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AP Lang & Composition

The Manic Pixie Dream Boy: A Description

It is not the way his fingers ran down down her spine that had her intrigued, nor was it way he drove with one hand clutched onto her thigh; it was the way he yanked on her hair as she vomited and the vulgarities he spat when she cried a little too hard. A "Wanted Criminal" poster is plastered brightly onto the back of her eyelids, donning the man's scruff, wavy dark hair, and poison-tainted eyes. This man was the poster board manifesto of the Manic Pixie Dream Boy, basking in the glory of his romanticism, and the sadness of the hearts he consumed with peaches.

Merely two decades her senior, it is questionable to consider him a Manic Pixie Dream Boy; he laid silently within the threshold of childhood and manhood. Like his darling nymphet counterpart, the man manifested the heart of a siren and the face blessed by Aphrodite and Apollo. He had a thousand names as he lived throughout the centuries. The Manic Pixie Dream Boy was a hidden enigma, living in the veins of the ones he preyed upon, breaking their bones with the mere act of grazing his lips upon her skin. It was not his desire to drag people down into his power, but it was his duty: to forever taint and haunt, living in between Heaven and Hell.

He was the reason why the word "love" existed. Like Hippocrates and Aristotle, the man was the god of his own work. It was on rare occurrence in which he reciprocated the love he

harbored. When he did, he made sure to hang up the Moon in her room and braid stars into her frizzed hair. The baby-hearted sunk into his power, where for once in their life, they would feel

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something flowing with their blood cells. Loving him was having time for tea on Jupiter and slow dancing on Venus. Loving him was breaking hearts and ribcages.

As he was the inventor of love, he welded the power of Hades as well. The tears of hundreds were laced into the weaves of his sweater; they say April showers brought May flowers, but the tears he harvested only became a pool. He waited for them to turn into something beautiful, but he never accepted the fact that too much water will only result in drowning. Loving him was a game of Russian Roulette, with each kiss laced with a trigger ready to set off. Many knew the pain he caused, but never the pain he felt. "You're hurting her!" they all said as he pushed her away. He was not hurting her-he was protecting her.

This siren of a man only lives through the hearts of the weak and desperate, for he does not exist. He only breathes through silver clouds in the dreams of the girl with freckles and a crooked scar on her collarbone, soaring once again only to place Sirius, Betelgeuse, and Rigel in her hair.