that stuff. Keep it cool and follow the rules, alright?” The guard sternly said. I could sense his *fear*.

I got out of my chair and reluctantly followed him until we both left the classroom. We walked aggressively and silently to the principal's office which was on the other side of the school by the library. As we approached the principal’s office a police officer rushed out of the room and bolted past us, giving me a disgusted glare. A glare that made me feel like he had seen me before, but couldn’t remember exactly where. I was escorted into the office and sat onto a leather chair facing Principal Cooke. The security guard left the room and shut the door leading into the office, leaving me and the Principal alone together. I looked down at my shoes nervously as he stared at me with a powerful and dominant glare. I felt utterly powerless in this situation.

"Ethan, I'm fed up with this crap. Fourteen times in two weeks, really? Your behavior is despicable, and it's leaving a trail of trauma across the entire campus. You're smarter than this, damn it!" Principle Cooke said angrily, I could see the tears building up in his eyes. I stared at him intensely with nothing to say.

"I know I'm smarter than this" I begrudgingly muttered in an attempt to appease him and make this situation go away. Doing so was more painful than waxing.

"Your GPA is a solid 4.0, and yet you choose to act like a goddamn fool. Knock it off, or I'll make sure the consequences are something you won't forget." Principal Cooke desperately pleaded with me.

It was a plea I had heard time and time again from the same exact people over the last year. They're always trying to dance around the obvious to make themselves and their institution look better. I swear to god the amount of rage that flows through me every time I'm lectured could power a fat woman's mobility scooter. Principal Cooke gestured for me to leave his office and I did so reluctantly, not wanting to give him the satisfaction of having power over me. I left his office with nothing but pent up rage inside of me. How *dare* that cocksucker tell me anything about my life, what did he know about it? Though I could imagine with his eldest daughter going to CSU recently he's been more than stressed about all the frat meat she's dribbling on nightly. It's fine however, *he'll pay for this somehow*.

As I walked out of the principal's office I realized at that moment that I had two choices for the remainder of the school day. I could either go back to class and hear that worthless twat, Mrs. Fargo lecture me on culinary arts or I could dip and go spend the remainder of my pocket change on fast food or something. As I started to process my next move I noticed my least favorite student in the entire school walk past me, Veronica Max. She was objectively beautiful, the very definition of sexual allure. She sported a stunning tight black graphic tee that perfectly emphasized the roundness of her figure. She had beautiful black flowing hair and some of the prettiest makeup I had ever seen a girl sport. And yet: she *knew* I couldn't have her. She knows damn well what she's doing, she knows I can't touch her: she knows I don't have the confidence to approach someone like her. She knows how starved of intimacy I am, likely being conscious of every last second she flaunts her immaculate beauty around me to tease me of what I couldn't have. I *hated* her, I wanted her dead.

As she walked past me, her equally braindead boyfriend Billy Kushner noticed me staring at his goddess of a girlfriend and looked annoyed.

"Oh this creep, hey school shooter what's up?!" Billy said with a condescending smile on his face as his toolbag girlfriend giggled in approval. I could have vomited at the predictability of his line. I said nothing as the two of them walked past me casually to leave the building.

Oddly enough, Billy's words never hurt me. In fact I always found his "challenge" of my authority welcoming and fun. He was like a never ending revolving door of easy challenges created solely to boost my own ego. *I've almost developed an arousal response to his presence.* I started to walk back to the classroom to grab my backpack so I could get out of this shithole and get something to eat. However upon doing so, I realized that entering the classroom would present a significant challenge in leaving without having to explain myself. I started to notice security guards lurking in the area so I quickly made my move by entering the classroom and rushing to my table.

Mrs. Fargo was in the middle of a lecture about blueberries and how to moisten them by using flour when baking, but the lecture didn't seem real. It seemed like a last second stage performance. I grabbed my backpack and started to leave before Mrs. Fargo nervously questioned where I was going, ***which I believe she's required to do legally.***

"Oh um, I was sent home for the day for my behavior earlier. Sorry about all of that." I uttered nervously, though I wasn't actually nervous. Mrs. Fargo was taken aback.

"Ah, well, you see, darling, I hope you'll take this as a valuable lesson and decide to be a bit more involved in class. I mean, it's not too much to ask, is it? We all want a pleasant learning environment, after all. So, let's aim for better next time, shall we? I believe in your ability to improve, my dear, your grades are excellent" Mrs. Fargo stated in a very anxious and cold way, I even noticed her swallowing nervously afterwards. The rest of the class were just as uncomfortable and shaken as they were minutes beforehand.

