

*Chance
Encounter*



Quinton “Acid”

Chance Encounter

Dedicated to the girl who gave life to this somewhat twisted love story, Comic book Chick

Chapter 1

Chance Encounter

Conformity, A life I have chosen to accept , Until this very day I've been living my life with fanatical desires of Anti-Conformity, to be different and to stand out. Reality hits me that no matter how hard I try not to conform, I always end up in the same old boring bus, going to the same old boring school.

"I need some change in my life", A mantra I tell myself everyday, but seems not to serve me well. I look around and all I see is the same things, same people , Its sickening to the very stomach, The putrid stench of Conformity.

Day 2 : I wake up and its the same old boring Life I have to endure, But today I get a very peculiar feeling that something might change "Ahh just another build up of absolutely nothing". Bus stop Number 6, The last bus stop till we head off to the Wretched school. I look out the window as I always do and....."Who's this?" With hair as silky and shiny, with the Skin that of a Goddess and Eyes of an Owl, Piercing my soul, Eyes that should be closed at all times, Eyes that don't deserve to be seen by other Eyes and don't deserve to see the Disgusting, never ending wrongs of this world.

Hazel Brown, my favourite ,Never in my life have my Eyes seen such beauty, I feel as if my Eyes should be burned for not being worthy to see such delicacy. Beauty, this word doesn't even begin to explain her. She is that of a heavenly procreation, is she even human? Why have I not noticed such elegance, comeliness and fairness before, I feel I should be punished for not giving attention to such a wondrous inception.

This is bad, never I'm my life has my heart being placed in the hands of a stranger, But she , She is an exception, A celestial exception. Chance Encounter? not really , this more of a one-sided, unrequited thought of love, at that very moment I saw her, Eradicated fascinations and sensual Infatuations fill my mind like a clogged drain, my mantra changed from "I need some change in my life" to "I need her in my life". My Addiction to her got to an extent whereby I could not endure a whole day without seeing her, I knew I had to keep my infatuations about her secret because of my slightly Judgmental friends.

Days pass,weeks "Whats her name?", I for one am not very fond of the opposite sex so me asking her for her name is definitely out of the list, "HMMMMMMMM?" I'll just have to use her personal attributes to identify her, Well she has a really awesome Marvel Comic Book bag, so "Comic Book Bag Chick" No "Comic Book Girl?" no , Suddenly I get a revaluation, it hits me , the perfect name for my newly found "Angel". "Comic Book Chick" I found it, the one name that will be used to identify her Angelic being, Her empyrean scent and her beauty of seraphic decent.

Lust, that's what they call it, nothing but lust, this has happened to me before; "Crushing" on a girl Immeasurably then do nothing but fantasize, effortlessly fantasize. I had my heart broken once and pledged to myself to never be as blind and idiotic as to give my heart away like that, So for now I'll just "lust" on "Comic Book Chick".

Another day at school , its Recess, Sheldon and I are walking to our "Chill spot" to meet with the rest of our crew. The bond between Sheldon and I is that of "blood brothers", we first met in the second grade when Sheldon asked me how to spell the word "London", who knew a simple question could lead to what's become almost decade of friendship.

Our Recess schedule is as follows; Bern-Leigh (Wealthy guy in the group) takes out his very ambrosial lunch on which we all indulge in, Crack a few jokes the the rest take out their lunch, Me , Victor and "Owgeeh" are the special few in the group who never bring lunch and end up being dependent on the other guys lunches.

"Sooooooo Gents?"

The over-used "Ice-breaking" question in the group, the question often followed by a childish outbreak, A never ending Anime/Gaming/Superhero debate, or the very witty statement that brings the Guys to a short moment of deep thought.

"We need Chicks."

Please, take into account that this Group is not your average and typical Tenth Grade group, we see ourselves as unpopular "GEEKS", misunderstood geniuses, and down-right Anti-conforming legends, but to the naked eye we are just "That one childish group that you should totally avoid". We didn't really care what people thought of us, not even one bit.

Victor is the self-proclaimed "Casanova" in the group, out of all of us he considers himself the "Lady-Getter" trying to lead us to the "light" of courting the opposite sex. In order, the most social, most applicable guys who can choose not to become "Geeks" have to be Me, Owgeeh, Sheldon then Victor the rest were seen as "minions" that we lead because in reality they would be nothing without us, now the four of us saw ourselves as the "main guys"

After-school, it's the same schedule, we all meet up for about 2 minutes and then we all go our separate ways, Sheldon, Owgeeh and I, (Sometimes Victor) decide to go with the cab today, this is a very common thing for us to do, nothing special happens when we all go with the cab anyway. The walk to the "Cabs" with just the three of us isn't any different than recess when we are with the rest of the crew, yet more serious topics are covered when there is the three of us, one topic that has immerse emphasis is the "Crushes" topic, who likes who ? And what are you planning to do about it?

We reach the supermarket where we find our Cabs and most of the times choose to just talk for a minimum of two hours, just constant jabbering and looking for people ,specifically females to judge.

The first girl passes by, Owgeeh's face changes to one of disgust and he proceeds by saying:

"Ehhhhhh She's a whore"

"She's Kay"

A second girl passes by, I have only caught a glimpse of her and my heart starts pounding, this is not a very foreign feeling to me, I only get this feeling when she's around

"Ehhhhhh She's just another Grade 11 Whor-"

"SHUT UP!!!!!"

I slapped shut his mouth as I see her making her way to her cab, I'm staring at down-right perfection.

"Not her Gents, Not her! She- She's- She's just- just- not like the others"

At this point I have realized how I've pushed myself into a corner, how I've dug myself a hole I will not be able to get out of, now they will have to know, they just have to.

"Quinton?, Whats goin on"

Fuck ,Its time.

"Guys, meet my new crush , Comic Book Chick"

Owgeeh, one guy in the group praised for his ways of never showing out-most affection towards having a "Crush", so at this point he just gives me his infamous "face of disapproval", right now I realize why I'm getting this face from him, number one; all my attempts at getting the girl I love have just plunged down and uselessly failed.

"Hope this one doesn't like Thando Huh Quinton?"

Thando, a girl who was in my eighth grade class, whom I thought was the one. After she showed some affection towards me, I thought of myself as the luckiest man in the world, after a whole year of me trying to get her, I give up. Ironically at the verge of my emotional death, she gives me her hand by telling me how much she loves me, I gave in to her manipulation and after two days of me playing the fool as her "boyfriend" she ends this seemingly amazingly impossible relationship by telling me ;

"Quinton , I was joking, it was a prank gone wrong I don't really love you, I'm sorry"

At that point, all my hopes of ever getting a "Girlfriend" or even getting a female to like nor love me have been destroyed, I ask myself "Is this what the world has come to, where the intentional uses of emotional manipulation of human sentiments are

used for emotional and/or financial Gratification, My emotions where a glass and she just broke it, like a beer bottle in the middle of the road being crushed by a huge, gigantic Logistics Truck.

I told myself that woman are not worth it , not worth all the time and emotions 'cos at the end of the day your "Glassy" heart gets shattered by their huge and gigantic Logistics Truck

Chapter 2:

Catherine

"Give up, Quinton!, She's probably just another whore, I mean who isn't one nowadays?"

New day, Same sequence, I sit in the bus and think to myself,

"Is she really worth it?"

Does she deserve my "Lust", my heart?

Hell Yeah!

To me, Love is a game of poker and for her I'm willing to lay my cards on the table and gamble.

Comic Book Chick is in a higher grade than mine so seeing her in class was definitely out of the "Equation".

Catherine, a girl in my history class who I've also been "Observing", My new rule was to not let any girl I have some sort of Affection towards know of my feelings because I had a irrational fear that them knowing might lead to some sort of manipulation and end up in a situation like Thando, So obviously Catherine knew not of how I feel and for me , leaving it that way was seen as the best option

Days, Weeks down the line I'm actually starting to ignite the relationship with me and this girl by starting small talk over things like the weather and homework, Me being the "G33k" that I am obviously find myself way more confidently comfortable behind a computer screen and decide to get Catherine's number and Facebook handle because on a social network you would swear I was a different person.

Catherine, for some odd reason, she takes my mind off Comic Book Chick and honestly thats a not a very good thing now is it?

She needs to constantly be in the thoughts every single time.

Recess, same old sequence, another odd fanatical theory our group had is;

"If she talks to you, She's totally into you" knowing this is not true we choose to believe it otherwise.

