Mighty Mouse:

The Extraordinary Montez Mousa

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He's sick of hiding the most important part of him. They're always trying to shut him up and shut him down. Pushing him down a path that he's not ready for awakens a dangerous gift within him. But with his flow being suffocated, and his gift stifled, how the heck is Montez supposed to make it.

Whose on his side?

It was just a regular day...

Montez was mad excited to be going to high school. His older sister was on her way to go visit Spelman College, and he was just accepted into the most prominent academy for gifted students in the state of Georgia. He only wished that he could get his dad to pay attention to him. He's been so busy lately.

Dad is a Doctor, and he's been talking about something called the Corona Virus at dinner. He says it's running rampant in Wuhan, China right now and that there are talks about him having to possibly travel there to help out. Montez really didn't want him to go. The last thing he needed was for his father to get sick and die. He rambled on and on but when he mentioned vaccines, I excused myself. I HATED needles. There was no way that I could stand to sit there another minute.

But now...

It's been about two weeks since Montez visited his soon to be school. He was all amped up to walk the halls and search for an art club, but that was all over now. Unfortunately, reports began to spread about the Corona Virus and how it had entered the United States. In a matter of days, a virus that I had only heard about as a distant conversation was now infiltrating my entire life. Everything was closed down – including his new school! What was he going to do now? Oh, just great...

Montez Mousa:

On the first day of middle school, Montez walked into Spanish class and sat down. The bell rang and the teacher gathered the class' attention to take roll. The tall, ball gentlemen said that he was the substitute since our regular teacher had suddenly gotten sick. Montez always cringed around this time because very few Americans said his name correctly. But now, a complete stranger was about to butcher his name, he just knew it. The substitute inched down the list and Montez's anxiety grew with each passing second. Then the teacher said with a heavy southern drawl

"Montez Mouse-y?" The entire classed busted out laughing, and he sank down into his seat. Oh, Great.

Although Montez has been plagued by the mispronunciation of his name, from that day to this one he overturned the insecurity as his strength. Kids all over school were calling him Mickey Mouse, but he began responding differently. Renaming himself: Mighty Mouse, he tries his best not to let their comments and snickers bother him anymore. He's almost lost his temper before, but he has managed to stay out of the principal's office, lately. He had a few run-ins with a bully last semester, but thankfully he was sent away to an alternative school. What a relief!

He's an intelligent, African American boy, with a keen eye for detail. He's a slender, introverted soul, with brown eyes & bronze skin. He excels in school but finds an escape in his artistic ventures. He is witty, and well accomplished, but rejected by his peers still. He only has two real friends that stick by his side and help him move past those days when he can't see the light at the end of the tunnel. Sometimes he feels like trying to be who he really is takes a toll on him. He's pondered just compromising who he wants to be to make everybody else happy, but the DNA coursing through his veins just won't allow him to do it. Because he's his father's son, a second-generation Nigerian American; he can't allow himself to be pushed around, not even by the parents he came from. Now, Montez has never been disrespectful, but he never been so passionate about anything else in his life... before now.

Rochelle Mousa, age 30s,	Kwan Fu, age 13,	Dr. Taj Mousa, age Mid 30s,
mother of Montez. She is a professor at the local university, with a Masters in African American literature, HBCU grad. The epitome of a nurturing and nosy mother. Very keen eye for her family	an advanced student, loud, extrovert, very high spirited. The comedic relief friend. He wants to be a lawyer and feels he can argue anybody down. It compensates for his physical insecurities. He is a Korean American, it is just him and his father, they've moved from South Korea. His mother is deceased. His father doesn't really know how to control him.	A caring father who makes time for his family, despite being a Respiratory Doctor.

Main Characters:

Adela Calderon, age 14,	Eric Fu, 30s.	Shaniece Mousa, 18,
a Mexican American. one of two of Montez's best friends. Charming, witty, and athletic.	He is a hard-working nurse and single father. His efforts to tame is wild hearted son are trying, but he persists.	Student Gov. Association. Loving, extremely helpful young lady. Headed to high school and is leaving a legacy of excellence behind.

