

The Life of an Ill-normal Teen

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Dustin. When he is found and taken in by a farm-family in California, everything in his life changes. He gets friends, meets new people, starts having a normal life. Until he finds out a secret about himself, and a few people around him. characters(c)me

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1 - Intro

You know those feelings? The feelings you get when you're sick, or tired, or just plain out bored. You feel like you aren't part of the real world, you are not the missing piece in the puzzle. I feel like that everyday. Sometimes I am tired, bored, or sick. But most of the time, I'm just lost in this lonely cruel world. In fact, all the time I am.

2 - Old Beginnings

“what should we do with it?” “It’s not an it!” “well then what is it?” “I think it’s a boy.” “well, either way we can’t keep him in our home.” Yeah, I know what your thinking, why don’t they just keep the darn animal? Well, they’re talking about me. Yep, they found me in some old dumpster behind the supermarket. They don’t know who I am, what I am, or where I came from. “why not? Why he’s just adorable.” “Jessica. We don’t have the money to feed him along with Daisy, and Jeffrey. We just can’t feed another mouth.” “sure we can. We have pleatey of money Brian.” “but dear, we were going to go on vacation to California. We were planning this for years.” “well we can wait. Poor thing, left in a dumpster, what kind of mother would do that?” “Jessica, honey, your getting attached to him.” “and so?” “come on, let’s at least drop him off at the orfanage. He’ll fit in better there.” “Brian, no. I will not put this little child in an orfanage alone.” She grabbed the child’s hand, and ran out the door. The child tried to keep up even as he was dragged by the arm. “listen to me young one. You can’t stay here is London. You need to go somewhere else. Somewhere better than here. Like the U.S. the orphanages seem more life-like there. Or at least, I’ve read that they are. Now you need to run, or at least crawl or walk, but you need to get out of here, now go!” Jessica said, pointing at the hills over the horizon. Dustin took no time, running away from this scary place. He just didn’t know what he was going to do.

3 - Humble Days

“Ok, now I only have 3 dollars from that old lady.” He gripped the money in his hand, and flipped his hood on. “now, where to go to get out of this rain for the night?” he asked himself, having a drop of water plunk down on his nose. He wiped it off with his sleeve. He walked by an ally. “well, this is going to have to do.” He said, walking to the impending darkness. “now, I can probably sleep in a trashcan. Hope there is good newspaper around.” He heard the sound of rolling wheels. He quickly crawled into the trashcan, and poked his head out, able to see the sidewalk. He heard whoever it was, kick off his rolling device, and start walking down the ally. “hey? Is there someone back here? hello? Dude?” He asked, he finally made it to the back of the ally. “he-hey! What’s a chick doing in a trash can?” he asked, hands on his knees. There was a clump of bright blonde hair in his face. Dustin scooted back. “hey there little lady. How old are you?” he asked, getting on his knees. Dustin turned his head. He had no more room behind him. “well, I’m Shane. I’m just a teenager. I’m 17. now how old are you?” Dustin sat there a moment. “17.” He answered quietly. Shane scooted closer. “good, now what’s your name?” he asked, his brown eyes, shining in the moonlight that shined threw the clouds. “Dustin.” “Dustin? Well then, Dustin, you aren’t a chick then, are you?” Shane asked. He sat back on his legs. He stood up, and placed a hand out. Dustin looked at it. “come on, let’s take you to my place. Take my hand.” Shane said, picking up his rolling device. Dustin took his hand, and squeezed out of the trashcan. He stared at what Shane was holding. “dude. You haven’t seen a skateboard before?” he asked, chuckling. Dustin shook his head. His eyebrows arched down, and a frown painted on his face. “come on, hop on, and grab tight to me. Bumpy way back to my farm.” He said, placing a foot on his skateboard. Dustin looked at shane, the board, and then at shane. “look, if you don’t grab onto my waist, then you’ll fall off.” Shane said, looking annoyed. Dustin fought back his worries, and wrapped his arms around shane, and balaenced himself on the back of the board. Shane got his other foot on, and rolled out the ally, and headed for a hill, with a large barn on it. “home.” Dustin said, gripping harder, and placing his head on shane’s back.

4 - The First Meeting of the Three

"I see that we need to recover him."

"but how? He doesn't even know!"

"I bet he does!"

"silence. We all know that he does not have a family."

"yeah, mongooses can be so cruel."

"Deleano!"

"actually, I like to be called, Dolfino, common mistake."

"egh."

"but sire, shouldn't we track him down, and tell him about his destiny?"

"yeah, or at least about his parents."

"no. he cannot know anything yet."

"sire, with all do respect, he must know that his is a shico. There are only 6 in existence. Me, you, Dolfino, and well, him. Others."

"I know. Master T is the only shico that is two breeds."