"Right, well I gotta go my dad's waiting for me outside to pick me up. *He's really pissed*" I said in a condescending tone of voice as I truly couldn't help myself. I could hear a handful of students chuckle quietly in response all throughout the classroom. Though Mrs. Fargo was anything but amused by my demeanor, she remained in a defensive posture and nodded her head slowly as to shoo me away.

I left the classroom and started to walk down the hallway, though upon glancing behind me I noticed from the small window leading into the classroom that the class was not directing its attention at the teacher: it was directing its attention to me walking away. I could see several students turning their heads away quickly from my gaze as I stared back. I felt nothing about this and was already moving on in my head as to what I wanted to eat for lunch. As I started walking down the hallway I noticed several security guards casually walking around the area; on the prowl for students like me who were attempting to ditch class. I was already a hot target for my previous infractions today, so this was not a welcome sight. I decided I had no choice but to attempt to bolt past them, hoping no confrontation came of it. My endeavor was ultimately unsuccessful when I heard the same security guard from earlier scream at me from behind.

"Hey! Where do you think you're going?! Show me your hall pass now!" The young security guard angrily shouted at me from behind. This was one of the major downsides to going to a troubled kids school.

I immediately bolted down the hallway until I was at the exit, before I then ran as fast and hard as I could into the "wilderness". I liked to call the parking lot of the senior home near the campus the wilderness as

it represented the point where the school security guards no longer have authority. I bolted all the way there without opening my eyes as I could hear the security guard behind me struggle to keep up. After running aimlessly into the parking lot of the senior home I eventually ran out of breath. I expected to turn around and get escorted back into the school, however upon turning around I noticed that I had successfully escaped the guard's grasp. A wave of relief and pride hit me as I realized the weight of what I had just accomplished. I quickly picked myself back up and carried on towards the local grocery store, which had a fantastic deli I frequented for its buffalo wings. As I walked down the sidewalk to the grocery store I started to think of mod ideas for my favorite video game; Doom.

A lot of the kids in my class played lame and superficial games that I didn't much care for. For example the big thing right now is this "Oblivion" game they won't stop blabbering about. I had much more refined tastes, I enjoyed games that showcased the brutality of real life on display for my amusement. Doom is one such game. Not only is it completely customizable to my own liking and entirely controllable to my heart's demand, it has a certain oomph factor to it that gives it replayability. The way the monster's scream and fall to the ground as I pump them full of lead feels so hearty and *real*. It's almost delicious, I spend a large majority of my day playing it. I was supposed to get a job last summer at my local burger joint but neglected basically everything to indulge in my Doom addiction. Neglect is a highly common theme in my life when it comes to organization.

As I continued to talk to myself in my head a car at the crosswalk I'm walking through honked its horn at me, I wasn't supposed to cross yet it appeared. Still, a violent rage swept over me as my thought process was yet again interrupted by the parasitic noises around me. I immediately swung my fist in a very impulsive fashion in the center of the driver's hood as hard as I could.

"Fuck you!" I screamed at the top of my lungs at this driver. Though this would prove to be a big mistake I'd instantly regret, as the driver got out of the vehicle and was revealed to be one of the school security guards. Suddenly I went from feeling all mighty, to utterly powerless and pathetic. I started to bolt once again though this time I could hear the guard's vehicle behind me slowly chasing me to track my location. A wave of anxiety washed over me as I came to realize that perhaps the senior home parking lot really wasn't an end all be all for escaping, and that consequences can follow outside the school as well.

I ran into the grocery store and within a few minutes of being there stopped worrying about the guard as he had given up his pathetic pursuit. A *large* wave of pride and joy washed over me when I discovered that this was the case.

I decided to celebrate the occasion by engaging in some minor shoplifting. Which was an intense deviation from my original plan of buying deli food. I guess you could say an urge shot through me that overpowered my original desire. I started grabbing various items off of the shelf that were small and compact and shoved them into my pocket. I knew the camera's were likely watching every last move I made, but I felt confident enough in my ability to deescalate the situation if it were to escalate that I wasn't much concerned. I liked simple salty snacks that gave my taste buds a little, punch I suppose? Beef jerky sticks, crackers with cheese, the really unhealthy shit that'll get your heart pounding. I actually can afford these things with my allowance but I'm saving every penny for college. As I went to leave the building I noticed several police officers arresting a shoplifter, who was maybe only a year older than me

