

No Friends

As Chris walked towards an empty seat at the sports table, his shoes squeaked. When he arrived at the gap of noisy kids, the 2 kids next to the gap suddenly slid in and closed the gap.

He remembered the day he brought his mouse skull to school. After he explained it, everyone went silent. That was also the day he lost his “friends”. Hence the quotes, that was the day he found out his friends weren't his friends. He walked over to the somewhat lonely table he normally sat at, with almost no one at it, but today there was a kid with a yellow t-shirt. He attempted to start a conversation, but with no avail. The kid shouted once “I’m trying to eat my lunch, zip your lip, or I’ll do it for you!”

“Sheesh” mumbled Chris. He ate his lunch quietly like he had for months now.

He didn't want to tell his mom he couldn't make any friends, because the principal would get involved, and he would be teased for being a crybaby. Secretly, but nevertheless, teased. While he had friends on social media apps on his phone, most of them lived in Texas or L.A, so he could probably only see them on vacation. He got shouted at by the school bullies, and his mind raced to find comebacks to the bully's constant verbal assault. While he wasn't successful, he got 3 minutes into the argument before he got completely embarrassed.

When school got out, Chris was exhausted, and he did his homework and went outside for the rest of the day until bedtime. Chris loved nature, and went outside every day. He climbed trees, looked for bones, looked for animals, walked and made things with natural materials. Once, Chris made a bow and arrow, but never used it much in fear it would break.

The next day his teacher announced a new student was coming, and this relieved him, but when his teacher assigned him as his buddy, a wave of embarrassment washed over him. It was 3 days until the new student arrived, and at lunch he talked to the new student, at first he forced words out, but then he noticed that the student was a lot like him. His name was Tom, he loved bones, and even more he loved nature, just like Chris did. On the bus, Tom and Chris they sat quietly reading until they got home.

In the morning, Chris found Tom, and as they walked through the grey sidewalk that seemed to splinter through the luscious, green grass, they chatted about recent events. When they reached the large, heavy, metal doors of the brick walled school, they worked together to lob open the heavy doors. They walked to their lockers and put away their backpacks, and then sat in their seats and readied for another day.