Personal Narrative

Student Model (Exemplary)

**Silent but Deadly**

Today was the big day and I couldn’t escape it. I had discussed it with my dog, who’s surprisingly a great listener, my friends, my dad, the cafeteria ladies at school, the librarian in our media center, the custodians, the bus driver, and just about anyone else who would listen. I even talked about my situation with Mr. Jimbo, a very friendly homeless man, or as he titles it, an experienced outdoorsman. Unanimously, everyone gave me the same advice, which in turn, gave me the confidence I needed to do what no man in eighth grade had done before.

I’ve decided to ask out Kelsey Jones. She’s the most beautiful girl at Henderson Middle School. Imagine a 5' 1 angel with long black hair that stretches to the middle of her back. Her skin is a roasted butterscotch brown, and her eyes are a deep shade of olive green. Baby girl is just fine! However, when she speaks to me, for some insane reason, I always look like I’m having a seizure. My eyes twitch, my hands shake, I stutter, and the last time, I almost wet myself-yeah, gross . . . I know. It’s hard to believe that I’ve been going through this humiliating torture for two months. So you see, I have to do this. I have to follow through with my plan.

Before we get into the details, I want you to understand that I wouldn’t be some charity case for any girl. Humbly speaking, I’m pretty intelligent, athletic, very popular, and a lot of girls think I’m handsome. (By the way, when I say girls, I don’t mean my mom and my grandmothers.) The issue at my school is that the cool kids are only supposed to date the cool kids . . . and if your school is anything like mine, that circle is exclusively limited. There are only so many popular people to go around. Who wants to date an ex-girlfriend of one of their bros, even if she was only the boo for a week? I guess that’s how I knew Kelsey was bae. She was the girl I had been looking for. She arrived at our school as a new student and became an instant hit with our circle. She was untouched and untarnished. That made her just perfect for me.

My dad, the world's biggest, retired "mack daddy," decided to give me advice over the phone.

He said, "You know a woman likes a guy who isn't afraid to be a boss. You have to be confident, not conceited, but a little cocky-enough so that she realizes what a good thing she's missing out on. Ignore her for a few days. Pretend that you aren’t really paying her any attention. Those types of things will just make her want you more. Then when she approaches you, wondering what's wrong, what’s the problem, if she’s offended you somehow . . . you hit her with your best pick up line. Hey baby, I know your feet must be tired, because you’ve been running through my mind all day.”

I was literally speechless. No really- I was speechless. That pick up line was beyond corny. There’s no way Pops bagged my Mom with that type of behavior. Then again, that may be why they’re divorced. In any case, our conversation drifted on, until inadvertently my dad made a statement that I agreed with 100%. If I snooze, I will lose the girl of my dreams. That was one risk I wasn’t willing to take. So there it was, my fate was sealed. I had to man up, and make a boss move. I would either have the best day in my eighth grade life, or my worst.

The next morning, I awakened with butterflies in my stomach. I thumbed through the playlists on my iPhone and queued Post Malone’s “Goodbyes.” “I want you out of my headdddddddddd . . .’

“No, I want you out of this house!” yelled my Mom from upstairs, “it’s 6:00 a.m. and you sound like you’re drowning kittens!”

I quickly turned down the volume. Moms was pretty handy with the chankla ya know. I did around fifty pushups, flexed in the mirror until I had a headache, and then hopped in the shower. I scrubbed my skin so much, I think I was a shade lighter when I dried off. I flossed, brushed my hair as well as my teeth a few thousand times, moisturized, threw on a vintage anime tee with a pair of joggers, and unboxed my favorite pair of Jordans. I was fresh! I pulled out my phone, took a lit selfie, posted it on Snap and IG, and then sent it to my boys in group chat.

Now, I was ready to get down to business. I fell to my knees, closed my eyes tightly, and began to pray for forgiveness for all of the animals I tortured, the mean things I said under my breath to my parents, brothers, even my teachers, and promised not to play sick on Sundays when it was time to go to church . . . if, and only if Kelsey would just go out with me. All of the formalities were done. I grabbed my book bag, picked up my breakfast to go, and carefully walked to the bus stop. My heart felt as if it was going to explode.

My bros greeted me with a customary ‘sheeeeshhhh.’ Others coughed when I arrived. (Maybe I did go a little heavy on the cologne.) While waiting, I checked my text messages. Of course, group chat was filled with questions, gifs, memes, and stupid emojis. I didn’t respond. I didn’t need them making me more nervous with jokes and their idiotic roasting sessions. I was worried about how I was going to ask Kelsey out. I knew that I couldn’t do it over social media. A “declined” screenshot could be fatal to my reputation. I felt like I needed to get my grown man on and ask her with a smooth voice. Then again, I’m going through puberty and sometimes my tone gets a little squeaky. I could try using my deep voice. But what if she laughed? Should I hold her hand and ask her personally, or should I just go old school and ask her to check the box yes or no? I thought about all of these questions while riding the bus. They were making me a nervous wreck. So much that I started to sweat. I sniffed my pits. No wayyyyy! I forgot to put on deodorant.

When I get off the bus, my boys are waiting for me in front of the stairway. We exchange our private handshake and they offered last minute pointers. I told them my plan; it was pretty simple. We'll squad up, walk down the main aisle of the cafeteria, hoping that all of the girls are watching-per the norm. Then we’ll sit down at our usual table, mix and mingle, wave and flirt-our typical Monday-Friday behavior. When the bell rings for dismissal, I’ll walk over to Kelsey and ask if I can escort her to class. Her best friend Tina is already on deck with the plan, so she has agreed to stall in the unlikelihood of any hiccups.

Let’s fast forward a bit. Things are going exactly as planned until my guy Demetrius nudges me.

“Bro, you showered this morning right?” asks Demetrius.

Of course I respond. What type of question is that?

“Well, no offense” he says, “but you’re smelling a little off. I’m not sure; your cologne is pretty heavy. But, there’s a little smell musk in the air. You did wash your shirt after the last time you wore it right?”

I ask Demetrius to follow me to the bathroom. We tell the rest of the crew that we will be back shortly. Demetrious enters the bathroom. I tell him that I forgot to put on deodorant.. On top of that, my stomach is doing this bubbling thing, and I think I have to pass gas. 

Laughing, Demetrious says, "Brody, I got your back. I keep my deodorant in my book bag for gym. Now in regards to the gas thing, go ahead and handle that on your own.”

I swear, I’ve realized that there’s nothing like having great friends. My boys calmed me down and gave me the support I needed. And Demetrius is an amazing wingman; he saved me from what was sure to be an unbelievable calamity. I borrow his deodorant, wiping it off with a napkin before and after, then step to the other side of the bathroom to poot. Demetrious and I are laughing about the entire situation. We can't believe how silly this is, and how nervous I am. So I start the natural process of soundlessly letting the one rip.

Demetrious, putting his deodorant back into his black Jordan book bag, yells from the other side of the restroom, "Man, I hope it isn't a silent killer, we only have two more minutes until the bell rings."

I begin laughing harder, so hard that I lose control and begin passing gas without restraint. There was only one problem, it wasn't all gas.