The three nodded.

"How do we know when?"

"time will tell. Once he finds out about himself being quite different. The rest will follow threw."

"are you sure? Shouldn't Master T be involved?"

"Master T does not want to be bothered with such news as this."

"Who will tell him?"

"you two will be the ones that tell him of what he is, and what he is destined to be."

"we will finally be completed!"

"yes, the Hexegon of Shico will be completed."

"how long has it been?"

"about 167 hundred years."

"well, in human years?"

"about 16 years for you. 43 for me, and 102 for Master T."

"wow."

"yeah."

"must you always say, 'yeah'?"

"uhh.... Yeah?"

"egh."

"well, I think you must agree with me Rico that this meeting, must be over."

"I do agree. So it is settled, Dustin will never know about his kind, heritage, ancestors, or anything about what his life will be."

"will he go to school?"

"we can risk him trying to fit in. You two must go to the school, and make sure that he doesn't run away from this town. Shane seems like a good friend, and will help him discover who he is."

5 - Settling Down

“welcome to my farm. We call it ‘Farm of Hope’” Shane said, placing his foot off the board. He flipped his head, placing his eyes into view. Dustin looked up. Ahead of him was a big, empty pasture. There was a little home with smoke coming out of the chimney. It was a little house, but it looked lively. There was a huge barn, doors wide open. A silo with hay sticking out from the bottom was pressed against it. A fence surrounded the barn in the back. The farm land was huge. It cover about 4, or 5 huge hills. Cows roamed, sheep baa’d, goats chewed everything in sight. Dogs barked. Cat hissed. Crow’s flew away from the scarecrow. A little windmill twirled in the wind. Chickens pecked at the ground, as the near by donkey hee-hawed. Dustin knew he would love it here. “no come on. My ma’s home making up some grub. Good thing that my brother is at soccer pratice. Or he’d just make you depressed.” Shane said. Dustin climbed off the board. Shane kicked the board up, and started carrying it. Dustin wondered why Shane, who seemed to be pretty cool, lived on a farm. One would think that he would live a cool house, or maybe an apartment. “I know what your thinking. ‘why would a guy like me, still live with his ma on a farm in California? The state of surfing, and sunbathing, vacationing, and huge bustling cities?’ well, my ma can’t afford to keep this place that well in the past months. Me having a job, and getting my brother to do my chores helped. Now we’re outta debt. But barly, we still need to get off the line between bankrupt and freedom.” Shane said, looking over his sholder, and walkikng backwards. Something is different about this guy, Dustin thought. He seemed to have little fangs, and cute little goat horns patruning from his head. He seemed to have a, ‘goat’ era. Dustin couldn’t understand it, but before he could ask, Shane walts right threw the front door. “Ma! I’m home! I brought back a guy that I found in a trashcan.” Shane placed his board next to the door. ‘For easy reach incase someone butts you out.’ Dustin thought. A woman bustled down the stairs. She had a bulky figure, she was also thin at the same time. She had streaked blond hair, just like her son’s. It looked like she had highlights, but he couldn’t tell if they were real or not. She wore a navy blue tank top, a little low for Dustin. Light blue shorts, also brown crocs. Her hair was in a short little pony-tail, with a long strand hanging from her face. She wore a single bracelet with a peace sign on it. She smiled. “why hello. My name is Sharrie. Shane and his younger brother Marlin call me ma. You can call me whatever you like.” She said, she placed out her wrinkled hand. Her eyebrows were a dark dirty blond color, like her hair. She had hundreds of freakles all over her cheeks and nose. Shane did too. The average blonde, freakled, family of California. Dustin took her hand, and shook it. “hi.” He said smiling. She re-gripped the basket full of crops in her other arm. “you need help with anything ma?” Shane asked. Sharrie shook her head, then stopped. She glaced at a clock. “Me and your friend Dustin will get dinner started, you go get your brother from pratice.” She said, waving at the door. Shane nodded, ran towards him board, grabbed a key, and bursted threw the door. ‘he must do that on a reagular basis.’ Thought Dustin. “now come on you, I have questions.” Sharrie said, smirking as she playfully hit Dustin on the arm. “lets get some soup ready.” She said smiling. Sharrie poured the veggies out on the counter of the kitchen. Dustin couldn’t help but glace around the kitchen he was standing in. It seemed pretty clean, a few cobwebs in places. A cat bowl, and a dog bowl printed, Whiskers, and Sargent Sniffers or SS. Food was in them, and a light water bowl. A microwave, an oven, a refrigerator, a sink, knives, all the normal kitchen stuff. Sharrie brought out a cutting board, and placed a orange, triangle shaped veggi on it. She cut off the leaves, and started cutting the vegetable into little disks. “where do you really live Dustin?” Sharrie asked, swishing the vegetable into a big pot. Dustin shrugged. “quiet type. I get it. Not like your voice?” she asked, grabbing another vegetable, this time it looked like a tree, with a bright green trunk. Dustin shook his

