

# The Dumb Teen Down the Street

By Mariana V.

I turn my music up to full blast and grab some stained hair supplies. New school, new me. I look in the mirror, to notice my sea green curls fading out into a sickening color. I grab the dark blue hair dye and squirt it out onto the palm of my hand. I lazily spread the dye all round my head, coving the green in a sea of blue.

“Turn down that revolting music right now, Kiko!” My mom yells, still groggy from being woken up.

The next day I walk into the school, first days always smell like freshly wiped floors, and boys wearing the worst smelling cologne, thinking they’re all that. I walk around with my new blue locks from the night before. I sigh, everyone here is so basic, my handmade shoes that pop out too much, squeaking on the freshly cleaned floors. I freeze, a boy with weird ice cream shaped hair, and a stupid smirk on his face, but it somehow makes my heart beat faster. I grip my books tightly, I turn the other way, hating this feeling.

When I finally reach my first period, I take a deep breath of relief. What is this feeling? I sigh, burying my head in my blue stained hands. When I finally look up, I realize he’s sitting right next to me.

“Alright students, I’m your new teacher for the year. I know you may not like everyone in this classroom, but please try to get along with one another. So to get to know one another, I decided all of you must talk to someone, AND it cannot be one of your friends.” He says with an exasperated tone, while looking at the boys behind me while they snicker.

Everyone sighs and stands up reluctantly. Some of the popular girls scramble over to the boys and try to flirt with them. I stand there awkwardly, praying someone will come up to me. I turn around and spot ice cream hair dude walking towards me.

“Hey,” he says, shoving his hands in his pockets, trying to act nonchalant.

“Uh- Hey?” I replied slightly confused, why would he talk to me?

“I’m Asher, how ‘bout you?” He looks around, slightly shy while talking to me.

“I’m Kiko...” I say in a pathetic high voice.

“Kiko? Huh, pretty name for a weirdo like you,” He says with a big grin.

“Thanks? I guess?” I say looking up at him, with a big dumb smile on my face.

“How do you do your eye makeup like that, it’s insane.”

“Thanks?” My voice cracks a tad bit.

“Well- I guess I’ll catch you later,” he walks to his friends who are all smirking at him. I sit down in my seat, fidgeting with my hair.

After seven excruciating hours, the last bell of the day rings. I jump up and shove all my papers into my backpack and run out of this prison of kids. I walk down the sidewalk, tripping over my undone shoe laces. I yelp, falling on my face.

“Wow, you really did fall for me!” Someone says behind me, trying to tease me. I sit up, and see Asher looking down at me. I start to blush from embarrassment. I stand up, and slip on my torn old backpack.

“What do you want?” I say with an annoyed look on my face, but that damn high pitch voice again.

“Chill, I just wanted to make sure you got home safe,” he says with a hint of concern in his eyes. I sigh, trying to cover my joy. He puts his hand on my shoulder.

“I don’t get why people call you weird. You’re pretty cool in my opinion,” He smiles at me. The rest of the walk was quiet, but not awkward silence. He walks me to my door and watches me open the door.

“Sooooo, are you going to leave? Or just watch me like some weird stalker?”

“I just need to make sure nothing happens to you,” He shrugs. I can’t help but smile.

He watches as I go into my house, before turning around and walking inside my house. I look at him one last time, before closing the door softly.

The next day, I open the door sleepily, to see Asher already there waiting for me. I can’t help, but smile at the gesture. I walk over to him, as he wraps his arms around my shoulder.

“You know, we could skip school and go to the mall instead, because why not?” he says with a grin.

“Uhh- Sure?” I say with hesitation, but agree anyways.

“Good, because I don’t want to take a test in math anyways,” He smiles, already dragging me towards the mall.

After thirty minutes of walking, we finally made it there. The old mall that’s been in the town for sixty-five years, rusting away. We walk in and he almost faints when I point over at the HOT TOPIC. As I drag him into the HOT TOPIC he groans in annoyance. As I look at the clothes, he pokes at my black eye makeup, smudging it a bit. I looked at him, peeved at him. I grab some black eyeshadow and black lipstick, his eyes widened when he realizes what I’m about to do.

When I finished paying for the black makeup, I pulled him by the wrist to sit down with me on the bench. I carefully put on the black eyeliner, giving him a goth look. Even though he tries to protest, I can still see him holding back a smile.

As we joke around with each other, he gently holds my hand. I blush, but then a mall cop spots us.

“You guys look like you’re supposed to be in school,” he says with a stern expression.

Sure, we got in trouble, but at least I’m not the weirdo anymore to him.