

“Assignment Eighteen”

SOMEONE I WISH TO LIKE
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Accelerated Language Arts
Prof. Longen, Grade 3, Period 9

To wake up Lester and his sister Lulu we can throw creamed corn at the front door. Or I can knock and when they answer we can rally and push their faces into mud pies. They deserve this. I wish I could like them.

Lester especially deserves a wake up call. They live in the biggest house at the top of the block behind a high fence and look down on everybody from their deck and windows. They even have a pool but I'm banned from there now. All because that older nerd Brain [sic] told me to pin Lester and kiss him on the mouth, and his mom got all mad when she saw.

Now Lester hates me. He spits at me if I'm at the bottom of the stairs and he's above at school. Once he got a teacher to think I was a cheater and another one to think I was pushing study drugs. I push nothing and I never cheat at school or games. I call him Moe Lester and so do some of the other kids. This is *ironic* since he's a prude.

Last winter I liked him because of his pool and we built forts in the lot at the end of the block, near where the jocks scrimmage. That's where I met nerd Brain, my high school friend with the glass eye. The three of us all got along and played together before the seamy kiss.

At school Lester eats several lunches a day with his sister and only his sister. If anyone sits near them, they move. He gets his step dad to drive him and Lulu to school, to avoid us on the bus. My mom says people like that make pollution trouble. My other mom says it's no wonder their family is morbidly obese. I take the bus or I skateboard the whole way and I'm skinny but growing into puberty fast and tall.

Lulu's a liar! for reals. She told the principal I keep "hassling" her, and we had to have that conference with our teachers and parents. All I wanted was the G.I. Joe she had Lester steal from me (a stud, for her slutty Barbies) and she still lies about doing this. Kids who act like that turn into criminals, said my mom. My other mom stood up for me to her mom.

Now my friends and me stay away, or we spy on them. There's a hole in their fence and we can see them in their huge pool, going down the extra-wide slide and yelling like they're having fun, like they know we're there and they're actors. I want to dump red and blue food-coloring in the water so they get all purple and wreck their towels but I'm a nice person.

Someone I really do like is Huey Mensa. Hu moved in next door over the summer and is a poet who plays the stock market. A family of turtles and some parrots live free and wild in his green house. Hu has a sauna we go in naked and he likes how much I come over. He loves me. We watch movies sometimes. Most are French and Russian ones, starring a boy about my age. Cie la vie! Huey labels everything in his house with "H.M.", even his underwear.

Professor Longen, you might appreciate this last part, since you told our class you believe in ghosts, and you push eerie movies like Woody Allen's "Midnight in Paris". A babysitter I had when I was little once told me how a girl who was killed by an escalator kept haunting her, and I'm haunted by her too. So I asked Hu if we could watch "Poltergeist" but he said no, it's a blockbuster. Then he threw the box out! I guess he's trying to keep me independent? Hm.

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