

Realistic Fiction Story

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What have I gotten myself into?

After my math class, which seemed to take forever, I quickly and silently slip into the crowded hall. I cling to the wall closest to the door I just walked out of, as if it were my life preserver and my ship had gone down in the middle of the ocean. I walk through the noise with my head down, hood up and feet making a scuffing noise on the ugly linoleum floor. I hear tidbits of conversations; “I totally flunked that test!” And “What are you doing Saturday?” It’s useless to listen, but I do it anyways. I never get asked what I’m doing because no one knows I’m here.

My utter silence is my best friend.

Soon after an endeavor down an endless hall, taking a right turn and a few steps, I ended up in front of the door to language arts class.

I slowly trudge into the small, suffocating room.

Mr. Vreeland is sitting down at his cluttered desk, grading a worksheet. He finishes grading and looks up at me, a smile on his face.

“Hello Ashton.” He says studying my face, probably waiting for my lips to finally move. As usual, I wave to him as a way of saying hi.

“Still not talking?” He asks me the same question everyday. I just smile faintly at him, wishing he’d understand I’m not going to talk.

I walk to the back of the room, pull out the chair farthest to the back and lower myself into it. I pull my hair in front of my face and bury myself in a book until I hear other students walking in.

When everyone is sitting, Mr. V comes to the front of the class to talk.

“Writing is more than just words on a page, writing is feelings, talks and examples. Writing is history and plots. Writing is who I am.” He pauses to catch a length breathe in between his lectures.

“But, my students, my question is, Who are you? What do you feel? What are you thinking? This semester's big writing assignment is to write multiple jots, poems, stories or whatever you'd like, about you and who you believe you are or who you are. By the end of the semester you must hand in an essay about who you are. I will talk more in depth about that later.” He says looking back at me as if to say, *I cannot wait to figure you out.*

“Today I want you to just jot down notes on who you are, what you do, who you love, anything. Go.”

I pick up my pencil and study the room, the ratty rug and dusty book shelf. I glance around at the kids, some lost in writing, others glancing at the clock, writing notes to one another, waiting for class to end.

Then I decide I should write, seeing as writing is my favorite thing to do. I head my notebook page with “Me”. My hand flies across the paper faster than I thought it would.

“Unbearably quiet, incredibly lonely, no friends, loser.” When I look up I see Mr. V looking down at my paper, silently watching me jot.

“Interesting.” He whispers, my cheeks automatically flood with color.

I bow my head and continue jotting. “Smart, normal parents, short, long hair.” I wrote down all the obvious things about me.

My parents aren't that normal. They're the normal teenage girl parents, all good grades and curfews.

But, my mom is always busy with work or shopping or whatever it is my mother does. My dad is at home a lot, cooking, cleaning and telling bad jokes.

Also if you'd like to add the fact that they don't let me have any control over my life and future. That's what makes them not normal.

Mr.V soon after I've written 4 pages, comes up front and dismisses us.

I wait for the room to clear until I stand up and move out of the room, Mr.V stops me.

“You're an exceptional writer, I just wish you'd voice your intelligence. A wasted brain.” He says, his face set with a frown.

His words made me feel like my parents had said they were disappointed in me. I hung my head low, my feet felt heavy. The walk to the door seemed perilous.

The halls were cleared when I drifted to my locker to pull out my things and walk home.

It was mid spring so outside it was very bright and sunny. The smell of cut grass was very strong. When I got to my front door, I grabbed my key and unlocked the door to my very empty house. I made my way to the kitchen and spotted the bright yellow sticky note on the fridge.

“Hey sweetie, I made a quick grocery trip, be home soon.”

My dad wrote in very sloppy, bold writing. I smile at the fact he knew I’d go right to the fridge when I got home.

I decide against grabbing food, knowing my dad will be home soon with his dinner ingredients.

While walking up the steep stairs to my room I hear the door open.

“Hey hun.” My mom says, surprising me.

I smile at her, walking down the steps instead of up them.

“I got off work early so I could be home.” She says, clearing up my confused look.

I nod, showing I understand.

“Where’s your father?” She asks, taking off her jacket and setting it on a kitchen stool.

I point to the note on the fridge.

She walks over to the fridge, picks up the tiny note and then sets it down silently.

The next day I wake to the sound of my dad knocking on my door.

“Up and at em’ sweetie.” He says loudly, I kick the covers off and roll my eyes.

I sit up slowly and check the clock, 5:30. My dad has no sense of time, he still believes, after my 15 years of life, that I take forever to get ready.

After getting ready (which is basically me throwing on random jeans and a shirt and brushing my hair), eating an apple, I rush out the door to take the short walk to school.

I take fast, long strides to make sure I get there early.

