

Jon Faustman

## Specimen

Tick tock, tick tock, I can't stand the sound of the fucking clock. How can it only be 11:30? It's not even lunchtime and I feel like I've been here forever. I'm leaving.

"Mr. Rodriguez, please sit down." Mr. Gross said. "Class is not yet over, and I've told you repeatedly that you can't go to the restroom during my class. So, sit down now and I will resume class. You are taking up my precious time."

"No, I don't really feel like sitting down. I don't really feel like staying in class either, so I'm going to leave. Feel free to finish the class without me. I know it will be hard, but I think you'll manage." Looking at Mr. Gross's stunned reaction, I could barely contain my laughter. I'm sure that just cost me another in school suspension, but it's like my second home. Besides, it's the best place to get homework done.

Walking down the hallway towards the common's area, all I see are signs for homecoming. Homecoming this, homecoming that; homecoming can lick my balls. Shit, I wish something would like my balls. It's been two weeks since Rachel said she couldn't see me anymore. I grab a soda and chill out in the common's area; the rest of the guys should be leaving for lunch soon.

"Alex, what were you thinking man?" John asked. "You know you're already on Mr. Gross's shit list, he almost busted a nut when you pulled your little stunt."

"Ah, fuck him. He's a prick, besides I don't need that class anyway. I have more than enough credits to graduate, but principal jackass says I have 'an attitude problem' so he won't let me graduate early."

"Hey, Alex!" I was interrupted by the constantly perky and incredibly hot cheerleader, Melissa. "Are you coming to the homecoming bonfire tonight? I really hope to see you there."

From the angle I was sitting, I could see up Melissa's skirt just enough to make my imagination start flying. "No, I really wasn't planning on it."

"That's too bad, like I said, I *really* hope to see you there." The way Melissa emphasized really didn't help stop my imagination, which was now racing into NC-17 territory.

"Man, she is all up ons," John said. You really need to ask her out. It's pretty obvious she wants you."

"Yeah, I know, but..."

"But, what? I see no reason other than you being a pussy,"

"Well, I know she likes me, but she only dates guys who are super-involved with school activities. The jocks, student government members – you know, the usual assholes."

"So, what? You know you could hook up with her in a second."

"Yeah, I probably could," Alex said. "But, I want to *date* a hot girl like that for once. All these white girls never want to date me. It's always, 'my dad wouldn't approve,' or 'my mom would have a cow.' They might as well give me a pool cleaning kit and call me Pedro; all I ever am is the Mexican on the side."

"Yeah, dude that is kind of messed up." Messed up? Yeah, no kidding it's messed up. John wouldn't really know anything about that. Growing up white, he doesn't know a lot of the things I learned in South Central before I came here. "Melissa seems to be different though. I'm sure she would date you, but she does tend to go for guys involved with school."

"Oh, shit. I have the perfect plan to do something 'for the school.' If that doesn't make Melissa think I'm school oriented, then I don't know what will."

"What are you thinking about?" John asked.

"Don't worry about it right now. Didn't you hear that? The bell just rang; have fun back in Mr. Gross's class. Tell him hi for me." Thinking about privileged white kids got me thinking about St. Francis Prep, the other high school in town. It's Good Friday, they don't have school today. Now, I just need more people and some supplies.

I left my cell phone in my car, and I need it to set the plan in motion. Leaving the school I see the security guy, Brent, we've been on good terms since I hooked him up with some girl. I always thought he had some pedophilia tendencies, but whatever. I'll throw him a 16-year-old to have a get-out-of-school-free-card. Looking through the speed dial of my phone, I find what I am looking for – Hays High School.

“Hello, this is Hays High School. Mrs. Martin speaking, how may I help you?”

“Yes, hello Mrs. Martin. This George Orwell, John Orwell's father.” Shit, I think his name is George. Well, even if it's not, I don't know if Mrs. Martin has ever read 1984. If Mr. Gross hadn't forced me to, I doubt I would have ever read it. “I'm sorry to announce that John's grandmother passed away at the hospital. I'm going to need him to come down right away.” I kind of feel like an asshole leaving such a morbid message, but John will know the code.