head, frowning now. "how old are you?" Sharrie asked, adding more vegetables into the big pot. "17." Dustin said as quietly as possible. She filled the pot with water from the sink. "wow, you hit puberty already? You got a deep, sexy voice." She said, smiling. She hauled the pot onto the stove. She grabbed a lighter, and flicked at the stove with it, as she turned a knob. Dustin look surprised. 'Sexy?' he thought. He never thought of his voice like that. He always seemed to hate his voice, so he didn't talk much. Sharrie turned around. "oh. Did I offend you?" she asked. Dustin looked surprised. "oh no. Of course not. Just never thought of it that way." Dustin gripped his necklace. "what'cha gripping?" Sharrie asked. She placed the knife in the sink behind her. "oh. It's a locket." Dustin said, taking it off his head. "you got a girl?" Sharrie asked, carefully taking the locket. "oh no. no way, I think it's a picture of my parents. But I can't remember what they are like. I don't live any where. I came from London, when I was 4." He said. Sharrie opened the locket, and smiled at it. "I think it's sweet." She said, she looked at it, and gave it back. Dustin glanced at it and placed it back around his neck. Sharrie turned around and washed her hands. "I think that no mother should ever leave her child. I just think that's wrong." Sharrie added, as she grabbed a towel. She dried her hands, and threw the towel down a chute. "where does that lead?" Dustin asked. "oh, the laundry room." Sharrie said, grabbing at a cabinet. "why do you keep your hood on indoors all the time honey? Bad hair day?" Sharrie asked, as she grabbed a spice. "no. I just don't like my ears." Dustin said, staring at the floor. "come on. Hoods and hats off in house. HHH." Sharrie said, shaking some spice into the boiling soup, and mixing it in with a spoon. Dustin took his hood off. He had sorta long, but kinda short hair. (the back was at his neck) Two little disk like ears popped out of the top of his brown as dark oak hair. Sharrie smiled. "that's better, and I love your ears." Dustin quirked a smile out of this. "now come on, help me and mix this soup every once in a while." Sharrie said, waving over. Dustin walked over. Sharrie had tan arms, with freckles. "no you can't cook with long sleeves. They might catch on fire." Sharrie said, tisking him with her spoon. "take it off." Dustin blushed. He didn't have any clothes except this cloak. He had boxers when he was little, but he grew out of them a long time ago. Sharrie raised an eyebrow. "well?" she asked. "but this is the only thing I'm wearing." Dustin finally admitted. Sharrie seemed to cool off, blush a little. "oh. Ok. Right you must not have much clothing. Follow me, you can wear some of Shane's clothes." She said, placing down the spoon, and walking down a hallway. Dustin followed. "now, I'm gonna give you one of the shirts he doesn't wear, along with his old skinny jeans." Sharrie said, opening the door leading to Shane's room. She waved for Dustin to stay, and she crawled threw all the junk in Shane's room. She opened a drawer. "here's some blue boxers." She threw them at Dustin. He was puzzled at what boxer's were. He didn't know how to wear them. "a short sleeved t-shirt." She threw this also. Dustin caught it. It seemed a tad small, or short. It had a star with little rings around it in the middle. It read STAR ATOM! at the ends of the sleeves were red rings. And at the collar. "and a pair of skinny jeans." She threw the last piece of clothing. Dustin didn't catch this, but he picked it up from the floor. It was torn and tattered at the ends of the legs. "oh. You need shoes." She said. She flipped her crocs off. "here, wear these." She said, throwing them to Dustin. He managed to grab them, and still hold everything else. "now you go into the bathroom, and get dressed." She said, pointing at the door across the hall. Dustin looked at the door, and walked in. It was a peaceful looking room. A light shade of minty green. A few lights flickered here and there, and candles surrounded the bathtub. The toilet had a fuzzy seat, and the sink had a little duck shaped soap on it. Dustin threw the clothes on the floor. He arranged them as he remembered Shane wore them. Shirt on top, then boxers (he couldn't see Shane's only at times) then pants over the boxers. Shoes went on feet. He whipped off his cloak, feeling quite cold and naked without it. He slipped on the boxers. They fit nicely. Then he threw the shirt on. It was a little tight, but loose at the top, tight at the bottom. He stared at the pants. How was he supposed to fit his foot, threw that tiny hole? He might as well try, Shane did it. He placed his legs threw, and pulled up the pants. The bottom stretched, but gripped to his leg once his foot was threw. He felt