The guys knew I liked Catherine and they know that she is "Totally into me"

"I'm gonna Ask Catherine out this year"

The line I kept on saying to myself to give myself what you would call a confidence boost, day by day I grew closer and closer to Catherine, Everyday we talk I think she is getting more and more "Into me" not realizing that I am actually, in reality getting closer to every guys worst nightmare, The **FREIND ZONE!!**

The Friend Zone, if you are a guy then you know how wretched this not so divine position, this unholy, putrid creation, this position that dehumanizes you, the position that smashes and utterly destroys any sort of chance you thought you had with a girl.

When you first meet a girl, the first conversation , the first impression you give her will determine which "Zone" you will be placed in. Every guy knows how immeasurably hard and almost seemingly impossible it is to escape the "Friend Zone", so if I was to escape the Friend Zone Catherine has placed me in I would have to put in a very immerse amount of effort.

My Heart is playing "tug of war" with Catherine on one side and Comic Book Chick On the Other, and in the position that I'm in right now it would be quite hard to let either side win.

Everyday, Every week same old sequence, although I see myself as a Non-Conforming person, I seem to have found a way to subconsciously create my own path of Conformity and I did not realize it, I've gone soft, very soft and if the old me was to look at this "new" love-sick, love-crazy me , the old me would be disgusted, disgusted and shamed.

Mental Diary Entry:

13 February 2014

Dear Diary

I have fallen in Love, yes me, the same person who has been bragging about how such a "cold-hearted killer" I am.

Of Course, its a girl, its always a girl , as a matter of fact they are girls

Yes, its a plural, more than one two to be exact.

I don't know if I should consider myself to be a weakling, a shame?

But whatever I have changed into , I like it, yes I like it. I feel Happy

It may end with me being all heart-broken and stuff but I don't care at all , not even one bit

Sincerely

Acid.

I guess these Mental diary entries were the only way I could keep "sane" and to keep myself down-to-earth. In this fast-paced, complicated world it is very easy to lose yourself in your own jaded and vacant thoughts, so it was seen as a necessity for me to find a way to remind myself where I stand , to clear my thoughts and start afresh with each sunrise.

I try really hard to find things to keep me busy, to get my mind of things, mostly I would be playing games or just browse the Internet with no rigid reason, but as hard as I tried to get my mind of things, Catherine and Comic Book Chick always find a way to get back in like how a rose would die and inevitably bloom yet again. I would find myself just blankly staring at the mirror and lost in my echoing thoughts, in class , in the bus , and even at home, well mostly at home.

I, for one posses a lot of "skills and abilities" from being able to make almost anything on a computer and make it move, to my very good selective memory that shockingly only chooses to remember things that are not school related, possessing these skills and abilities I could easily, in a few days decipher Comic Book Chick's timetable/schedule and synced it with my timetable , in doing so I knew all of her classes, where they were located and when she would get there for instance, I knew that whenever I went to the computer class she goes to her business class and know which block and stairs to take so I could see her, yes my addiction to her was at that level.

Recess, I knew where she sat, what her favourite drink was and when she would go to the school shop to buy jellybean's, but to me that was just mere observations that anyone could accomplish, I knew that she does not take the bus after-school and prefers going home using the Cab.

I repeat, my addiction to her was at that level.

As the Exam season drew closer , I had a very peculiar feeling that I would not be seeing her as much , and I was trying to be okay with that, With each and every paper we write , I see her less. Whilst my thoughts would be glued to Comic Book Chick, Well I would customarily forget about Catherine, well that may be so due to the fact that I have been seeing her less too, Well that is until I would get home , connect to the Internet and see the updates on my phone and my mind would then eventually reach a very authentic foreign state of utter confusion whereby it would be a pendulum dabbling between the captivating thoughts of Catherine and the pulchritudinous thoughts of Comic Book Chick

It is well known that after the Exams season, comes the only thing most people look forward to at school, which is being away from school. The School Holidays, in the previous years for me and the guys the holidays meant one thing and one thing only, Gaming at Burn-Leigh's house, since he was wealthy he had all the best consoles and games, and although we were out of school he still be offering us a lot of ambrosial edibles from candy, to what seemed to us like food you would find at an expensive

restaurant, all these things are the good things about the holidays , but that was in the previous years, now all I can think of is the fact that I wont be seeing Comic Book Chick, nor Catherine. Our group is an all male one and showing your emotions was really not an act that we would fancy, so in their eyes I was thrilled about the school holidays. It is amazingly shocking how quickly days would go past during the school holidays, and with each day passing I knew we approaching the re-opening of school and for me the it was the re-opening and the refreshing of my eyes to Comic Book Chick's graceful self.

Chapter 3

Sociably Selective.

When we weren't glued to Burn-leigh's Screen, playing his games , we were out skating.

Our group was quite large yet not all of us shared an interest in the next guys hobby, for instance , Malcolm is the artist in the group, Tyler is the musician, Burn-leigh is the.....wealthy guy, Victor is the guy who's interested in everything , oddly enough , Owgeeh is the..... well he's a guy of poetry and very mysterious might I add, Sheldon is the skater and I am the computer genius who does not want to be beaten or overpowered in anything hence found it extremely hard to accept any sort of defeat.

Our little "Skate Sessions" would only have Me, Sheldon, Victor and Jack
Jack is from a different high school than us, so my friendship with him is rather distant.

And when we were not "shredding" the streets of our neighbourhood with our skateboards

we would stay home and pursue our hobbies and hone our minds.

I for one would browse the internet and tackle various activities ,from learning various programming languages to hacking cellphone companies and my occasional breaks would involve me perusing Facebook™ looking through peoples Facebook™ profiles , this was normal for, nothing odd about it and actually, going through peoples Facebook™ profiles gets quite depressingly tiring, the only reason I would go through profile to profile endlessly was in hopes that I would one day find Comic Book Chick's profile, I was failing at it and all hope was gone, well that was until the 31st of May 2014 at approximately 17:40pm when I decided to click on the "People you may know" link on Facebook™ , after two minutes of scrolling and seeing people I do not care about I see a profile that stands out, I look at the Profile Picture and what I see makes my eyes widen, makes my heart beat faster , makes my tongue dry and knees weak.

Hair as silky and shiny, Skin of a Goddess and Eyes of an Owl, Piercing my soul, Hazel Brown, such beauty, such elegance, comeliness and fairness.

It is her , its Comic Book Chick. My hours spent browsing Facebook™ where worth it.

17:50pm ; After five minutes of battling with my head if this is the right thing to do , I click on the "Send Request" button and anxiously wait for her to accept , at this point , my excitement level has reached past a point it has never dared come close to , my heart is beating so fast as if it would just tear its way through my chest and into my hands, I feel as if I had just taken a tab of Acid, or consumed a Hallucinogen drug, I'm sweating as if I were a man wearing a silky leather jacket in the desert with the hot ,

beating sun.

18:03pm ; I have one Facebook™ notification , and yes just as I expected , Comic Book Chick just accepted my friend request. I immediately go through her profile and I see her, her all over , what you would call a little "tingly" feeling tells me I should through her likes ,because your likes on Facebook™ tell me a lot about yourself.

Emo Teens, Emo Life , Emo/Scene guys, these are all the type of pages she has liked and that very moment I realized that Comic Book Chick is not just any random girl, she and I are quite similar.

I like God do not play with dice and believe in fate and destiny, and I believe it is fate that one day that there would be a wondrous goddess amidst the school and I would meet her. Another thing that would distinguishably stand me out from other people would be my taste in music, I listen to Metal.I listen to music that was regarded as "Unholy" and "Evil" I listen to and enjoy really hardcore bands and genres from the DeathMetal Band "Meshugah" and the BlackMetal Band "Cradle of Filth", so in a nutshell my music taste was ridiculed almost everyday

My curiosity led to me goin to Comic Book Chick's music likes on Facebook™ and I see Black Veil Brides, Nickleback, All time low,etc.

I caught my eyeballs as they dropped from my head, my mouth was open due to such astonishment .

Is this a dream? , Could anyone ask for a better creation? Where was this girl all this time?

All these question speeding past my mind, I am too puzzled to even attempt answering them, all her music likes are Metal and Rock bands.

At this point I just had to send a message, I had to start a conversation, she needs to know I exist.

May 31 18:06 pm

Hey !!!

I sent that message and stared at my screen expecting an immediate response, Two minutes pass, three, four, "Okay maybe she's busy with something, I mean she doesn't have to respond now or does she " I say this to myself in a very consoling tone.

