

A Day in the Life of Shane- Shane's Journal

May 20, 2012

The day started out normally enough today but when I got to school, those jerks were at it again. For the past couple of weeks, ever since Melissa and I broke up, I feel like the harassment has been non-stop. They really don't get that I'm not lying about how things ended—she is lying her face off though, and they believe her. And by they, of course I mean the “Durp twins”, Violet and Kyle, Melissa's two flunkies. Today, Kyle walked by my desk and knocked all my stuff onto the floor. The teacher didn't see him do it though, so I had to just suck it up and avoid eye contact. Later on, when I was walking to second block, Violet started shouting insults at me down the hallway. I didn't really pay attention, but you can bet the rest of the hallway was. Hopefully Melissa gets this out of her system soon, so we can all just move on.

May 22, 2012

Yesterday, I'm walking down the street on my way home from school and guess what happened? Melissa pulled her car over (a rusted Honda I have done my fair share of repairs on—silly me), and tells me she “forgives me” and wants to try to be friends. I didn't honestly know what to say, so I think I said, “for what?” She went on to say that she forgives me for breaking up with her, and for breaking her heart. “Breaking *her* heart”? *Really?* I felt like swearing, and loudly, but I just shook my head and kept on walking. She drove alongside me for a minute, yelling at for me to say something I think, but she gave up after a block. What a great way to wreck my day.

True, I broke up with her, but I'm pretty sure there were no broken hearts. Not on her part, anyways. Me, on the other- hand... I still can't believe how gullible I was. She's a pretty girl though, and I realize now that helps her get what she wants a lot. When I was with her I pretty much gave her everything she wanted. Gifts (pricey after a while), car repairs, expensive dates, lunches and all the attention she wanted. This actually meant a lot of time spent doing pointless crap too, like hanging out with *her* “friends”, Kyle and Violet, *all the time*. When I think about all the shifts for work I canceled for her, I feel like kicking myself.

May 23, 2012

Today in school, it's all over the place that Melissa and I “had a huge fight” yesterday. People seem to think there was a big yelling and screaming blow out. I guess I missed that part, ha-ha. At lunch, Kyle came up to me and gave me that “alpha dog” stare down. I suppose it works on other kids, because Kyle is a big dude, but it didn't bother me. Instead of being confrontational, I asked him to just leave me alone. Didn't call him a name, didn't swing a punch, and just said, “Leave me alone, Kyle.” Instead of doing the wise thing and leaving, he shoved me backwards into a cafeteria table. When I came back up, it took everything I had to not hit him back. I wiped limp fries off my pants, grabbed my stuff and tried to walk away, but he grabbed my arm and nailed me with a hard punch to the shoulder. “Stay away from Melissa,” he said, “or you'll be sorry. If you hurt her again, you're going to have to deal with me, full force.”

I don't really know what to do. Talking to Melissa about all this seems pointless—it's pretty much all her fault that life at school sucks now. I've talked to my Mom about it, and she is on my side, but what am I gonna do, bring my Mom to school to stick up for me? Other students avoid me, not wanting negative attention because of Melissa's status—a "status" I once had, which now seems laughable.

May 24, 2012

In fourth block today, Kyle leaned over and called me a really nasty name, repeatedly. I sat there and stared straight ahead, algebra formulas blurring in my vision, before I got up and left class. That's it—I just left. I felt like if I'd stayed, I would have retaliated somehow. I got a detention, but in a way I was relieved because I knew I could get my homework done and walk home later. Even my detention room teacher noticed how happy I was and shook her head about it. That's a first, trust me.

No such luck on avoiding the goon squad though. Turns out that practice lets out the same time detention does. Violet threw one of those glass juice bottles out of Melissa's car at me when I was walking home. It missed, and shattered on the sidewalk, which was lucky--It meant I could watch the two of them exchange a high-five and speed off. Awesome. Today, the latest is that she was telling people I hit her while we were dating and that I have an uncontrollable temper.

When we were together, arguably it was her that had the uncontrollable temper. She was a moody girl, bossy, and controlling. I wasn't ever allowed to see my friends (she thought Matty and Chaz were losers). I can't really think why I stayed with her as long as I did. But then, there it is again—she's a really good looking girl. Most guys would fall all over themselves to date a girl like Melissa—I totally was one of those chumps. Not to mention...I know she's a girl and stuff, but that whole "hitting thing" isn't just a guy thing. She hit me a ton, and sometimes it hurt a lot, but you don't see me crying about it. I never touched her though, and I'm relieved it's over. I'm lucky that Matty and Chaz are still my friends too, but kind of unlucky because they go to the Catholic high school. Maybe I could switch schools...

May 25, 2012

I got a call from the garage today. The owner came to the shop this morning and when he was walking through the yard, he noticed my truck was standing on four flat tires. My truck was *already* in the shop because of a smashed grill, courtesy of one Melissa Tanner and her careless driving while we were together. Because the damage to my tires happened on the lot, the owner promised he would replace them, free of cost, which is lucky. He couldn't figure out why there was no damage to any other vehicle in the lot though, which made me laugh. Probably because other vehicle owners don't have evil exes armed with goons.

I'm so sick and tired of this. It's weird, because I know I'm popular in my own way, but no one really has my back here. I think because I'm a big guy and fairly athletic that people think I have myself "covered" but I can't let myself sink to that level—getting into trouble for fighting doesn't look good on a scholarship application. Does that mean I'm a coward? I wonder if I just stood up to Kyle once and let him have it, would that finally take care of the issue? As long as I didn't get caught, it wouldn't be a big deal. He's a big dude, but he's slow—I'm pretty sure I could take him in a fight.