

# Gaston: My Story

By: Halee

Well, hello there friends. I'm Gaston, the great boulevardier. I've been around for a while, so I have many stories to tell, but the most fascinating story I've lived is this one.

One day I was flying around, the trees rustling, the wind in my wings, ah I was living life. The big tin structures, rolling around, blowing at each other, making a ruckus. Yet, my mind remained silk like, focusing on the sun shining world ahead of me.

Shortly though, I felt famished, almost fatigued. Flashes of images flew through my mind, collapsing trees, tongues, green figures. I landed, (more like fell) onto a near branch, resting my wings, calming my alarming, almost wing chilling thoughts. My body yearned for something soft, something comforting, I looked at the surroundings, nothing was fit for a great boulevardier (was anything?). Suddenly, I saw lights flashing, doors opening and closing, clothed figures rustling in. Quickly, I regained my little brawn, and flew to this mysterious site. It was like a ray of light flowed through the building, even the clothed figures seemed to be happy as they entered and exited the glorious paradise. Inside I felt, a kick, a spark, like a retired motor that sprang back to life. What was this feeling?

I should've have gone, I knew. The beauty was overtaking, truly magnificent, truly worthy of a boulevardier, yet I didn't fly. Astonished, I sat a little longer, letting the feeling linger. It couldn't hurt right? Well I was wrong. Suddenly, a terrible, horrible, disgusting green figure was beside me. Then, I felt a irritable sensation of wetness, like someone slapped me with a damp lily pad. I started seeing a blur of brown, black, green, and surprisingly pink.

I awoke to a foggy, somnolent, headache. My wings felt damp, it struck me with a sharp pain to flutter them. I heard sounds, muffled vocals, was it the beast? No, I heard these sounds before. I strained to hear, to make out anything, to see what happened to me. I didn't hear any buzzing, so I wasn't around any flies, but I did hear something close to the sound. I couldn't be dead, could I? No, a boulevardier wealthy as me would never die, not by a dumb accident anyhow. "There, there.", A voiced hummed. There it was again, so I wasn't dead, just disabled. A much better term than unconscious.

"Ahhh!", I shrieked. Why was this hairy, red-haired, bony creature over me? Did he put me in such a peril state? My head spun, and just as I awoke, I instantly felt the need to rest my head, again. This clothed, messy creature, seemed to have pain written all over his face, but also a grin. A grin! How could he grin at Gaston the great boulevardier? Did he know my worth? Obviously he did not, in order to have such a grin on his face. I expected him to burst into a cackle and gobble me, but he didn't. The creature just stared, blinking stupidly, with a grin, no a smirk on his face. A smirk! He was obviously a disrespectful fellow. I tried to fly, but my wings wouldn't carry me. Embarrassment crept onto me, I was being kicked. The hairy creature was no help, but as I looked at him closer, he seemed to have sympathy. His face was a tad old, and his hair was super messy, but maybe he wasn't so bad. I almost thought to give him a smile when I looked at the rest of him, his clothes was old, his slacks were a bit faded, truly not worthy of a smile from a boulevardier. There was also something I missed when I was studying his face, I'm

still wondering how could I have missed something so disgraceful. His mustache, or whatever you call smushes brown and red under his nose and around his mouth. Truly hideous.

I started on a bunch more of imperfections this man had, until a voice stopped me. Almost like a conscious. I squinted at him a bit more, his messy red hair, his old clothes, his ough mustache, all pieced together, like a puzzle of a kind man. At least I think he is kind. He could have continued walking, like everyone else, but instead he caught me when I fell. He stopped blinking and looked at me, with huge blue eyes, a solemn look on his face as he spoke, “Well, looks like you’re better now. I’ve got to get going, so fly away now.” Fly away, a simple phrase, yet I couldn’t. The man was poor, yet I felt a rich sensation coming from him. Almost like gold. I’ve heard the phrase, ‘a heart of gold’ but I never thought that it meant something. I looked to the man once again, and felt the same sensation, this man was wealthy. Not just because he met a boulevardier, it’s because of his kindness, his compassion made him wealthy. How was that possible?

