Supernova

My mother once said that stars were the memories of the dead; God just didn't know what to do with all the memories after the departure of their souls, so he scooped up their memories and threw them into the sky like confetti— as if to say 'Be free, now!'. The stars listened, and so they never fell back down to Earth, untethered from the weight of their burdens that bound them to humanity.

"That's why there are so many stars in the sky, all of them shining so brightly."

My mother murmured in a hushed voice, her warm breath tickling the shell of my ear as the grass eagerly swayed beneath our thighs, agreeing with her. Taking my hand in hers, she pointed at the star whose light shined so bright it made all the other stars seem so dim and mundane in comparison.

"Notice that one?"

Pursing her lips, my mother's eyes languidly traced the constellation of Scorpio before settling back into mine. She had that same glazed expression I would often catch her in whenever she fell prey to her fantasies. And at that moment, I wondered if the fantasy she conjured up in her mind was better than the reality she created in front of her.

"It's a red giant star called 'Antares'. Apparently, it's the brightest star in Scorpio. Our scientists say that it's bigger and brighter than the Sun."

To my nine year old self who was so enamoured by astronomy to the point where I was able to confidently name each planet in our solar system (Which I must add, was a sterling feat for a kid) — a star being brighter than the Sun seemed absolutely magical, if not near impossible. Incredibly, I also knew that the Sun was very old, and would live very, very long. Therefore, I brilliantly connected the fact that if Antares was brighter than the Sun, it must've meant that Antares would outlast the Sun. Revelling in my genius deduction, I decided that my mother— who, although was very wise, wasn't as wise as me. And ultimately, it was my duty to enlighten her mind with my newly-made hypothesis.

"So it means that Antares would live way longer than the Sun, and us, and the whole world!"

I exclaimed ardently, flailing my arms around to gesture approximately the lifespan of Antares, which, according to the wingspan of a nine year old, wasn't much (the irony of being encased in such a limiting vessel..). I continued on, utilising my skills of being the 'Family clown'.

“And if Antares is brighter than the Sun, wouldn’t it become the new sun and create a whole new galaxy?”

Now, I was just playing dumb. Obviously, I knew that that wasn’t how things worked due to stuff like Quantum Mechanics and General Relativity; whatever charlatan knowledge my child-mind held. Yet I did something I had never done before— I swallowed my pride in order to make my mother laugh.

Laughter was a scarce commodity for my mother, with the third chair left empty during our breakfasts, lunches, and dinners emphasising the lack thereof. My mother, not wanting to worry me, never said anything verbally. However, the pile of overdue bills left upon our counter was visual enough for me to understand that she was struggling— *we* were struggling. During my afternoons after school, I would ride my toy cars along the ridges of the hardwood table, using the stacks of bills as some sort of acceleration ramp for my cars. I thought that the stacking formation of the bills was physically similar to a Jacob’s ladder.

In retrospect, it was a ladder to a noose.

I was tired of seeing my mother wallow in the never-ending well of pity and depression. Desperate for attention, I would often throw a rope down in the manifestation of me spouting ‘pseudo-intellectual’ nonsense in the hopes of making her proud for having a ‘smart’ child. Sometimes, she would grasp ahold of the rope without budging, patting my head in a perfunctory manner that left my ego unsatiated. Other times, I would goad her on until she lashed out at me— earning me two stinging, red marks on my palms. In the end, my attempts were left unappreciated, the rope left rotting on the bottom of the well.

This time, however, was different.

My mother laughed, and I listened with intent as the mellifluous sound flowed out of her lips. Her laughter grounded me, and comforted me more than the unenthusiastic “That’s very smart, honey.” she would repeat, as if she was a broken record, just playing on loop.

“Oh, my sweet summer child.”

She stroked my hair.

“It takes a long time for light in space to travel to Earth, so what we’ve been observing is their light from hundreds of years ago. Red giants burn up fuel so quickly, it’s likely that what we’re seeing now is a husk of what it once was; the ghost of a star.”

My mother stroked my hair once more, running her fingers down my mousy, brown tufts until her nails were caught in my knots. She tugged, constricting the knots further. My body flinched in pain, my yelp trapped in my larynx. Gently, I removed her hand from my hair; I didn't want to ruin this good occasion.

"But that's not fair! Antares burnt the brightest, why does it have to die out the fastest? God is so cruel!"

