

A TORN HEARTED BOY

I am a boy and my heart is torn between two loves. Mrs. D and Mrs. B. Mrs. D is my Math teacher and I really like her short hair and the way her butt is shaped. My friends say I'm gay for liking butts and not boobs but I know they secretly like butts too. But anyway, Mrs. D's butt wouldn't be nearly as good if she didn't have her nice hair--all her pieces fit together and if you take one piece away the sculpture is ruined.

But I like my English teacher Mrs. B too because she has kind eyes and she really pays attention to me. She even plays with my curls sometimes. It's a weird feeling I get when she plays with my curls. Like I'm a little scared but also it's kind of a fun scared. Like being on a rollercoaster except I don't vomit onto myself and the rest of my row when it happens. I like it.

There was this one time in Mrs. B's class where we were studying "*personification*." And we had to write a story where we gave a non-human thing human qualities. So I wrote about the letter Z. Here's some of it:

"Z is alone on a big white page. No one is next to Z. No letter in the alphabet had ever come this far before! Is this what it feels like to be... alone? Alone. Alone on a big white page. An unbearable sound and fury of silence. That terror of unreality. That terror that comes not from true danger but from the imagined heat of hell itself, that little piece in every consonant in the alphabet that coarsely whispers to their soul that they have no true place in this world. Not like the vowels. The vowels were chosen. For no word can exist without a vowel. You are just a lonely useless consonant--a harsh and half formed hump of a sound--stuck in a big white box of a page."

Mrs. B told me that I was using too many lines that I read from other authors and that I should have taken the assignment a little more seriously and personified an animal or a tree instead. Also she told me I was supposed to give them at least five personifying qualities instead of just one. I told her it is actually two qualities because Z felt alone *and* inadequate. And I told her loneliness is the most human quality of all so it counts as at least five anyway and how many other kids decided to invest their character with feelings instead of just giving them the ability to play soccer? Mrs. B said that I was being arrogant and that I shouldn't criticize other kids for going at their own pace. I found this insulting so I have cut Mrs. B off for a week and now spend all my extra time with Mrs. D.

I can tell that my absence is getting to Mrs. B. When I come to class late she pretends to not notice that I am late. When usually before she would get really mad if I was late. And I feel a little bad but she has to learn her lesson, you see?

I used to only visit Mrs. D during recess but now I'm going to see her at lunch too. I know it makes her happy because she always smiles big when I'm there. And when we're alone and I ask her to explain something, she demonstrates math problems to me as though she were a trapeze

artist. Swinging herself from one side of the board to another, her hair flipping across her eyes. Getting a little messy. A little sweaty. A little out of breath. All for Math. All for me. I love everything about her. Her energy. The wrinkles on her face. The athletic body she built during years as a track star in high school and college. Everything.

I can tell Mrs. D and I are getting closer. One time, her daughter who is in college came to deliver Mrs. D lunch during class. And when her daughter left, Mrs. D--in front of the whole class--turned to me, smiled big, winked, and said "*Do I have to hide my daughter away from you?*"

I like that Mrs. D thinks I am some sort of player even though most kids made fun of me after that.

Oh Mrs. D, why would I have any interest in your daughter--this secondary product of you--when I could have the original! You are all I want, Mrs. D. And I wish I could tell you but I've watched enough YouTube videos about *Game* to know that I shouldn't play my hand too early. If at all.

I also know that women prefer high value men even if they are taken. In fact, being around other women, mainly beautiful women, makes a man have more value to other women. This works on ugly or beautiful women. Fat or thin. Old or young. They are all different but they all want the same thing. And it is usually opposite for a man. When a man wants a woman, he wants her for himself. Women like men better when they can share him. Even if they get jealous and fight over him--they do that because they think it's fun. Don't get mad at me I don't make the rules.

So it's ok, preferable in fact, for a man to have multiple women at once. So I don't have to choose between Mrs. D and Mrs. B. Even though I love the feeling of having to choose between two loves and not being able to. Sort of like a girl likes it. It's why mom spends all her time watching soap operas instead of helping me with my homework.

I am already missing Mrs. B... she makes me feel like I am important. Like I am a vowel and not just some ordinary and boring consonant. How terrifying to be aware of your own replaceability! The other day, I saw Mrs. B bending down and touching Bill Macintosh on the shoulder. I was so aggravated and betrayed! But I saw her steal a glance over to me as I stared at them so I know she was just doing it to make me jealous.

Maybe I don't want her right now but that doesn't mean someone else can have her. Maybe I will go visit Mrs. B during lunch tomorrow just to let her know everything is ok. I don't want her to be hurt.

But I don't know. I'd be ok with just Mrs. D. She doesn't expect anything of me. Mrs. B is always all, "*You're so smart and talented but you need to work harder and turn your assignments in on time.*" Fuck you Mrs. B. No woman is going to tell me what to do.

In Math class, I am not the smart one. I am not the talented one. I am just the one with a ready heart and a ready cock for Mrs. D.

Mrs. D, go save the world with Math. Spread your glory all over the planet. And come home to me. I will make you cereal and hot cheese sandwiches and kiss you as much as you want. Even on the mouth. And we can bounce around the bed we sleep in together. And when you're mad at me I can go share a beer at the bar with my buddies about it once I'm old enough to go to bars. And I won't look at any girls there because they won't be as pretty as you.

It is just so hard walking home alone after school every day listening to the same dumb music knowing that this could be life for us, but the world does not want us to be happy.

Story by Mohammad Shehata. mohammadshehata.com