

“What I Wished Someone Told Me”

By Escapee_From_Bedlam

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My class' assignment was to_ Write a mini-story using the theme “What I wished someone told me.” Include the words shell, comic book, discarded, soap box, rubber soles, and postcards.____ Surprisingly I managed to do so! R&R!(Read it and Reap....)

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1 - Untitled

“What I Wished Someone Told Me”

By: Nah-tay-leo “there’s a wiggly in my tummy” Kitsuna

Okay, so this is how it went. I’m sitting at the breakfast table eating the sunflower seeds out of their shells, reading my Dark Horse comic book when my mom comes out of nowhere (with the blue towel wrapped around her) constantly asking me for her missing paraphernalia. I’m telling her that I have no idea where in the country her stuff could’ve been discarded, but being the ‘mom’ she is, she doesn’t believe me and she continues her bickering. She’s just pacing back and forth babbling, “I am not going to work without my lucky lingerie!” and “You’re not leaving this house until you find me my bloomers!” Of course I’m going to retort something like, “I don’t know where your blooming ‘bloomers’ are!”. I should have been ruder, but I know my mom. She’d find any reason to make your life miserable, and giving her lip wasn’t exactly going to make her close her trap. Yet, she continues to nag on. So what am I supposed to do? Just sit there? You must be out of your mind.

It’s already fifteen minutes till classes begin, and I’m already late for my school presentation and school itself. This woman is still walking to and fro like one of them caged tigers at the zoo. Heck, if she was yelling at anybody, she’d be yelling at herself, on account that I was already out of the house. You really expect me to sit there? I walked four blocks to the train station, and I caught the express train. You know, the one that takes you to where you want to go really fast, but takes forever to come to you? I was already going to be four minutes late for school, and I was already getting nervous. Now, I have a little hanky that I use to wipe my face every time I get this tense. On top of that, I like to keep this little hanky in a container stuffed in my jacket pocket, a nice pretty little pink soapbox with the little purple flowers on it. Seeing that I have no trace of modesty in me, I just whip out the soapbox and pull out my hanky to wipe my face. All of a sudden, I have people turning their heads towards me, looking at me like I’m crazy or something. So I’m asking myself, “Why? Because I’m a trashy-looking skater boy using a sophisticated handkerchief with the frills on the end?”. Then I tell them, “Yeah, It’s a pretty little pink soapbox”. But that doesn’t stop them from staring me down, especially this one man sitting next to me. Really nosy goat of an old man, but he did have on some pretty nice boots with the rubber soles with the grips on them. This man leans his head sideways telling me, “I remember when I was that frisky when I was your age young’un”. So I’m like, “Shove it up your @\$@”, well actually, I didn’t say that. Didn’t I say that giving lip wouldn’t keep a person quiet?

Well, I was able to leave the train with a straight face, and it’s been three minutes since the late bell rang for school. I knew this for sure because I’ve been checking my watch every fifteen seconds. Luckily for me, I had realized that my presentation wasn’t due until eight twenty two, which was only ten

minutes away. Now, the whole project was to say some kind of a speech to the class using the notes on your postcards. I had A LOT of notes, I'll tell you that. Finally, I had reached the school. I ran up four flights of stairs and opened the door to my classroom. Of course my teacher just glares at me, but I have to admit, it was a little rude. I mean, I just barged in on the first dork's presentation without saying anything like a simple "Good morning!". What can I say? I was in a rush because my unselfish mom was being a total female dog. By the time I sat in my seat in the back of the room, the student was finished with his lecture. It was my turn to go up and 'edify' my fellow peers.

Surprisingly enough, I went through the first half of my speech perfectly well. Best part was, I didn't even NEED my notes, I practically knew what I was going to say. Which made me happy, because I'm standing up there with all this educational diarrhea spilling out of my mouth, but I'm supposed to be this stereotypical brainless delinquent. Look, I'm not dumb, I have this kind of a 'hidden genius' in me. I just don't like to apply myself to all this academic crap. Unless it's to make some teacher look stupid or something, then I would apply myself.

Anyway, there I was looking all smart and what not. Then I think to myself, "Why not wipe your head like them professional orators do?" So I did just that. I slipped my hand inside my jacket pocket, opening the soapbox (while it's stuffed in there), taking out my handkerchief. The minute I wipe the first furrow line on my forehead, the first thing I hear is "Mr. Bennington!" and a whole bunch of kids laughing their rears off. So I ask the teacher, "Um, is there a problem Ms. Kwan?" And she's like "Big problem! What pray-tell is THAT in your hand?" I look down at my hand to what I thought was my handkerchief. Thing was, it wasn't my hanky at all, but my damn mother's puce lace G-String.

The first thing that went through my head was "Dammit! I really didn't need to know that mom!" but I couldn't even think. I had regained my title of being the brainless delinquent. Big fancy words couldn't save me now. So while I'm just standing there looking like the First Class, Grade-A moronic moron, I'm saying to myself, "Man, I wished someone would have told me earlier!"

Sucky ain't it?