

## VENHOAR HIGH

*10 days before Summer break.*

“Gah, I can’t hold my eyes open any longer!” Jai groans, vigorously rubbing at his eyes. He wipes the tears that stream down his face from his dry eyes. He had held my gaze long enough to pass time by in the corner of Mr. Stuarts Math class.

Mr. Stuart always ran late and for some horrid reason Jai and I were always early.

I wasn’t complaining, this game was way better than rock, paper, scissors. Which was a childish game we always resorted to out of boredom, too many times to count.

Jai is my best friend but he is also my first crush, the reason I woke up in the morning, and also the reason why I remembered to take a shower two hours before school.

He is who I call whenever I needed a shoulder to cry on, but secretly just wanted to hear the rasp of his voice.

I’m not a stalker, it’s not like he wouldn’t find out someday, or didn’t know I had some kind of feelings for him.

I just didn’t want to ruin the friendship we’d had since the 9<sup>th</sup> grade. I have always dreamed of our graduation day.

Instead of the usual gift of scribbled lyrics on a piece of paper, he would give me one of those little black boxes that said, *“I’m yours forever.”*

*That was still two years from now, though.*

Until those two years arrive, we sit in Mr. Stuarts **drab, boring, miscalculated** class and retain absolutely no important information into our hormonal, wretched minds.

Mr. Stuart walks into the classroom looking like he had just hijacked Mr. Rogers wardrobe before he headed out to his unfortunate career. He wears an oversized, buttoned up, green cardigan over a sky blue long sleeved shirt that he tucked into his loose dark blue slacks. The top seam of his pants pucker from the over tightening of his leather belt.

He frantically sets his pile of books on his desk, looking frazzled. Three of them fell onto the floor, he curses under his breath at the book before leaning down to pick it up. Other classmates begin laughing at him, I shoot a warning glare at Jai when I hear his laughter, he covers his mouth with his hand.

Mr. Stuart’s face turns bright red under his strawberry blonde hair, “Everyone needs to settle down!” His voice shakes while he picks up his books and stacks them in the shape of a pyramid on his desk.

He steps over to the chalkboard, holding a piece of white chalk in shaky hand. He slides it across the chalkboard causing a dreadful, deafening squeak the entire way. Everyone in the class cringes and holds their hands over their ears.

“I said - it’s time to settle down.” His voice is deep and demeaning now, more threatening than before.

Mr. Stuart looks over his shoulder at his students like it was the beginning of one of those scary but truthful horror flicks where the math teacher is pushed to the very end of his last nerve and decides to lock the door and end all of his *“problems.”*

Jai leans over towards me, holding his hand up over his face like the teacher wouldn’t notice him speaking to me.

“Someone shit in his Cheerios this morning.” Jai chuckles, leaning back in his chair.

Mr. Stuart’s eyes are set on Jai and I. He twirls the piece of chalk in between his

fingers. The look in his eyes clearly states how he disapproves of our existence.

I gulp, terrified to push the man too far. There were rumors going around VenHoar High about Mr. Stuarts wife filing for a divorce. Everyday seemed like he was becoming more and more a slave to his depression.

Jai's eyes grow wider when he stares back at Mr. Stuart while moving closer to the desks in the front row of his classroom.

"Do you have something to say, Mr. Young?" He asks Jai pointedly.

I sit face forward toward Mr. Stuart, but my eyes were watching Jai's reaction. His dark brows knit together; I knew he was thinking up some *un-witty* response to tell the man. He makes a funny noise in his throat while he looks up at the ceiling contemplating his words to further respond.

Jai puckers his face and shakes his head slowly back and forth while looking at Mr. Stuart. The teachers eyes never leave Jai's. It is like watching, well, us during a staring contest but with a possibility that someone may die if they blink.

Mr. Stuart throws the piece of chalk down on the metal container of the chalkboard. "Very well." Mr. Stuarts voice fills the room, he turns back around to discuss the lesson. I finally let out the breath I had been holding.

Every time Mr. Stuart would turn to write something on the chalkboard, Jai would start tapping out a song with his pencil on the side of his desk.

I shoot him looks every time to stop his foolish actions before Mr. Stuart would turn around again and blow a socket.

