# Marco

## *Eyes:*

Marco walked by the community gas station, head held high and swagger unwavering. His eyes were like ice compared to the warm light of dawn. They almost seemed to emit their own glow, not at all like that of the sun. It was a cold, harsh glow that told anyone who saw it that it was not their friend.

It was rare that anyone would look at Marco in the eyes. Most people cowered and look at their feet rather than facing his cold stare. Marco really was quite intimidating. He was just over 6'4" at only 14, and he didn't look like most others his age. Rather than barely filling in his height, Marco was stalky, which was great for playing on the football team. It wasn't great for making friends.

Marco often came to the gas station to escape people. He really just wanted to be left alone, most of the time. It was rare that anyone he knew would hang around here. It was definitely not an attractive building, but the main reason was the stench. It constantly smelt like something was dead and being cooked by the sun just around the corner. When it came down to it, Marco would take an acrid, abandoned gas station over a busy mall any day.

Searching for a few peaceful minutes before school started, Marco plunked himself down on one of the ever-empty picnic tables and closed his eyes. Soon enough, his time was up if he wanted to make it to school on time, but something snagged his attention in the corner of his eye.

A girl walked towards Marco holding a flower. She was the most beautiful girl he'd ever seen, despite the makeup running down her face. Marco shot one of his best icy glares accompanied by a devilish smile at the girl. It would have sent anyone in their right minds running in the other direction. Apparently, the girl was not in her right mind. Instead, she looked him straight in the eye. The girl gave Marco a sad, soft smile as if she could see right through his eyes of ice to the boy who only ever felt lonely with other people. She gave him the flower she had been holding and walked away without a word. Marco didn't feel lonely anymore.