Forty minutes pass, my heart is sinking, I'm still staring at the monitor

"Why the hell isn't she responding , I mean I sent that message like freaking forty minutes ago" My tone has changed from a slightly consoling one to a very persistent and angered one. Facebook™ shows a green ball indicating a profiles availability and hers was on, now this is really starting to get quite saddening.

I decide to send another message and procrastinate by saying "maybe she just did not see this one."

May 31 18:57 pm

" Hey !!!"

" Hey :) "

Well at freaking last she responds. My heart is still beating , I mean know she technically knows me.

The conversation then Continues as follows :

May 31 18:57 pm

"How ya Doin !!!"

"Good thanks and you "

" I'm perfect, I Noticed that your music taste is quite similar to mine."

"Yeah?"

"You listen to Bullet for my Valentine , Black Veil Brides, etc. right?"

"Yeah ,, you listen to them too ??"

"Yep"

"Oh Cool !!!

Tell me you skate as well"

"Well sort off!"

"You a Cool dude !!!!!"

And in just two minutes Comic Book Chick single handedly made me became the happiest man in the world.

Chapter 4

Who Am I ?

Happiness ?

An illusion or a myth ?, or just a smoke screen we hide ourselves behind to not accept the gruesome truth not matter how small, Even a good man himself can commit any none seraphic act when he is assured by the fact that he can take refuge behind a celestial smoke-screen. I seek refuge behind my monitor, hiding and running away from my unsociable reality, I lived different lives behind the screen, Dante, Altir, Etzio all these video game characters I use are just mere pawns in this sick twisted game I play, of running away from reality.

Without my computer I would be just another vacant soul who lies dormant and jaded by this "fast-paced" life.

Another day at school, yes still dragged down and sickened by the stench of Conformity, but something is different today, something is very different. Last night was night that changed my path from a dark black and white forest filled with high trees and fog to a path of "Sunshine and Rainbows".

This change affected my day in a very drastic manner, my happiness reached a point whereby I felt like actually stopping and smelling the flowers and feed the birds. My infatuations were altered, now all I could think of was last night's little "Chat" with Comic Book Chick. Now that she knows me I can finally start a face-to-face conversation .

"Face to Face Conversation eh?"

I say this to myself repeatedly with confidence, It's a perfect day , what could possibly go wrong ?

Now, all I have to do is wait for the "perfect opportunity " to strike up a conversation with Comic Book Chick. There was no way I could do it the bus , because our bus got full to a point whereby they just had to separate the passengers and split us into two different buses , now this had one upside, which was the fact that it was more spacious and almost everyone got a seat, and on the other hand it also meant the two buses had to take different routes, which meant Comic book Chick would be in the other bus, But this wasn't really seen as a problem because I would occasionally take the other bus , the other bus with her in it, Well lets just hope that happens soon, so I can talk to her and finally here her voice.

The following day begins , Well lets just hope luck is on my side and I get to talk to her.

My father usually wakes up at 5:45am and drive me to the bus stop, but today he amazingly decided to wake up at 6:00, which only meant one thing, I had to take the second bus , which obviously was the one Comic Book Chick took, now I had to act all pissed at the fact that my father woke up late.

I was standing there at the cold bus stop which had no shelter which was odd, but I dealt with it , I could somewhat feel the cold through my black school shoes and my thick socks. I hear the ear-busting screech of the buses wheels as it came to dead stop

, the doors of the bus open slowly, as I walked in I could feel the change in the environment from very ice cold and blue to a very warm environment, probably for all the people in the bus with the windows closed.

As I walk in the bus I see her , sitting on the fourth seat from the back , she has white Samsung™ earphones on, Staring at the window and lost in her own world, such beauty, she has a very unique school bag. Although she had changed the Comic Book Bag, she would always get a bag that is identical to absolutely no one at school, which just made her more authentic and unique.

Two seconds ago, I was at the bus stop and super confident and excited about seeing her in the bus and talking to her, but now that I'm walking closer and closer to her area my heart sinks and it beats faster , my eyes feel heavier , so heavy I feel they might drop from head , my mouth gets dry and I start getting a very bitter taste, my hands vigorously start shaking to a point where I have to put my hands in my pocket to stop the shaking. The narrow path between the seats is not a very long one , but today of all days, what should have been a five second walk to the back of the bus felt like five minutes , five daunting , dreadful minutes, the most mind bending walk I have ever experienced in my life.

"Okay Quinton , this is it , the moment you've been waiting for , Talk to her, go ahead."

I look straight ahead , keep my head held up high and shamefully , despicably pass her seat and seat right behind her. I have made a lot of bad decisions in my life that I regret, but this one, this one takes the cup, I've been spending all this time fantasizing about finally talking to her and right when the perfect opportunity presents itself, I decide to let it go, like a dove being let out of a cage it has been locked in for all its entire life, I let go. I should punish myself for this. As I sit behind her I could here there sounds of guitar and drums, so she actually does listen to Rock such as I , this fact still Amazes me.

I sat right behind her and what should have been a ten minute bus ride to school, felt like an hour, the fact that ate me up even more is that throughout the entire bus ride no one sat next to her, It could have been me, it could have been me keeping her busy, yet my failure at human skills and courage led me to this, Sitting alone in the back of the bus and my only companion was my pair of earphones.

Sitting right behind her I could here her amazingly loud earphones, I here the guitars and drums, strumming and banging they're way to my heart, at that point I was assured that she actually does have the same music taste as I , and not just not another "Scene" kid Dying for Attention by craving artificial uniqueness and difference.

What a great way to start Quinton, Now she probably thinks I'm weird and shy, Well I can not blame her, I am one who exerts great effort in having less interactions with humans, and that is what has led me to being so "shy" and lack human skills. It has never bothered me , well until now , which would be a good time to use them, If only I worked on exercising that muscle. I guess I will just have to wait till next time to try again.

After this Draggingly hour long bus ride, the bus comes to a screeching stop yet again.

Her bag has a lot of Metal accessories like keys and chains, just to add to her Uniqueness. She gets off her sit and makes her way to the door, earphones still on , World still off. Days pass and all I can think about is how she knows I exist, how she knows that there's a "Cool Dude" at school who's name just so happens to be Quinton.

Victor, when I first met him in the 9th Grade my impression of him was "That Nigerian Guy", nothing more and nothing less., In the 6th Grade , When I left the primary school where me and Sheldon were best friends was what I thought to be the last of us, but it so happened that we came to the same high school, but something was different , He was not the Sheldon I knew and I was not the Quinton he knew, we had gone our separate ways and lived distant lives still maintaining the image that we are "Still Friends", I was more "Ghetto" and "hardcore", mainly because of the guys I hung out with back in the 8th Grade and Sheldon was more "Smart" and Suburban than I was and what his crew was back then is what our crew is now, Just a bunch of nerdy smart guys.

Sheldon hated me thinking I have changed into "one of them" and I am now just a sheep herded by society , yet he knows not of how I still remained the same as when we last spoke, I just now chose to hide my nerdy self and appeared to be more "Ghetto" and "Hardcore". All that changed when we reunited in the 9th grade and got our "Blood Brother Spark" back.

Sheldon and Victor were very good friends in the 8th Grade whilst I was "Gone" and still are now , but he couldn't replace and synthesize the bond me and Sheldon have. I , for one never really enjoyed Victors company in the 9th Grade, as a matter of fact I'm pretty sure no one did because Victor is a very easy to hate and tremendously hard to tolerate, But as the years progressed Victor and I became closer.

It has been almost a week since the shameful bus ride, since then I have made sure that my father wakes up on time and I would never have to take the other bus, it was working out well for me but I couldn't understand, I am so addicted to Comic Book Chick, yet every time I get an opportunity to talk to her , I just make means to evade and avoid the situation.

Mental Diary Entry:

Dear Diary

I have managed to get myself in quite a sticky situation in regards to Comic Book Chick, yes I have her on Facebook and we talk at time , yet I always seem to freeze whenever I have to approach her in reality and have an actual conversation with her.

I do not know if you would call this cowardice or down-right idiocy, but I have promised myself to take it easy, "one step at a time" and maybe , magically she would approach me.The next big chance I get, I promise I will make the best out of it.

Sincerely.

Acid.

