

Pointed Girl 1

The thumps on his window are what interrupted Theodore's sleeping but it was only when he walked over to his window to see Octavia standing on the other side that he really woke up. It was also when he realized that he had perhaps underestimated her. He had grabbed his glasses out of reflex when he got out of bed but only now that his brain had been shocked into some semblance of functionality did he think to grab a pair of khakis to pull on over top of the batman boxer-briefs that he had be wearing to bed. He grabbed a shirt too, other boys would have been happy to be bare chested in front of a girl, but Theodore knew he really didn't have the physique.

"Nice underwear," was all Octavia said when he finally opened the window.

Theodore turned red and looked away, grabbing his inhaler off the bedside table to make the motion seem less awkward.

"I'd tell you to get something less geeky on but I know you don't have anything more appropriate, so let's just go."

"More appropriate," Theodore scoffed at the irony. "You are basically just wearing a bra and a mini skirt."

"We are going to a concert, this is conservative. I was going to really get dressed up, or more accurately down, but I didn't want you to faint."

Theodore wanted to be offended by her assumption about his reaction but her current state of undress was already making it hard to focus so he decided not to comment. Instead he responded to the other part of her statement, probably a good thing too since it was the more important part, " I swore you just said we are going to a concert."

"We are. You know - for class."

"How on earth would a concert at two o'clock in the morning help us get a better mark in drama class?"

"Method acting. You're playing a kid in a rock band yet you have never been to a concert so there is no possible way you could

pull of his character convincingly. And I can practice being an enamoured groupie."

Normally it made Theodore happy when Octavia used some of the words he tried to teach her but, when they were being used against him at two o'clock in the morning they were significantly less impressive. "No."

"I wasn't asking you." She had that dangerous look in her eye and Theodore backed away from the window a bit, she probably wasn't above dragging him out by force. That proved to be the wrong decision though as she used the space to climb through into his room. "But if you don't want to go I really can't make you."

"Then why are you still in my room. Go to the concert by yourself."

"No. That would be no fun, you just don't go to concerts by yourself. If you aren't going to go with me I am going to have some fun here with you."

"I can tell from your expression that you don't really mean fun."

"Well it would be fun for me." She walked closer and wrapped her arms around Theodore's neck, leaning forward to whisper in his ear. "In about thirty seconds I'm going to moan your name really really loudly. And if that doesn't wake your parents I am going to continue to make loud and obscene noises until something does. Then I am going to enjoy the hell out of watching you try and explain me and my 'basically a bra' outfit to your mother."

"You are a horrible horrible person." Octavia just smile the same sharp smile she always smiled when she knew she had won. "I'll go to your stupid concert."

She slid away quickly as soon as he said the words and almost skipped to the window. Theodore was too tired to even be embarrassed when she helped him through the window and out onto the ground. They walked off down the street, Octavia walking in and out of the street lamp's light with the same confidence she had during the day, while Theodore followed closely behind, eyeing the shadows nervously. They rounded the corner to a car,

driven by a heavily tattooed teenager who Theodore vaguely recognized as one of the other people who inhabited the smoking pit.

Octavia slipped into the front seat smoothly and fished a cigarette and lighter out of her top while Theodore climbed awkwardly into the back.

"Fuck, Octavia. This kid? I know you said that we were picking up some noob, but this kid?"

"Shut the fuck up. Theodore's cool."

To Theodore's complete surprise the driver did shut up and they drove the rest of the way in silence, Octavia making sure to keep her cigarette outside of the open window so as not to set off Theodore's asthma. They pulled up outside a warehouse, and as soon as they did Theodore could not only hear but also feel the loudness and power of the music as it swept out of the warehouse.

Theodore got out of the car hesitantly and then just stood there and watched as Octavia walked confidently towards the warehouse, she had clearly been here before and it was a place that she loved. Theodore had followed her out to the smoking pit so many times at lunch and seen the love she held for that place, but it was a different kind of love than he was seeing now. She loved the smoking pit because it was the one place where the person she is truly belonged but she loved this place differently. She loved it as Octavia rather than just another pointed girl. As she walked towards the overwhelming sound of the music there was an eagerness that Theodore had never seen in her before. And in the end that was the thing that convinced him to follow her, not the threatening glare, or even his own curiosity, it was Octavia's eagerness that seemed to pull him along simply because he wanted to experience whatever it was that made her so excited.

