## "Car seat Headrest"

Dan Toledo is an awkward person to encounter. His dark black hair comes straight down from his head, over his eyebrows. His black-rimmed, thick, square glasses cover his eyes. When you talk to him, his deep voice is so low, your feet will vibrate on the ground. Most of the other kids in high school bully Dan, and the ones that want to be his friend, he pushes away.

The first day I met Dan, he was outside of the high school parking lot smoking a cigarette on top of his red SUV. He had a notebook out and he was writing down lyrics. I went over to him and asked him, "What are you doing?" He replied with, "I'm writing a new song. Usually I do this in the backseat of my car, but I chose to sit on the hood today." At this point. I noticed Dan was wearing a Talking Heads long-sleeved shirt with the sleeves rolled up, and on his arms I could see bruises, and dirt in his fingernails.

"What are you writing about?"

"I'm writing about how much I hate sleeping in my room. The ceiling is yellow, and my comforter is red. I'm trapped and my room makes me feel like I'm dying."

His hands were jittery, probably from the cigarettes, yet he was still trying to pull off the stereotypical "cool guy" look and attitude. He invited me to go for a ride in his car, and I almost said no, since we had class in fifteen minutes, but I went anyways.

We ended up riding in the car for hours, both blaring the music we loved. He took me to some train tracks that were on top of a bridge that hung high over a river. As the sunlight shone down on our backs, we sat there with our legs hanging over the edge. We we're both humming

"Guru" by Coast Modern, and I realized that I'd just met this kid but I already felt like we were
best friends.