weird in his butt area. He forgot about his little tail! He found some sizzors, and cut open a hole big enough for his tail to rest freely. He wagged it. He smiled. He noticed that Sharrie and Shane didn't have tails. He found this weird. Was he the only one with a tail? He pushed the thought out of his mind, grabbed his cloak, and opened the door. He walked to the kitchen. "where should I put my cloak?" he asked once down. Sharrie turned. "oh you look so cute! On the couch dear, now grab a spoon, your on mixing duty." She smiled, and was flipping up green leaves in a bowl. Dustin grabbed a spoon, and mixed it once. "if I was your age again, I would definantly fall for you. Hiding all that cute, sexy teen under a dark cloak. You deserve better." Sharrie said, grabbing ranch, and pouring some into the bowl. Dustin smiled. He suddenly felt good about himself. "you know what school is?" Sharrie asked. Dustin shook his head. "no." "school is were you go to learn about math, history, science, and a bunch of other things. Today's Saturday. Shane's going back to school on Monday. You should join him, maybe start a new life here." Sharrie said, smiling. Dustin thought about this. He did want to see what this school was. He knew tomorrow was Sunday. Which gave him a day to help, and get to know some people around this town. He nodded, telling himself that, yes, I am going to school on Monday. Sharrie looked over his shoulder, Dustin was a little taller than average teens his age. "good. Now lets get this off the stove. The two must be getting home soon." Sharrie said turning the knob all the way to the right. The flame flew off, and disappeared. The two grabbed some ovenmitts, and heaved the heavy soup onto the kitchen counter. Sharrie grabbed a spoon. She told Dustin to grab four bowls. She pointed at a drawer. He walked over, and pulled it open. Shane and little brother Marlin came threw the door. "hey who's the teen?" Shane asked, placing his board where he put it before. Marlin frowned, and jumped on the windowsill. "I'm Dustin. Remember? You mother gave me some of your old clothes." Dustin said smiling. He handed out bowls. Shane scoffed. "hey your not half-bad looking Dustin!" Dustin smiled, and handed him a bowl. He then walked to Marlin. "I don't know who you are. But I will find out. I bet you aren't even human." Marlin said, his thick eyebrows arched down. Marlin was different from Shane and their mother. Shane and Sharrie were white, blonde, freckle faced. Marlin had a farmer's tan, had oil black hair, and didn't smile as much as the others. He had a deep voice, even though he seemed only about 12 ish. Dustin just walked away, and handed Sharrie a bowl. "ok, dinner is vegetable soup, and salad. Along with any drink you want." Sharrie said, spooning out a bit of soup into her bowl, and grabbing a plate of salad, she topped this all off with a glass of wine. She went over to a chair, and sat down. She began eating. Shane was next. Shane was a small figure, but he ate like a whale. He grabbed as much soup as he could fit into his bowl, and a plate of salad. Marlin sat at the peculiar windowsill. It jutted out, in a half cylinder shape. It was one big window that could close, and open. It had a place where you could sit, and place your legs like stairs. It also had a door like thing that shut on the inside part of the house. Marlin sat, staring at something outside. It was still gloomy, even though it was only about 6:30 ish. Marlin didn't move, or seem to do anything, except stare at the farm animals, or the crops swaying in the light breeze. Dustin decided that he was going to try some soup, and salad. Shane flipped on a widescreen Tv, and started watching Spongebob, a local Tv show that children like. Dustin took to sitting in a chair near the middle of the room. He watched Marlin's every move, and would look at the Tv if he ever looked his way. Marlin showed that he didn't want to be watched or eat, because he closed the door behind him. Once the family finished dinner, they decided to go to bed. It was pretty late for farmers to go to bed at 7:45 ish. Shane went and passed out in his room. Sharrie quietly closed the door. Marlin watched Dustin and his mother talk threw a peephole he made. "where will I sleep?" Dustin had asked. Sharrie answered, "well, you can sleep in the parlor, there's a little couch in there that can be made into a bed. Sleep well." Dustin smiled. As Sharrie walked into her room, Marlin sat at his window. He watched the crops fly in the settle breeze. He seemed to like crops so much for some reason. He was glad that he lived on a farm. This happy trance of his was broken by the sound of his door opening. "I just wanted to say goodnight." Dustin said. Marlin turned his head, and glared at him.

“go away. I don’t know who you are, and I don’t want to know.” He said turning back to the window. Dustin took this to mind. Marlin didn’t seem to like anything, maybe not even himself. “you may not want to know me. But I do want to know about you.” Dustin said, cracking a smile. Marlin turned again. He had bright blue eyes, but he hid them behind his angry eyebrows. “you know that I don’t want you to know anything.” Marlin said facing the window again. “yeah. Ok. Night.” Dustin said looking at the floor as he closed the door and walked out. Marlin sighed after he left. He continued looking out his window, he watched the rain begin to fall on the window as if the sky was crying.