crush on Jason. It was his eyes. I've got a warm amber
but the whole popularity thing wasn't why I had a
see her in the grocery store.

the cover of teen people, most likely to dish you if you
out with Dayton. Eighth-grade guy, most likely to be an
most popular guy in junior high. So naturally he was
of the school year. Despite his rhyming name, he is the
locker. I had a crush on Jason since the beginning
picture of Jason Graysen out of Dayton's Megalys,

The second time was last Monday when I swept
and a raw tongue.

thing on the walk home. I left me with sour cream's
tour Field Kids under my windshield and ace the entire
when I was in fifth grade and my dad sent me to Wal-

Carolin Mackler

Nobody Stole Jason Graysen
Kinderergarten was carrying a shopping bag across the
Newbridge, but he got his nickname from the time in
down there with Shoppy Joe. His real name is Joe
I'm at the bottom of the food chain in school. Right

Ted would make me stand out. Even my name is bland, Abigail.
I've never done anything special in my life, nothing that
Mike. I'm a nobody. There's nothing distinctive about me

at least a B+ and so she's a completely different story.
You'd never done anything special in my life, nothing that

Dayona is all about their longues, but Dayona wears

Dayona is all about their longues, but Dayona wears

It would be like to kiss him. It would be like to imagine what

I proped a pillow under my neck and pulled the pillow

our spots were home.

and every weekend studying and dusting and mopping

time for anything else since she spends four hours a night

TLS when my dad became a real work. He bought has

until six years ago, when she packed her bags and left.

biggest job, which my mom always complained about

sitting in the living room. My dad used to do the world's

As I lay on my bed that evening, I could hear my dad voice.

I know this minuscule misstatement

and counted my school.

Little did I know that this minuscule misstatement

into my earth science textbook, minimly crossed her locker.

I traced the small squares of tape, slipped the photo

of Jason Grynson. It was an impression of Jason Grynson. It was an impression

because his skin was as tan as a new penny

right corner. It must have been taken that summer

amplified a impression of Jason Grynson. It was in the top

gave—had been to the inside of her locker door—

I saw it right away. Among the postcards of palm trees

I could not stop thinking. I want—no, I need—this picture

happened into my palm. I opened the pages

into her eyes to imagine what it would be like if he

every weekend. I got ample opportunity to watch him look-

ever weekend. I got ample opportunity to watch him look-

where she and Jason would cuddle and coo. Photographs

look at them, but my locker is two down from Dayona's

color with some reddish hues. Not that I ever got a close
What do you mean?" she asked.

"Maybe it fell out," she said.

"Maybe you mouthed and pretended her palm over her mouth.

"Have you seen my locker combination?" Maybe one of my classmates has it."

"Hold on," Dawn said sharply, "you're the only one who knows my locker combination. Maybe one of our other Junior High girls has it."

"I couldn't hear Dawn's voice before I even turned onto the hallway. The next morning I passed Brooke and her friends.

"We're the picture of Jason," she was shrieking. "Do you think someone stole his photo?"

"Who would want to steal your stupid picture?"

"Fine," scolded Kyle, "go ahead and tell Daddy."
I was lucky. Did that because as soon as arrived in homeroom, I was lucky. I did that because as soon as arrived in.

Jason kicked my locker so close to me.

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Nobodys

Very

This investigation... while it all as an unsolved mys-
no. lil' nobodys real. Im afraid well have to wrap up
now. Im getting the last group of kids... No.
More silence.

Four more weeks? Oh no! Im so sorry!

Silence.

Yes. Peer any luck with your hand.

The principal held up her hand, instructing me to wait.
said over the speaker phone.

Secretary replied her. Peer McCauley on line one. He
her office. I settled into the chair behind her desk. She
looked at a deep breath and followed the principal into

"Thank you."

The door to her office swirled behind her chipped door, the door opened to her side. She entered. The principal appeared in
the office as Shoppy Joe when the principal appeared in
the office.

I was just deciding that I was about time to stop think-
when she smiled.

He had a dimple in his chin. Maybe it only appears
he smiled.

As I smiled he returned back into my folder. I

"Thank you," said smiling.

uppe your regular position.

Express delivery." He grinned as he set the pile of
my story papers.

Shoppy Joe sat on his hands and knees and crouched

the amber eyes and long lashes, was supposed to act.

My eyes sint. This is not how Jason Cryson, boy of
secretary and his again. I handed a manila envelope to the
principal.

I could swear that Jason mimicked "Duck" under his

industrial cart.

From my lap, sending paper shifting onto the gray
hand to where it did it so quickly and barely slipped
hand to where it did it so quickly I actually knew him. I raised my
was smiling to feel like I actually knew him. I raised my

in my wristband. Thats when the door

in my hands. My fingers, where the photo was

people least likely to do anything seriously suspicious. The
week was spent on Monday. I guess were the noobodys. The
Shoppy Joe and this silky-soft girl who bought my

Shoppy Joe and this silky-soft girl who bought my

Group of kids. After all the end of the day it was just me,
when they knew about the situation. I was in the last

called every student into her office. Not one by one, but
see

specialists don't removing the pink coloring a hair

On Friday while Mr McCauley was consulting a hair

shoulders.

I looked at the bathroom. Heads ofUCHUA 1HCKING into this

he pushed the button and received more from the
principal. He pushed the button and received more from the

Mr McCauley was summoned. As he knew himself into

know it. Daytona started elbowed Brooke. Brooke

showed Daytona. Kyle, pretending to break it up, rubbed
"Thank you very much," he said. "That's very kind of you."

"No problem," she replied. "I was happy to help."

"You're welcome," he said. "Thank you again."
I can guarantee one thing: I won’t be nothing. I don’t know what my future will hold, but

From now on, I’m going to think of myself as a recover-

from cute boys with dimples in their chins,
doing business in entire schools and receiving phone calls
that maybe I’m not a Nobody anymore. I mean, nobody

much has happened these past four days. It strikes me
habit out of petty thieves, but when I think about how

lacking Jason’s phone. It’s not like I’m going to make a

After we hung up, I thought about how I don’t regret