**Ruck & Maul**

It started on his first day at the school, in the PE lesson. Damien knew it was going to be tough, he’d never really enjoyed sport and the thought of rugby terrified him. He was small for his age and everyone thought he was younger than he was.

They’d started off with some warm up exercises then progressed to some training drills. When he’d dropped the ball a couple of times, one of the other boys, Callum laughed and said ‘pick it up you poof’. When one of his passes wasn’t very good another boy had said ‘that was SO BENT’.

It wasn’t until the game at the end of the lesson though, that things got really bad. One of the other boys had taken him down in a tackle and it had completely winded him. Damien tried so hard not to cry, but he’d hit his nose and his eyes were watering anyway and he just couldn’t help himself.

“Look at him” one of the other boys said “the little poof”

“Queer” laughed one of the others.

Some of the other boys who had been in Damien’s classes and had been quite friendly, just looked a bit embarrassed and didn’t say anything.

“I’m not queer” blurted Damien through tears “I’m just no good at rugby”.