

A Song of Nessi and Guns

Von RubiniaOrion

Kapitel 2: The Great Gatsby

The weeks went on, school annoyed me big time, as usually.

We spent the last days of the warm September sun on the field, practicing until it got to cold and as every year my life just started to lose its grip.

Settling from playing football all year round changing to just being in the gym or joining the off season Basketballteam.

I'm very much not tall enough for basketball, I'm not coordinated enough if I'm being honest, its just so different from what I usually do.

And also Homecoming was just around the corner and had the school buzzing in excitement, not that I couldn't enjoy it, but the expectations on me were, as every year, just exhausting, and with all these fancy promposals that started popping off all over the internet, I was expected to this grand gesture that I had no intention of actually doing.

Anyway, the choices keep overwhelming me anyway, not to sound douchy but I really can play the game of pick and choose. Everybody else is just picking at my scraps, and somewhere deep down I'm even aware of how shitty that sounds, but these thoughts only ever come to me when I'm alone, which I rarely am.

Sharing a room with my younger brother, school all day and activities afterwards, going to the gym with my friends, chilling in the park or something like that, doesn't leave a lot of room for the thoughts that haunt my the minutes in the dark before I'm to exhausted to stay awake anymore.

My mom made me pick English literature, says it would look decent on my college application, not that I cared.

I am certain about getting a scholarship for any college that wants me to play for them, they wont really care about my sociology or literature grades, but Mother always nags me, that football isn't everything.

I'm serious, if I had gotten a quarter for every time someone said that to me, id be rich enough to actually not giving a damn about football anymore.

The great Gatsby.

Didn't Leonardo DiCaprio just star in a movie with that name? Could be, if its actually the movie about the book I won't read it.

Maybe I did tho, maybe I read it, because it was laying around in my car, while I was waiting for Logan to stop fighting with his mum in front of his house.

"What is that, Nerd?"

"That's what people call 'A book' you imbecile", I snapped and turned away from Nick Carraways narrative.

"Funny, Brooks, Funny", Logan laughed. "Lets get the fuck out of here bevor Mom changes her mind, whats poppin anyway?"

"I don't know man", I said, pulling out of the driveway. "How 'bout grabbing a Burger"

"Sick man, sounds dope"

And so we went, up the small Diner at the Corner of Main and second street. Logan called Garrett on the way and he already waited up front, as he just lived round the corner from the Diner.

We spent a very unspectacular evening there, at some point Clarice and her Friends sat with hem, drinking Soda, very unsuspectiously asking if we found someone to take to the ball yet.

Me burying my face in my fries ignoring the slick comments my two companions made about "thinking about taking the prettiest of the girls, and then they just sit at our table", and making other very dull compliments.

"What about you, Eliot?", Clarie asked und I chewed my mouthful of fries a little longer than I had to, but I wanted more time of no speaking. But there is only so long you can chew of something before it becomes pathetic.

I should just get it over with I guess, so I looked up, sure Clarie is pretty, and popular enough to not be frowned upon. She's nice even, al least to me.

"Thought we could go", I mumbled and she smiled.

"Sure, why not".

Guess you don't need a Promposal if you're me, she still said yes, she still smiled, and he girlfriends still fawned, and made that high pitched "ahw" sound that makes my ears ring every time I hear it.

"Oh look, the weirdo's creeped out of his hole", Logan scoffed nodding towards the door. I didn't recognize him right away, but actually should the pulled-up hood have been a dead giveaway that it was the British dude that started this term in their sociology course.

"Imma throw something", Garret exclaimed.

"Do you wanna come here again?", I asked.

"What does that even mean?"

"Just saying, if you throw your Milkshake or whatever your drinking, Patty will throw us out and not let us back in?"

The decision was taken from Garret, as the European Kid took his order and was already out the door, before my not so very bright friend made the connection

between his two braincells if he wanted to throw his drink or not.

“That’s Coke, as if id drink something as girlish as a Milkshake”

“and what exactly is girlish about a milkshake?”, Clarie asked, an eyebrow raised.

“Uhhhm? They’re Pink?”, Garret snapped.

“Only if its strawberry you moron...”, I sigh and plant my hands on the table. “I’m done with this, imma go, see you Monday, losers.”

“What? How am I getting home?”, Logan protested.

“You either come now, or ask your lovely Mother to pick you up”

Logan scrambled to his feet and we left in my car. That night I took “The great Gatsby” with me upstairs to my room, and I found myself actually reading it. Turns out it isn’t all too bad.