“Oh, Mr. Orwell, I am very sorry to hear that. It looks like John is in class right now, but it will be over in about 15 minutes. Is it all right if we wait until class has ended before we send him down?”

“Yes, that will be fine Mrs. Martin. Thank you, you have a nice day.” That was too easy. I'm glad I don't really have a Spanish accent; it might be hard to pull this off. Now, I need to call back three more times. Frank's mom is sick; Greg's sister was in a car accident; Tom's dog died. It's not that we are morbid bastards with disregard for the health of our families, but we had to pick excuses that were believable. John is the only dumbass who picked a death; deaths are hard to repeat, but if pressured John could have five grandmas – from marriages of course.

During the last call Mrs. Martin said class should be getting out in five minutes. That's great, that will make it 1:00 p.m. We should have plenty of time to get it done before the end of school. Now I just have to wait for the guys to show up.

1:05, right on time. “Jeez boys, what took you so long?”

“Mr. Dinkel wasn’t very sympathetic that my dog just died,” Tom said. “After I gave him some sob story about my parents having the dog before I was born, he finally let me leave. I don’t know what his deal was; I had an excuse from the office. Now, what’s this big plan of yours? John said you had something up your sleeves?”

“Yeah Alex, what gives?” Greg asked.

“As you might know, or if some of you heathens don’t know, today is Good Friday. What does that mean to us, you may ask. Well step one is to stop asking yourself questions and listen to me. What it means is that St. Francis Prep has a holiday today.”

“So, what Alex? I don’t care about those preppy jerks.”

“Whoa, John, buddy please refer back to step one. Besides, you’re getting a head of me. Step two, is as follows: first, we’re going to go to Wal-Mart and pick up several cans of gold and maroon. As you all know, these are our school colors. After getting the paint we will head over to St. Francis Prep and give them a little paint job. See, I was getting to a point. Step three is profiting with the ladies. The girls will see you guys as ‘dangerous’ and ‘care-free,’ while Melissa will see me as ‘school oriented.’ It’s a win-win situation fellas.”

“Well it’s not a win for St. Francis.”

“Like you said John, we don’t care about those preppy jerks.” The guys were ready for action, but John gave me a look of apprehension. I know he’ll go along with me; he’s my best friend, and we stick together.

Getting 36 cans of spray paint is not an easy task at 1:30 in the afternoon. The clerk wouldn’t process our order at first. All I had to say was, “What, do you think I’m going to go huff all of these just because I’m Mexican?” Pulling out the race card is a sure fire way to get people to side with you. Sure enough, she started scanning our items. Her face almost matched the cap on the maroon paint.

The parking lot at St. Francis was completely deserted. On any other school day, you would see a virtual car lot of BMW's, Mercedes, and Volvo's. The preppy bastards. But today the lot was empty; today was our day. I divided up the paint cans amongst the crew and myself; seven cans for John, seven for Frank, seven for Tom, seven for Greg, and eight for myself – it was *my* plan after all.

My first target was the statue of their mascot – a giant buffalo. I hate buffaloes, they're basically cows with extra fur, but everybody in Kansas seems to love them. I must admit the buffalo did look much cooler with maroon and gold pinstripes. The guys were having a blast. We all did our own thing, but I could hear them bursting into laughter every once and a while. I'm sure St. Francis won't appreciate this very much, but at least we bought water soluble paint.

By the time we were finished, it looked like a paint bomb had exploded in the middle of the court yard. Windows were maroon, walls were gold, buffaloes were a mixture of colors, and there wasn't a speck of normal colored grass left. Our mission was accomplished, now onto step three. It's now 3:00; we have enough time to get back to school and spread the word around a little bit. I want to go to that bonfire a school hero; I need people to know who did this.