



**TECHNICALLY,
YOU STARTED IT**

LANA WOOD JOHNSON

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*For Michael,
whose Jetta is not crappy*

&

*for Monica,
whose Jetta kinda was*

FRIDAY, MAY 6
8:32 p.m.

Is this Haley Hancock from Mrs. James's US History class?

Yeah.

Who's this?

Which essay question did you pick on the AP test earlier?

Martin Nathaniel Munroe II

Which one? You're both in my US History class.

The good one.

Which question did you choose?

Articles of Confederation . . . right?

No, I picked Watergate.

???

I like Nixon better.

No one likes Nixon better.

His wife does.

Did.

Whatever.

Why does it matter?

Because I bet my cousin that everyone picked the same question.

Thanks to you I lost.

Sorry.

Don't be.

You get the pleasure of proving me wrong.

Only worth it if you're the other Martin.

Wait . . .

You mean I'm the **ONLY** one in the **WHOLE** class who picked the Nixon question?

Sure . . .

Rub it in.

You've managed to escape the misery that is a group project.

This is ridiculous! What kind of teacher assigns research projects off the AP test anyway?

Why can't she just let us watch documentaries like in Euro last year?

You're going to get the best grade in the class!

You won't sound like the world's worst morning news anchor as we pass to our teammates during the speech.

I forgot about the speech!

Why did I pick that question?

I don't get why you're freaking out

This is a good thing!

This is the worst thing ever! In a group I have to speak for one minute tops, not five whole minutes.

I'd rather walk over hot coals backward.

I'd give anything to have a solo topic.

Hold on a second. How did you get my number?

Jack . . .

Oh.

Thanks for not having him text me.

Wanted an answer.

So, did you need anything else?

Guess not.

Sorry I disappointed you on your bet or whatever.

I'll just hold it against you forever.

Spoken like a true Martin.

WEDNESDAY, MAY 11

12:25 p.m.

I am going to need you to pick me up. I can't get the car.

Unexpectedly forward of you, Haley from Mrs. James's US History class.

Crap, you're not Dylan.

Whose number is this?

M

Who?

Martin

From US History

And English.

We've gone to school together since sixth grade.

I texted you last week about the AP questions?

I'm the one who told you you're the only one not at risk of spending the next three weeks analyzing Shays's Rebellion???

Didn't you save my number?

No, sorry.

Wrong number.

Obviously.

I'm hurt.

Didn't you at least notice the message history??

Still there?

No. Sorry, was texting Dylan.

I didn't see the history when I started the message.

I COULD be Dylan if you really needed me to.

Not sure I'm dressed for it.

My mother refuses to purchase flannel in those quantities.

Wait . . . aren't you in German? Why are you texting?

I'm not.

I mean, I am.

In German.

Stop texting me.

Only if you text me in German.

Geh weg, Scheisskopf!

I know what that means

I read Catch-22.

STOP.

I'm not a text service.

That doesn't work on me.

Are you ignoring me?

Really???

You can't turn your phone off

You're waiting for your best friend's
ex-boyfriend to answer.

OMG, would you stop?

I knew it!

You're going to get me detention.

Fine . . . I'll leave you alone

Scheisskopf.

7:45 p.m.

You're the Scheisskopf, not me.

So you ARE still talking to me

Yes.

No.

I don't know.

Frau was making me conjugate.

Then I had to do something with Dylan
after school.

Between which we had class together
and YOU said nothing to ME.

Not like you said anything to me either.

I don't know why I'm even texting you
now.

But you're still the Scheisskopf.

Which means . . . due to circumstances beyond our control

We're both talking and not talking to each other

And we're both Scheisskopfs?

Pretty much.

THURSDAY, MAY 12

6:13 p.m.

I can't take it anymore.

Why were you texting Dylan?

What?

I know for a fact he and Lexi had a huge fight at prom.

I was there.

So why were you texting him in the middle of German?

And where'd you go with him after school?

Those are kind of personal questions.

They are???

8:35 p.m.

How about if I swap a secret?

It's killing you, isn't it?

Maybe.

Now I really shouldn't tell you.

Come on.

There has to be something about me you want to know.

Not especially.

Nothing at all?