

Educate you by xsparxflyx Chapter 4

“Come in!” I heard his arrogant voice.

I rotated the door knob and stepped in cautiously. I didn't know what I was afraid of. I wasn't sure if it was his death glare or my suspicion that he was secretly a grim reaper or a vampire.

What the hell am I thinking?

I stood a safe distance away from his desk, with my head turned downwards. Secretly taking a glimpse, I noticed that he was busily scribbling something down.

“What are you doing, Winslow?” He snapped in his heavy Spanish accent.

“Eh?” My head shot right up. As I looked at him, my eyes widened.

Clicking his pen and setting it aside, he focused on me. “I'm assuming that you are fine with listening to my explanation of the 147th problem, while standing?”

“I'm fine, sir,” I said, trying not to ‘interact’ with him.

“Just sit down, Winslow. I won't eat you,” He said, sternly.

“Yes, Mr. Decarlo,” I gave in, grabbing the chair hastily. Pulling it out, I took a seat extra cautiously and of course, after checking if it had spikes or super glue on it.

“This is how it's done,” he said, and grabbed a paper and began scribbling some numbers.

Woah woah... wait a freaking minute... Is... Mr. Antonio Decarlo actually explaining a question to me, hoping that I would understand it? That sounds so weird! He wouldn't do that! This is mind-blowing! This heartless devil's actually taking the time to-

“WHY DO I EVEN BOTHER!?” I snapped into reality.

That’s when I realized that I had been staring at him with my lips, apart for ten seconds straight.

“I take the time to do this for you, and you waste it by glaring at me,”

“Uh- sir, I...”

“I have plenty of better things to do. If you don’t need this, the door’s over there,” he said, pointing towards the exit.

“I’m sorry!” I blurted out. “I didn’t realize that you could be this considerate. I was just taken aback. I’m sorry. I really am!” I begged with my eyes tightly shut. I thought back to the speed I said all that, and started regretting once again.

Please don’t yell. I really can’t take it anymore.

Oh god, I don’t want to burst into tears like a baby in front of him. I mean, it’s not that I care about his opinion, but it just doesn’t feel right. I wanted to appear strong before him. I didn’t want to break down.

Please don’t yell. I do a very bad job when it comes to handling embarrassment.

“Shut up and listen,” he said sternly.

“Yes, Mr. Decarlo,”

“I’m not going to go through every single step because you’re not a halfwit,” he said, while solving the sum.

I simply nodded.

“You do understand why I substituted this here, right?” He asked.

“Yes. Yes, I do,”

“That’s it then. Solve the equation and you get the final answer,” he said handing the paper to me and setting his pen down.

“Thank you very much, Mr. Decarlo,” I said, taking the paper in my hands.

His eyes were already set on the paper that he was scribbling on, prior to my entrance.

Isn’t he going to say ‘yeah sure’ or something? No? Nothing at all!? How rude!

I walked towards the door and wrapped my fingers around the door knob. Turning back, I took one last glance at him.

“Close the door behind you,” he said without removing his eyes from the paper.
“The hallway is so damn noisy,”

Closing the door carefully, I walked out and into the hallway. Students were walking in either directions. Some just stood there in a circle, chatting. I heard giggles and sounds of laughter from everywhere.

How could he be so... straight!? So... emotionless!? His face is straighter than Kristen Stewart’s. I’ve never seen him smiling, laughing, sad or troubled. Just... straight faced.

I thought he was opening up to someone, at least the slightest bit, but I was terribly wrong.

“I’m right here, at the entrance,”

“Oh ok ok! I see you! Look to your left!”

After a few seconds of shuffling, Leah and I locked eyes.

“Yooo!” She said as she came towards me, after disconnecting the call.

“You might wanna tell that to him,” I said, as I pointed to Adrian who was digging for something in his wallet.

“Oh! Adrian’s coming with us?” It was clear that Leah wasn’t expecting this.

“Yeah... he told me to bring a friend if I wanted to,” I explained, grabbing my brother’s arm.

“Oh, hey Leah,” he said, not bothered much. He kept his cool, and I have to say, it isn’t a pretentious one. He was always a bit consistent. Didn’t talk all that much, but amazingly fun to hangout with.

“Hey,” Leah said, just for the sake of saying it. Ruffling her short hair, she said, “If my mom gets to know that I went to the movies with a guy and makes a scene, you’re the witness. Alright?”

“Okay okay!” I chuckled. “Chill, it’s not gonna be a problem!”

The cinema was flooded with people; mostly people who looked like they were in their 20’s. It was the date of release, so it wasn’t a surprise. Luckily, Adrian had booked tickets online, so we didn’t have to go through agonizing hours in the queue.

Taking a seat in the second block, I signaled Leah to sit next to me, while Adrian sat on the other side.

“We have 10 minutes more,” Adrian said, checking his watch. “Here. I got some Doritos,” he handed the bags over to us.

“Ooo! Sweet!” I said, grabbing them like a five-year-old.

As I watched how the people filed into the theatre, I happened to spot Brittany Jones, walking in with her current boyfriend; Nate Harold.

Ugh! That bitch! She only dated jocks when we were in high school. Only a million different ones. Not much. She's got all the sass and the eyelash batting in the world. I never liked that blondie anyway.

Woah woah, wait a damn minute! Now that's a familiar face!

What's Mr. Decarlo doing here!?

I thought he was the I-only-read-books type. But he's here! At a movie!

Before I could react, his head snapped in my direction. He recognized me. The realization was clear in his face.

The next person his eyes moved to, was my brother. He scanned Adrian from top to bottom. Narrowing his eyes, Mr. Decarlo took a prolonged look at him.

I looked at Adrian, who didn't seem to have noticed the strange man glaring at him from afar. Thankfully, he was busy watching the trailers playing on screen, and occasionally tapping the screen of his phone.

It was clear that Mr. Decarlo hadn't noticed Leah, who was staring at her phone as well. He was probably too busy wondering what kind of relationship existed between me and the man seated next to me. He looked back at me, expressionless.

Our eyes locked and I felt my body tense up. Every muscle in my body, tightened. My chest felt tight. I took a deep breath, and thank god, at that very moment, he broke eye contact, walking away to take a seat.

And that's when I snapped into reality and noticed his attire. He wore a black hoodie and a cap underneath it. His hands were shoved in his pockets and he looked laid back.

Weird, seeing this side of him. To me, he always seemed like a person who was constantly paying attention to his work and nothing else. As if he lived in a world of equations and derivations, and laws that applied to things only under certain

fixed conditions. Well, it turns out that my assessment of him wasn't very accurate. It was indeed, faulty.

We walked out of the theatre; most of us, satisfied.

"Hey dude," I said, nudging Leah. "Antonio's here. Did you see?"

"What!?" Her eyes widened, as she let my words sink in.

"I know right!" I said.

She was surprised, but didn't seem to care, as usual. "Oh, now that you mentioned him... did you complete the assignment?"

"What? What assignment?" I started to panic.

"The one he assigned a week ago," Leah said casually. "Dude! I texted you, asking if you completed it!"

"F***! Why do I keep forgetting his assignments and only his!?" I grabbed out my phone. "Um... is it my fault that I muted your chat?"

"Yes. Yes it is,"

"Okay," I said, sighing. "I'll get ready to suffer his wrath tomorrow as well,"

"You idiot! Don't say that! Go home and complete whatever you can!" She scolded me.

I sighed once more. "But its a very long project!"

"Get some help from Adrian. It'll be fine," she said, patting my back.

"Alright," I whined, cursing at the thought that I'd have to complete the entire assignment in one night.

Well, after all, it IS my fault for being so scatterbrained!