Chapter 5

First Encounter

A typical day in the life of a Sunward Park student is, you wake up, come to school , go to register and then the learning begins. In register they take register and make important announcement's and when necessary hand out newsletters, Today it so happened that Mr Hubburd (Victor and Burn-Leigh's Engeneering teacher) and Mrs Singh (My English teacher) were both absent and that meant that Me, Victor and Burn-Leigh Would be going to the same Substitution or "Subs" teacher which was Mr Shaw,

Well he was not really on our Substitution list, I guess the only reason he took us in was because he "tolerated" us well, that was except for me, Victor and Burn-Leigh where very well behaved in Mr Shaw's class whereas I was quite inquisitive and annoying .

After we sat down, Victor and Burn-Leigh took out their Ipads and I took out my PSP to listen to some music while they play they're favorite gut-busting FPS game "Modern Combat 3", 10 minutes into the period and Mr Shaw Now needs Someone to send to the office or to another teacher to get something.

He scans the three students who are the for Substitution and picks the one who looks "Less Busy" and out of the three of us I was just listening to music and they had they're Ipads out , so by default I was the "least busy", He send me to the third floor on the other end of the school to get some teacher to sign some document, this, for me is just an opportunity for me to walk around the school. After 5 minutes I finally decide to go run this little "errand", I go up to the third floor on the other side of the school, third class from the end I where I should go, Well I get there and I notice how this is a business class, very quite and very focused, mainly because they have a very strict teacher.

"Good Afternoon Ma'am , Uhmmm Mr Shaw sent me here to give you this thingy to sign"

She Scribbles around her table looking for a pen, this gives me a chance to look around, I notice how this is a Grade 11 Class and.....

Everything just pauses, as my eyes scroll quickly through every learner in the class and.....

Its her, Hazel Brown eyes, at that moment everything stopped and I could not move, I could not Contemplate, She was looking at me, she was looking straight at me, Comic book Chick was looking at me. I snap out of this little cliché "high school slow-motion crush" moment and my brain tells me to evade and avoid whereas my heart is telling me to do something, I pull out a little "side smile", Well in my head it was a cool "Hey there Sexy Lady" Smile, now I was waiting for a response and she then sticks her tongue out , the last thing anyone could ever think of , she sticks her tongue out at me , and my heart "Skips a beat", how cliché, Funny how all this happens in a matter of seconds.

"Thank you Ma'am".

I take the document and head to the door, blushing like an idiot and trying to hide it. I can wait till the guys here about this, This is so Freaking Awesome, because in our perspective, our view Comic book Chick is now "Totally into me". Maybe , just maybe now I can finally here her voice and actually talk to her.

There are 4 important steps , in total to getting the girl you want, well I came up with those steps, but I am pretty sure most guys would agree with me and these steps can be applied universally I guess.

Step 1 : (Most Crucial) Find out absolutely everything you can about her, from her past to what her favorite bed sheets are and the name of her pets , and this requires an immerse amount of "observation" skills.

Step 2: (This step is even more crucial than the first) FIND OUT IF SHE HAS A BOYFRIEND !!!!!!!!!!!

Skip this step and you shall regret yourself greatly because she would not be really interested in you if she already has someone keeping her busy now would she ?

Step 3: Let her know you exist , I need not tell you how important this step is, from bumping in to her to dropping your pen and asking her to pick it up for you, well in my case , inviting her on Facebook™

Step 4: Make her yours , if you have already checked/evaluated/achieved all the above steps, this one should be effortlessly easy and simple , well that is if you have made sure that you are not in the Freindzone.

Well I have already accomplished the first and third step in regards to Comic Book Chick, I know all about her and she now knows of my existence. I may have forgotten to take step 2 into account for I have always seen her either alone or with her friends so I am pretty sure she does not have a "significant other", But all changes, everything just comes down.

Muscular , Tall , Popular and definitely not a nerd like I , he is "in it with the ladies" and he is the one that has won Comic Book Chicks heart, the first time I see them walking together my impression was "Ehhhh He's probably just another boring ass guy who has a crush on her too or they may be relatives"

Anything to assure myself that I still have a chance at achieving step 4 with Comic Book Chick which was making her mine.

"Nah Bruh , she has a boyfriend , you totally fucked"

"Like look at him, he looks like he is quite up there when it comes to the social food-chain"

"Look at you, skinny, frail , weak. You know you cant go up against that."

"Fuck bruh, but maybe, just maybe you might still have a chance"

These are all the "Roasts" I get from my friends, but one thing I know about "The Gents" is that, they will alert you when you are about to do something stupid , yet will give support when you decide to do it either way. Whatever my next move was in regards to Comic Book Chick, they "Got my back" and will support me till the very end.

When it came to females, in the group, when you had a crush on her, she, to us is the hottest girl in school, from the way she walks to her voice, levels of criticism were very high in the group , but whenever It came to your crush , your matter was given and handled with great respect, but when you have no sort attraction to her any more she immediately and automatically turns into a Whore.

Well Acid, what now ?

What is your next move?

"Love is a game of poker"you said, now gamble

lets see if you actually can play.

Every "big move", next encounter or highlight starts the same way. A new day, well I wonder what this day will bring, since now I can finally proudly say that my life is interesting. I take the first bus (the one without Comic Book Chick) I do not have to worry about seeing her sitting in the back of the bus and give in to my fear and cowardice.

"Ace" , an old friend from Primary school who is and has always been a Casanova, fortunately he is not a self-proclaimed one such as Victor. I come from a primary school group where womanising was the "game" and well because of that he expects highly of me even though he knows that I am not very excellent when it comes to courting the opposite sex, although he knew very well that I do show affection. My conversations with him can vary from talking about conspiracy theories and religion, which was one of his favourite topics to talking about females.

"Ahhhhh Captain"

A greeting I have gotten quite used to, oddly enough he is the only person who calls me that. The name dates back to primary of course when we used to play a lot of football, the irony lies in the fact that I wasn't really the best player.

"Yeah."

"So where them bitches at bruh"

"Uhmhhh Yeah , I totally have them bitches"

"YEAH !!!! That's how it must be "

"You know , thats how I roll"

"Well since we on the topic I have been seeing how you look at that Catherine girl in our history class, you interested ?"

"Pshhhhhh Well I guess you can say that"

"Then what are you waiting for bruh ? "

"Uhmhhhhh Soon, Soon"

Procrastination was another thing that I was amazingly good at and me saying "Soon, Soon" is me procrastinating, well if you haven't noticed yet.

"Yeah , Captain , I have to see you in action"

Well that is how short the conversation usually is, you wouldn't expect much since me and Ace were not really best of friends. I get off the bus and start the whole process of moaning and complaining about conformity. It is quite a long walk from where the bus drops me off in the morning to where I meet "the guys". I really have no problem with the distance , since I have my music. This day , like any other day , something big has to happen in regards to Comic book Chick, now it's just having to wonder what it is. Halfway through wondering what it was going to be, I see her standing there with her two friends. There was nothing spectacular about her standing with her friends , the really odd thing is where she was standing. Halfway through the "long walk to the gents" is a narrow sharp turning pathway and a slope, and she chose to stand by the corner of this narrow sharp turning pathway, and when someone was to stand there you will, involuntarily if not voluntarily make eye-contact.

Well now I have to say something and the closer I got , there more nerve wrecking it was. It was time to use the infamous "evade and avoid". It took me awhile to realize that the technique will not work in this situation because to evade and avoid would mean I will have to jump the fence and I will not go to such an extent to evade my fear.

"Hey Quinton"

"..... Hi "

"I need you to send me all your music"

I totally forgot about the fact that I promised to give her my music, well that is what you get when you keep on having Facebook chats instead of real ones.

I slowly, in suspense , pull out my Psp with my earphones plugged in.

" Really ?"

"Don't worry I'll put the music in a memory card for you."

This is not what you would really regard as a stable conversation, but Hey ! I can not complain now can I ?. We kept on talking on social media, day by day I got to know her better and that was a good thing. I still did not sit next to her in the bus, but things were gradually becoming less "awkward". I used this memory card music situation as an opportunity for me to keep having conversations with her.

All was going well, not a single thing could ruin all this, Yes I know she has a boyfriend and honestly right now that was the least of my problems. Another walk to the cabs and another talk about Comic Book Chick. We walk to cabs and today, like all the other days I see her making her walking to the cabs too. All I see is just an opportunity, I have the memory card and she is right there, so why not ?