The man started moving, walking I suppose and the motion shook me to the core. I was jumbled out of my thoughts, it probably for the best, though. What kind of boulevardier wonders about a lesser man’s heart and wealth? Certainly not me!

Eventually, the rocking motion from the man walking was too much and I flew off, leaving a tiny piece of wonder in my mind. I looked at the sky, swirls of pink, purple and touches of blue roamed it. My eye lids started feeling heavy and my body was aching for food. I looked around for something to eat, but the little city was whining down. I flew around a little longer, looking for some food, perhaps a restaurant dumpster. The sky was dark, and I still hadn’t found any food, but I did find a scent. A tantalizing, irresistible scent lured me to a back ally, and to a door that was surprisingly opened. I was enticed by the scent so much that I didn’t even look around to see where I was being lead.

I felt like I was on a cloud, high up in the sky, with no worries. This was the boulevardier life times ten. It wasn’t until I heard voices that I realized where I was. The first thing I saw was brown, then pink, until I could finally see crates and crates of peaches. Peaches! Words couldn’t describe my frustration, me, a boulevardier tempted to follow a good scent just to be lead to peaches! I zipped and zoomed around the peach filled room letting my anger bubble at the surface. I raced around a little longer until I smashed into something soft. Something with a delightful smell. Peaches. Like a scented pillow, I laid there, nearly forgetting my hunger. Close to sleep, I started to nibble the peach. Juicy, soft sweetness exploded in my mouth, soothing my hunger and sending me to sleep.

For the next few days, I stayed in the crate of peaches, my mind in a sweet filled paradise. Occasionally, the owners of the voices came in, but only to wash or do something else with the peaches. I paid them no mind, in all my years of being a boulevardier, I’ve never been so relaxed. Life as a boulevardier can be so busy, especially since I come from a family of boulevardiers, there is always something to do and somewhere to be. No one pestered me with meetings and fancy dinners, stuffy conversations, I was at peace.

One night, I was eating my peach, juicy and deliciousness roamed my mouth. I was making quite the hole inside the peach, even though I didn’t realize it. I was nibbling

so much that I didn't realize that I fell down the hole and winded up inside the peach! My heart raced, my eyelids felt dry, panic rushed through my veins, as all my eyes saw were pink! Unlike my family, who would have scolded me for being in such a predicament, I filled my head with silly thoughts. I thought about how silly it was that I, Gaston the great boulevardier ate his way into a peach! For at least a few hours, I sat there thinking, pondering, making up silly thoughts and planning for the future.

Remember when I said that I was planning for the future? Well it's true, I'm not just a dumb bug who ate his way into a peach. At first I looked around, trying to find a way out, but it was useless. I've always wanted to be in construction, but the idea was dismissed by the family. This time, I thought, I will build a house. Mentally, I got to work. Maybe I'll put a porch to the front, a bedroom in the back, seating in the middle, ooh, this was going to be fun. The more I thought about my plan, the more I was excited. While I was nibbling later that day, I learned that the peach was quite firm and perfect for building. So, I got to work. I built my bed, planked my porch, and added seating. It was pristine, I nearly cried.

As I sat in my newly built house, I started thinking about the man who helped me, he didn't seem to have much, but he got by. He also seemed happy. I started to think, am I happy? Rich, yes, Happy, eh, I answered to myself. *That* was wing chilling. The awful truth, I was very rich, but I wasn't *truly* happy. How could I be happy? I was always at fancy soirées, eating terrible food from the dumpster of fancy restaurants, and always pressured to be perfect from my family. "A boulevardier always looks out for itself. A boulevardier's life should be filled with business, social societies, and most importantly money." Was a repeated phrase of wisdom my dad always stated. My mind flashed to the night that I ran away, a foolish, rich fly that wanted to get away, from the controlling perfect life he had lived. I sat there a little longer, letting the awful truth linger. This couldn't be my life, right? Sitting in a peach, thinking about my regrets, my lack of true happiness, looking back at my past actions, trying to figure everything out. Stop trying, I thought. Do what makes you happy, my brain stated. What did make me happy?

