I sit on a bench, listening to the birds chirping peacefully. A soft and gentle breeze blows through my hair, reminding me that it’s starting to get chilly out. As the wind subsides, I suddenly find myself faced with a boy standing solemnly in front of me.

“Can I help you?” I ask him. He seems startled for a second, before stiffly moving over and taking a seat next to me on the bench.

“You’re not afraid of me?” I ask next. He shakes his head in a subdued manner.

“Haven’t you heard the rumours?” I ask then, as the boy remains silnt.

“Rumours…don’t mean anything,” he finally answers, holding his arm nervously.

I lean forward, my jet-black hair hanging below my face.

“Are you not scared of this hair of mine either, then? You know exactly what it means, don’t you?”

He says nothing. However, just before I continue, he speaks up again.

“I-I don’t think we should judge someone from just that.”

Now it’s my turn to leave things silent for a moment.

“Did you think I was lonely, all by myself all the time?”

He doesn’t respond.

“Fufu,” I laugh. “You’re a funny kid, you know? There’s not many like you.”

I look at him for a few moments, while he still won’t meet my gaze.

“You’re Ian, right?”

He finally looks up at me.

“You know me?”

“We’re classmates after all,” I say, with a soft smile.

“I see…so you remembered me…”

I laugh to myself.

“Hey, Ian,” I say. “You really should steer clear of me, you know? Otherwise, it won’t end well for you.”

“I!” he suddenly speaks up, before returning to his quiet volume from before. “I don’t care what other people think.”

I laugh to myself again.

“It’s not about what other people think, Ian. Let me rephrase myself more clearly.”

I look him dead in the eyes.

“Get the hell out of my sight, or I will personally end you.”

“Huh?” he says, exasperated. “What do you…”

“Ah, was that not enough? Well, you do have those types that don’t care much for their own lives sometimes.”

I look away while taking a second to think, while Ian stays seemingly motionless.

“Ah, that’s it! That frizzy haired boy you’re always with… Simon, I think his name was?  
If I still see you in five seconds, I’ll end him instead – how’s that sound?”

By the time I look to the side again, Ian is scuttling away.

I tune back into the chirping of the birds, entirely uninterrupted by what had just occurred, leaning back onto the bench and looking into the boundless sky.

Ah, thank you, stars, for another peaceful day.