and definitely attended my school. This threw me off quite heavily and caused me to reconsider my path. I chose to walk into the men's bathroom instead and quickly ran into a stall and shut the door. I crouched atop the toilet and started undoing the things from my pockets, before shoving said food items into my mouth ferociously. I felt like a wild vicious animal, shoving these food items into my mouth as the man beside my stall took a *very* disgusting and intolerable shit. I nearly vomited as a result, though I found a perverse pleasure in forcing myself to sit through it and continue chewing my stolen goods. After a few minutes of doing this the man left his stall and the vile stench subsided quickly after. I continued to pull food items out of my pocket and shove them into my mouth as if I only had minutes left to live. It was a small victory for my ego to have been able to pull this off but I particularly enjoyed the rush of so much sodium entering my veins at once. It gave me a euphoric feeling as if I had just drank an energy drink.

However my parade would soon come to an end as I heard very authoritative footsteps enter the bathroom. With a set of handcuffs jingling with every footstep, and a loud aggressive radio shouting what sounded like nonsense accompanying it. As I looked down into my lap I saw just how many snack items I had stolen, I easily would have racked up a bill of 40 or more dollars had I purchased this. Suddenly I heard a disturbing transmission from the officers radio.

“10-4, Officer Wesson. Repeat shoplifter on-site, possibly in a closet or bathroom. Suspect is male, short, blue hoodie, worn sneakers, approximately 13 or 14 years old. Surveillance is ready to confront. Use caution. Over”

“Copy, I'm en route: over” The officer stated confidently.

Suddenly a rush of fear came over me. Once again I went from feeling incredible to entirely powerless within a few seconds. I heard the officer exit the bathroom and I began to quickly start bundling up all of my wrappers before then shoving them down the toilet bowl. However upon doing so, the toilet bowl started to clog, and then overflow. I started to seriously panic before deciding to just open the stall door and rush out of the bathroom. I still had my backpack on, which made me a highly suspicious target, especially considering the pink color of my backpack which stood out against my blue hoodie. Though to my complete surprise, as I walked to the exit of the building, nobody was attempting to stop me and no police officers were present. Once again, a large wave of pride came over me as I fled the building.

I was planning on camping out at the grocery store for the remainder of the school day, but I then remembered that it was a Tuesday and my parents were both at work at this time of day. Meaning I could easily sneak home and enjoy the rest of my day authentically, rather than listen to the verbal equivalent of cancer by going back to that shithole I called school. I started making my way home which was only a few blocks away from where I currently was. The weather was really unpleasant today, it was humid and hot, and there wasn't an inch of shade in sight. My throat was dry and coarse as a result, which is one of my biggest pet peeves.

After a few more minutes of walking, I finally managed to get home. I reached underneath the door-mat and pulled out the spare house key before entering my family's abode. We had a relatively nice home, it was a large aqua blue family home amidst a suburban sprawl. I walked to the bathroom, urinated and then made my way downstairs to the basement where all my computer equipment was.

I tossed my backpack on the cement floor and plopped down onto my used and worn down computer chair. I felt a wave of glee and even freedom wash over me as I pressed the power button on my Windows XP Dell computer. After the dull and outdated looking “WINDOWS XP” screen had passed, I immediately clicked on my Steam application and waited for a few minutes for it to update and sign me in. I was highly eager for the next copy of Windows to come out, Windows Vista: as it has a new feature that would allow me the ability to use USB drives for more memory and cache. Meaning more mods could be utilized in games like Wolfenstein and Doom without constant crashing. However as I was monologuing in my head my thought process was interrupted by a familiar sound. The house phone in the kitchen was alerting the household to a new voicemail. I instantly knew what this was about. Usually I’m upset about my thought process being interrupted, though sometimes that’s a very useful thing to happen. This was one of those exceptions.

I quickly ran upstairs into the kitchen and pressed play on the voicemails.

“Hello, this is Jessica from the Oakmont High School administration office. Am I speaking with the mother of Ethan Wright? I wanted to discuss some concerns regarding your son. We have received several complaints from various students and staff members about some unusual and concerning behaviors he has been displaying at school. I want to emphasize that we believe Ethan is a good student, a great student even. But it seems he may be acting out lately. We would like to address these issues and work together to support Ethan. Could you please get back to me as soon as possible? Thank you.”