I made sure that I put as many songs as I can unto the memory card, yes , she listened to metal too but I'm pretty sure the metal I listen to was way harder, more "brutal" than hers. This was just a wild guess I had no valid proof , just in case , I put the most brutal bands I had to the most soft and slightly "less-brutal" bands I had. Like all the other conversations it was short and simple and amazingly this one ended with a hug, yes a hug. I guess you can say that Comic Book Chick really is "totally into me".

Chapter 6

Arranging and De-arranging Puzzles

I sometimes dive in deep thoughts and ponder upon my distortion in character. This distortion has played a intensively severe role in my approach and has placed me in a very vulnerable state of mind. I have become accustomed to this new vulnerable and distorted character have become .

I still have not yet gotten used to talking to Her, the number of times I have is still a handful. It's not enough I need more, I want more. Every chat I have her I just get more and more addicted.

I see her everywhere I look , I have no idea if this is a good thing or not. My life has turned into a Teen Romance movie; Guy loves girl, Girl does not love guy; Guy does something extreme to get the girls attention; Girl loves guy and they live happily ever after. There is absolutely no way I am doing something extreme, not in today's world of being bound by society .

Every hero needs a sidekick , just like how every guy needs a "wingman" a "partner in crime" and mine of course would be Sheldon. It would be a great idea to get him and Comic Book Chick to talk. Everything will just be perfect , my best friend getting to know my crush, everything is falling into place , slowly. It's a new day in this "perfect" world of mine which tends to become more perfect each and everyday. Today I walk into school and as usual my earphones on and the world off, No matter how off my world is , it is never too off for her. She has a skateboard today, "Hmmm That's so fucking cool"

I think of approaching her and well..... I'm not very confident in the mornings so no.

The day progresses and draws closer to and end, as usual Owgeeh, Sheldon and I make our way to the cabs and after a while we see her making her way , with her skateboard. Sheldon passes a slight comment on her board

"That board sucks."

"I know right...Like what the fuck"

"Hey, ask her for the skateboard"

"Are you crazy ? Fuck no I aint doing that"

"Come on bruh...just do it"

"Ayyt let's go"

I make my way towards her , she is standing with her friend, take into account that I have not yet looked into her friends and acquaintances so in my view everyone who stands with her is her friend.

I grab the skateboard.

"Thank you."

Sheldon and I make our way back to our spot to test out her board. Sheldon's conclusion is;

"This board sucks"

"I Know bruh , but we can't really say that in her face now can we?"

"I can"

"NO! You will not say that"

She calls me and tells me how she has to leave and needs her skateboard back. Sheldon and I make our way back to her to give her the board and Sheldon could not hold it in ;

"No Offence but that board sucks "

"Yeah I know, that's what I told my friend when you guys took the board"

She leaves. That was not really a bad start, at least now Sheldon and her know each other. The next day it was the exact same thing but without the skateboard and without Owgeeh. Sheldon and I see her making her way to her cab yet again and this time we go up to her with the intention of just talking. We get there and everything

just plays out exactly how I wanted it to; Sheldon , Comic Book Chick and I talk endlessly, we started and we could never stop, we were having a really good time. One hour Passes, then Two hours , we lose track of time mesmerized by this moment of endless laughter and happiness. In my head I take a moment to gratify and savour this "Memory in the making" . It was as if it was dreaming, I knew that one day I would look back to this moment and reminisce.

Sheldon and I could not stop glorifying ourselves on this good job we have done, keeping a girl busy for more than 2 hours and with her voluntarily staying, could anyone really ask for more.

I forgot that I have become friends with one of her friends through Facebook who calls herself "Vampire Death Angel", "Vamps" for short.

I am one who likes things falling into place, exactly where I want them and right now I really see everything going "My way". Since Sheldon, Vamps and Comic Book Chick all have the famous social networking app "BBM" (Blackberry Messenger) I feel it is going to be a great idea to just make a group with just the four of us.

The Group is a hit in the beginning , everyone is having fun we all have little cute names.

"Vamps"

"ComicBook Chick"

"Alfuego""Acid" (Me)

"TheGolden Child" (Sheldon)

It is all fun and games, from playing 21 Questions to hilarious truth or dare. Everything is falling perfectly into place, the big puzzle is being slowly put together and the big picture is starting to form. Sheldon's view on the group is "Eh it's just something to keep me up" whereas my view of the group was that it 's just making my life more interesting.

Sheldon is well known for his "tell it like it is" attitude, but it is odd how he can really hide his emotions. Sheldon may say one thing but he means another and it was almost impossible to know when he was telling you what he really thinks or feels or you were just the victim of his "emotionless" mind. We are the perfect match, he is very logical , thinks of the consequences before doing anything whereas I just go with what I feel despite what the consequences might be. Sheldon surpasses me academically, he dreams of becoming an accountant and I just dream of working in the I.T field, odd how I had the knowledge of a person already working in the I.T field at the mere age of 16, my knowledge of computers is somewhat impressive.

Skateboarding is one of Sheldon's favourite sports, he takes it very seriously and one thing Sheldon really hates is posers, people who lie about certain things, acting like they know all about it. Comic Book Chick is a skater , Sheldon and I both knew that (Only because of one picture with her on a skateboard.) Vamps on the other hand told us that she has a skateboard, and well Sheldon and I were quite sceptical about that fact.

It was a wonderful day , a wonderful chat in the group when all of the sudden "Vamps" sends me a private message , it was a picture of a skateboard, the picture was Pretty up-close all I could actually see was the wheels and trucks of the skateboard. At this point I am forced to believe that Vamps actually owns a skateboard. Skateboards are quite expensive, Sheldon and I owned boards that were quite cheap and we were cool with that, But "Shit hit the fence" when Vamps told us that her board cost over a thousand bucks, the first that comes to mind when she says that is "Well, that must be a very cool board".

Vamps lived quite close to Sheldon an I whereas Comic Book Chick lived quite far. This just fuelled Sheldon to see her board even more.

"Dude,lets go to Vamps neighbourhood and ask her to see her board'.

"Ayt,lets go "

Enthusiastically we make our to Vamps neighbourhood and text her telling her to come out.

"I'm not home at the moment, I'm at my dad's"

Vamps texts this to me while I was walking with Sheldon, there is one thing Sheldon and I could detect instantaneously and that was procrastination. Procrastination was a very well-played game in the group, we knew when you were procrastinating and we knew why. Vamps was procrastinating and both Sheldon and I knew it, without even telling each other we knew it.

Sheldon was really interested in her board since it was so expensive so I decided to just show him the picture. In an instant Sheldon states;

"This is a a baby board !!"

"Woah,hold up, how do you know that"

"The wheels are too close to each other, it's a baby board, and if it wasn't a baby board why the hell would she take such an up-close photo at this specific angle?....She was doing it so you don't see the entire size of the board."

This deduction is quite a valid one because all he pointed out was true.We made it our first priority to Question her till she breaks tonight, the chat begins. Comic Book Chick is offline so its just Me, Sheldon and Vamps.

Alfuego: Soooooo Vamps Eh ? About that skateboard.

Vamps:Yeah ?

Sheldon:are you sure that skateboard was over a thousand bucks.

Alfuego:Yeah , what brand is it

Vamps:I don't know.

Sheldon:Where did you buy it ?

Alfuego: yeah must be a very good skateboard.

Vamps:it cost over a thousand cos' I bought overseas

Sheldon:China Town does not count as overseas

Alfuego:I Agree

Vamps:I bought it in Canada.

Sheldon:If boards that cost over a thousand look like that I'm glad mine was cheap

Vamps leaves the group. Sheldon has succeeded in making her break and of course she is now angry at us, but she was a Poser and Sheldon hated Posers more than anything else in the world. We just had to call her out.

This is a minor De-arrangement of the perfect puzzle I formed , it's minor yes but it is still a De-arrangement. We have to apologize, Sheldon was never going to apologize because in his eyes he did absolutely nothing wrong, So this leaves all the apologizing up to me. I am all cool with Vamps and so I add her back to the group. The puzzle is perfect yet again, I knew not that I should savour this moment for what was about to come was quite Catastrophic.

Hatsune Miku, A Japanese Computer generated vocalist, called a "Vocaloid",So she was not a physically real person but she made music and she was Sheldon's favourite artist. Sheldon knew all her songs , her history and every single picture she had. When Sheldon had an obsession over a celebrity , it is well-known in the group that no one, absolutely no one says anything about her Victor had to learn that the hard way . Zendaya was one of Sheldon's celebrity crushes and it was typical of us to joke about her, Victor took it quite far and Sheldon ended up punching him in the face.

