

Hi. I'm Alan.
You probably don't know who I am.

That's okay.

No one does.

To most people, I'm just some quiet kid who eats lunch alone every day.



I try my hardest to fit in.

I wear plain clothes
instead of my band
T-shirts, I get boring
haircuts instead of
ones I like...



But even that doesn't work.

I wish they'd just tell me they didn't like me.



It would be better than the silence.



That's Mia.



I've had a crush on her for over a year now.

Sometimes I think I see her smiling at me, but...



Every day I wish I could go talk to her, but I can't, because I know she wouldn't like me.

It must be my imagination.



I wore baggy jeans and my favorite T-shirt, and I dyed my hair like I've always wanted to.

Well, today is the last day of my senior year, and I decided...

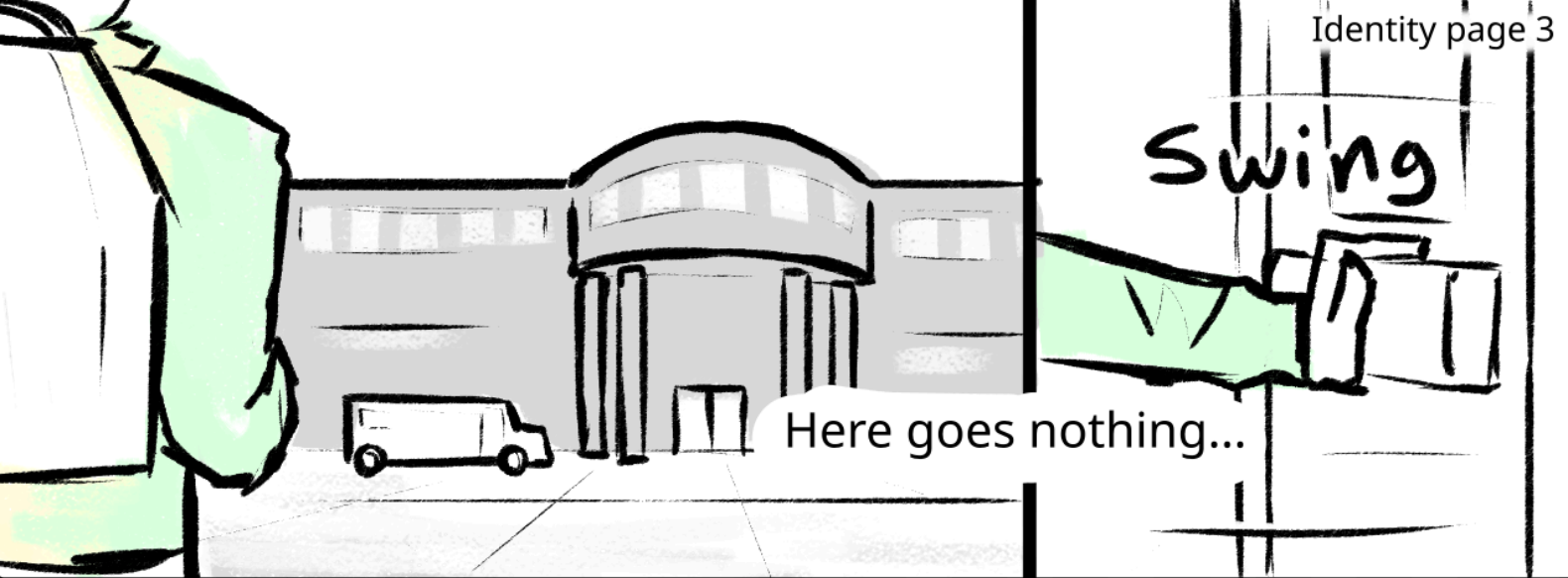


I know this will be the worst day of my life...



Screw it.

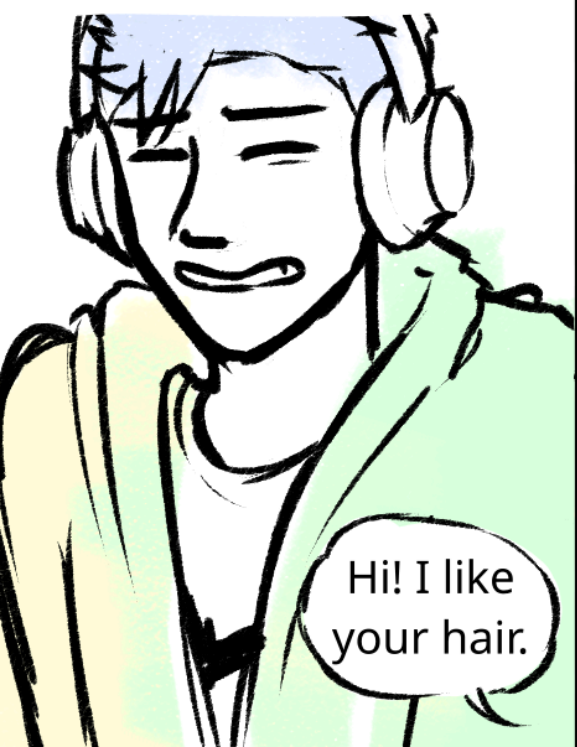
but I have to try.



Here goes nothing...



I braced myself for their scoffs of disinterest, but...



