

Payton Highlights – “Too Much Guy”

The majority of his life was spent in the hip scenes on the outskirts of Moesville. Raging, taking all kinds of substances. . . .until Monday, when he'd return to his beautiful home for however long it took him to finish the next project. He'd grab his laptop and sit in front of the TV, just listening, as he worked. It was sort of a necessary measure to keep his sanity (you know how the great minds get, cutting off their ears and stuff). His favorite shows were crime shows, like *Bones* and *Criminal Minds*. The ones with the geniuses in them (although eh always managed to find some sort of flaw in the plot). But he hated commercials. He hated everything to do with the media and popular interest. To him it was the most effective way to make someone believe false information. Cause they can't lie on TV, right?

When we decided we could take no more, we knew there was only one way to save ourselves: to run Mrs. Maplewood out of town. We made plans, holding secret meetings in the night, collecting our torches and pitchforks, and deciding which day we'd break the news to the poor, old lady. Dense as she was, we knew that the only way to go through with this was by angry mob. So we made our plans, all the while doing our best to avoid Mrs. Maplewood. If I were her, I would have been suspicious. All of the whispering in corners when she walked in would have mad me guess that something was wrong. But poor Mrs. Maplewood was oblivious.

He arrived crying. I should rephrase that – crying is too tame. He came out screaming, now to face this new fight of life. As the static air hit his lungs, they let out consequent shrieks. Grabbed by hands of rubbery plastic, he flailed, jabbed, kicked.

“Welcome to the world, baby!” cried the nurse as she threw the ferocious child to his mother's cushiony arms.

Terry was the only person in town who was honest enough to tell a homeless child, “Yeah, I have change, but I'm not giving you any because I feel like I'm going to need it later.”

I guess in some way it was ironic that when people despised him so much. They always demanded the truth, but with Terry they'd just prefer him to say nothing at all

When Christmas time came along I always played Santa. Moesville voted that I had the most natural smile and the best skills that required blush and rosy cheeks. I loved it! I loved to be honest, optimistic, and I showed compassion for those that were afraid to stand up to bullies and it infuriated me to see an innocent child relentlessly picked on because they were unique. The last time I saw a child tortured, the people who did it received a definite naughty on my list when I was Santa. I gave them coal and made their Christmas's horrible.

I don't hate anyone. I just hate how superficial and how fake people can be. The worst thing about it is how good they are at hiding it. But I see through that BS, all of it, I have faced so much of it, I have practically built in a radar. This would probably describe 99.9% of the Moesville population. They're all fakes, walking toilets of deception.