

Can't Fly With Broken Wings

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High school freshman Dameon May Wrath is a simple, somewhat plain girl. She has a job, active school life, and so on. Everything is perfect...until Ian Scythe, a transferred sophomore comes to Laurel Oak High.

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"Did you even study?" a voice snuck up on me as I walked down the crowded corridors of Laurel Oak High, heading to sixth period lunch. "A little bit, but it was hard to piece all of it together; I didn't fully understand it." I murmured as my best (and probably only) friend Eve McCarthy stood beside me as we walked to my locker for my lunch. "Excuses...You could've asked me for help!" she exclaimed, throwing her arms up in the air for dramatic effect. "Eve, you did this stuff last year. How are you supposed to remember all of it?" I sighed, clicking open my locker after entering my combination, 22-15-37. "An extremely well trained, retentive mind. That's all." Eve smiled boastfully. "Whatever." I sighed once more and then we headed off to her locker.

Eve is in all honors classes, no doubt planning to go to Harvard or something. Yeah. She's just *that* smart! Nonetheless, she balances so many things like soccer, practicing three instruments (flute, tenor saxophone, and keyboard), and has time to study. Eve McCarthy: A+ student. Me? Not so much. I, personally, don't care about school at all. I just don't care. I haven't the slightest idea of what I'm planning on doing when I get older so...who cares? Eve continually tells me that I should study hard so I can achieve my dream, whatever that may be, and live out my life in luxury. Yeah, easy for her. She wants to be an environmentalist or a historian. Eve is fascinated by ancient Egypt, but is so passionate about the environment. I tell you, this girl has such a good aspiration that she could probably stop global warming or something.

Anyways, I should probably describe myself before I go on about Miss McCarthy. My name is Dameon May Wrath and I'm a single child with only a mother. My father was killed in Iraq. I'm a C- student. I have no aspiration for life whatsoever. I'm only five feet tall (rather short) and I'm fifteen years old. My eyes are bright silver and my hair is jet black. I'm a very descriptive writer when it comes to my stories and poetry. I specialize in History and Language Arts, but totally fail at gym. I just don't like participating. Tch, they can kiss my @\$\$! Back to the story...

I never thought about my future. Would I have a good job? Would I have a nice house? Good money? A husband? Hell, I don't even have a boyfriend! There's no way that I could manage a husband! All the boys here find me repulsive. They're the kind of perverts that go after easy, drunk, high sluts. Screw them! I don't need a guy!

"So...what do you think of Shawn Kerk? He's totally cute, right?" Eve asked me as her face lit up with excitement. "...That nerd that spends all of his time in the li--OW!" I yelped in pain as Eve smacked the back of my head, "He isn't a nerd! I was thinking of asking him to Friday's dance." she gripped her lunch as she stared dreamily into space. "Today's Monday. When do you plan on asking him?" I asked her as we both headed into the cafeteria and sat down at a completely empty table. "I was thinking Wednesday. I'm not sure. I'll have to go to the library and write a paper soon, so I'll start Wednesday and I'm 100% positive I'll see him there." Eve pulled a salad out of her lunchbox. "Good luck. Not like you'll need it, though. Shawn hasn't ever had a girlfriend." I shrugged.

"You need to ask a guy to the dance!" Eve smiled as she started to munch on some lettuce. "I hate all of the guys here." I scanned around the room. "How about Hugh Kaulitz?" Eve pointed to a jock across the room. "Hugh is horrible. All the jocks hate me." I rubbed the back of my head sadly. "Well...there is this new kid coming to Laurel Oak High."

"Really? What's his name?" I asked as I started to munch on some rice. "Ian Scythe. Sounds kind of dark...He's coming here tomorrow. Just say hello and be friendly. See how that works out."

Great. Another jerk in this school to torture me.