BlackberryMessenger , like any other social networking app had the "display picture" feature and Sheldon's Display picture was Hatsune Miku. The group was back together again, united, we were all having fun like we used to before. Everything changes when we start talking about music , all three of us had the same taste in music and Sheldon used to "dabble" a lot between genres. Sheldon tells me about Hatsune Miku's latest song that he happens to love so much, Comic Book Chick's curiosity builds up and she just asks who this HatsuneMiku person is, please take into account that explaining what a Vocaloid is to a person it like a nerd explaining the entire StarWars Franchise to a football player. Sheldon misinterprets Comic Book Chick's response for a negative one, to her what was supposed to be a honest question of curiosity sounded to Sheldon like a question of judgement and spite.

Sheldon and I have been friends for over a decade and I know very well when he is about to do something bad, he acts recklessly when it comes to considering others emotions, so you would say he is "emotionally independent."

His emotional independence benefits him and him alone and right now he was about to exercise this independence; directly after Comic Book Chick's question Sheldon responds in a very rude manner by calling Comic Book Chick an "Emo Wannabe"

I have a little theory in my head that the more beautiful a girl is the more emotionally fragile they are, this will of course be considered bullshit by others but yet again in was just my little theory. Comic Book Chick is of course hurt by Sheldon's unnecessarily rude statement.

Whenever Sheldon did something like this I would often be the one stuck in the middle and had to pick sides and almost always I would pick Sheldon's side, but things were different now. Comic Book Chick was finally taking an interest towards me , we would chat all day and night without any pauses , I liked it, I liked her. I am not throwing that all away because of Sheldon's rude behaviour.

Sheldon of course was not willing to apologize to her, not matter how many times I asked and begged. Sheldon was De-arranging this perfect puzzle I had made. I thought it was going to be a great idea to get my best friend to talk to my "Comic Book Chick" but it turns out that it was not such a good idea. There were no more all day and night chats , she was broken , torn and it was all my fault. Acceptance was one thing I was very good at when there was no other way out , for it seems to be the "easiest way out" of any sort of shenanigan and right now I had accepted that it was my fault that Comic Book Chick was sad and the only person who could heal the wound was of course the one who had inflicted it, Sheldon.

I stated how "I need her in my life" but how is that possible with her walking away from me, because of my friend. Sheldon has to apologize, I have to find a way and what form of manipulation is better than Blackmail, yes if you wanted someone to do something for you blackmailing them was the easiest way for you to do it, I just had to find the right aspect or device that will help me craft the perfect blackmail. Sheldon like I and everyone else in the group watched Anime (Japanese cartoons which are in a way not really cartoons) , and their only Anime source was none other than the great Acid. I have a little chat on BBM (Blackberry Messenger) with Sheldon about Apologizing to Comic Book Chick and right after he disagreed to, I brought the Anime topic. At this point Sheldon already knows my intentions, he knows that the only way more Anime will be distributed is if he apologizes to Comic Book Chick. I get what I want and Sheldon gets what he wants too.

Chapter 7

The Friendship Conundrum

Mankind has spent decades over decades questioning their very existence and Mankind has spent decades over decades developing and evolving, but can I say that the more we evolve is the more we become "less human". Emotion is a tool and there comes a time where you have to use it or the tool shall be used against you. In this day and age mankind has lost the meaning of emotion and no dictionary nor encyclopedia can ever define one, it is a different sensation for all of us. We hate differently , We Love differently , so if a dictionary does define an emotion, would live our lives synthesizing and altering our emotion based on the man who defined it ? , Would we be feeling love in an original way or would we just love the way we were taught to love.? We are told that out there somewhere is "the one", who is waiting for you to get his/her heart and make it yours, that the moment you find the one, you would feel an emotion so peculiar and new.

I could never tell you what love is because I myself cannot begin to comprehend. Your heart races , your palms get sweaty , you get scared and frightened. All these signs/symptoms are those of Fear, which is why it is said that Fear is the heart of love, but I , for one would say I Fear love. The thought that you could trust a person with all your emotions is very frightening. The thought that someday you will meet someone out there who will have the power to change you from the happiest man in the world to the saddest. There is that one special person out there who you will trust and love completely, that there is a person out there who you will have a "Happily ever after" with, To me that is very frightening. Apart from all I have just said it seems that I have met "the one", and all this is still my head, She's the one to me but I'm not the one to her for someone has already taken that position.

Sheldon was backed to a corner and the only way out would be for him to apologize. Everything is "back to normal" and the puzzle is yet again perfect, I was so Addicted to the puzzle being perfect, nothing should ever destroy this perfect puzzle I have built.

The Tenth Grade is Over and the Eleventh grade has begun, nothing has changed. The Gents have remained the same and my heart too has remained the same and yet again I have created my own path of Conformity.

I have grown accustomed to having conversations with Comic book Chick. I was getting closer to her yet I could not really reveal my "Emotions" to her, for she is taken.

Victor and I were quite good friends but not really as close of a relationship I have with Sheldon. Oddly enough me and Victor had really intellectual and Personal conversations, he is basically a really cool guy and yet again I get the same thought I got with Sheldon, "Why don't I just introduce him to Comic Book Chick" that will just make the puzzle bigger and as they say , "the more, the merrier". I was in the freindzone with Comic Book Chick and why don't I just throw my whole batch of friends on the same boat. This very "rational" decision is made without any hesitation or the consideration of the consequences. The gents started talking about her more, which is another reason I think they have to meet her.

My group has certain "modes" or "Versions" and tapping into our other versions or modes is close to impossible, well that is if you are not a member of the group. Kindness is an aspect of our group that you, as an outsider would say is not present in our group, yet you overlook the fact that we have opened up so many doors for so many people. Cruelty, for a bunch of "Nerds" and "Geeks" our group can be quite cruel without reason and knowing or seeing our cruel side can really leave a scar on you. The cruel side is a side that you just do not even think about , you would have to push the right buttons to get us there and once we there , we turn into Un-apologetic, None forgiving , Unsympathetic and just utter down-right savage.

Social media is a perfect way to make the gents meet her. Five'o clock on a Thursday evening , everyone is online and it is the perfect time to have a group chat, in total the whole group would consist of Me , Sheldon, Victor, Owgeeh, and Comic book Chick, yep that is more than enough to make this group off the hook.

It is only five minutes in the chat and it is already starting to becoming interesting. I could realize that this group chat is a memory in the making. Victor is quite perverted , well the entire group is perverted but Victor seems like he "takes the cup" in the art of pervertry, so of course now Victor has to test his boundaries with Comic book Chick and Victor is skilled in removing each and every boundary until there are none and this is what he was doing with her.

Whats the worst that could happen? , everyone seems so happy in this group and getting to know each other and no Sheldon outburst.....Yet, yes I know it's coming , it always does and it always end badly, let's just hope I have acquired the necessary skills needed to control the situation if it arises.

5:00 AM , Friday morning and I have to go to school, it may be cliché to say this but She is the first thing on my mind when I wake up and she is the last thing on my mind before I go to sleep. My bare feet touch the cold ceramic floor and that is when my fantasies end and reality begins. The mirror is only two steps away from my bed, I never really liked how I look in the morning, but as my eyes meet with the eyes of my

reflection in dead silence there is only one thought lingering in my head. I go outside to revitalize my thoughts, I breath in from the base of my spine, trying to live in the present moment and forget about the future and past for spiritual reasons. My dog runs up to me every morning to pounce on me , it is a very special moment I share with my dog each morning , I bend down towards the dog's face and look at it straight in the eyes. The sun shines on my dog's eyes and as they glimmer I see the beauty behind the beast, Why have I not noticed such elegance, comeliness and fairness before, the eyes of the dog resembled something so dear to me , something so close to me. Hazel brown, the dogs eyes were Hazel brown, she has entered my home , my private space, everything started to make me think of her, it is like a sickness and the only cure is to get more , from her. I need to see her.

Friday , 1st Period, I had to go to the field, I am too mesmerized to even notice how tired I am. The bell rings, the period is over and I have Math to go to just as she has Math to go to and her previous period was English and that class is on the third floor of one side of the school and her Math class is on the other side on the bottom floor, whereas my Math class was on the bottom floor of the same block or side as her English class, this means whichever way I take to class I will bump into her.

She is standing with Owgeeh and everything just stops and I get comforting silence in all the chaos in the school during a class change , everything is just so serene, I see nothing else but her and everything else seems to halt and this just magnifies her beauty.

