

**Rule #1: DON'T TRUST EASILY, 11-12, p. 1-6**

It's 8am and I can hear the bell ringing from outside of the school as I sit in my mothers car hoping that she'll have mercy on me then drive me home and make me some delicious home cooked meals that tends to make me feel all warm and fuzzy on the inside but unfortunately this is the real world and education comes first. "Pick you up at 3:30" my mom says as she's mostly paying attention to her Blackberry phone.

"K" I replied as I prepared to embrace the cold, and dry air of early December. I hopped out of her Nissan brand minivan then slammed the door behind me. I hurriedly made my way into this crappy and unpleasant building that I call my middle school. Immediately I book it to U.S. History, my first period, so my entrance isn't officially considered awkward. This was that one dreadful class that every pre-teen hates and I, for one, absolutely hate going to every single morning due to the fact that I don't like U.S. History and I hate the entire student body but..... it's okay because my rule number one is: Don't trust easily. I guess that rule helps my sanity to some extent and keeps me in my drama free box.

As I quietly made my way into Mr. Bucholz class I suddenly became overwhelmed by the shift of attention towards tardy girl; me. The students eyes shifts towards my presence as I made my way to my seat which so happens to be sitting directly in the middle of the classroom. How pleasant. I sat my tote bag down next to my seat and started to hastily rummage through my bag to pull out my notebook and - "Crap." I ungraciously whisper to myself as I remembered I always forget to bring a pencil to class. I searched around the classroom with my desperate eyes looking for someone with a pencil case out who can spare a well needed writing utensil. I start to bite my bottom lip. Mr. Buttholes continues with his lecture as I discreetly nudge Robin who sits directly across from me and ask "Hey Robin, can I borrow a pencil?"

"No" He says with some hiss to his high pitched voice. He obviously hasn't hit puberty yet and he's wearing... EYELINER? You kidding me? This kid a joke or something?

“Come on! You have like a full pencil case filled with them! Lemme get one. I’ll give it back.” I whispered with plead trailing behind my voice.

“No, they’re all pens.” He replied quietly as he tried to ignore my requests and then proceeded to slide his pencil case towards him as if I were about snatch his valued belongings.

“Then let me BORROW a pen” I asked with a now impatient tone.

“Hey, you two. What’s all the whispering about?” Mr. Butthole asks as he turned his attention away from his so called important lecture.

“Robin won’t let me borrow a pen when I’m obviously going to return it,” I argued.

“He is always just being super stingy about everything.”

Robin snapped his head towards me so his chubby face faced me. I can feel his uneasiness. “Not even, if I don’t want to share my stuff then I don’t have to, besides, you might get your Asian germs on it” he retorted as he jokingly made a sickly unpleasant facial expression. The whole class laughed while some of the boys hollered *oooooooooooooh daaaaanngg!!!*

“Stop being gay for once!” I shouted as I rolled my eyes. I reached down into my bag once again to try and scrounge up a most likely non-existent pencil.

“I’m not gay! Why does everyone keep on saying that?!” I quickly raised my head as Robin shouted and slammed his pencil down onto his manila shaded desk. He’s tense.

I giggled in a strained and uneasy manner.

“Whoa guys, calm down now. Robin there’s no need to yell in my classroom.

Tracy, how about you get up and make your way towards the planning center.”

Mr. Buttface rested his fists on both sides of his hip and shifted his eyes back and forth from Robin and me.

“Dude, calm down. I didn’t even mean to say gay in that way.” I scoffed. I glanced around the room to find the my classmates eagerly waiting to see more drama go down and then my attention shifted back to Robin who took on a red, and angry face. He stared down at his textbook.

“Tracy, didn’t I just say go to the planning center? Gather your belongings and leave.” Seeing Mr. Butthole irritated always made me laugh on the inside. I

packed up my belongings and made my way out of the classroom while shaking my head back and forth showing my discomfort. "Robin, pack up your stuff and join her."

The planning center is this one small room filled with brown round tables and posters hung up everywhere stating positive quotes, happy quotes, love quotes, and tradition quotes that everyone has come across once or twice within their first 13 years of life. The room reeked of American people and hand sanitizer. I guess you could compare the smell to that of a hospital. Robin and I separately made our way to the round table that sat directly in the middle of the room. We sat across from each other. I found a pencil sitting on the middle of the round table and I immediately grabbed it with such force that the tips of my fingers hit the wooden table. I unwillingly wince. Ms. Kohl turns around from her desk, "Tracy?" She giggled, "What are you doing in the planning center? You've stayed out of trouble since the 6th grade, 2 years have passed and now you're in here? What could you have possibly done?" Did I forget to mention I'm a straight A and B student? I usually am a drama free person but hell, I do have one big mouth. My mother calls me a big mouth from time to time and mama's always right, y'know. Ms. Kohl knows my parents fairly well so I'm assuming she's fond of me.

"She called me gay." Robin folded his arms across his chest, "And I'm not gay. I like girls."

