

Educate you by xsparxflyx Chapter 2

It's 3.00 p.m and I'm standing at the door of Mr. Decarlo's so-called 'office'.

Whatever he wants from me, it cannot be good... at all.

After standing there for what felt like eternity, I finally gathered up the courage to knock on the door.

"Come in," I heard an exceptionally deep voice. After turning the doorknob and pushing the door open, I peeped into the room.

There he was, in his authoritative posture, reading what seemed like an encyclopedia; a massive book with pages that appeared to be extremely thin.

Of course, this guy would never read a magazine or any other ordinary book. It was always some sort of intellectual boring science book.

Staring into the book, he muttered, "Quit peeping and close that door, Winslow,"

I closed the door behind me after recovering from the shock he'd given me. I walked towards him meekly. "You asked to see me, Mr. Decarlo?"

"No. I asked you to seeme," he said, closing the huge book he had in his hands. "You know, Winslow, you never seize to impress me by placing second in class, while having so many voids in your schedule,"

"With all due respect, Mr. Decarlo, there is one better student in our batch," I said, referring to Leah who obviously was way better than I was at anything. Her scores always, and I mean always, topped mine.

As I felt his intimidating gaze, my eyes searched for something to stare at, with hopes of avoiding it.

“The existence of that person is not what matters. The existence of only one such person, while you are in this pathetic state, is what matters, Winslow,” he said, rotating his chair to either sides.

I looked up at him, wondering what to say. Nothing came to my mind.

As I met the bottomless grey pits in his eyes, I bit the inside of my cheek. I started to get intimidated once more.

So empty and endless. They didn’t have an ounce of kindness in them... at least, that’s what I saw.

“What are you staring at, Winslow?”

That’s when I snapped into reality. I took a sudden deep breath and gulped, regaining my composure.

“Nothing at all, Mr. Decarlo,” I said, averting my gaze.

“Mm hmm...” he nodded, raising his eyebrows. “Well, what is the extraordinary excuse you’re going to present this time?” He leaned forward, placing his hands, fingers intertwined, before the bridge of his sharp nose.

I gulped once more, as my mind went blank.

“I’m listening...” he said, deeply.

“Mr. Decarlo, I... ugh...” I looked around the room, and at anything but his piercing grey eyes. “Is f-forgetting a... valid excuse?”

“Of course not,” he snapped as he shook his head briefly.

“Oh...” I said in disappointment.

Well, what now!?! I just forgot to write them! I don’t have an excuse!

“I promise I’ll complete the whole book by tomorrow, sir. This won’t happen again,” I said, as my head hung low.

“If I were you, I’d do what I just said,” he said grimly. “...without fail,”

I stared at him for a few seconds with my mouth agape, before I realized what he meant. “Right... I understand,” I said, hurriedly.

“Good,” He said. “The door’s over there,”

I nodded slightly and walked out of his office.

“Dude! What happened, man!?” Leah grabbed my arm as soon as I approached her.

“Don’t ask...” I sighed. “Just... don’t ask... Better than I expected, though...”

“At least he didn’t-,”

“HOW CAN A HUMAN BE SO... SO... INHUMANE!?”

“Okay, now calm down... quit yelling in the hallway... let’s go outside,” Leah grabbed my hand and dragged me out of the building.

We exited the building and entered the cafeteria. I looked around at the busy space. Girls and guys hanging out, chatting and sipping on juice boxes, some on their phones, some with their faces buried in books.

Every single person here was having an ordinary day, while I was, for sure, having an absolutely awful one.

“Hey guys!” I heard an awfully familiar voice.

It was Abigail Hutchinson, my miniature friend. She's the cute one who looks like a doll; the first one you'd notice as 'cute' in a group photo. Big eyes, thick lashes and a cute smile.

We have some history, but it wasn't that pretty, so I'd rather not talk about it.

"Hey girl!" I said, grinning.

"Whatchu guys upto?" She asked, placing her hands on her hips.

"We were about discuss my heavenly experience in Mr. Decarlo's office," I said, smiling sarcastically.

"Oh my god! What did he do? You were in his office!?" Abigail started panicking. "Why'd you go there!?"

"I was... ugh... asked to," I said, taken aback. Her reaction confused me. It was almost as if she thought that I was extremely fortunate to have gotten a chance to be in his office.

Abigail scoffed, rolling her eyes. "How could you go without me!?" She whined, worriedly. "I've been dying to get in there!"

"I was there to be yelled at!" I said. "I'm sure you would've regretted if you joined me," I mumbled, shaking my head.

"Oh..." she said, placing her fingers on her lips as if saying 'oops'. "Hey hey! Did you guys know!? Mr. Decarlo, isn't actually 'Mr. Decarlo'," Abigail said, expecting a reaction from us.

"Then what is he?" Leah asked, rolling her eyes. "Some sorta alien who came to earth in peace, but with the motive of abducting us all and putting us in a human zoo for Martians!?" She finished her question with a perfect poker face.

Abigail stared at her, with her lips slightly apart. Her face made it clear that she was wondering what kind of human Leah was. "Wow... your imagination is... extraordinary,"

To be honest, Abigail wasn't the smartest kid I knew. She wasn't dumb either. She was somewhere near the average college student.

"He is not an alien..." she said, raising an eyebrow. "He's a professor! Like a doctor! You know, with a PhD!"

"What!?" Leah and I chorused.

"I know right!" She exclaimed. "I guess he does have the right to yell at us,"

"Pfft! Just because he's a professor, doesn't mean he can boss me around and yell at me!" I reasoned.

"True that," Leah said, nodding. "So wait, why do we still call him Mr. Decarlo?"

"Meh! Who cares, man!?" I shrugged. "He's still the same old cranky teacher,"

"Mm hmm," Leah said, agreeing.

"It's quite surprising though," I said as I rubbed my chin. "Being so supercilious and conceited, isn't it odd that he's alright with us addressing him as 'Mister'?"

"That's definitely a fair argument," Leah muttered.

"I also found out his age!!" Abigail wiggled her eyebrows.

"Ooo! That's useful information," I said, eager to get my hands on this.

"He's 29!"

"Already!?" I almost screamed.

"You're kidding me right?" Abigail said, placing a hand on her hip. "He's not even 30,"

I made my best poker face.

“Are you serious?” Leah said, her face straight.

“He will be, next year,” I said. “Why do we care anyway? It’s not like you’re gonna get married to him,”

“Who said I wasn’t?” Abigail said as we started to walk towards a table in the cafeteria.

“Oh please, Abby, that guy, is metaphorically a big stiff rock. There’s no way anyone’s getting to him,”

“I will,” she said, smirking.

“But you’re still 19!” I said, furrowing my eyebrows.

“Yeah, he’s way too old for you,” Leah added.

“Plus, he doesn’t look like someone who’s into younger girls, you know,” I shrugged.

“You just wait and see,” she smiled as she raised her eyebrows.

“Sure! Work your charms, hon!” Leah said in a sarcastic tone.

This girl, I swear, is obsessed with that satanic guy and I absolutely cannot understand why.