When they walked into the warehouse, noises that had promised to be loud made good on that promise and became overwhelming. The sound was not the only thing that made the concert so difficult to comprehend, there were the lights but more than that there were the people. Theodore kept expecting them to turn on him, to

react the way the tattooed boy from the van had, or perhaps in a more unpleasant way, but they didn't. And it was not just because Octavia was standing beside him wearing the a smile that was less sharp and more happy, it was because no one cared. They didn't care about the kid with the thick glasses and geeky clothes, they didn't even care when he pulled out his inhaler, more out of nervous habit than actual necessity.

It made him wonder as he followed Octavia through the crowd as just another person among the many. She had chosen to bring him here when he was just another faceless person in a highschool of people who didn't understand her. Yet somehow she was clearing a space for him in the crowd in the way that she had cleared a space for him in her own world. It was a space that was safe, where he could listen and watch and be out of place while still feeling like he was part of her world.

She didn't stay next to him though, she slipped back away into the crowd. He caught sight of her occasionally, dancing wildly with the people around her. Reaching out her arms and her personality to the strangers that pressed in from all sides, offering a smile that was not the sharp one but was instead

ecstatic and when her face flashed by Theodore he wondered at that smile because despite all the things that he did for her he never seemed to be able to get that smile. But the random guy she was kissing did. As the hours faded away and the band on stage began to grow on Theodore he watched Octavia and the random stranger and just when he was getting ready to brave the crowds to find the tattooed guy for a ride home, she pulled herself away from the stranger and pushed her way back over to Theodore.

She didn't bother to ask whether Theodore had liked the concert, she knew that he had enjoyed it and had never doubted that he would. To Octavia he was now just a little bit of herself, a happier person who could stand in the dark places but still step back into the light in the way that she herself no longer could. And when they stood on the makeshift stage in front of the class to perform a play about a rocker and a fan Theodore felt like he had pulled it off just a little bit better because of that concert.

Octavia stopped coming to class so much after that. At first she was only missing one or two days a week and then she was only

coming to class one or two days. Then she was unpredictably absent. Theodore wanted to pretend like the only reason he looked so hard for her was because her absence meant he was back to bullies and torment but as drama classes passed he found himself more and more frustrated with the lack of her. When she did come she would never talk about where she had been and acted like she was going to be back the next day.

But she wasn't and as much as Theodore wanted to see her smile without her sharpness and experience her the way she was at the concert, that Octavia never came to class. So when Ms. Alenet assigned the last project of the year, a monologue, he knew what he was going to write about. He wrote the monologue in all the places that he had only braved before with Octavia: under the bleachers, on the bench just outside the smoking pit, and in the now empty warehouse. And as he wrote, he wished and hoped that she would come to hear it.

She didn't and so he stood on the stage and for once he felt the anger that always seemed to radiate out of Octavia coming from within himself. Just for a moment he knew the feeling of when the world and everyone else just fails you. So he tried just for

a moment to embrace her for all that she was and he drew himself together and put on that oh so sharp smile that he had spent so much time staring at. And he performed.

"Lots of places have a pointed girl. They are in your face but they are also the people you forget, losing names and faces to just the idea of who they are. They are lost girls but like so many lost things they did not lose themselves they were lost by others. And sometimes to find them you need get a little bit misplaced yourself.

My pointed girl was not nameless or faceless but she could have been and I think perhaps she should remain so for you because she is my pointed girl and I want you to think of your own. She forced her way into my habits and my way of thinking.

It was then that I began to see just how pointed she was because no matter how I asked she never seemed to be willing to come to my side of things the way I now strayed into hers. She kept me away with her help and stayed with the world she knew. A world where she was lost but at least she was already so far gone she didn't need to worry about falling any further."

Theodore got a good mark on that project but he really couldn't bring himself to be very happy about it.

He went away to college the next fall and while he no longer saw Octavia she did appear often in his life, showing up in many of the stories he wrote for his classes as a creative writing major, but never in the main role. She was always quietly in the back. Theodore didn't really believe he would ever talk to her again, so he contented himself with writing about her.

But a few weeks after Theodore came home for the summer he was woken up once again by thumps on his window. This time he climbed out, without a fuss.