

The Boy from School

Montanna Hall

(2019)

I step into the crowded hallway. My heart skips a beat. I don't know anyone here, and no one knows me. I shrug off my bag and head to the office. The air smells like fourteen-year-old boys and McDonalds coffee. I stop at the office doors, but before I prepare anything to say, the principal knows I'm here.

'You must be Evie. I'm Miss Thorne.' Her tone is welcoming.

'Hi,' I say in a shaky voice. I'm not usually this nervous. She seems nice, but I'm too shy to keep a conversation going.

As I'm shown around the school, I peek my head through classroom doors and see what people are doing. I feel sorry for half the teachers here. Miss Thorne holds her arm out and points me towards a loud classroom. She hands me my timetable and introduces me to the teacher. People are staring and giving me strange looks. When I'm given a place to sit, I hear the group behind me whispering. I set my bag down as a strange boy leans over my shoulder and makes kissing noises.

My eyes tear up, but I hold them back. I don't want to embarrass myself more than I already have. I grab my books from my bag and realise I left my pencil case at home. I turn to face the class, but before I could put my hand up, a beautiful boy taps my shoulder and holds a pencil in my face.

'Thank you,' I say with a small smile.

'No worries, new kid,' he says, and smiles. 'Got a name?' he asks.

Before I can answer, the teacher calls out from the front of the room. 'Thank you, Connor,' she says, with a frown, before she looks at me. 'Would you like to introduce yourself'

I stand up. 'My name is Evie. I moved here from NSW. I'm sixteen, and I don't really wanna be here'

The class laughs and I sit down again. The teacher tells Connor to help me around school until I'm settled in. He smiles and agrees. The bell rings. I shoot up and walk out of the classroom so fast I can see Connor running to catch up. I stop and wait for him, even though I don't want to, but I don't have any friends, so maybe he can introduce me to some people.

His friends are in a big group, blocking the hallways. They call him over and he grabs my hand, but he let's go once his friends are in sight. 'This is Evie. she's new and I have to look after her,' he says in a sarcastic voice.

I look at him and roll my eyes. He laughs and waves at his friends' goodbye. We walk around the school while he shows me everything. We talk about all kinds of things and before we know it, we're getting deep.

'What do you think about the social attitudes towards teenagers?' he asks.

'It is a joke. We should be taught acceptance. We should let each other be and do what we want to, so long as it isn't hurting anyone.'

'Wow, that was good,' Connor says.

We continue talking about the topic and end up walking into the same class. Turns out we're in the same lesson.

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It's lunch, and I'm waiting for Connor to finish his notes. He closes his books and packs up. He guides me to the roof where we end up sharing food. We talk some more about our personal lives and how we ended up here.

'Me and my mum moved here because things were bad where we were,' I say without context.

'What do you mean "bad?"'

'My dad left, and Mum didn't get along with his family. Mum doesn't have any family left. It's just her and me now,' I say, regretting telling him. Maybe he doesn't care and is only pretending. I've told him too much. I don't even know him.

'I'm sorry you had to go through that. My mum left when I was little, and my dad doesn't care about what I do.' His face looks sad.

I'm starting to like Connor. He understands me. I've only known him for a few hours, but I feel as though I've known him for years.

'Hey Evie, do you think I could have your number.'

'I thought you'd never ask.'

My heart races. I've never sounded so confident before. I grab his phone and type in my number. As I finish, I save my contact as 'Evie ♡'. He takes his phone and smiles.

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9:55pm:

What are you doing right now?

9:57pm:

Laying in bed, about to go to Sleep. You?

9:58pm:

How good are you at sneaking out?

9:59pm:

What are you suggesting?

9:59pm:

Movie? I'll pick you up.

I open my window and jump out, making my way towards the end of the street where Connor is waiting in his car, which makes an awful noise. He's sixteen; he shouldn't have a car. What if he stole it?

'Hello Evie.'

'Hello Connor.'

We laugh and drive to the movies. No one is around. To be fair it is 10:30 on a Wednesday night. Me and Connor decide on a movie and he buys us popcorn to share. He leads me into the cinema, and we sit down in the corner. It's dark where we're sitting. He grabs my hand and holds it. My face lights up. I put my head on his shoulder and the movies starts to play.

When the movie finishes. we walk out to his car. We sit on the bonnet and look up at the stars.

'Is this a date?' I say, wishing for a positive answer.

Connor smiles. 'I hope it is.'

I look into his eyes. He leans in and butterflies fill my stomach. His soft lips touch mine, and he caresses my face to compliment the kiss. Things couldn't be any better.