

Teenage Kicks

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Teenage Kicks

by Anonymous

Summary

they've got an art project due next week and now they need inspiration.

Notes

See the end of the work for [notes](#)

soul art

You know how schools are. Practically prisons but still somewhat enjoyable.

"The hell is our project gonna be?" Vortex asks.

"I'm thinking," Parrot replies. "it's art, how bad can it go?"

"If we mess up, let's just say it's uh... artistic self expression." Vortex says. "But what the hell are we gonna make."

Art class is hell when it's not really your main expression of art. Well, the two of them really aren't artistic. Or just willing to sculpt something at all.

Okay, so, the prompt of their project as a duo is simple. Create a 3d art thing that you and your partner takes interest in. Could be anything. A sport, a movie, a show, a subject, or literally anything.

"Yo what if we have Pompeii." Vortex jokes and Parrot sighs.

"Bro...."

"Fre-"

"Bro is interested in destruction."

"Damn then what do we make then?"

Parrot shrugs. "I don't know, but we can definitely wing it. We have like.... Tuesday next week."

"Let's get an easy one or something." Vortex replies. "Like what do we even like?"

"I don't know either man." Parrot says.

The bell ring as their last clas of the day comes to a close.

The walk down the halls with other students is finally gonna come to an end as everyone gets to the gates. Seriously, today was tough on them. A math quiz, an assessment, running around, two projects being announced and it's barely halfway through the year.

"You going to the skate park?" Parrot asks.

"Yeah," Vortex answers. "just gotta put down my backpack at my house."

"Alright, see you there."

"Byeee!"

They live near this skatepark. It's mostly got little boys with their skateboards but there are other people around their age.

Parrot already has some of his stuff already: in a bag attached to his packpack. Spraypaint. They're quite lucky that their school doesn't require uniform, but just to dress according to the dress code. No shirts with slogans, no sleeves showing the shouldrs, no ripped jeans, and no overly excssive jewelry. Rules went both ways but Parrot manages to get by the dress code by having a simple rule for himself.

He has his phone out and his bag with spraypaint and chalk. There are kids on skating and zooming all around him. Parrot's watching a video, just some basic guides on whatever rules and ettiquettes are when it comes to throwing paint onto plain brick walls.

"Parrot!" And then Vortex is there, holding a black duffel bag with his own stuff.

When it comes to whatever they can make onto shitty old brick walls so they don't look ugly, they're great at it! (And also great at not being charged with vandalism!)

There are a lot of old and abandoned places around their city. Old, now rundown apartments and houses, shops that have been on sale for decades, and places where no one ever goes anymore.

"Alright, let's go."

Parrot picks up his bag and they get to walking.

"So my mom also made us sandwiches," Vortex says as he pulls out two sandwiches from a paper bag. "we also have yogurt."

"So basically your middle school lunch." Parrot says.

"No it's not." Vortex replies before looking back into the paper bag. "Yeah, it is."

"Told ya."

It's the late afternoon and everything is calming. At least for Parrot. Well you see, Spoke is sick. Bad for Spoke, semi-good for his friends because they're not getting tackled every seven minutes by a hyperactive kid in freshmen year that they accidentally picked up because Parrot felt guilty one day.

"You good bro?" Parrot asks when he sees Vortex looking at a wall.

"No." Vortex looks upset and partly annoyed and pissed to. "I've got a better style than this new kid." He says.

Parrot looks up and yeah, he can see why. Vortex made something on that wall a week ago, a piece.

"Didn't even cover up my shit." Vortex says.

"Probably new." Parrot replies. "The letters on tag look more like some kid threw up paint and dragged their muddy little hands across it. I can barely read it."

"Bro really wants to have beef on day one- who is this kid?"

"Nah just leave it in the mean time, I know you got something in your black book to cover this up with."

"Dude we made this piece together, shit took like three hours." Vortex says.

"I know, that's why we're going to a different area to draw." Parrot replies. "Under a bridge, actually."

Although Vortex seems pissed (clearly upset) about the fact a three hour piece just got disrespected by an ugly tag by a shitty writer, he doesn't mind they're switching to the underpass of some bridge.

"Hey, wait, I got an idea." Parrot says.

"We go back and disrespect-"

"We are both not landing in jail for vandalism and physical assault, Vortex." Parrot cuts him off. "I got an idea for that project."

"What?"

"Expressions of ourselves through art." Parrot says. "And plus, our teacher can't say anything. Any mistake is intentional."

"Sounds... awesome." Vortex replies with. "How are we gonna execute it?"

"I don't know-" Parrot laughs when Vortex punches him in the shoulder.

"You came up with the idea and you don't know how to execute it." Vortex shakes his head at his friend.

Parrot sits down on the ground, the wall now covered by one of- if not the biggest and most brightest piece they've made as a duo. It's a simple little thing on paper, but making it here and now, it's become what they like. It's art, really.