I squinted at Robin and raise my left eyebrow; questioning him in my own stream of thoughts. *You're angry/ upset. Obviously insecure about something. You're a dancer I hear who is or can be flamboyant.. and you wear make-up from time to time. My God, I am brilliant! He's gay gay gay.* A half smile crept onto my face as I propped my head up on top of my palm. I start to tap the wooden pencil I found against the table.

"Tracy? What makes you feel the need to call out Robin's sexuality? Does it matter? So much that you need to address it?" Ms. Kohl asked me in a generous but stern tone, "You kids know we don't tolerate name calling, this is a safe environment."

“I didn’t call him gay meaning he likes boys, I meant he was being stupid for not letting me borrow one out of a billion of his pens. He’s so stingy! And if you’re gay just freakin’ admit it! You’re gay! GET. OVER. IT. Not that hard!” I threw my hands up in a frustrated manner then let them fall to my lap in frustration.

“Now, Tracy.. stupid and gay are two very different things.” Okay, I’ll give her that. “Yeah, whatever. Are we done? Can I like leave?” I ask as I started reaching for my tote bag up but instead Ms. Kohl somehow made me lock eyes with her.

“Yes, you can leave but here, take this while you’re at it” She handed me a small pink rectangular card.

“Whoa! wait! you’re giving me a pink slip?! Why? I said I was sorry! C’mon! Will this go on my permanent record?!” I cried out as my face turned to a reddish shade. My palms felt warm. I hear Robins light giggle and I immediately snapped for a quick second. “Shut up, Robin. How about you accept the fact that you’re gay before coming at me like that!” I shouted then stormed out of the room at the same time

“Wait wait wait, Tracy!” I hear Robin chasing after me at full speed.

I rolled my eyes once again to show my distaste towards this sad excuse of a black boy. “Yes, what? What? What could you want now? An apology? Cause no.” I replied as I turned my back towards him and started to down the hall and back to class.

“Wait, stop. Alright.. you obviously already know what’s up.” Robin forcefully grabbed my shoulders and spun me around to face his desperate face. I found dark, and large bags that hung under his eyes. You can see the unhappiness inside his dark little beady eyes. Eh, creepy.

“Yeah, doesn’t everyone?” I pushed his meaty hands off of my meaty shoulders and giggle confidently.

“Wait, what?” his eyes grew wide.

“Oh, wait, nothing, nothing.” *was he not supposed to know that?*, “What did you need me for anyways?” I asked impatiently, tapping the tip of my size 7 foot against the ground.

“If I tell you.. you.. you can not tell anyone!” He moved closer to my ear.

I backed up a little bit and give him the 'what are you doing?' look. "Yeah... sure?" I replied.

"I'm..." a minute or two passes and I wait impatiently and anxious which is probably why I was still standing here. "I'm.. I like boys. I'm gay" Robin finally whispered into my ear. He took a step back as I jumped back from his personal space then wiped the ear that he had whispered into.

"And you're telling me this because?" I was so confused. Robin and I were never on good terms. Him and I practically butted heads all the time so why would he care to tell me this "huge" secret?

"Because I can trust you. You seem like a person I can trust and well.. I'm not *out* yet. I guess I just needed to tell someone."

"Oh you can definitely trust me. Your secret is safe with me!" I gave him a smile. This boy has.. oh man this boy.. I shook my head back and forth once again and discreetly laughed to myself.

"Awesome! Thanks, Tracy." Robin embraced me in a tight hug then ran back to class.

Okay.. so there are two ways that I can go about this situation. Number one: do him a favor and tell everyone that way he won't have to do it or Number two: Leave it to him to do the work. I glanced up at the gigantic clocks that hung from the ceilings. I quickly made my way to class, took my seat then ripped out a blank sheet of paper from my messy notebook. I wrote, *Guess what! GUESS WHAAT! I just found out that Robin is officially gay. How crazy is that?!*

I folded the note into a very small square then passed it towards one of my very few friends that is seated right directly behind Robin. Instead of me waiting for a reply, I look back and watch her expression. Her lips took the shape of a circle. She sends the note back and it says: *Everybody already knows. Did he like tell you in person?????*

I replied: *Yes, he just randomly decided to tell me. I thought it was kind of nice but just weird all at the same time.* I folded the note back up and without looking, I swung my arm back towards her and she grabs the note. This time I kept my attention directly on Mr. Bucholz to make sure he doesn't have a clue on the note

passing. I felt a tap on my right shoulder and I look back to find Robbie passing me a note. I raise an eyebrow with concern and quickly grab the note.

*Gosh dang it. This boy read it. He decided to be nosy and read it I bet.* I thought to myself. I open the folded up paper and read: *You told her? Are you serious right now? That's not cool! You said you wouldn't tell anyone!*

*BBBBRRRRIIIIINNGGG!!!!*

The bell finally rings and I stuff the note into my bag. "Robin, rule number one: Don't trust easily." I called out to him then left the room without taking a second to hear him speak.