Soon enough I am walking through the large doors and into the empty halls. I scurry to my locker and put my books away, keeping my biology folder out because that is my first class.

Then I wait until precisely 7:03. I wait until then because that’s exactly when my biology teacher goes into her classroom. So, every morning her and I sit and wait until class starts, me reading or finishing homework and occasionally looking out the window, her doing stuff on the computer.

I hear the bell ring and realize that i was lost in my book that whole time. Minutes later the seats in front of me fill up while I cover myself in my hair.

Later that day, after art, I made my way to my locker to grab out my lunch. After I grab my jet black, small lunch bag, I walk out to the somewhat breezy, but beautiful courtyard to eat. Others

rarely come out here to eat and when they do I retreat inside to the bathroom stalls, appetizing right?

I sit down on a bench, the one I always do and unzip my lunch bag, grabbing out the usual. A sandwich, water and granola bar. It may seem boring or unfilling but it satisfies me enough. I unwrap my sandwich and just look at the trees and flowers, admiring the bright spring colors they have.

I quickly finish my lunch and silently go back to reality, or inside and put away my lunch box and walk to my next class, math. The halls are always crowded at this time which I of course despise. I find myself yet again, clinging to the wall, looking down at my shoes.

After math I wait for the room to empty and I slide through the door down the hall until I find myself at Mr.V's. I reach for the door then I suddenly remember our last conversation. I strongly remember his disappointment.

I slowly, carefully turn the knob, pull open the door and walk into the room. He's writing on the whiteboard when I skillfully slip into my seat without being noticed, or so I thought.

"Next time, try to not scuff your feet." He says while chuckling at me.
I shrug and give him a smile.

"Have you thought about what I said yesterday?" I nod. If only he knew what those words did to me.

"Good, Ashton." He says walking over to his desk, waiting for the other students, just like me. Only he waits anxiously, I wait dreadfully.

Today, I decide against reading my book, I just stare at the board. Soaking up his words until I've memorized each one.

I'm soon moved out of my trance when I hear someone move their chair out.

It's a boy. I've seen him before but never this early. He plops down in his seat and slides his back down into the chair, to get comfortable I assume. He then shakes out his light brown hair, purposefully messing it up.

I avert my eyes once I hear more people walking into the room and sitting down.

"Hello class. Today will be just like yesterday, accept, I need one of you up here to tell about yourself before we start writing." He says. I hear gasps and groans and even see hands shooting up.

"No, I will be picking, don't worry it's not that hard." He says pausing to announce the "lucky" person.

“Ashton Blaine.” He says. I choke up. I feel tears welling, my hands shaking and I hear kids asking who that is.

“Come on up.” He says pointing at me.

I mindlessly obey. I take the walk of humiliation up to the board, feeling all eyes on me. This is exactly what I didn't want, attention.

“Now, share who you are.”

I stand there staring at him, confused but mostly hurt. He knew exactly what he's doing.

“Go on.” He whispers to me, putting his hand on my shoulder to calm me. But, it doesn't calm me. It scares me. He scares me now.

“I... I'm As...H.” I try to muster the words but can't. They burst into laughter. I feel challenged.

“I'm Ashton and I hate this class and all of you in it. But, most of all I hate Mr.V for setting me up for humiliation.” I say storming into the hallway and slamming my back against the closet locker and sliding down it, I wait for tears that don't come. But, what does come is Mr.V.

“What was that Ash?” I flinch at the mention of my name.

“That was me. This is me. I hate you. And this school. And those kids. I can't believe you'd do that to me.”

“You have to talk sooner or later, I thought I'd like it to be sooner.”

“Well when I talk isn't up to you!”

“It seems I influenced it.” He says, holding out his hand.

I swat it away and pick myself up.

I slowly walk back into the room and feel everyone glancing at me like I'm alien.

“Ashton, sit down next to Will.” Mr.V calls. Oh great, just another sabotage.

I walk to the back of the room, pick up my things.

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What have I gotten myself into?

For the next 15 minutes of class I sit next to Will talking. When Mr. V dismisses us, I grab my things and scramble out the door, walking next to Will.

“See ya tomorrow.” He says walking backwards, smiling at me.

“See ya.” I say smiling right back at him.

I grab my stuff out of my locker and begin to walk home. I walk past houses and cars. I walk past trees and bushes. All the while, thinking of Will and my day.

As soon as I get home, I go into the kitchen and find my dad reading at the kitchen table.

“Hey.” I say, surprising him.

“Hello.” He replies, giving me a puzzled look.

“How has your day been?” I ask, sitting down next to him.

“Good.” He says slowly.

“Same here.” I say patting his hand and getting up.

“Ash?”

“Yeah, dad.”

“It’s good to have you back.” He says smiling at me, allowing me to leave the room.

Yeah, I missed me too. I think while walking up the stairs.

