

# A Song of Nessi and Guns

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## Inhaltsverzeichnis

<b>Prolog: Prolog</b>	2
<b>Kapitel 1: 1. A new Term</b>	3
<b>Kapitel 2: The Great Gatsby</b>	5

## Prolog: Prolog

It's always been 17 freckles, that spread from the tip of my nose up to my eyebrows, and countless more across my cheeks.

No, I never counted them, that would be weird, and I don't think I've ever looked at myself in the mirror for that long, to even get there.

Not that I didn't like looking in mirrors, but never so intently that I'd notice every little thing so strongly as the count of my freckles.

No, the reason I know this, is because other people used to count them for me, counted them, when the sun made them nearly shine, when it hit them.

Actually, that's not true either, it wasn't people, it wasn't plural, it never was. It was him, only him, that bedded my head in his lap and just stared at me, for hours on end. I don't think anyone else would have ever give them so much attention.

The first times he did, I got uncomfortable, as I didn't know what to make of it, but as time went by, and we actually got to talk, got to know each other, it started to not feel so weird anymore, the staring, that is.

I never expected us to get so close, that he could even count my freckles, I don't think I've ever expected him to speak so many words to me, I don't think that I would have ever expected that I wanted to speak to him.

"Eliot, did you know its 17 freckles?", his so quiet and low voice would erupt after hours of silence, and nothing but the flow of the stream, and the birds chirping in the trees above us.

"hm what?", I think I was dozing off, when he spoke to me.

"Right here", he said and lifted his pointer up to the tip of my nose and ever so gently stroked it over the bridge, up to the part between my eyebrows. "from here to here, its 17", he repeated and for a moment we locked eyes. His eyes where a yellowish brown, nothing like I've ever seen before.

But maybe that's just because I didn't pay attention to people all too much, people usually payed attention to me, and I just had to respond to whatever they threw at my way.

I don't think I could have cared less about peoples eyes, I cared about different things, if I liked their appearance, their attitude even, sometimes I would even notice their smell, but why would I care about their eyes.

Greyish blues, or muddy browns, they never caught my attention, but his eyes, Liams eyes where something else. Him, is something else, something so fantastic, and weird, and beautiful and brilliant, that I still don't comprehend, how we got here. Not here in particularly, but how we got where we were, back, when there was such thing as a 'we', before I screwed up, before everything I was so hesitant to even let happen, faded.

## Kapitel 1: 1. A new Term

He was new to school at the start of term, and I don't think that I would have noticed him, if the teacher wouldn't have called him to the front to the class to make him introduce himself.

He was so hesitant, and a giggle, a laughter erupted from me and my friends who always surrounded me, like a gaggle of geese, or a murder of crows.

When Miss Hartwick then threw Logan, the two to my one, out of the room and the laughter died, the new Kid with his old and very worn looking black jeans jacket that he wore over a black zipper hoodie, with the hood up and ripped pants, opened his mouth to introduce himself.

He was speaking so quiet that, even if I wanted to understand what he said, I couldn't, and before I got the chance, Garrett, to my left shouted.

"Speak up, weird emo boy, we can't hear you"

With a sharp voice, Miss Hartwick called out 'Mr. Jackson' to leave to room, and to be ashamed of himself, which he – knowing him, clearly wouldn't be. Then Garrett followed Logan, and the high five they shared was so loud, that the rest of the class could hear them, even through the closed door.

I rolled my eyes, not because I was taking the moral high road, oh no, more because, I knew that if the year already started like this, we would get into trouble, and maybe the coach would even ban us from playing on the team together this year. Well maybe not me, the coach can't loose me, but Logan and Garrett for sure, but they are not going to be on the team if they don't get their grades in order anyway.

"Liam Munro", he said. And now I could hear him, his voice, which basically was like any other, but not at all, at the same time. He spoke with a thick accent, that I couldn't even pin down in the first place. Only that it definitely was not from around here. I don't even think that the people here in urban Colorado have an accent, if I am being honest.

"Welcome, Liam Monroe" – his Name sounded so different when the sociology teacher repeated his name. It sounded softer, when she said it, and if I am being honest, I don't think I did understand what he said at all.

The R in his surname was so thickly rolled, that I never even would have guessed the word to be close to 'Monroe', and his first name, he barely even pronounced the 'a'.

"so, would you mind telling us something about yourself, like where are you from, why did you move here?"

"well, I suppose if I tell you my towns name you wouldn't know it anyway", the kid scowled, not making eye contact with anyone. "and its Munro, not Monroe, Miss"

Miss Hartwick was clearly uncomfortable, she shifted her weight.

"go ahead, enlighten us, please"

“Drumnadrochit”

There was a very visible frown, that literally every face in the class now showed.

“and where is that?”, asked the teacher softly, carefully even.

“north Scotland. Dad got a new job here, had to come... well fingers crossed I guess...”

I didn’t understand what he meant with that last sentence, nobody seemed to, and Miss Hartwick seemed so unsettled by the very harsh answers of this new kid, that she didn’t ask.

“ok yes, well, very interesting, European, English...” – now it was his time to frown and he stared at Miss Hartwick with very visible disgust in his face.

“no not English. Scottish.”

