

I wake up everyday and follow the same boring routine here in the North Suburbs Of Agrestic. All the houses are the same, the same glass and white metal cubes. The weather is always foggy, which I don't really mind. We migrated from Spain to the Metropolis when I was 12. I am now 16 and I am going crazy, I hate life and I hate my parents. My father cares more about his successful job and his bastard children then me.

I am Hügo Schüll... I am Hügo Schüll... I am Hügo Schüll..., I keep saying in my head for no logical reason! My mother wants me to be a doctor or lawyer or something, but to be honest I am not a smart person, I hate school, I hate people in school, there are like 40 kids in one class and nobody wants to be there. All I do is sit at home listening to Lana Del Rey or Nirvana. I may seem like a loner but I'm really not, I have loads of friends, I hang with the indie kids, but my ultimate best friend is Mary Telléz. We have been friends since 7th grade and we had some lovely times together.

It is the last day of school, that means summer vacation. Me and Mary drive home listening to Miley Cyrus - We Can't Stop in Mary's hybrid convertible. There is no sunlight here, it's foggy all the time but the temperature is very hot. The temperature is 32 C° and foggy. As we drive, I look at all the cube shape houses, and the palm trees, I love palm trees! We arrive at my home, as always my mum and dad are fighting. We go up to my room and we listen to Sky Ferreira while we smoke Marlboro Reds. Mary lays on my bed while I look at my self in the mirror. I see a soulless boy, I also see my pale skin, lovely lips, brown eyes and brown hair.

"I look like a drug addict," I say,

"but in a good way," Mary responds.

I look at myself again, suddenly something hits me mentally as I hear my parents fighting. I scream with joy and anger

"I had it!"

Mary looks at me frightened.

"Don't you ever want to get out of Agrestic and have a better more exciting life? Gosh, I cannot wait to go to college in Metropolis" I say to Mary.

I keep smoking my cigarette, she looks confused, it seems the thought of leaving Agrestic has never run through her head

“ You’re right, we should run away” she says. I look at her,

“ Are you crazy, how..what..where, what would be even do, how would we survive in Metropolis at 16 by ourselves?” I say.

“Think about it, what is out there, there is nothing stopping us from just leaving. Our parents barely notice our presence and I really think they wouldn’t care if we’re gone.” Mary responds. I sometimes wonder how her head works.

“ Are you serious, are you really willing to leave this place and do whatever?” I ask,

“YES! but only if you come with me. I need you in my life, you are the brother I never had because I don’t have a brother. OMG it’s like we’re twinkies or something, so please c’mon, come with me. After all, you do want to get out of Agrestic right?” Mary says.

I look at her,

“ok,” I say very quietly.

“ok?... OK!, YEs!...?” Mary asks,

“YES! I will come with you to Metropolis” I say happily.

Me and Mary came up with a very simple plan to run away. It had to be tonight, we wanted to get out as soon as possible. Our “genius” master plan was that we would pack our essentials like Electronics, cash, CHANEL Swag and both tell our parents we would have a slumber party at each other's homes and from there we would take the airway train to Valley Metropolis over the hill. The plan went as expected, we had made it to the station with our Louis Vuitton bags and suitcases. Our plan when we got to Metropolis was to stay at the *Hilton Hotel* on the east side of the city and in the morning we would find paid internships. I wasn’t uncommon for us rich brat kids to be alone in the city.

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The morning finally arrived. Me and Mary had slept on the same king size bed at the. The night passes very quickly. I get up and take a shower, while Mary eats breakfast. I’m such a twink, I have always hated eating breakfast! I got dressed. My outfit of the day consisted of a black Deadmau5 t-shirt with rolled up sleeves, skinny jeans and Dr. Martens black boots and of course my flawless hair. Mary is wearing a dark-red mini skirt, polka dot thigh socks, platform

ankle boots and a cropped black tank top. We been to Metropolis many times before, it was the only city in the whole island.

We had been on internship job hunts for hours now but nothing. All the internships in companies had been taken already; teens who applied for the internships before summer obviously got the job. We were jobless but not homeless, yet.

Time was passing and it was passing quickly and we were running out of cash. We could not use out credit cards because if our parents were looking for us they might be tracking them. In this island of Metropolis there were only white collar jobs and people our age were only allowed to do internships. We are desperate,

“What do we do if we can’t find an internship Mary?” I asked her,

“I don’t know, we might be screwed” she responded.

That was not the response I was looking for, sure I was scared but I really did not want to go back to Agrestic. Here in Metropolis, every day was sunny and a perfect 22 C° weather. There are skyscrapers and Palm Trees. On my moment of thinking and analyzing the situation I look down and all I see is white cars everywhere, everyone in Metropolis seems to drive a hybrid white car.

“I’m going to keep looking, there are millions of companies here, one of them has to have an open space for us,” I tell Mary,

“Ok, yeah you are right, lets keep looking, you’ll take east coast, I’ll take the west coast of the city” she said with confidence.

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We went our separate ways and it was noon so it was happy hour and lunch time. All the white collars got out for a drink and lunch. I always pass by the *St. Regis* on my way to *Starbucks*, lots of corporate people go drinking there during this time. I always saw the same group of men drinking by the windows. As I walk by one man in particular stares at me, I pass by him and suddenly he touches my shoulder and asks

“Are you lost?” I took a second to process everything,

“No, why?” I say weirdly confused.

“Well, you look confused,” he says,
“Oh no, I usually look like this” I say.