"Hey yo Comic book Chick , wassup"

"Hey Quinton , I was just talking to Owgeeh about the Awesome group chat we had last night"

I have only caught a glimpse of her eyes and my heart is already beating very fast I need to look at her straight in the eye. Hazel brown has always been my favorite eye color, but I could deal with not knowing anyone with them, now Hazel brown eyes are a drug to me, addictive and entrancing.

My days, yet again are perfect I am just simply stupendous. In a wider perspective , my love for her was just One-sided stupidity, Blind Infatuation , but I bared no time to look at things in a wider perspective, I found that very gloomy and pathetic. Involuntarily , Comic book Chick has altered every single thing about me, and it was affecting everyone around me too. Recess was of course a very important aspect of the day when it comes to The Gents and it was being altered slowly by her, she would randomly call me each me break to have a small chat and we would break it up and I

would go back to the gents. Alterations like these I slowly grow accustomed to and they escalate in every way, Victor joined my little chat with her every Recess and I noticed no problem in this, she is becoming the highlight of my life and I am dragging the Gents along with me. Vamps joining our chats was yet another minor alteration and escalation, this was great , this made me accustomed to Victor and Comic book Chick and paved a long distance between me and Sheldon, yet I do not see how this is a problem as I do not notice any change in my friendship with Sheldon.

Chapter 8

Chocolate.

Everything happens for a reason ? Yeah that is a statement we here in our lives at one time or the other, it being true or not is actually none of my concern. Things happen whether you want them too or not and most of these things happen involuntarily and there is nothing one can do to stop them. Fate, that is what they call it, but is fate a pity excuse we use to blame ourselves for not doing anything ?, that too is really none of my concern. There are times where I believe in fate and there are times where I hate this somewhat Immaculate inception that mankind cannot control, It is all about control and as indecisive and controlling as I am , I have come to accept that there are something that you just do not have control over.

It was "Fate" then that brought me and Comic book Chick together and it is "Fate" that will pull us apart. No, scratch that, no form of separation will happen between me and her, Well that's just what I wish to see things.

The formation of my "great puzzle" is gaining clarity and paves the future exactly how I saw it in my hypothetically flawless view.

Comic book Chick has a boyfriend , and this is can get quite confusing as I rendered myself as her "significant other" , so in a way I wanted him out of this render , but yet again they do say that loving someone is wanting to see them happy with or without you. That is a good statement which oddly enough has a lot of other statements contradicting with it , such as "Fight for what you love". Honestly , if one was to live according to these advising statements , one would end up in a state of immense disorientation, and this is the state I was in. I am said to be a very possessive and controlling person and if it is a controlling and possessive frame of mind I needed to make her mine and it is exactly that state of mind I will fight to attain and maintain.

Infamous traits , I have been revealing a lot of traits and aspects about my group of friends and one , like the others of great importance was "Hypothetical or Imaginary Possession" , In Laments terms , if one of my friends loved a girl (the girl knowing where he loves her or not is completely irrelevant),if one of my friends loved a girl , the girl was his and his alone. This is quite humorous , well if you look at it from a wider perspective of course , but close up, to us it was forbidden to even walk or talk with another Man's "girl" is punishable by Solemn intervention and probably followed by a temporary ban from the group. I adhered to this rule and decided to Hypothetically brand Comic book Chick as Mine and Mine alone. There were certain boundaries placed when you claim a girl as yours, such as; nobody in the group was allowed to talk to her without your knowing and nobody in the group was allowed to walk with her

without your approval. This ownership is ridiculous and members of the group were adopting these traits without them even noticing and as ridiculous as it seems this was the harsh reality of the group.

Sheldon was growing some sort of resentment towards Comic book Chick and this would be a very grim problem in the near future. More groups were made online and they were enjoyed greatly and of all these "Chats" we have there are few iconic ones and more iconic ones were yet to come. As days and nights progressed the group was really getting used to Comic book Chick's presence and this was again a good thing.

A monumental milestone in my endeavors with Comic book Chick would be the day her relationship came to sudden termination, now I do not know if this was a sign or not, but what I did know was that it happened for a reason. It was a fairly prevalent morning , nothing special about it , the birds are singing and the trees are dancing in the fresh morning wind. Arrival at school remains normal and ordinary, yet again nothing special. I receive my daily dose of Eye pleasing beauty from her and the typical school rush begins, it is only after recess the group receives a message from her saying she desires to walk with us at the end of the day , but the catch was that we had to wait for her for almost an hour. Victor has no problem with this , but on the other hand Owgeeh as always complains about it but in a way realizes how he bares no other choices and will rather wait than walk alone. Sheldon too , as always sides with Owgeeh , he knows how he has other choices but would rather wait and maintain conversation rather than walk alone and keep silent.

She arrives and the normal walking begins, I repeat yet again how there is nothing special. After a few minutes she reveals how the relationship between her and her boyfriend has been terminated. This obviously comes as quite a shock to me, but not a very dire one , just a mild disturbed one because this technically means she is single now, and of course in my head I ask myself "who better to fill the spot than I ?".The reason as to why the relationship was terminated is quite interesting and teaches me more about her.

Is it wrong to feel good about this ?

I mean, this is a very serious matter, yes ?

No !, I do not feel good.

This is bad.

The termination of a relationship in this day and age is the exact equivalent of losing a pen, Once it is gone, forget about it for it is gone and there is no need to go searching for it. Once your so called "significant other" leaves you, it is as if it never happened. I bare not the knowledge if this is a good thing or not, and yet again it was none of my concern.

It was shockingly disturbing to see her and know that was not "taken" any longer.

What now ?

Something has to be done, but what ? And how ?

I am a small pea in a pot filled with decisions I could take and moves I could make and the gravity of this situation was too much for me to handle. I was suddenly Immaculate and knew not what to do.

The pieces of the puzzle should be falling in to place now, I mean why don't I just do it. It is well known that making a move is quite idiotic when the girl has just gotten out of a relationship and right now all I could think about is when I can finally make her mine. The first thing I am going to do is let her know my deep love for her.

Hmmmm !? but how does one go about that ?

I guess now it does not really matter how I let her know all I need to do is just let her know.

I am different, I need not tell people that , it was well known by most

Is this difference the explanation as to why I am such a Hopeless Romantic.

Girls want a guy who is experienced in what he's doing and I-

well I am quite inexperienced and this was the reason as to why I was not really the

relationship type, I just left that to Victor and the others. Apart from Victor being a Self proclaimed Casanova he actually knew his way around the vile lands of the Girls mind. He has been in more relationships than any of us in the group and you could say he was more experienced. When it comes to getting in and out of relationships, Honestly Victor has the upper hand.

This made me think.

Should one be a "Badass" and blatant when it comes to "getting the girl" ?

This is very confusing.

Girls want bad guys and claim in the end that we are all the same. I fail dismally when it comes to being the "Bad and Experienced" guy and that is the direct explanation as to why I am so Lonely.

I am a very kind and Nice guy and I guess in this day and age that is not really what one needs, as a matter of fact nice and kind is kind of a bad thing.

So as difficult as it seems if I was to get what I want I would have to dismantle and destroy my nice and kind nature and become more blatant and maliciously logical.

I talk to her every single day , well I think that should be a slight sign indicating my feelings towards her and After all this time and after all that has changed about her, Her eyes have remained the same , well to me.

They still Sparkle and Glow at every glance despite what might be on her mind.

They still reflect her deep burning beautiful soul, and after all this time, Her eyes are still a Mesmerization to mine. Her eyes Speak to mine and I could just stop and stare at them and forget everything.

I could not Fathom what to do at this point. It is well known that my confidence lies behind LCD Screens and so I will have to use this to my Advantage.

I begin to tell her every night how I love her and this was more than enough for me

, that is what I began to tell myself to comfort me.

As the days progressed I realize how close we are to the end of the year and this was too detrimental for me to waste my thoughts on, I could not accept the fact that she was going to leave.

Who was going to please my eyes now ? Her beauty was not one that could be duplicated , call it blind infatuation I don't really give a shit. My fixed opinion on her is a strong one. Everyone in this Goddamn world can conspire against her and my love for her would still remain. I do not want anyone to see her through my eyes for I only want her beauty and essence to be seen only myself. If this is what blind infatuation is then so be it , I would rather be blinded by her than by anyone else.

It has been quite a while since I have collectively analysed myself and thought about where I am and what I have come to be; so I think it is about that time.

