

Educate you by xsparxflyx Chapter 11

Eleven

“You punks better get the assignments completed by tomorrow,”

Mr. Decarlo’s vague threats always seemed to get to the students.

With that, he walked out the door without a second glance at the class.

“Dude, I’m gonna do it now, okay?”

“Yeah okay,” Leah muttered, casually. “I don’t really have a say in this, so...”

“Don’t say that!” I whined. “I’m not even sure if I should full on attack her with all the information I have. What if Antonio tricked me? Like seriously, being the asshole he is, he wouldn’t hesitate to do something like that!”

“Dude, you know that shit’s real,” Leah said, confidently. “If Madelyn was here, she’d tell you to rip Abigail’s eyes out,”

I stared at Leah in horror.

“Okay, maybe I was exaggerating,” She chuckled nervously. “But you get the point,”

“Yeah,”

Abigail stood up, and was about to leave the lecture room.

I ran upto her just in time. “Hey, Abigail,” I said, with a straight face.

“Oh, hey, Aeliana!” She seemed so casual. Amazing, that unwavering wanna-be-cute look on her face... I won’t even mention the batting eyelash shit...

“Why’d you get late today?” I played along.

“Oh, I ugh..” she rubbed her neck. “... I slept in... by accident,”

“Oh, I was waiting for you near the intersection,” I lied.

“Oh, is that so?” She said, sounding apologetic. “You shouldn’t have,” She whined. “Why though?”

“Um... what?”

I wait for her at the intersection almost every morning.

“What do you mean ‘why?’” I said in confusion. “Isn’t that something done on a daily

basis?”

“Oh, yeah! It is!” She giggled. “I was just curious,”

“You know, I’ll be moving into an apartment close to college, soon. So, these might be the last few days that we get to walk to the subway and stuff,”

“Oh, I see,” she replied.

“Oh, by the way,” I smiled. “I’ve got something to give you,”

“Oh,” she exclaimed, as her face darkened.

“Yeah,” I nodded. “To be precise, it’s a lot of things,”

“Uh huh,” she nodded nervously as her eyes dimmed.

“C’mon, I’ll give them to you,” I said, as I pulled her by the hand and dragged her towards my locker in the hallway.

She looked kinda nervous. I had a feeling that she knew what was coming.

I opened my locker and took all of the letters in my hand.

“Here you go,” I said, as I shoved the pile of letters in her arms.

She stared at me, mouth agape.

“Oh, wait. There’s more,” I smiled sarcastically. Pulling out the old boxes of chocolates and gifts, I put them on the heap of letters.

“Next time you bring chocolate and other expensive stuff,” I looked her in the eyes.” Give ’em to someone who would actually give enough shit about you, to open them,”

And with that, I walked to my classroom.

She deserves much worse, why am I holding back ?

“Dude, what happened ?”

“Nothing much. Just handed the letters with a sarcastic comment,”

“Nice,” Leah smirked. “Oh! By the way, Bliss and Vanille wanted to join us for lunch,”

“Oh! That sounds nice,” I grinned. “Now that it’s just the two of us, I would love some company,”

“Yeah,” she nodded. “They’re already at the cafeteria. They left to get us a table,”

“Let’s go, then,”

“Hey, guys,” I said, as I saw the two brunettes sitting at our usual table.

“Hey, Aeliana!” Bliss cheered.

“Hi,” Vanille said.

“So, what’s up ?”

“Okay, so,” Bliss, being the overly confident ray of sunshine she is, spoke up.”... prom- I mean the annual college dinner dance is coming up-,”

“Totally uninterested!” Leah and I chorused.

“Aw c’mon guys! At least just listen to us,” Vanille pleaded. “Okay okay, go on, hon,”

“So, Vanille and I have been assigned as the organizers, along with Damon and Ryland. We need two more on the team, so we wanted to know if you guys would be interested,”

“Oh, cool! I like it!” I grinned. “What do you say, Leah?”

“Mmm I dunno,” she hesitated.

“C’mon dude!” I punched her arm.

“Okay, I’m kidding! I’m in!”