I immediately pressed delete on the message, and luckily I knew for a fact that the school didn’t have my parents mobile numbers because they both just received new Blackberries as a bonus from their new carrier. Though there was still one loose end that was bugging me, their emails. They may very well have received some kind of email alerting them of my behavior.

I quickly started searching my parents unattended bedroom for any hints of a laptop I could access. However after at least 15 minutes of ransacking the entire room I couldn’t find anything. A lightbulb then went off in my head. It dawned on me that the only email contact they’d have is my dad’s, as that’s what they registered at the 9th grade orientation earlier this year. And I happened to know *exactly where my father’s laptop was.*

I ran all the way downstairs and walked into my dad’s miniature office located right next to the kitchen. He had transformed a walk in pantry into a fully air conditioned office for himself, which I actually found quite cool. My father was a fucking **loser** but there were definitely times where I found myself admiring him. Upon walking into his “office” I grabbed his laptop off of his compact desk and put it on the kitchen counter. I then opened it and typed in his password which was simply “qwerty”. My father was not a very smart man and was very easy to manipulate. To my complete lack of surprise, he had received an email several minutes ago detailing my behavior. I didn’t even bother to look at it, I simply deleted it and then ran a cleaning program on his computer to mask any trace of my activity. I put his laptop back and started to run back downstairs. However, immediately after opening the basement door I heard my least favorite

noise in the entire world: the sound of my father coming home from work. I *definitely* lucked out by doing what I did with my time when I had it.

I decided to just face the music and go greet the pathetic pile of waste. As I ran back upstairs to the living room area my dad, Peter, quickly caught sight of me. He looked absolutely exhausted and borderline psychotic with how happy he was attempting to appear. He was dressed very nicely, though you could see the wear and tear on his clothes from whatever menial task he had been doing all day.

“Oh hey there! How was your day?” My father asked in a very detached manner. It didn’t feel like he was in touch with any of our lives. He had absolutely no idea of the spree I went on today, he couldn’t even comprehend the magnitude of what I do on a daily basis. And yet he has the audacity to casually ask me questions like these?

“It was pretty good actually, I got an A in culinary arts as a matter of fact” I said proudly, I said it so convincingly a wave of excitement washed over me as I actually somewhat believed what I had just said.

“Damn! That’s good to hear! Keep up the good work.” My father said in a very forced way. It felt like I was watching a puppet on strings dance for me.

“You know I’m starved, how about we get a bite to eat? Get some pizza maybe? Your moms not gonna be home for hours” My father suggested aggressively. I felt obligated to go with him, even though I wasn’t very hungry. I wanted to play Doom tonight and wanted to keep the peace in the house, so I obliged his request.

“Alright go get your phone if you have it just in case, I’ll be out front” My father said assertively as he then took an incoming phone call. I walked downstairs to the basement, put my shoes on and grabbed my backpack and plopped it onto my chair. I unzipped the backpack to grab my phone which was a Motorola RAZR from 2001. I fucking hated it with a passion. Using it was like performing advanced calculus. Though upon unzipping the bag a wretched stench emitted from it. ***Then I remembered another extra curricular activity I had partaken in.***

Inside the center console of my backpack were several dead birds, all tortured to death in various ways. Some had their eyeballs sliced out with an X-acto knife, some strangled and suffocated and some stomped on and smashed. I must have done this weeks ago and forgot. I tossed my backpack aside and ran back upstairs with my phone in my pocket to go get pizza with my father. I walked out the front door and sure enough he was in his 2003 Ford Fusion arguing with some loser in charge of him over the phone. I figured the phone call would end eventually –it *did not*–the entire car ride to Rocky Mountain: Pies and Slices was filled with nothing but contempt and failure at the hands of my father. Though he did end the call as we drove into the parking lot.

“Sorry about that, let's get our grub on!” My father said in an upbeat manner. I smiled and let out an awkward laugh, however his line was infuriating and pitiful enough to inspire serious rage. We both awkwardly walked into the restaurant and sat down at a table. A very attractive young woman came out to serve the both of us and take our orders. I clearly wasn’t the only one who found her attractive, as my

father stares intensely at her waist the entire time. I was staring at her breasts however, which I found far more *useful*.

The waitress brought us our water glasses, and my father took a large gulp out of his before looking at me with a serious expression.

“So, tell me about your day today” He said, it almost appeared as if he was forcing himself to care about me for just 5 minutes of the day so he could tell himself he’s a good parent. Though I saw through his measly attempt at a facade, all I saw was a quivering dying middle aged man with plenty of secrets.

CHAPTER 2:

Keeping the peace