Parrot takes a bite of his sandwich, as Vortex grabs his phone and takes a picture. He snaps a few too many photos but he can't judge Vortex at all. Parrot would have done the same.

"I just realized we have to buy supplies for our project." Vortex says.

"Well frick."

They pick up their bags and the time is nearly night. They still have time to go to the art store and pick up stuff they need for that art project that is due next week.

Chapter 2

Chapter Notes

hi im back :33 -[] i might post more heehee

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

“Done getting all they need from the art supply center?” Parrot’s mom asks.

Parrot nods as he and his friend get all the materials they needed onto the floor of the living room from their bags.

There’s alot of stuff they got. Glue, cardboard, paint and magazines from the edge of the road.

“Okay, how do we make this presentable to a really horrible teacher?” Vortex turns to his friend.

“Bro you drew out the outlines?” Parrot says back.

“Yeah and?”

“Bro... you dumb-dumb.”

Vortex just rolls his eyes at Parrot as the two start cleaning up the floor for their project.

From the shitty pencil sketch that Vortex drew using a pencil made for eight year old boys he found on the side of the road, he sketched out a plan:

Three cardboard pieces, equal length maybe around five inches in length to seven inches in width. The plan is to use magazine cutouts to replicate that of those shitty collage magazine art to add some surrealism(?) to their project. And Parrot would just be cutting things out and planning what they’ll both be saying in the front of the class if this thing manages to survive them walking to their class with a sea of rabid teenagers.

“Okay so...” Vortex holds up two pieces of cardboard. “Hot glue gun go.”

“I can’t believe you’re scared of hot glue guns.” Parrot shakes his head.

“No I’m not the fuck.”

“Yeah-uh.”

“Nuh-uh.”

“Got me there.”

Parrot holds the tip of the glue gun up to the edge of the cardboard. It would be alright if they can do this without arguing but yeah knowing someone since elementary really makes you question eachother’s intelligence and patience alot.

Vortex soon sticks the two pieces together, the floor and one of the walls. He holds them together for a few moments, waiting for the glue to dry so they can hold up eachother and he’s successful in

doing so.

He has his fists in the air in victory as he grabs the other piece of cardboard and has Parrot glue it again.

So far things are looking good for them. Not a lot of arguing but hey that's just the basis. When it comes to coloring this, they'll probably get into a fist fight.

"Okay now what about cutting stuff out." Parrot reminds the other.

"Uh..."

Vortex looks at the 3d room and then at his bottle of spray paint.

"Do it outside."

"I'm not stupid enough to poison you and your parents... asshat."

Vortex grabs all the spraypaint he can get and grabs the room along with him to go to the backyard and spray it with color.

Parrot on the other hand, continues on cutting out pieces from the magazines for their little project. It's really okay if they don't finish it today because hey, next week is next week and with Parrot's pestering, he's pretty sure they can get it done in three days max.

He looks over to Vortex's blackbook where he has the design laid out along with his other stuff to put on walls.

"Where's your friend?" His mom asks him.

Parrot looks up from the book up to his mom who's leaving the shower.

"Outside, uh- painting the cardboard."

His mom nods before climbing up the steps to their bedroom. And soon, Vortex returns with the box.

"I picked orange and teal." Vortex says as he holds it up to show Parrot.

"Looks great."

They return back to cutting and gluing stuff onto the cardboard. It's looking better, not the best but still good when taken into account the fact it's still in progress.

"I made a little bench." Vortex grabs it from his backpack, a tiny bench.

"What. How."

"I don't know."

"How do you not know?? You made it??"

"I don't know bro."

"Did- did it just... fall into your hands from the sky."

"Yeah."

Parrot just shakes his head as they work on the project again. It's getting dark out, street lights turning on and they look to be half done with cutting everything out.

It's just gluing and cutting pieces together. They look back to Vortex's blackbook for some reference even though it's honestly the most shittiest thing in a blackbook yet but they have a sketch anyways.

"When are you gonna go home?" Parrot asks.

Vortex answers with a shrug.

"I just wanna finish this already."

Their project is nearly done. Collage looks horrible but that's enough. They can continue tomorrow.

The box has this guy walking and he's in black and white, held by a piece of cardboard. Around him on one side is the plain and soon to be decorated part and the other is filled with nothing but the madness of magazine cut outs. The faces of models, designs, facial features, cars, and buildings.

"Okay and what do we do with this side?" Vortex asks.

Parrot thinks.

"Subway or something like that."

Parrot grabs some brushes and watercolor from his bag and Vortex stands up to get water in a plastic cup.

"Make it brick." Vortex says.

"Was planning on doing that anyways."

Chapter End Notes

i will possibly add more in the morning but im just like really tired right now -
[]

End Notes

oh this will have a part two in the near future have fun with the first part -
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