“You guys are AWESOME!” Bliss and Vanille cheered.

“So, what exactly do we have to do?” I questioned.

“Well, you know, organize the food, the DJ, the songs and the venue, the decorations, appoint the judges, prepare for the crowning of King and Queen... and stuff... not much, really,”

“Not much, at all,” I said, still having trouble getting my eyelids back to their normal size. “Sounds exciting, though,”

“Yeah,” Leah agreed. “Did Damon and Ryland agree to have us on the team?”

“Yeah,” Bliss replied. “Oh, here they are,”

Damon and Ryland are two guys I only know by name, although they’ve been in our

previous classes. I don't really bother to get to know a lot of people.

They took their seats at our table. "Hi," Leah and I greeted the boys.

"Hi, I'm Damon Yang. Nice to meet you," the guy with the sweet smile introduced himself first.

Leah and I turned to the other guy who was avoiding eye contact with both of us. Damon nudged him and he sat up straight immediately. Pushing back his spectacles, he said, "I'm Ryland Sanders,"

"I'm Leah Seattle,"

"I'm Aeliana Winslow, nice to meet you guys too," I tried to liven up the atmosphere. "So, guys, I think it would be best if we divide the sections among ourselves and discuss them later to make necessary amendments,"

"Yeah, that might make things more efficient," Damon agreed.

"Yep," Bliss said. "I told you we needed some smart asses on our team,"

"If you're referring to us," Leah said, raising her eyebrows. "... all I have to say is, 'smart ass my ass,'"

Bliss and Vanille started laughing. "Dude! Stop being so modest!"

"It's the absolute truth," Leah said. "Cross my heart and hope to die,"

"Shut up," I said. "Oh well, you'll be dead by morning, tomorrow,"

"Get lost!" Leah chuckled.

I had a good feeling about this whole dinner dance thing... although... I didn't have a date... it's a 'couples only' dance and I don't have anyone to dance with! But I do love organizing stuff, so I'm going to just help them to get things in place, and flunk the actual night.

“You’re not thinking of bailing out on it, right?” I whispered to Leah.

“Dammit! How’d you know!?”

I looked at her with my eyes narrowed. “Traitor,”

“Hey! Don’t deny it!” Leah pointed a finger at me. “You were thinking about the same thing,”

“Shit,”

“About what?” Damon was suddenly interested.

“Nothing!” Leah and I shouted, while successfully turning a few heads in our direction.

“We’ll have to exchange numbers,” Bliss pointed out.

“Let’s meet at the club room at 3.15, this afternoon,” Ryland actually spoke up for the first time. And with that being said, everyone agreed and dispersed to have lunch.

“Do professors attend the dinner dance?” Leah muttered as she poked the food on her tray.

“Dude!” I made a poker face. “Obviously!”

“Well, I didn’t know that!” She complained.

“Now you do,” I said. “Decarlo’s gonna rip my head off if I don’t get the assignment s** * done,”

“You better do it,” Leah said, pointing her fork at me. “You know he has this personal thing against you,”

“Well, I don’t think you’ll notice such a thing in his behavior again,”

“Why not?” She asked. “Isn’t it totally normal when he picks on kids?”

I sighed. “You think he thought that I was the rowdy type when he saw Brittany coming at my throat?”

“Nah... one look at Brittany, you know she’s the b**** behind all the mischief,” Leah said as she stuffed mashed potato in her mouth. “Wait a minute,”

I looked up from my plate. I stared at Leah with one side of my mouth stuffed with potatoes.

She flashed a mischievous smirk at me.” Why do you care so much about what he should think about you?”

“Hey now, don’t you dare get any weird ideas. It’s merely because I am concerned about my mentor’s faith in me,”

“Are you sure about that? I think there’s more to it,” Leah said.

“There’s nothing more to it. Now keep your voice down,” I whispered. “If Brittany got to

know about what Nate told me near the vending machine, I’m sure there are spies everywhere,”

“Tell me what it was about,” Leah whined.

“Brittany warned me not to spread rumors about Nate calling me ‘babe’,” I said in one breath.

“Well, why would you do something like that?” Leah was puzzled.

