He drinks beer. I drink Orange Juice with Mountain Dew. They run. I eat potato chips. She doesn’t smile. I relax my forehead. He sits alone and thinks he’s a loser. I sit alone and try to make it look like I don’t think I’m a loser. She watches drama. I’m comedy. They go on walks. We sit in the back yard. They barbecue. We barbecue. (Barbecuing is wicked awesome.) I burp at the dinner table. She waits until no one is around. They talk about gas prices. I talk about how stupid it is to talk about gas prices. She’s allergic to peanuts. I’m allergic to boring people. You hate English, school, and learning. I used to hate those things. He can fly. I am fly. He is human. I am dancer. She cries at romantic movies. I bawl. He makes his free throws. I think about how pissed off I’ll be if I miss this free throw and then I miss this free throw. He listens to rap music. I listen to rap music, but I listen to other stuff too. He’s Puerto Rican. I’m pale. I sing and dance in front of the mirror. You pretend like you don’t. He sticks his head out the window with his tongue out. I put my arm out the window.