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## A.D.D.

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The assignment is to write a short story. The key word being short like when you stand in line for a rollercoaster ride for 2 hours and the ride is 2 minutes long short, like Mr. Ottomans' gym shorts short, Man I hate gym. So much pressure for a guy to be good in gym, well I'm not good ok? I'm good at poetry and playing piano but they don't let you exercise that in school, just your abs and triceps. My best friend John had amazing biceps, he's a football player and the girls love him. Ahh Girls... I love girls. The way they smell, the short skirts they wear and speaking of short, this short story is not going to be my cup of tea.

My English class is filled with immigrants and failing seniors. It's easy. Maria Teltora is easy. Ha, I saw her making out with the entire lacrosse team last week. It was put together for people like us. In saying "us" I mean people who can't get it together, teenagers whose dogs are always eating their homework and whose computers keep shutting down right before they finish their 25 page paper. Though I'm not sure why I'm in this class. I don't even have a dog. I always wanted a small dog, one that sits in your lap all day and doesn't require exercise. Paris Hilton has one, man she can't sing; I have no idea why she's famous, probably because of her small dog. Celebrities are always accessorizing with flesh and bone, if it's not dogs, it's kids. I don't know if I want kids, I think I'll be fine with a dog, a small one that doesn't require exercise.

I remember the day that I was told I was being transferred in to a "special" English class. Like I ride the short bus special? I asked. They told me it was for students who were more advanced than the regular pupils. I heard when you love someone your pupils expand, same as when you're smoking weed. That's ironic, you get the same high off drugs and love, probably why there's a love drug. Man whoever invented that was genius. But they said I was genius and now I'm in here sitting by the French dude, French dressing, French kissing, French... I would never take French and the Spanish Sinourita, who is so smokin' hot, but speaks no English. "Shakira, Shakira, I never really knew that she could dance like this, She makes a man want to speak Spanish." Granted I've never seen her dance but Ya, she makes me wanna speak Spanish, even if it's just the two words that I know; El banio and Holla which I always read like Holler', like black people greet each other or When Gwen Stefani sings "I ain't no holler back girl." She and Madonna need to step down while people still like them, their old.

On top of being in this "gifted" class, the school also convinced my mom to take me to the doctor. I don't have a good history with doctors. I don't think they know what they're talking about and I would like to tell them that those endless hours

of studying, eight years of college and massive amount of debt have gotten them nowhere. My smart doctor told me to take these little multicolored pills everyday. Multicolored, like the love drug. Ha. I'm no dummy I told him and he didn't respond, exactly. Speaking of Doctor's visits, that's what I was gonna write my short story on, since I'm there a lot. I could talk about how I have no idea why I'm there and how every time the doctor starts talking, it's really hard for me to focus.....

The teacher gave us three weeks to write this story. We could write about anything. He looked at me when he said that. Anything, that's a vague subject, I could write about pirates, guns, flowers, Russia, babies, my brother; my brother has a baby, her name is Jive, like the swing dance. Man I can't dance, I tried at the last spring fling, I failed. I can't wait for spring, I'm so tired of the winter and it just started, puberty also just started, by next spring I should be a full grown man. Ah to be a man. Men Men Men Men, Good show.

I have to settle on something. Something so good that my teacher would see that I don't need to be in this class, she'll marvel and clap and say "Go, Go, Out you go to the regular English class." And the whole class will get on there feet and clap and cheer as I grab my books and run out yelling "ill remember you, I will." If you're thinking I should write a story on how I'm crazy. Relax. I just watch a lot of movies. I wish there were a job where you could watch movies all day; I would be brilliant at that. Not as brilliant as Angelina Jolie in Wanted, maann I know why she's wanted. Ha. Her lips took up half the screen. I would want a job where I could look at her lips all day. All day that's how long it's gonna take me to pick a topic.

In my lifetime of 17 years I've been around the block a time or two. I've seen some ugly things and some things that would bring tears to your eyes. So I've decided that this short story will be about my first kiss. My first kiss was given to me from one of the ugliest girls you'll ever see. Ugly like the elephant man, that book brought tears to my eyes, this girl brought tears to my eyes and vomit to my throat. My throat burned for days, felt like someone lit a match and threw it in mouth. My mouth, that's where she had the audacity to lay her nasty lips, she didn't even ask me. Once my mother made the mistake of not asking me what I wanted for Christmas, I ended up with 12 pairs of socks and Disney pajamas, which later my girlfriend burned in some sort of ritual, a don't-ever-come-around-here-cuz-were-through ritual. Been down that road to many times, girls are always burning my clothes, my throat or my bed covers, man I'd like to be under my bed covers, this is takin so long; Longer than it took for me to get my license or to get back my license after I got it taken away the second week. The second week of school is when I got detention, met my girlfriend in detention, the one that burned my clothes, should have seen that one coming. But I never saw that kiss coming; third grade, me on the swings, Girtha charging at me, me frozen from fear. She stopped just short of killing me and tilted her head to the side and sunk her lips into mine, trauma. I didn't eat for a week.

It's a wonder I even settled on a topic. My first kiss, that otta keep every-

one awake for a while. My teacher is always talking about details. Make sure we can see the people and the places. Some people you don't wanna see like the elephant girl from the third grade or what Marilyn Manson actually looks like with no makeup on. Why are these men wearing makeup, I get the lightning bolts and black paint but when you're putting on white face powder, tons of eyeliner and mascara your crossing the line. Some things were made just for girls like Barbie's, country music and cleaning supplies. Men are to be manly like Vin Diesel or Hulk Hogan. Now I ain't no terminator but nobody's calling me Clay Aiken either. Their was one small detail he left out, he was gay, seems like everyone knew except him. Details for my first kiss, it was at school, the end of the week and there was a pack of girls in front of me. Girls and packs, I guess it starts at a young age. Packs of girls in bathrooms, in movie theatres, at the mall; wolves travel in packs, so do lions, that's probably saying something about girls. Girtha ran at me like a bull, full speed, as if I was holding a big red sheet. Bull fights are crazy, those men don't just move when the bull comes at them, they jab it till its barley breathing, animal Cruelty. Focus. Focus. Girtha stopped right in front of me, like she was sliding in for a Home Run or when you look down while driving and you have to slam your brakes because the idiot in front of you can't drive. I've had my share of bad drivers, people cutting me off, flicking me off, and trying to run me off the road. Sometimes I have trouble focusing...

My mom's calling me. I have another Doctors appointment, I need a hair appointment, maybe Ill grow my hair out. Oh outside I wanna go outside, I've been in here for hours. My mom's calling me, something about a doctor's appointment; I don't have a good history with doctors. I have to finish this paper, Paper planes; that's a good band name. Maybe I should start a band. We could be the next Matchbox 20 or System of a Down. Get Down Stairs I hear my mother yelling. I once fell down the stairs when I was seven; I was reaching for my socks. Do I have socks on? I should probably put socks on, it's cold outside. I need to get outside more; all this homework is killing me. Maybe I should stop going to school and start a band. Id be famous and rich like Britney Spears, but I wouldn't dress like here, maybe I would if it made me famous. My mother is now standing over me. We have to go, she says. Where? I ask. She puts her hand on her face and asks if I'm taking my fun multicolored pills everyday. Multicolored pills I laugh, I'm no dummy.