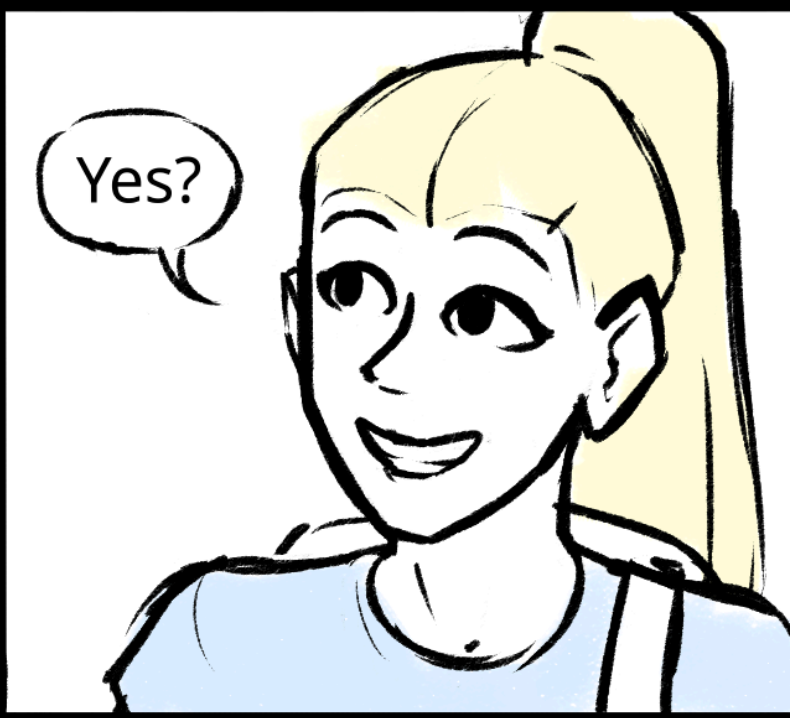
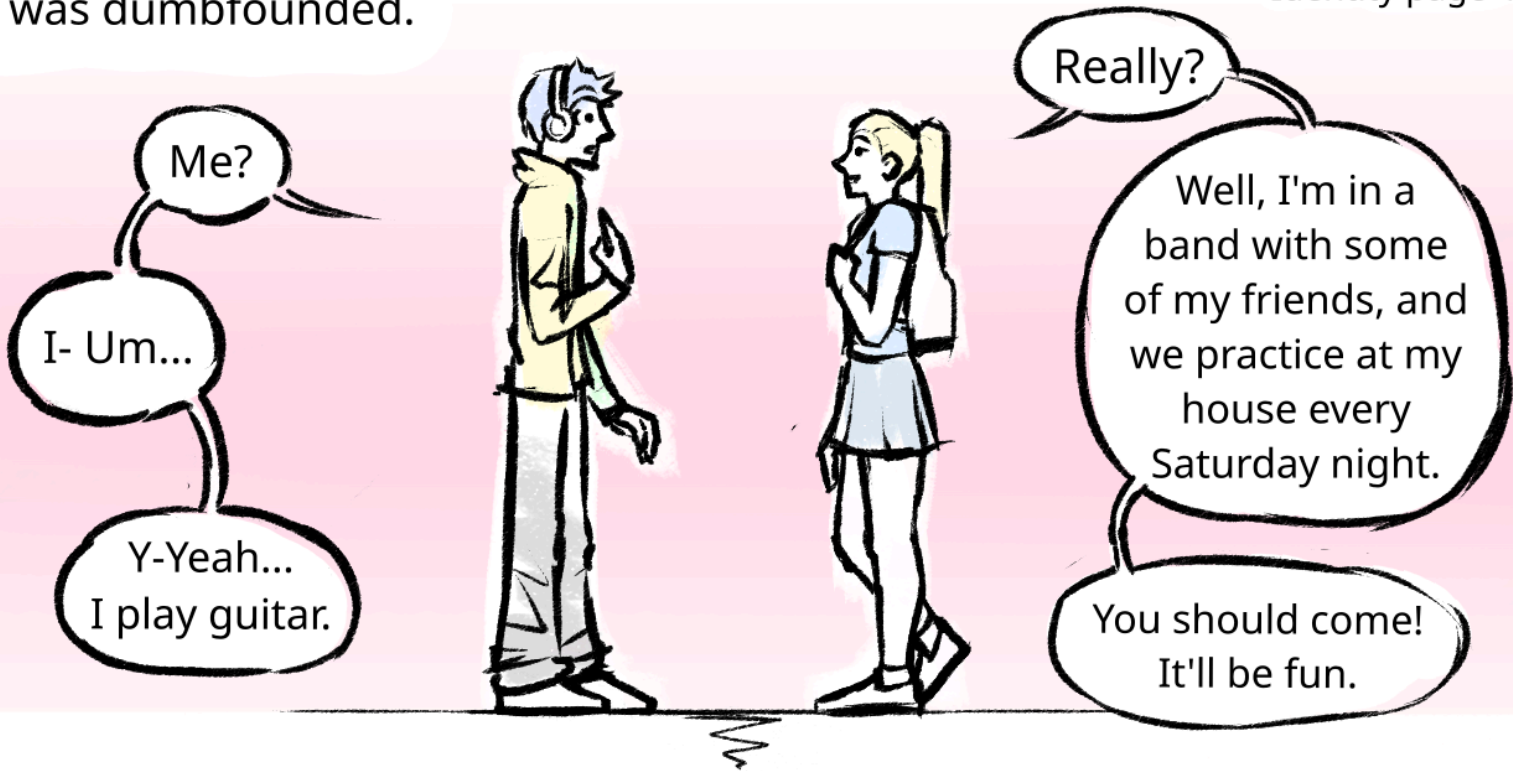
Hi! I like your hair.



I didn't know you were into music!

Do you play an instrument?

I was dumbfounded.



And that's when I realized what my problem was.

It wasn't that I was boring.

It wasn't that people didn't like me.

I was just too afraid to be myself.