

Stupid

“No!” I whisper scream at him. He looks at me defiantly, and I glare back. “We are not doing our report on unicorns! They don’t exist!” I wave my arms around frantically, trying to put some sense into that puny little brain of his.

Owen pokes me with his pencil and exclaims, “They do! We are writing about unicorns!” He says this a little too loudly, and a few people in the library turn around and give us weird looks. Owen smiles and waves at them.

My face flushes with embarrassment. Pretending not to know him, I stand up and walk towards the non-fiction section. I step past two girls giggling at a group of boys and scan the shelves for the book I need. There! Dolphins. I pull the book from the shelf and head back towards the stubborn boy I have to work with.

“Hey,” I say, shoving the book into his hands. Owen stares at the cover and frowns slightly. He looks up at me, and with a fake innocent smile says sweetly, “But dolphins don’t exist. How about unicorns instead?”

He gets up and goes to the fiction part of the library. I plop down in a chair and sigh loudly. *How could I have ended up with this dummy?* I wonder. I fiddle with my hair, trying to think of a way to avoid the topic of the stupid horned horses during our presentations. I can already imagine it.

“We did our report on unicorns,” Owen says. The class snickers. “Unicorns are basically horses with a horn. The horn has magical healing powers that can spew sparkles too!”

The horrifying scene fades, and I see Owen coming towards me with a triumphant smirk. I groan and hold out my hand to take the book.

“The History of Unicorns,” I read, “by Daisy Magic Sparkles.” I shake my head in disbelief. *Who would write about unicorns? Apparently Daisy Magic Sparkles,* I answer my own question wryly. “No,” I say again.

“Yes,” Owen fires back. His eyes glint with mischief, and I feel the urge to smack him. *I bet if I smack all the stupid out of him, there’d be nothing left,* I think absentmindedly. He knows unicorns are fantasy creatures. The stupid boy just wants to get on my nerves. It works.

So we argue. And argue. And argue some more. Finally, the librarian comes over and threatens to kick us out if we don’t quiet down.

I drop my head to the table and groan. When I look up, Owen is sitting back in his chair, reading *The History of Unicorns*. I lean across the table and snatch the book from him with a scowl.

“Okay,” I say. “How about a deal? We won’t do unicorns, but we’ll do narwhals. They have a horn too. And I get to do a marine animal. Deal?” I hold out my hand grudgingly, and after a few moments of hesitation, Owen takes it.

I look at him suspiciously, and he just smiles sweetly. Suddenly, he squeezes my hand. I squeeze back, and we keep doing this until we’re practically trying to puree each other’s hands.

Meeting each other’s eyes, we let go with an unspoken agreement. He cradles his hand, and I do the same.

“So,” he says after a few minutes. “You finally admit that unicorns are real?”