A soft hum escaped my mother's lips.

"Well, the more memories a star has, the brighter they glow. The brighter they glow, the more memories they burn up— like wood in a furnace. In the end, when they die, they don't really die. They still live on in our memories *because* they captivate us with their brightness. But always remember. When the nights get dark enough to the point where you can't see your hands; the stars will glow especially bright. Perhaps then, you'll be able to truly find yourself again."

I scrunched up my face at the last part. Was my mother D-R-U-N-K again? (Using *that* word was forbidden in our household.)

"That made no sense!"

My mother smacked my head.

"You'll understand when you're older."

Looking back, I could still hear the hope lining the edges of her words like a serrated knife. But I didn't listen to anything else. Not her pain, her anguish, or the mental torment that whirled around her head like a tornado— destroying everything of how to be. And I remained a blissfully ignorant child, my ears plugged up by my imagination while my eyes painted my reality in strokes of yellows and reds and all the vibrant colours you could imagine. After all, my childhood was complete as long as I had books and toys galore. I gave the excuse that I did all I could; and left my mother behind to hold up the sky with her two bare hands while I frolicked in Heaven above. As an adult, I still wondered if the story she told was simply to entertain me, or if it was an attempt to comfort herself, too.

———————

Heaven crumbled by the next twenty-six months.

It was a lethargic, brumal afternoon, and I was at home playing a game of 'Hide and Seek' with Alice and Nil. They were a pair of twins my mother had introduced to me a while back, and although they were twins, their personalities and appearances were so distinct you would wonder if it was possible for twins to be

conceived by different fathers. (My mother informed me that there were two types of twins; identical and fraternal, and Alice and Nil were of the latter.)

Alice, was a very energetic girl whom people often called histrionic and childish (The irony of calling a child, 'childish' never failed to amuse me). However, to me, Alice was like an onion. Her outermost peel was what people only saw; idyllic, eccentric— maybe fantastical, and intense. What people didn't see, was the fact that she had episodes; strange-but-not-too-strange episodes where she would grab a whole tray of ice cubes and crack them onto a dish. She would plop herself on a chair and watch all the ice cubes melt, which usually would take an hour or two depending on the size. Sometimes, I would watch the ice cubes melt with her.

I watched as the frozen boundaries gradually grew smaller until a small puddle was left on the plate.

During the summers, she would forget to put the plate back, and the melted ice would sit there overnight. When I woke up, I was greeted with the sight of just an empty plate. The ice had turned into the air around us. It made me wonder if this was the 'true being' of everything in this universe, including us. Like if you waited long enough, the lines that demarcated a chair from a table and from a floor from you would disappear.

Alice had a rotund face which contrasted poorly from her sharp nose that poked out like a pelican's beak, and her features were all squashed together like if a potter had dropped his clay pot onto the floor.

Regardless of her oxymoronic features, everyone said that she wore it well as it was a visual manifestation of her personality. They agreed on all but on one attribute; Alice's eyes. They were littered with hints of amber and olive, and beneath each crease and rift hid tiny specks of black and blue. Some people said she had green eyes, some said she had brown. Most said she had hazel, but some argued that it was impossible because hazel eyes didn't tend to have blue. None of them were right, as the greens would turn pink, and the blues became yellow at a certain angle. When it came my turn to answer, I simply said that she had 'Alice-coloured' eyes; she seemed satisfied with my answer.

Peel the peachy-coloured layer of the onion, and you're met with a ball of pure white. You don't feel anything, yet you think you've unveiled the whole onion. Cut the white ball in half, and the green undertones sprout from underneath. You resume chopping, expecting maybe more hues of colour until the core of the onion is gone. And the only results are the same diced, white-green onions, and the tears streaming down your face as the fumes sting your eyes.

Nil, on the other hand, was a quiet, lanky boy. Unlike Alice, all of his features were soft. He had downwards sloping eyes and an upturned button nose, which made him resemble somewhat like a basset hound due for its well-prolonged eunthanasia. His eyes were blue, but they weren't the type of blue that made you feel scrutinised by God-reincarnated. My mother often said that he had the 'brownest' blue eyes, which I interpreted her as saying he had very ugly, or at the very least, unassuming eyes.