Story Settings:

Montez's Home

Place of residence: 1800 Hamilton Ridge

Terrace

Type of residence: house

Surrounding area (city, rural, etc.): Suburban

McDonough, Georgia

Describe residence: Detached two story

modern home

Who do they live with: Parents.

Pets: none

Overall quality of living conditions: excellent

Home décor: Modern with hints of

traditional African culture

Important features of home: Large front yard and driveway, doorbell, garage, Montez's

huge room

Kwan Fu's House

Place of residence: 1805 Hamilton Ridge

Terrace

Type of residence: house

Surrounding area (city, rural, etc.): Suburban

McDonough, Georgia

Describe residence: Detached two story

modern home

Who do they live with: Parents

Pets: Dog named Fi-Fi

Overall quality of living conditions: great

Home décor: Modern with hints of traditional

Chinese culture

Large front yard and driveway, doorbell,

garage, Kwan's bedroom balcony.

Montez's School

Beautiful Modern Victorian architecture. Pristine bushes and tamed grass, the cement brick path with the school colors weaved into an intricate pattern on the way to the school entrance. Brilliant blue letters that read HENLEY RICHARD ACADEMY were welded into the impressive building.

Good to Know info:

Telekinesis and Telepathy exist in this story! I've decided to add this element in order to add interest to my story. I've searched the two, and eventually I feel I will have to choose between the two but for now I'm going to just mention them both just in case.

Synopsis

Montez is very talented for his age, in his own opinion. He's done pictures that look just like celebrities. He's done scenic art, and a few self-portraits. He's only ever shown his art to his best friends: Kwan & Adela. They love it, but their approval hasn't given him enough confidence to show his parents yet. Just the thought of their judgement has his anxiety rising. Why can't the just accept him for who he wants to be...

But his parents are trying to sway him towards more promising careers such as theirs.

His mom is a Lawyer, and she is an adjunct professor at the local Mercer university. His father is a Respiratory Therapist at the city's biggest hospital. Yet his unwavering desire to pursue art strengthens when he finally finds an art club of like-minded individuals. But to join the club, he has to win a contest. So, against his parents advice, he enters the contest anyway to make the best piece he can conjure up.

He's been getting leftover supplies from his 2nd period art teacher. He's got enough to do a few good projects over the summer, but he'll run out soon because Ms. Johnson is on maternity leave, and the substitute is super rude.

So, Montez employs the help of his favorite person in the whole wide world: Grandpa. He's knows Grandpa can take him shopping for supplies and Montez can then get started on his piece for the art contest.

Right out of the Story:

"Dad, we need to talk," he said. "It's important."

"If it's about that art thing, then the answer is no."

Montez froze. He and his father stood inches away from the office door as the words echoed in the vacant hallway. 'If it's about that art thing, then the answer is no'. The moon's light did nothing to illuminate the darkness outside, for the night's ambience poured into the house. At that very moment, Montez noticed a fly buzzing towards him in the hallway. He hated flies. Perfect.

"You haven't even let me plead my case!" said Montez. His hands were outstretched, imploring for his opportunity to a fair trial. He used a free hand to swat at the fly as it whispered past his ear. He growled, annoyed.

"And I don't have to," his father said. He swiped at the fly as well, instantly more agitated.

"I am your father, and I know what's best for you."

Montez paused, fighting to remember his speech.

"Dad, you haven't even seen any of my pieces. I am completely confident that I can win this contest and get into the club. Why can't you just support me?" he asked. His hands gripped the pocket of his cargo shorts, his teeth clenched.

"I've researched all about your little club, but art's not in the plan son," he said. Dad reached for a newspaper from the hall table and forced it into a roll. Montez's eyes drilled into his father's face, darkening with hurt.

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