“Obviously I didn’t!” I almost yelled. “Why would I go around telling people about what that jacka** did?”

“You know what?” Leah said as she set her fork down on the tray. “Someone is spreading rumors,”

“You sound very sure about that,”

“Cheryl told me that someone was spreading rumors about Zane and her getting back together after Fallon’s party,” Leah whispered to me. “You know, about all the bad stuff. Now people think they did it and are smitten all over again,”

“Honestly, who is jobless enough to spread stuff like that?” I was irritated. Seriously irritated.

“Well, I have to say, it’s not everyday I see all the assignments handed over,” Decarlo walked around the class with his hands across over his chest. “Good job!”

“Gracias!”

He didn’t appear to like the fact that the whole class knew that he was a Spaniard.” You’re welcome,” he said, as he raised an eyebrow. With that, he looked back at the assignments in his hands.

There it was. Just a second ago.

That brief glance. The one that lasted for less than a fraction of a millisecond.

The glance that he tries to mask by looking away and pretending as if nothing ever happened...

Or maybe it isn’t that serious...

Maybe he really does abhor me.

“You, in the grey sweater,” he pointed at Vanille, signaling her to stand up. Once she did, he approached her and stood beside her desk.

“If the linear charge density of a rod of length L is λ , what is the field intensity at a point on a Gaussian surface located at a distance R from the rod?”

Ouch... that hurt me... mentally...

Vanille looked like she had lost herself in a labyrinth. She looked so helpless. She obviously didn't have enough time to study yesterday's lesson since she had to get stuff done for the dance. And Mr. Decarlo's menacing stare wasn't helping much either.

The dance is like a huge thing in college. Everyone's excited to ask their lifelong or maybe -not-so-long crush to the dance.

“Winslow,”

F***

I stood up immediately, skillfully avoiding another hour long lecture about respect, that was about to start.

“Yes, Mr. Decarlo?”

The left corner of his lip tugged into a brief smirk and it was gone in a millisecond.

“Tell me, Winslow,” he said, tilting his head back. “There are two concentric spheres of radius R and r , R larger than r , with charges, $+3Q$ and $-Q$ respectively. A charge of $+Q$ is present at the centre of the two concentric spheres. What would be the field intensity at a point between the surfaces of the two spheres?”

I was totally unaware that I was staring at him with my mouth agape. “Um,”

He rolled his eyes and walked towards the board. After displaying the diagram on the screen, he walked back towards me, with his arms crossed over his chest.

After looking at the diagram carefully, I looked back at him. He raised his eyebrows, – expecting an answer.

“Zero,”

He was taken aback. “Zero?”

I gulped. I’m so dead.

But c’mon! I’m sure that it’s zero! I studied this yesterday!

Staring at the floor, Decarlo pursed his lips. “Okay then, you say it’s zero,” he walked over to the other side of my desk. “What about the field intensity at a point on the surface of the smaller sphere?”

I could feel his stare burning into my skin. What did I ever do to him, to deserve this?

“Your answer is?”

“...” I gulped once more.

It’s zero, dammit! I saw this shit just yesterday!

I could hear a faint laugh. Dammit! Now he’s knows that I’m intimidated.

“Zero,” I said, trying my best to sound confident.

“Again?” Decarlo narrowed his eyes. “You’re absolutely sure that both the answers are

zero?”

I looked at him, with puppy eyes.

What am I even doing, making cute faces at a stone-hearted man?

“Winslow,” he turned to face me completely. “What the hell have you been doing?”

I could see a faint smile. I'm sure of it.

He's testing me! I know he is! That's it! I can't let him push me around any longer.

"Sir," I smiled. "The answer is 'zero',"

He looked at me; straight in the eye.

I'm not stepping down this time. I've had enough.

He's not looking away! It's been almost three full seconds! I'm not looking away either!

Your piercing stare ain't got nothing on me, Antonio!

That's when his lips curled into a smile. Taking a brief glance at the floor, he looked back at me.

For once, it was actually a genuine smile.

"Good job;" he smirked. "Sit down,"

What the f*** just happened...