'Joy', was the nickname people gave him. And joy, was what he reciprocated back. The euphoria you get on a rollercoaster. He possessed a tranquil presence that could make even insomniacs sleep, but to sleep when around him was to sleep near an untamed fire. Nil was unpredictable, Nil was cunning. And the people couldn't care less as long as the calm lasted longer than the chaos.*****

Hues of gold and orange spilled from the kitchen window, coating the walls with a honeyed glow as it cast a singular shadow on the floor. 'Hide and Seek' wasn't a game I particularly liked to play. But ever since my report card came back with a very special, mandatory parents' meeting regarding my grades, my mother had grounded me from playing with my toys. Ergo, I needed to make-do with biological entertainment. It was Alice's suggestion for the game, so Nil and I agreed in acquiescence.

This time, it was my turn to be the seeker.

"Ten elephants, nine elephants, eight elephants, seven elephants..."

I closed my eyes, noticing white floaters materialising from the abyss of nothingness. Were they stars too?

The darkness that met me *wasn't* really darkness. It differed drastically from the darkness during the night, or from the darkness in a room without light. But if it wasn't darkness, then what was it? Trying to focus on a specific point to unblur the haze, I soon realised that I couldn't. What I saw were.. Shadows? No, not shadows— but gradients of light. Warm light. The harder my eyelids tightened and shut, the more the gradients fractured into squashed jellyfish and static. My eyebrows furrowed. Yet I persisted in stubbornly pinpointing my vision (or rather, the lack thereof) because, somehow if I tried hard enough, I would magically be able to break the prison cell of my biology. *Okay*, so what I could make of it was just light, but filtered. Like the sunlight at dawn when it starts to penetrate through the very curtains that desperately tried to keep it out. Or maybe I just had S-H-I-T-T-Y curtains (Not allowed to say that word either).

Oh, wait— I had forgotten to count.

"Six elephants, five elephants, four elephants..."

Tepid! The tepid water sloshed angrily around my ankles, bounding my feet in an attempt to prevent me from escaping. *'Home!* The wind screeched, choking me with its salty breeze as I opened my mouth in shock. *'Don't leave!',* it begged. A flurry of thoughts suddenly hit me like a pile of bricks. Why would I leave? What would I leave from? But one question overtook the rest; *Where the F-U-C-K was I?* Before I could even think of an answer, the wind crushed my thoughts, leaving me with nothing but (something). Immediately, I opened my eyes (Why wasn't that the first thing I did?) to be met with all shades of blue; cerulean blue, navy, warm

turquoise, royal blue, and other sorts of blue. I blinked. A few seconds ago, I was playing hide and seek at home. Now, I was in the middle of seemingly nowhere, trapped within the boundaries of an endless stretch of a beachless shore with nothing but the ocean surrounding me.

The rays of the sun mercilessly pierced through my skin like a hive of bees, serving as a stark contrast from the winter that seeped into the cracks of walls like ivy, poisoning the once warm heart of home. Both equally stung. Digging my toes into the submerged sand, I pinched my arm until deep, red crescents formed on my skin. Somewhere faraway, I could feel the pain. And it didn't come from my body.

In most movies and shows, being teleported to a different place was usually a sign that S-H-I-T was about to go down. So I waited for the panic to set in, bracing myself for whatever was going to come next.

"What are you doing?"

The scattered voice called out to me, curious.

"I don't know. How do I know what I'm doing if I can't even tell where I am?"

"That's a fair answer. Do you need help?"

My eyes rolled up my sockets like a dung beetle hiking up balls of S-H-I-T. *Help?* The picture was painted perfectly clear in my mind. They saw a pre-pubescent individual and interpreted a suckling babe with arms no bigger than loaves of bread to aid in leaving the suffocating cot! I couldn't blame them, however. In their defence, how were they supposed to know that I was different— more cognitively advanced than my peers?

"I don't require help, but I appreciate your offer."

I replied in a couth manner. If I strained my ears hard enough, I could almost hear them sigh in disappointment.

"Ah, you misinterpreted me there. I wasn't asking you, but I'll entertain your cavalier notion regardless. Pray tell, how exactly will you save yourself?"

Condescension. The thought of anyone undermining me pricked my veins with thorns, replacing the haemoglobin in my red blood cells with bitter spikes that made its way up to poison my heart. Moreover, I wasn't cavalier! This person— well, *being,* knew absolutely nothing about me! Their judgement of me wasn't fair. I scoffed in frustration.

