

The Super Suave Secret
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Intro

First off, I'd like to say that anything you read from this point on, shall be kept a super suave secret, ergo the title The Super Suave Secret, so read on.

This is the tale of Dexter, son of Floyd and Sylvia Silverstein. Dexter was attending Little Einstein Jr. High. He wasn't exactly well-liked, or taken seriously because of his thick tousled brown hair, his lankiness, and most of all, how smart he was. At Little Einstein Jr. High, Dexter was known as Nerd- einstein, Bag-o-bones, Freckle Face, Ugly, Nerd, Prince of Nerdinham, Egghead, or just plain Poindexter. Most people called him Poindexter because, it made more sense than all the other names, or simply because they are trying to "bring back" the age-old name. It wasn't his fault for being a total 6th grade prodigy, most of it coming from his parents being Professors at highly ranked schools and college.

One afternoon, Dexter came home so angry, his face turned beet red. This was because of all the teasing and taunting that went on that day. That day seemed to be the straw that broke the camel's back, or in other words, made him snap like a twig. That day, class went on as usual until District Assessment test scores came in. The teacher, Mrs. Lacefront was stunned with Dexter's results. When Dexter glanced at her looking at his paper, he knew it had been too late. Her eyebrows rose so high, she wouldn't have been lucky enough for them to touch the nape of her neck. Then, Mrs. Lacefront took it upon herself to proudly share with the class Dexter's score as if it were some poetry piece. "Class," hollered the teacher. Surprisingly enough, your fellow classmate, Dexter has exceeded the limit on test scoring, at 110%, and even went as far as correcting a problem in the test booklet!" Dexter felt his life was way more than over, the way that taunting that his classmates treated him by muttering the usual names, shouting things at him, hurling spit balls and wads at him, and on his way home, yelling "Poindexter" at him. As soon as Dexter got home, he zoomed through homework, and then straightaway started fiddling around with his science kit. "I'll show them!" He

snarled, while concocting different things. “Bulls eye!” he shouted.

After dinner Dexter sneaked back upstairs to his bedroom. There, he drank his ear-wax brown oozing serum, and applied it all over his medium-sized lanky body.

In the morning, Dexter smelled an airy mint smell coming from his body meaning his gross serum had soaked in. He strutted to the bathroom gazing lovingly at himself. “It worked!” He screamed. Then Dexter strutted some more back to this room. He picked up the test tube full of his serum and labeled it “Super Suave Swag Serum.” Shortly after that, he got dressed popped his collar and happy danced his way to school.

As Dexter worked the hallway, everyone looked and stared in awe. As he came closer, girls swooned, guys gave props, and teachers couldn’t help but not to ignore it. A week later, they came up with a new name for Dexter, which was: Dex the Diamond Dude. That was Dexter’s Super Suave Secret.