

Irritant

This weather sucked. He'd hoped it would at least be somewhere above sixty for the day, but apparently March is still too early for Spring weather, who knew? As Mick checked to make sure he took enough tissues to last the day, he was suddenly stopped in his tracks with a sudden impact to his chest, leaving him heaving for a good few seconds. When he began to feel as close as he could to "good" again, he looked up to see the all too familiar sight of a girl his age giggling and bouncing up and down in front of him. As usual, she was enjoying herself at his expense.

"Haha! I got you! I got you again, Mick! Mickey! Mickey Mouse! Hahahahaha!"

Mick got sick of her antics (metaphorically and physically) the second he met her.

"Tch...so when exactly do you go away again?"

As if she didn't even know the answer to this question herself, she stuck her chin in between her thumb and forefinger, held an elbow with the other hand, and gave the most exaggerated possible "HMMMMMMMMMM..." one could possibly give. As if the louder she thought, the quicker the answer would come.

"Wellllllllllllllllllllllll...normally I go away in a few days, a week at most. That's the expected case. Buuuuuuuuuut...you could always have me around for *weeks* at a time! Although then you'd have to go see a doctor, and I wouldn't have as much fun that way..."

“Yeah well, I’ve taken some Robitussin, or whatever my mom said it was, so can you tell me if that speeds this up? I have better things to do with my time than letting you ruin my day off!” Mick said as he began to walk past her. However, continuing her trend of exaggerated expressions, she stuck out her tongue and made a gagging sound. Mick would almost find that one funny if it didn’t hit so close to home a few days ago.

“Ewwwwwwwwww! Robeetoosen?! That’s gross, Mickey! Why would you ever do something like that to your body?!”

“Because having you around is a pain in the ass for *me*.”

In response, the girl’s disgust disappeared as fast as it had appeared, and was replaced with a scheming grin just as quickly. He must've said something she could use to torment him.

“Technically, having me around is more like a pain in the throat, dummy...!”

Yep. She’d never miss an opportunity like that. Although, she also seemed to have briefly confused herself with her own joke.

“...or would it be more than your throat? Maybe I should say ‘pain in your lungs’ to be more accurate? Or should I go even further and say something like ‘pain in your respiratory system’? Nah...that’d be too long, and I’d sound like a nerd...or maybe it would make me look smart? I may have to try that on someone else to really—OHMYGOSH OHMYGOSH DOGGY!!!”

In the span of what felt like a flash of lightning, Mickey was yanked forward, being pulled by the incomprehensible strength of this girl that was supposed to be the same age as him. As his legs were suddenly working overtime to avoid toppling over and eating pavement, his respiratory system was none too pleased at this sudden burst of activity.

“Oh Chri–Hey, no! I said *no* running! I can NOT run right now!”

She did not care. Her heart was set.

“It’s the most cutest little doggy ever! I gotta pet it now now NOW!”

Mick tried in vain to get her to slow down in some way, shape, or form, but to no avail. When she had finally reached her target, he was allowed to slow down. Of course, the run was already wreaking havoc on his adolescent lungs. He found himself a bench to recover on, while she went and proceeded to pet the tiny dachshund she had suddenly become infatuated with. Thankfully, the owner was very understanding of two kids appearing out of nowhere to smother his dog in pets.

“Awwwwww...he’s so cuuuute! I could just squeeze him to death! Mickey, come and pet him!”

“...no thanks. I’d probably just make him sick too.” Mick said, with a twinge of annoyance. Part of him kinda wanted to pet it.

“...OK! More for me!”

This cold wouldn't be able to go away fast enough.