After my deep thoughts, I decided to carry on and enjoy my new house. It was quite comfy and incredibly tasty. I was able to sleep late, fly around, lay on my couch and eat my peach. This was the true boulevardier life, no fancy galas, boring business meetings, just relaxing...inside a peach. I love relaxing, I really do, I also love massage chairs. Apparently peaches have massage features too. I felt a rumble, like a gigantic earthquake.

What felt like hours later, I heard voices. One old and one young. My heart raced at the sound of these new voices. The next thing I knew, I saw a silver blade cut through my house. "My house!" I shrieked, "My beautiful, beautiful house!" I looked up, distraught to see that the figures above had happy, wide grins on their faces. Disrespectful on all levels! How dare they destroy a boulevardier's home? How dare they cut into my glorious peach with their metal slice contraption thingy? I hummed, I zoomed in front of their faces, the most annoying thing a fly can do. It didn't do anything! The hairy, red-headed man who cut into my house just took one the halves and ate it. He ate it! I couldn't believe it! The little brown haired girl just looked clueless and

curious as the man ate the peach. I understood that they were having a conversation, but I couldn't concentrate. I still couldn't believe that they destroyed my house, my safe haven, my everything. My heart shattered as my emotions bubbled at the surface. Water escaped from my eyes, which was impossible since boulevardiers never cried, at least according to my father. The other half of the peach was gone, and I was all alone on the white plate.

When I finally calmed down, I studied the faces of the perpetrators more. The little girl seemed playful and kind, while the man reminded me of someone. They didn't have much, I could tell. They were both barefoot, the girl's hair was messy (so was the man's), and the man's clothes were faded. How could they be happy? How could you be happy without money? I pondered on the past, my father yelling at me for how money means absolute happiness, and how the girl seemed quite content as she was on the phone, even though she wasn't a boulevardier. I looked around, I was all alone on this big white plate. Truth be told, I had nothing, I didn't have a home, I didn't have a peach, I didn't have anything at all. For the first time in my life I was poor, among the unfortunate. I remember when the man was telling the girl something about me being Gaston the grand boulevardier. I felt a streak of pride at first, he at least knowing who I am, but now, looking at my situation, being a boulevardier seems quite silly, especially a grand boulevardier. What's the point of being rich if you aren't happy?

The most horrible thing happened. I thought that getting my house eaten was horrible, but it was nothing compared to this. I nearly died! That rotten but adorable little girl tried to squash me! First her caretaker gobbles my house, now she tries to murder me? What? I suspect it was that phone, it influenced her. As soon as she let her ear touch that phone, it was like she was compelled, under a spell. I bet she was spelled, and that spell made her do this to me. How disastrous! I think the worst part is, the messy, red-haired man just shrugged it off, when the girl told him that she 'squashed' me! Disrespectful! I'm glad that I got away from there. Who squashes a bug just because a spell tells them to do so? Who shrugs off that a little girl potentially murdered a bug?

Although the experience was traumatizing, it made me a little grateful. I almost died, and I hadn't even said goodbye. I never said goodbye to the lush trees, the food, the garbage bins, the people, most importantly, my own family. My life could have been cut short so quickly behind a little girl, it made me think, I have to live more. I have to follow my dreams, try new things, explore the world, and be proud that I'm a boulevardier. I can't hide or run away from who I am, I'm going to embrace it. I'm going to travel, make up with my family, and live my dreams, because I'm Gaston, the great boulevardier. No, great is for flies who drown in regrets, run away from their families, and don't follow their dreams. I don't want to be great, I'm going to be grand. I'm going to be, Gaston the grand boulevardier. No, I don't want to be grand, I am grand. I am, Gaston the grand boulevardier.

Characters (no spaces): 11,320

Characters (with spaces): 13, 930

Word Count: 2,577

Paragraphs: 23

Pages: 4