Mental Diary Entry

Dear Mental Diary.

It has been a while since we last spoke , a lot has happened and there is a lot I think you need to know.

I am a victim of a dilemma , a mental dilemma which of course involves her, I did tell you about her did I not ?

I have been building a ship for quite some time now and it can move, it can sail; problem is that this ship I have built is not necessarily sailing towards my desires destination

and I blame that entirely on how it was built.

Everyone is getting in and out of relationships and well, I am just her letting fate steer my ship into the direction best for me.

She is solitary now and it is all up to me to change that.

I cannot capture her because of the chains I have attached myself to.

Sincerely

Quinton.

At Sunward Park High School it was traditionally mandatory for each class to have a democratically

elected class Representatives, or RCL for short. I took no interest in becoming one , but I could not say the same for Sheldon. The process of electing the two RCL's for your class goes as follows;

First you have to run for RCL and that happens by the classes favor, luckily I was picked to run for RCL , and secondly; In order for one to be elected, you had to write an essay as to why you are fit to become a one of the two Representative's and what makes you better than the others, since I am quite a lazy I did not write the essay and just dealt with not being a RCL.

Sheldon, unlike me was very keen on becoming the RCL for his class and with all his eagerness and enthusiasm he actually got what he wanted. Another reason I was not really interested in becoming a RCL member was because they had to go to mandatory meeting every Friday and these meetings lasted up to the maximum of 3 hours. We wait for Sheldon almost every Friday , well when there was a meeting ,Waiting is not really a problem with us.

It was between the 3rd-4th period that Comic Book Chick would ask me , well ask us to walk with her after-school, and today she did exactly that and it is a Friday, Well I guess we'll just have to walk with her.

Since it is well known how someone has to pay for Victor, today that lucky someone just happens to be Sheldon, and at this point Comic book Chick and Sheldon don't really talk as they still despise each other and that is exactly how I want it to stay.

Paces change as we walk , and the group separates slowly but only by a few paces.

Comic Book Chick, Victor and I would be walking a couple of paces behind Owgeeh and Sheldon and then we would group back together and separate again.

We reach the Supermarket and today Comic Book Chick wants to stay and buy herself Chocolate, this is where we are given two choices;

One, go with Comic book Chick to the store to buy some chocolate and hopefully pray that she buys us some too.

The other option was to say our goodbyes to her and walk to the Cabs with Sheldon and Owgeeh

Without hesitation Victor and I go with Comic Book Chick, I mean we will only take up to 10 minutes and that is enough time for us to meet up with the gents and then go home. Take into account how at this point Sheldon still has Victors money for him to go home. I assure Victor that Sheldon and Owgeeh will come to the store later on so we can leave together.

It is a very fun walk around the store in search for Chocolate and only after a few minutes we arrive at the Candy and Chocolate isle and Comic book Chick picks her favorite Chocolate, but now she decides to offer to buy me and Victor Chocolate , and of course without hesitation me and Victor grab our favorite Chocolate, then she pays and then we are off to the Cabs.

Halfway, we meet up with Sheldon and Owgeeh, and it was at this moment Comic book Chick decides to put all three of the Chocolate in her bag, it does not take Sheldon long to deduce why should has three Chocolates, this a very confusing dilemma as I think Victor has the Chocolates.

I softly whisper to Victor;

"So when are we eating the fucking Chocolates ?"

In confusion , Victor responds ;

"Dude, you do know that She has the Chocolates right ?"

"Oh ! Fuck"

We already said goodbye to her and she is now walking away, and Me and Victor decide to rush to get her because Yes, we kind of really wanted the Chocolates, We reach her and I only realize now why she put all three of these Chocolates in her bag;

She knew that if she put all three in her bag then say goodbye and start walking way only Me and Victor would go after her, and since she did not really take a liking to Sheldon this would give her a fair distance away from him; Fuck , now that is a really logical move.

Take into account yet again that Sheldon still has Victors money at this point.

Sheldon told us earlier that his old friend is at the Hospital and he wanted to go visit him after school, the Hospital was right next to the supermarket.

Owgeeh gets in his Cab and Sheldon starts walking slowly towards the hospital, as Sheldon slowly walk past Me, Comic Book Chick and Victor he maintains a straight face, this is the face well know by the gents. When you get this face from Sheldon

you know that something is wrong and he probably will just ignore you if you tried asking him if he was okay

He walks past and only after he is a few steps past us Victor remembers that he can not go home if Sheldon leaves now, so he proceeds with saying;

"Hey ! Sheldon dude, The Cash ?"

Sheldon of course without even looking at him, ignores Victor and carries on walking, please take into account that if Sheldon does not give Victor the cash , he would have to walk home and from where we were to Victor's house it would take him approximately two whole hours, and so let us just say that at this point Victor's fate lies loosely on Sheldon's hands, Sheldon knows what will happen if he does not give Victor the cash and honestly at this point he does not care at all.

Comic book Chick, out of sympathy and kindness gives Victor the money he needs and we all arrive home safe and sound. This is not really the end of the day , it is all merely just the beginning.

I reach home and turn on my tablet , I receive quite a number of updates, but the most interesting one is the fact that Sheldon has a message to the group, the group that only consisted of Me, Sheldon, Owgeeh and Victor. Sheldon has also changed the title of the group title to "No Regrets"

and the message reads as follows;

"And I was like maybe she's paying for him so I decided after leaving owgeeh at his cab to go see my real DAWG who is in hospital,so Vic was the chocolate as nice as my friendship? or was it as bitter as the walk home alone?.PS: I regret nothing."

It is Quite Fascinating How ... -

Chapter 9

Conditions and Consequence

The fascination of this current condition lies in the reconstruction within "The Gents" Could it be said that this was their metamorphosis ?

the metamorphosis which will inevitably result in the revelation of their veraciously vivid verbose nature.

And who was to blame ?

A Female.

A Female alone could tamper with them this much?

From a young age I was taught not to point fingers and so I did not do so , but now I defy that teaching because I believe one should Blame only where blame is due. I need not say who is to blame now.

There is no use in crying over spilt milk, what is done is done.

Another well known tradition is for every school to be divided into various groups, the very thought co-existence is abolished from a young age; I realized this when I set out to high-school. There is this "Social Pyramid" that most learners have to climb, this pyramid can demoralize and eradicate a participant to a point of no return, what you have been taught as a kid; all the little things you were forbidden from doing, all the morals , lessons and boundaries that were placed upon you then,

They all Change. The 9th Grade is when all the change happens , it is only when you become a senior that the very same change dominates you.

In the 11th Grade in our school , there is group of females, proudly proclaimed to present purity like a praiseworthy plumage, They are revered for their popularity. We as a group do not necessarily hate these girls, We just never really take interest in them for we are from a rather different social slot, they are nice girls who talk and know almost every one, they host parties ,etc.

Their group does not really consist of many individuals as their well known trait is their beauty, This is one of the reasons Sheldon likes close to all of them so much, That is the main reason Sheldon ever falls in love actually, You can be smart,witty, and "mentally stable", but if you do not have the looks , I'm sorry but you do not really qualify.

Sheldon is of course supported by us in his endeavors with these girls , I do not hate any of them , but yet again hate is and was never really an emotion favored by my heart, so I do hope that Sheldon eventually ends up being with one of them. At this point it is quite obvious that me and Sheldon do not share a similar taste in women, he is into physical appearance and acceptance more and well I like looking deep and piercing the veil , So we fell in love way differently.

The "Chocolate" incident was looked over and ignore by the group "Temporarily", Everyone knew that all these shenanigans are caused by one thing, Sheldon's hatred for her and the reason as to why he hates her , that question burns and irritates my brain because the Question;

"Why does Sheldon hate her ?" was greatly avoided simply to maintain peace and order within the group, I hate him for not providing a reason, he would not go out of his way to hate a person without a reason. Owgeeh and Victor see the reason as to being because of Sheldon's possessive nature over me, Me and Sheldon have been friends for so long that it is detrimental for him to see me focus my energy and time into something or someone either than him.

Is that it ?

The reason why Sheldon hates her?

It was quite plain to see that Most of my time and thoughts were lingering upon Comic book Chick, but why does Sheldon care so much ?

Fuck it.

If he is going to hide the reason from me, then so be it, My love for her is going to remain until my heart turns to dust and my coffin rots and the nothingness and emptiness resides no longer where I once lied.

This is all merely just the beginning.....