

Maddie C.

It's All In The Eyes

Samuel opened his eyes to a dull and colorless room. As he slowly sat up, his mother knocked gently on the door, "Sammy, hun, it's time to get ready for school. Don't forget your glasses." Pulling a grey sweater over his head and throwing his faded jeans on, he sluggishly made his way to the bathroom.

The bright green eyes in the mirror looked right back at him as he brushed his teeth. Running a swift hand through his rust-red hair, Sam slid the dark tinted sunglasses over his bright orbs; they were the only option to cover his abnormality that his family could afford.

Maybe part of him hoped that if he wore the sunglasses long enough, he would forget the obnoxious color behind them.

Slinging his backpack over his shoulder, he grabbed his keys and an apple off of the grey tiled kitchen counter.

"Bye, Ma!" Sam chimed as he kissed his mother on the cheek. Her dull grey eyes had a slight sparkle as she smiled at her son's gesture. "Later, Pa!" His raspy voice echoed through the one-story house.

Samuel slid into his grey chevy and flipped on the radio, finding the expected monotone voices of the daily weather report. As he pulled into the parking lot adjacent to the school's main building, Sam took a deep breath and readied himself for the day awaiting him.

Grey-eyed students clad in dull hoodies, jeans and t-shirts swarmed in front of their classes. No matter how sad and boring they may seem, Samuel wanted nothing more than to blend in with that crowd.

Even as he stepped out of the car, all eyes were on Sam. The sunglasses did nothing to mask the obvious difference separating him from the crowd. Walking towards the building at a quick pace, he was eager to escape the judgemental eyes and secretive whispers of his so-called peers.

As he slumped down into his seat for the first period he couldn't help but wonder how it must feel to be normal. Why did he have to be like this? Sometimes he wished that he could just disappear; maybe then the world would stop staring.

Having shown up early to class, the bell sounded throughout the room. And so it begins.

From his peripheral vision, Samuel saw one of the school's jocks make his way over to the desk. "Hey! Freak! Why don't you take off those dang shades and show the world why you will *never fit in*?" the blonde-haired grey-eyed boy prodded.

Attempting to retain his small sense of dignity and pride, Sam ignored the student and continued to rest his head. "Aw, what? Have you gone mute too, ya weirdo? Yet another way that you stick out like a sore thumb!" he continued to nag. The class snickered in their seats.

"Alright, students, that's enough. Settle down now," the teacher instructed. Smirking, the jock took his seat with the rest of his friends, all of whom gave him fist bumps.

The class dragged on with Sam attempting to pay attention; this, unfortunately, proved to be very difficult with the crumpled up papers hitting the back of his head every 2 minutes.

When the class finally ended, all of the students flooded the halls. 'One down, three to go,' Samuel thought as he begrudgingly made his way towards his next classroom.

The day passed slowly with little complication, not including the usual nagging and whispers in the halls, of course. When the last bell finally echoed through the school, Sam eagerly left the building and hopped into the car. He knew exactly where to go after a rough day at school.

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The small diner around the outskirts of town wasn't a "popular" hangout spot, but it was fairly well known. The door chimed as Sam pushed it open to reveal a welcoming selection of grey and navy booths and the smell of coffee grounds.

After buying himself a coffee, Sam settled into his usual booth near the back corner and pulled out a book. Just as he was starting to get into the story, the door opened, yet again with the light ding of a bell.

In walked a boy around the same age as Samuel wearing a black t-shirt and blue jeans, with a red beanie over his messy brown hair and a plaid button up tied low around his waist. His outfit was the kind to stick out in this town so naturally, people stared; Sam was certainly not an exception to this statement.

Bewildered by how little the boy seemed to care about the judgemental gazes, Samuel was intrigued. As if his outfit wasn't enough, what Sam saw next left him with no words. As the boy scanned the open booths, Sam was captivated by the deep blue eyes that met his green ones.

The best Sam could describe it was like a whirlpool that had formed in the ocean; the deep blues and light cerulean swirling together to make a masterpiece that was impossible to look away from.

It wasn't until Samuel realized that the teenager had walked up to his table that his trance was broken. "Hello there. My name is Dylan. Mind if I sit?" Being at a loss for words, Sam could only nod and gesture to the empty seat.

"Y-your... eyes," The green-eyed boy managed to get out. Dylan chuckled. "Ah. Yes, I see you've noticed my oddity. I can't help but notice yours either, ...?" The ocean-eyed boy prodded, still unaware of the other's name.

"Sam," he finished.

"Sam," Dylan repeated, liking how it rolled off of his tongue.

"So... you go to school 'round here?" Sam asked, trying to start a conversation. Smirking, the other boy responded, "Actually, I graduated last year... I'm 17, but I finished early". "O-oh... I'm 17 too, I graduate next month," the red-haired boy stuttered, still fazed by Dylan's mesmerizing eyes.

The two boys talked for over an hour, enjoying each other's company. After about 3 cups of coffee each, they fell into a comfortable silence.

"Anyways, are you up to anything later? 'Cause I was uh... wondering if maybe you'd like to go somewhere? With me?" Dylan asked hopefully, breaking his cool facade to take a chance. Secretly screaming on the inside, Samuel nodded eagerly.

Both grinning, the two abnormal teenagers walked out of the diner hand in hand. Maybe, just maybe, they would be okay in this world; so long as they weren't alone.