"Simple. I don't. This is all just a dream, and I'll soon wake up."

Maintaining my composure, my words strained out my teeth. Gusts of unnaturally frigid wind spurted viciously in short intervals, turning my cheeks red from the sudden drop in temperature as spittles of water pelted across my face.

"Look around, child. North, East, South, West— what do you see? There is nothing but the ocean surrounding you. Currents and tides standing so tall and big it can swallow up a dozen of you in one swash. Do you still think that this is a dream? Within these waters lurk beings so ancient they've witnessed the evolutionary tale of Prokaryotes to Eukaryotes, watched when the seas melted into the very land that became victim to the asteroid, and later frosted over. They've seen people like you come and go, echoing the same, stodgy thought over and over again; that they don't need help or that they're above it. Worst is when they glance at their mangled limbs, with arteries and veins torn out from their muscles, and vehemently deny that they're bleeding. Don't they know that pain isn't abated through ignorance?

The wind had lost all energy, and I was suddenly met with an unnervingly still calmness that twisted silence into my eardrums.

"Perhaps, I would've been more tolerant if you had done anything to save yourself, in spite of your precarious situation. Yet, your words hold some weight. What difference would it make if I help a grain of sand amongst a vast beach?"

As if on cue, I felt my skin tightening around my muscles; but not in a taut-kind of way. Looking down at my hands, they began to shrink, and the already vast ocean became vaster as the horizon stretched and stretched. The waves lapped at my ankles before they began to creep up like spider legs tickling and tapping at my torso, and soon, the water had already reached my waist.

When I was eleven, I snuck into my mom's bedroom during a particularly sunny day. My mother had gone out for groceries, leaving me to my own devices. If God had graced me with the power of normativity, I would've gone out to ride my bike in the neighbourhood with the other kids. Alas, he had forgotten to fill my cup to the brim, and so I was born disgustingly introverted with an innate passion to read.

Little did he know, he granted me a huge favour. I didn't need the companionship of the other kids. Kids were cruel, and they were extremely stupid and incredibly vapid. Making friends didn't guarantee you prosperity in life, and gossipping about the weird kid's glasses didn't educate you about the world. It was a good thing I wasn't lumped in with them.

Every day, I would burn through numerous books, metabolising fantasy worlds and knowledge like I was a child starved of nutrition. And it was only a matter of time before the logs were all burned out. I needed to find more fuel.

I suppose I inherited my mother's insatiable craving for knowledge, for her bedroom was a dragon's den full of books. Eager, I grabbed a book nearest the doorway and checked the front cover. It was a medical book; but my mother never studied medicine. Fascinating! I had never delved into the world of medicine before. My tiny fingers savoured the matte feel of the pages as I turned them one by one, my eyes feasting upon diagrams of human anatomy.

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My eyes locked with the ballooned, pale body staring right back at me. Well, the body *technically* wasn't staring at me, seeing as it was facing downwards into the water, but I could feel the image lunge at me like I was the cause for its miserable demise. I felt guilty, almost bereaved, towards this stranger I felt like I had known my entire life. In my mind, I pictured their parents' reaction to their first baby steps, their first high school graduation, and possibly, the start of their own family. Callously, their life was summed up by an unfortunate death and slapped in a random book for people to flip past with indifference. I couldn't bear to tear my gaze from the watery cadaver— I owed it to them. White foam trickled out its nostrils, emulating a snowy moustache; and the stomach was bloated much like the fat of a seal.

I tried to imagine the corpulent man's last moments. Was he scared? Did he pray to his god if he had one at all? I squinted harsher. If only he wasn't facing downwards, I could've seen his expression and determined the most probable answer to my questions. What was the water like? Cold? I instinctively shivered at the thought of being submerged in the icy water. Was he accepting of his death, or was he fighting until his last breath? Strangely enough, his corpse looked so serene, it didn't suit the macabre nature of his death. I looked down at the photo's caption.

Drowned man, aged twenty. Bloating caused by decomposing bacteria inside the gut in which the body cavities produce trapped gases, causing it to float.

I never got over the irony of how drowned bodies float only after death.