The man is talks in a strange accent and is strangely dressed wearing a grey tank top, sweatpants, and a backwards baseball cap, he is very attractive and I think he’s American. He looks like he is around his late 20’s. He has lovely curly hair, milky pale skin, and seems to be very muscular.

“How old are you?” He asked me,
“16” I replied, I hate getting asked so many questions.

I have to keep cool so I don’t come out as a creep, I should probably stop staring at him so much. I haven’t had a boyfriend in months now, ever since my last boyfriend Alex dumped me for a girl. That would be the last time I ever date a Canadian bisexual.

“I’m Hügo” I say
“Tyler” he says

We shake hands, I will probably never wash this hand again.

“Nice to meet you, well I should go, I have to be somewhere right now” I say
“Yeah I should go too, I have to get to practice” he says
“practice?” I say
“yeah, I play football for the Metropolis team” he says
“alright, see you... maybe” I say nervously.

He plays football, that is like my dream to date a football player. He is perfect, but there is

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one problem, he might be straight! After the photo shoot I went home and told Mary about the guy I met on the street. I had to find out what he was, I just wanted him to love me!

Me and Tyler had been hanging out for a few weeks now since we were neighbors and everything you know. I really think i’m in love with him but i don’t he is with me, i don’t even think he like boys to be honest. He asked me to see him this afternoon, he wanted to talk. I was nervous walking down the hall to his apartment, what could he possibly want to talk about, did I do something, no I haven't done anything. As he opens the door he looks really angry and nervous.

“What’s going on?” I ask awkwardly,

He looks at me,

“are you ok? you seem very agitated” I say.

He walks towards me, grabs the back of my neck and kisses me. As he stops kissing me, I am in total shock.

“I don’t know what to, I don’t what to feel, I don’t what is going on with me” he says.

“What do you mean” I ask

“I feel things, I feel thing that I have never felt before” he says as moves closer to kiss me again.

“I want to kiss you over and over, but why do I feel like this, I’m not gay” he says and kisses me again. This time I don’t stop kissing him. He pushes me back towards the sofa, he lays me down a continues kissing me, Magic happens. When it’s over I just lay there in his arms.

“Are you ok?” he asks quietly.

“Yeah, are you?” I ask back,

“I think so” he responds. “Would you go out with me?” he asks.

My head keeps telling me not to do it, we been hurt way too much.

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“Yes” I say in a happy and excited tone,

“Yes?” he asks again

“Yes!” I respond.

We sit up and kiss again,

“omg I need to go tell people and post it everywhere, ugh i’m so happy” I say in an excited tone.

“What? NO!.... you can’t tell anyone about this... about us” he says.

“Why not?” I ask

“because i’m not ready for everyone to know about me, that i’m g....”

“gay?” I say finishing his sentence.

“ok, I understand, you’re not ready and I respect that, but I atleast have to tell Mary, I promise she won’t say anything, I can’t keep this from her” I say,

“ok, but only Mary will know, deal?” he says

“deal” I respond .

I kiss him goodbye and go down the hall back home. Mary notices something is different about me. I actually look happy again, which is something I haven't been in a long time. I tell her all the dirty details about what just had happen. He hugged and screamed like 13 year old girls.

Six months have passed. Tyler and I are still dating, it has been six months of love and amazing physical contact. There was still a threat for the start of WWII. American wanted to destroy us but the rest of the world wouldn't allow it. Tyler, Mary and I all live together now in one apartment. I had been to many of Tyler's football games without even know what was going on he had attended many runway shows I was in. Today is just another ordinary saturday morning in Metropolis. Sunny, warm and peaceful. Suddenly we hear helicopters and sirens everywhere outside.

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“I wonder what's happening down there” I say,

“hmmm I don't know” Mary says.

In a matter of second police and special agents come blasting into the apartment. Me and Mary scream, we don't know how to react or what to do. All I can think is “thank god i'm wearing pants.”

“Tyler Kelleher you're under arrest for espionage” the officer says with a very strong and voice.

“Wait, what is going on.... Tyler what is going on” I say anxiously.

He doesn't respond. They take him out of the apartment and out of the building. The officers take me and Mary for questioning. Paparazzi waiting outside the building flashing their cameras at us. The lights blind me, news travel fast in Metropolis, especially when it involves 3 celebrities.

They question Mary first while Tyler is already behind bars. Then the lady calls my name for questioning. Am man is waiting for me inside a room where the walls are covered in mirrors.

“What is your name?” the man asks,

“Hügo Schüll” I respond,

“what is your relation to Mr. Kelleher?” he asks

“he is... was my lover.” I respond almost crying.

The man keeps asking me a long series of personal question and about my relationship with Tyler. He is a spy, and American spy. I should of known, nobody could ever love me. They let me and Mary go, I didn't know where Tyler was at this point. We arrive home at night,

“are you alright?” Mary asks,

“I don't know” I say to her.

Was he just using me as a cover, did he actually love me, or was he just using me like every other man I ever met. Paparazzi are outside, it doesn't help that our main balcony window is right above the main entrance. I sit alone in my room, not crying and not even sure what to think of, just a blank stare. I seen my face on the news, “Model involved with American Football player” it says. Mary is in the kitchen, I get out of my room onto the living room.

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“Hi” she says.

I don't respond. I got out to the balcony, it is very windy. I see all the lights and the beauty of Metropolis. I am wearing one of my favorite outfits. I look down and wonder what if. I get up on the balcony and jump. I as fall i begin to see my life and what a mess it has been. As soon as a hit the ground from the 36th floor, paparazzi begin to flash pictures at my dead body, blood coming out of my head. This was the only way I could find peace.