

FRAGILE MASCULINITY

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Tyler had just returned from football training. He was very distraught but it had nothing to do with training, though Coach did make them do suicide runs, which sucked. It was because for the majority of training he was being slagged by his team because his younger sister had painted his nails. The paint was a clumpy hot pink colour that was more on his fingers than his nails. He didn't mind it, he liked it.

He had been called the height of names and got some less than kind comments about his lack of 'masculinity'.

As soon as he got into his bedroom he picked and peeled until his nails were stripped of the hot pink paint.

He went into the bathroom, washed his hand and then headed into his sister's room. He walked over to her messy white bucket full of nail varnish and picked out a nice lilac colour. He went back to his room and lightly applied two layers to each of his nails, fully ready for training tomorrow.