

Five- Original Creative Writing inspired by the novel 'The Brief and Wondrous Life of Oscar Wao by Junot Diaz- Kuba Bennett (Level 3 English)

## Five

***~In my own words: Tate~***

*I live in a world that expects me to be unaware of things changing around me*

*I live by the belief that I can achieve anything that I want to, regardless of my age*

*I don't want to be defined by the place in which I live or by the fact that my age suggests that I should be naive to everything*

*I live in a world where numbers are so much more than just 'numbers'*

*I live by the excitement that rushes through my body when I see algebraic equations and literature*

*Even though some of the best days of my life are spent playing with my Hot Wheels*

*I live my life by waking up every morning to freshly made sandwiches and fruits that my mum prepares for me ready when I wake up*

*I want to live in a world where the unconventionality of my being is not judged by people*

*But embraced*

*I am 5*



He walked into the Lecture Hall, trying to avoid the attention of pretty much everyone. But what Tate had failed to comprehend was that he stuck out like a sore thumb, he was the youngest, the smallest and the most socially awkward person in the whole room. It was almost like he was living an episode of Everybody Hates Chris, walking through a school filled with people that could instantly tell that he didn't belong here. Hey, is it bring your son to work day or something? Oh I didn't know the Professor had a son. Tate found it quite funny how he was surrounded by all of these big kids that didn't even notice that, like them, he was a student (which was shocking considering they're meant to be some of the most intelligent and gifted individuals, this side of the Atlantic). He would often sit far away from people to avoid that awkward small talk, and for the most part it worked, because it was only after the first month people began to realise that this mixed-race, five year old, maths prodigy was turning up to every lecture (wearing a different superhero t-shirt everyday, his favourite was Spiderman). After a while, when people had realised who Tate was, he started to sit next to these big kids, Caleb and Kalan, who used to live in East London, like Tate, so they hit it off instantly.



It was the end of the first term, the Christmas holidays, and in all honesty Tate didn't really know how he felt about the fact that he was effectively going back to his life before Kalan and Caleb, the life where he'd stay at home either playing with his Hot Wheels Criss-Cross set or trying out new maths formulas. However, luckily for Tate, Caleb and Kalan lived near to his house so he wouldn't be completely alone, the only thing that was bothering Tate was the fact that they were way older than him. This meant that, unfortunately for young

Tate they'd probably always be with their big friends, leaving no time for him. Anxiety kicked in. Who was gonna play with his brand new Hot Wheels Criss Cross set? I mean he was getting a bit tired of playing with his mum, cause asking a kid his age from his old school to play with him was just too much stress and he could easily do without it. Tate never fully understood why he never felt comfortable around the boys and girls his age, despite their efforts to try and be his friend. Then reality hit him, like one of those maths assignments that (despite the lengthy due date) never seemed to be stressless, HARD! Why would Kalan or Caleb want to play with him? They're big kids. They won't play with some irritating five year old, they want to party like of their friends... their age. Maybe it was time for Tate to make some friends his own age, I mean it wasn't going to be easy because boys and girls his age never seemed to understand the world the way he did, so it was always harder to make friends. But who would I be if I didn't take on a challenge every now and then huh? For my name is Tate Lee Dunckley Teller, and I live for challenges. However, as he thought about it for a bit longer he realised that this would be no challenge at all (pew) because luckily for Tate his next door neighbour have a son, another little boy, that was around his age. So he wouldn't have to go to some sticky, messy and crowded playground to find a new best friend, there's one right on his doorstep.

Mum, can I go next door to play with Tyler?

With who?

Tate's mums response was understandable for two reasons. One, Tate had never asked his mum to play with anyone before, he either enjoyed his own company or settled for his mother's company. Two, she didn't even know the neighbours had a son, as a result of both Tate and herself enjoying their own company she never had to 'entertain' any sort of communication with the people next door. This honestly didn't bother he one bit. *Am I the only one clocking this?! All I'm saying is the apple sure doesn't fall too far from the tree.*