By now, I shrank enough that the water had already risen to my mid-riff, with the ocean engulfing the entire world. The water was now numbingly-cold, and I wondered if hypothermia would get to me first. I thought of the drowned man and his makeshift, ivory whiskers. Would my corpse look the same, too? At home, far away from where I was currently, the paper-boy would drop off the newspaper at our front doorstep, and my

mother would read the bold headline titled; *'Twelve year-old child found dead after being washed up from the sea".* How would she react? With tears cascading down her face? Or with apathy, or the rejoicement of having one less mouth to feed?

I paused.

Would they even find my body? How would they be able to hold a funeral for me without one? *Funerals*. The word redolent of poignance. I remembered my mascara-streaked mother dragging me into our backyard in the middle of the night to dig a grave, only that there wasn't a death, at least one I couldn't recall, and there was definitely no body in our backyard. Half-awake and still feeling hazy, I asked my mother what the grave was for.

"We're holding a memorial for your father tonight."

Her pupils were large black-holes swallowing not only her brown irises but the remnants of humanity she had left in her. Knowing what it meant, I pulled away, but my mother seized my arm hard, and I felt her pulse frantically beating away at the skin that caged it, yearning for freedom. *Beat! Beat! Beat!* It supplied me with the information that her words refused to release. Just like that, she threw both their rings (Or what I thought were their rings) into the hastily dug hole. My father was very much alive, but to her, he was pretty much dead.

As I blinked back to reality, the lightbulb flickered on in my head. A memorial was a funeral without a body, that was the difference! A memorial would be *my* funeral without *my* body. I savoured the taste of the word as it rolled off my tongue. It sounded nice. I was happy to have learnt a new concept, and I planned to recite this new-found knowledge to my mother. Out of nowhere, the rate at which the water continued to rise (or technically, the rate at which I continued to shrink) increased.

"Even after millennia, I cannot begin to comprehend the ego of man. I sense hubris within you, and it confuses me. Do you truly believe that you will survive this ordeal?"

I cocked my head in confusion before it dawned on me. It had mistaken my sudden change in demeanour for an unflagging determination for survival. For a split second, it amused me, until I felt the dynamic boundary of coolness creep up my neck; the scorching sun attacking the skin unbarricaded by water. I remembered that I was going to be consumed by the ocean, and I thought back to my mother, who would be forced to dig another hole in the backyard with the dead grass and all the weeds. Without my company, who—or *what*, would she turn to? I knew the story all too well, but I didn't want to.

A sudden pang of emotion overcame me with such vigor I clutched at my chest. It felt like an invisible hand had penetrated through my chest, into the cavity where its digits engulfed my heart. Every convulsion was

restricted, but it only made the convulsions grow stronger until the organ bursted out of the hand like a squashed mango pulp. The pressure had to go somewhere though, so it rehomed itself in my head. The pain was something I had never experienced before, and its profoundness made it only imperative to expel such emotion from my body. (Later on during my early years of adulthood, I identified this emotion to be grief.)

"I'll survive!"

I retaliated like a chihuahua barking at a dobermann.

"You fool! Where is the nearest land you see?"

The saltiness brimmed my tongue, trying to prevent my words from slipping out. It forced me to look up as the sun blinded my vision with white, so I closed my eyes and reminisced about my past twelve years of life.

My father was gone, leaving only my mother and I. We were impoverished and malnutritioned, often having only breakfast and dinner. In the first grade, the kids in my class ousted me from their social circles. I had to learn to make friends with the imaginary characters in my books while they ran around with their real friends during break. At night, my mother would cradle me in her arms, apologising for the life she gave me.

I recalled the time when I was sitting on the benches alone, my hands gripping my lunch bag packed with the crumbs of last week's lunch (a ploy my mom came up with to trick the teachers into thinking I had lunch). My classmates walked past me, and I could hear their muffled snickering as they walked away. Of course, as small as the incident was, the specks of dust were already trapped within the cobwebs of my mind. As I've matured over the years, I came to understand that they were trying to make me feel inferior for being poor, but truly, who was the poor person?

For most dinners, my mom would get me those quarter dollar ice cream, a dinner every kid fantasied of. The empty break and lunch periods I had gave me time to consume knowledge and to expand my creativity. And well, for my lack of a father— I couldn't answer that one. But regardless, after everything I had been through, I came out a kid atop of life. That was what mattered most.

"Why, the land is all around us!"

"Has the madness gotten to you already? You are surrounded by water!"