Jai glances at me with a wink, he had the type of face no matter how much you wanted to slap it at times there was a whole other part of you that couldn't help but smile when he smiled. *Even when it was Evil.*

The class drags on like it usually did every day in the past 170 days of school we had gone through thus far.

When we finally made it through Mr. Stuarts class, I quickly slam my book shut to head out to the cafeteria.

I am starving and I hadn't eaten since yesterday evening. Breakfast was for narcissists, in my opinion. The people who have to control everything, even the little pieces of cereal. I gave up eating cereal in the morning when I found out Trix was no longer flowers and watermelon slices.. but balls, just balls.. meaning I was no longer a kid.

Jai stood at the same time I had, that was when *she* came walking over. She looks me up and down like I was scum on the bottom of her shoes.

I wore my pastel pink 3/4 sleeve v-neck sweater with a lacy white tank underneath along with a pair of black skinny jeans with my red hair curled and tied into a side pony that hung off my right shoulder. I was *completely* confident with how I looked.

That was, until she looked at me in her knee length black skirt and flaming red *too-tight-on-her-boobs* shirt along with boots that should only be worn on Saturday night in a strip club.

That was when I now realized I look like a ten year old wearing her favorite pink Barbie shirt when everyone else is wearing Monster freaking High. My hair was now like Pippy's and I might as well be wearing a training bra cause there ain't nothin' going here!

Her eyes peer down her nose at me while her long, blonde hair whips to the side. The fact that the waves in her crimped hair made her look like someone out of a Baywatch movie wasn't even part of my disgust.

Nope, It was the way *she* looked at *him*.. and *he* looked at *her*.

It was like I had become nonexistent while standing on the outer side of them coming face to face with each other. I feel like I am standing behind a glass mirror watching

my worst nightmare unfold before my eyes.

His lips curve into a lopsided smirk when she approaches him. I didn't know what she was even coming over to talk to him about seems how he hung out with low lives like myself and Maxine Sanderson.

She is utterly and disgustingly close to him while she spoke. I could barely hear what she said and I was standing RIGHT THERE. I realize I probably resemble a chihuahua with rabies, that looks like it wants to bite her leg off.

"That'd be great! We'd love to play for you." Jai replies to her whispers, his eyes glittering with fascination.

I instantly knew what it was about now. Courtney VenHoar or in other words as I like to call her '*Courtney Von-Whore*' was looking for a band that would play at the schools big benefit.

Jai, ofcourse, is in a rock band called "*The Young & Reckless.*"

I watch them shred and growl every Saturday night. They finally had graduated from basement to garage band. A huge accomplishment in this part of the neighborhood.

Courtney whips around so fast that her long hair swats me right in the face, I was almost certain it could be scientifically proven that I would now die from swallowing so much bleach.

Jai stands dazedly, looking like he was lost in a daydream for about 10 seconds before he noticed I was standing next to him.

"Earth to Jai." I mutter.

"Blondes kill your brain." I tease.

I had to keep myself from chewing on the girls perfectly sun kissed leg, so I always resort to humor.

Jai rolls his eyes, "Whatever." he mutters.

I start to walk with him into the hall when Maxine comes rushing over fixing her thin framed glasses on her face. The look of panic set in her features.

"Mayday! Nobody told me we had to write an essay in English!" Maxine said wildly.

I couldn't help but laugh at her five foot frame that wore too many layers, making her look like she couldn't decide on one outfit for the day.

"It's like its English, Maxine.. Everyday is an essay.." He smirks at her.

"You just shut your pretty pie hole, Mister." She purses her lips, glaring up at him with her small finger pointed up at his chin.

Jai stood about eight inches taller than her with a muscular frame. It was a humorous sight seeing the two at each others necks. He teases her as he leans down, curving his back more than he actually has to.

"What ya going to do, Maxi? Climb me, then kill me?" His grin grew unrealistically large. He jokingly runs away from her down the hall.

"See you sexy beasts in English!" He yells down the hall at us as he slows to a walk.

I could feel my face turning bright red when the hallway full of students turned to look at Maxine and I standing there. Two very *un-sexy* and not even threatening enough to be Beasts, *girls*.

Maxine fixes her glasses again before looking up at me, she always does that when she's nervous or annoyed. Her eyes are full of hate for Jai Young..

"*He's such a dick.*"