“hah, well yes”, the young sociology teacher seemed so unsettled in that moment. “Well Liam, you can sit right there, next to Annabell”

If that didn’t fit, next to Annabell, who also sat in the last row, but on the other side of the classroom, was the only free space in the class. Probably because she was weird, I mean, I know she is weird, she’s always been weird, the quiet kid, the always reading, black hair, black eyeliner, growling at people kinda weird.

I didn’t even take any further notice of the new kid after he sat down, and his presence slipped my mind completely when Miss Hartwick got Logan and Garret back into the classroom and handed them a fresh pair of detention passes for Friday afternoon.

“But that’s when the first football practice is”, I found myself blurting out.

“Mister Brooks, not the whole world revolves around your sport events, even if it might look like that to you”, she said and moved back to the front of the class, leaving me annoyed and scowling at Garret and Logan who sat down staring at the pieces of paper they were just handed.

## Kapitel 2: The Great Gatsby

The weeks went on, school annoyed me big time, as usually.

We spent the last days of the warm September sun on the field, practicing until it got to cold and as every year my life just started to lose its grip.

Settling from playing football all year round changing to just being in the gym or joining the off season Basketballteam.

I'm very much not tall enough for basketball, I'm not coordinated enough if I'm being honest, its just so different from what I usually do.

And also Homecoming was just around the corner and had the school buzzing in excitement, not that I couldn't enjoy it, but the expectations on me were, as every year, just exhausting, and with all these fancy promposals that started popping off all over the internet, I was expected to this grand gesture that I had no intention of actually doing.

Anyway, the choices keep overwhelming me anyway, not to sound douchy but I really can play the game of pick and choose. Everybody else is just picking at my scraps, and somewhere deep down I'm even aware of how shitty that sounds, but these thoughts only ever come to me when I'm alone, which I rarely am.

Sharing a room with my younger brother, school all day and activities afterwards, going to the gym with my friends, chilling in the park or something like that, doesn't leave a lot of room for the thoughts that haunt my the minutes in the dark before I'm to exhausted to stay awake anymore.

My mom made me pick English literature, says it would look decent on my college application, not that I cared.

I am certain about getting a scholarship for any college that wants me to play for them, they wont really care about my sociology or literature grades, but Mother always nags me, that football isn't everything.

I'm serious, if I had gotten a quarter for every time someone said that to me, id be rich enough to actually not giving a damn about football anymore.

The great Gatsby.

Didn't Leonardo DiCaprio just star in a movie with that name? Could be, if its actually the movie about the book I won't read it.

Maybe I did tho, maybe I read it, because it was laying around in my car, while I was waiting for Logan to stop fighting with his mum in front of his house.

"What is that, Nerd?"

"That's what people call 'A book' you imbecile", I snapped and turned away from Nick Carraways narrative.

"Funny, Brooks, Funny", Logan laughed. "Lets get the fuck out of here bevor Mom changes her mind, whats poppin anyway?"

"I don't know man", I said, pulling out of the driveway. "How 'bout grabbing a Burger"

"Sick man, sounds dope"

And so we went, up the small Diner at the Corner of Main and second street. Logan called Garrett on the way and he already waited up front, as he just lived round the corner from the Diner.

We spent a very unspectacular evening there, at some point Clarice and her Friends sat with hem, drinking Soda, very unsuspectiously asking if we found someone to take to the ball yet.

Me burying my face in my fries ignoring the slick comments my two companions made about "thinking about taking the prettiest of the girls, and then they just sit at our table", and making other very dull compliments.

"What about you, Eliot?", Clarie asked und I chewed my mouthful of fries a little longer than I had to, but I wanted more time of no speaking. But there is only so long you can chew of something before it becomes pathetic.

I should just get it over with I guess, so I looked up, sure Clarie is pretty, and popular enough to not be frowned upon. She's nice even, at least to me.

"Thought we could go", I mumbled and she smiled.

"Sure, why not".

Guess you don't need a Promposal if you're me, she still said yes, she still smiled, and he girlfriends still fawned, and made that high pitched "ahw" sound that makes my ears ring every time I hear it.

"Oh look, the weirdo's creaped out of his hole", Logan scoffed nodding towards the door. I didn't recognize him right away, but actually should the pulled-up hood have been a dead giveaway that it was the British dude that started this term in their sociology course.

"Imma throw something", Garret exclaimed.

"Do you wanna come here again?", I asked.

"What does that even mean?"

"Just saying, if you throw your Milkshake or whatever your drinking, Patty will throw us out and not let us back in?"

The decision was taken from Garret, as the European Kid took his order and was already out the door, before my not so very bright friend made the connection between his two braincells if he wanted to throw his drink or not.

"That's Coke, as if id drink something as girlish as a Milkshake"

"and what exactly is girlish about a milkshake?", Clarie asked, an eyebrow raised.

"Uhhhm? They're Pink?", Garret snapped.

"Only if its strawberry you moron...", I sigh and plant my hands on the table. "I'm done

with this, imma go, see you Monday, losers.”

“What? How am I getting home?”, Logan protested.

“You either come now, or ask your lovely Mother to pick you up”

Logan scrambled to his feet and we left in my car. That night I took “The great Gatsby” with me upstairs to my room, and I found myself actually reading it. Turns out it isn’t all too bad.