Daydreams

The shrill sound of the bell snaps me out of my daydream. *Stupid bell.* In my daydreams, I have actual friends that hang out with me because they want to. Not because they want answers to homework or they need someone to do their project for them. As I step into the halls, groups of friends walk past me laughing at some inside joke. I walk by myself. In class, people shuffle around and push desks together so that all of their friends can sit with them. I sit by myself in the back of the room. The teacher begins to speak, but nobody pays him any attention. I stare longingly at the kids in front of me. They’re passing notes and texting. I start to daydream again. Oh, how I love my daydreams. I talk to people, and they talk to me. I have people asking me if I want to go to the movies after school. I’m not alone. I don’t stay in my room all weekend studying and binge watching Netflix. I’m actually social. And happy. I shake my head, clearing all the thoughts. Daydreaming is awesome, but sometimes it makes me depressed.

And then suddenly, it goes quiet. I look up to see the whole class glaring at me. Eyes wide, I stare back. *What the hell?*

“Anna, I was just telling the class about their test grades. While they all failed the midterm,” he slowly trails his eyes over the class, “you got a perfect score! So you don’t have to take my final.” It takes me a few moments to process the words. Why did he have to say it out loud? I glare at the back of his head as he continues to write on the board. I don’t meet anyone’s gaze as I slouch further into my seat. This can’t be happening. Everyone already hates me. He’s just making it worse. I hastily wipe away at a stray tear that managed to escape from my eyes. I can’t do this. I grab my bag from the floor and sprint out the door.

 At home, it isn’t any better. My mother, doesn’t care about me at all. As long as I bring home As, I’m perfect.

 “Good afternoon, Anna.” She drawls out. I can’t look at her. She will make me tell her. I can’t tell her. She doesn’t care.

 “What’s wrong?” This makes me look up. Does she really care? But I see no concern in her eyes. *Stop acting, mother.* Want to know what’s wrong? I have no friends, I’m avoided like the plague, and I can’t even have a normal conversation with you. I want to scream it all out. My mouth won’t open. I can only mumble one word.

 “Nothing.” With that, I sprint to my room.

 The next day, kids at school seem more energetic. *Yay, gossip,* I think. A group of girls walk past me and I finally hear the news. Cute new guy*. So interesting.* I roll my eyes as I walk into homeroom and take a seat, in the back. No surprise there. I was sitting for a few minutes, when a shadow fell over my table. *Wasn’t I alone in class?* Slowly, I drag my eyes to the person. *Who are you? Ah, new guy. Why’s he here?*

 “What?” I snap. Silence. He just stares at me.

 “May I help you?” I ask with an arched eyebrow. I also take this time to run over his features. What? I’m a girl. He has curly dark brown hair. My favorite. I can’t decide if his eyes are blue or green. I notice he has glasses similar to mine. *Stop, staring. You’re being a creep.* Apparently, he thinks so too, because he drops his head. I furrow my eyebrows as I stare down at the table. Wait. Did he say something?

 “Is this seat taken?” he repeats a little louder.

 “Um-no. I guess not.” He mumbles a thank you and sits down next to me. And then it hits me like a ton of bricks. Why is he sitting next to me? There are other seats. Gathering up all my courage, I take a deep breath and ask,

 “Why are you sitting next to me?” For a moment, he doesn’t say anything. A part of me hopes that he hasn’t heard what I said. But he has. Crap.

 “Didn’t you just say I could?” he asks cautiously. What do I say? *Um, um, um…* After a couple seconds, he continues.

 “Why shouldn’t I sit next to you, anyway? Do you have a contagious disease or something?” he asks cheekily. I don’t find it as funny as he thinks I will. I just stare back at him and state,

 “If you sit next to me, they will think you are my friend. And if you are my friend, you will be at the bottom of the social ladder.” I look away, ashamed. Not because I had said that, but because I had said that so matter-of-factly. I took a chance and turned my head towards him to see his reaction. I could see him turning red. I was expecting him to jump from his seat and leave my side. But he doesn’t. He stares at me and questions,

 “Do you have any friends?” My silence was enough of an answer.

“My name is Seth, and *I* want to be your friend. Doesn’t matter what anybody else thinks. And I will introduce you to my other friends. The five of us are going roller-skating tonight. Do you want to join us?” I stare at him for a couple seconds, before the biggest grin comes onto my face. I feel tears prick the back of my eyes. I’m so grateful.

 “Yes, please.” I exclaim. He smiles at me, and I can’t help but smile back. I smile even wider when I realize something. Maybe after tonight, I won’t have to day dream anymore.

 And I never again did.