"The water surrounds me, but I'm still on my tip-toes. I'm still standing on the ground beneath my feet. You told me to look north, east, south, west, and what I'd find would be water, but you're wrong! Have you ever considered looking in a different direction? The ocean may have surrounded me everywhere, but if you look down, you can see land! You just need to dive under to find it."

My voice escaped with the gale, and I could hear nothing but the sloshing of water that silently spelt out my doom. Yet my mother taught me long ago that reality was shaped by words. And as soon as the words had left my mouth, the truth had already materialised itself.

A second passed, then two seconds, and the seconds amalgamated into a minute. I looked at my hands once more; they didn't shrink. Was it over?

Somewhere far away, the sound of cracking could be heard. A pebble fell, then another, then tons of debris came crashing down. A paint-bucket tumbled down, colouring the entire world into a vivid, cadet blue. The cadet blue crashed into me with such force, and I braced myself as the waves sluiced over me. The well had broken, and now, the water voraciously flowed out to take its reign.

———————

"Three elephants, two elephants..."

A tick of the clock synchronised with the rapid flutter of my eyelids as I re-emerged from my unconsciousness. I locked eyes with the familiar, dull, peeling walls of my house as I wiggled my toes on the soft, carpeted floors. *Huh*, so I was dreaming after all! I felt the urge to stretch my dying, numb limbs that practically screamed at me to end their suffering. How much time had passed?

Panicked, I looked at the antique cuckoo clock incongruously placed above the greyed, tattered sofa.

Seven thirteen.

Two hours had passed, and my mother hadn't called me for dinner yet. I stumbled to the dining room in a daze.

"Alice? Joy? Have you guys been hiding for two hours? You know you could've just woken me up, right?"

A light tap on my shoulder made me jump reflexively, and I turned around to face those 'Alice-coloured' irises. Usually, I would've scolded her for frightening me, but seeing that her eyes had widened to sauce pans and her ginger hair was now in disarray, I realised it wasn't the time nor place. I looked at her moving lips, her voice reduced to strained equanimity.

"Are you paying attention? I need you to heed my words *very* carefully."

I nodded.

“While you were ‘away’, Joy did something bad. Really bad. I can’t say what it is, but all you need to know is that your mom is in trouble. I’m sorry, I truly am. I tried to stop him but you know how he gets. Once he starts, he never stops.”

Alice clasped my hands, the sweat from my palms creating a slippery barrier between us.

“She’s in the bathroom.”

Like a trained dog on command, I raced up the wooden stairs, my feet leaping up multiple steps as it created a rhythmic *thud, thud, thud,* sound. Oncemore, I was reminded how pitiful our bodies were. My mind, the rabid dog; my flesh, the leash.

Wet, mushy socks were a kid’s worst nightmare. And wet, mushy carpets became my worst reality. *Squash!* Was the sound the carpet made when I reached the second floor. Cringing, I lifted my feet to reveal a damp imprint. From the bathroom, I could hear the tormented wailing of the faucet, and the fleeting thought of the water bill passed my mind.

My fists pounded on the door doooor

– more imagery
– gradient shift from “my mother” to “mother” as story progresses
– consistent narrative voice
    - keep the arrogant voice

HOW DOES A 12YO TALK????????

Notes to self

I’m unsure if i’m spoonfeeding the readers too much information

The kid sort of shifts mentalities depending on the situation???? help…
WET HAIR WET HAIR WET BLONDE HAIR
MAYBE I CAN EXPAND ON FENTANYL LMAOOAOAOJSHNEJWEKCEWF
– mom drug addict (drowned body scene, alice and NIL scene)
dad cheated and left
you haven’t saved your mother at all; give up
– try harder to save your mother
– inaction of saving their mother
– the fact that im standing on land instead of drowning says something

– she notices the water pooling from the bathroom (well analogy)
— ocean crashing
— the dam breaks (sluice)
clock on the wall an hour has passed. dinner mom hasn't called yet
— FENT IT IS
— shrooms
— ‘dont leave’ guilt guilt guilt abandonment
— drowning
— change alice and nora
— the voice embodies guilt; inaction

– check excessive word usage
– stiff dialogue?

Should the title be supernova OR manqué

Protagonist

- He’s 9 in the first scene
- introverted
- gets bullied
- somewhat self conceited
- also very arrogant
- intellectual (?)