

Jareth x Reader

1. Your First Name
2. Your Eye Color
3. Your Last Name
4. Your Hair Color
5. Your Eye Color
6. Your Age
7. Your First Name

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"Hey, [_____ Your First Name _____]! What're you doing, reading a book in my class?"

You looked up, and any onlooker - and there were many, as your teacher's outburst had drawn several students' attention - could plainly see the mixture of guilt, annoyance, and vague fear glistening in your [_____ Your Eye _____ Color _____] eyes.

"Erm..." You scabbled for a suitable answer. "Sorry, Mrs. Smith."

"It's Miss Smith," corrected your teacher sharply, her old hawk eyes piercing. "But no more reading. See me after class, [_____ Your Last Name _____]."

Fan-f*cking-tastic. Mean old Miss Smith, (Not Mrs. Smith, as she had reprimanded you for saying. She'd divorced her ex-husband about two years ago, and was proudly proclaiming her title as unmarried), was probably going to give you detention. And all because of this stupid book.

You looked down at the book in your hands. Its cover was a dusty, faded red. If it had ever had a book jacket, it was long gone, and the binding of it was a little worse for wear, it seemed. Embossed in large gold letters on the front was the title, and you looked down at it accusingly.

The Labyrinth.

Damn book! You weren't even all that keen about books in the first place! Well, sure, books were cool and all, but it was hard to find one that interested you in this day and age. All the new, shiny modern novels seemed to be carbon copies of each other, and to be honest, vampires really weren't your thing. Especially not ooshy-gooshy ishy-squishy vampire romances.

Something about this book, though, you had to admit, had captivated you. The writing certainly wasn't complicated, and there wasn't anything that stood out about the storyline. Even still, to you, it was inexplicably spellbinding.

'Nobody saw the owl, white in the moonlight, black against the stars, nobody heard him as he glided over on silent wings of velvet. The owl saw and heard everything.'

What kind of literary bullsh*t was that?! It sounded like poorly written poetry - something a sixth grader could have written. In fact, sixth grade you probably could've written better. Despite your cynicism, you resisted the urge to turn the page and closed the book, your head bowed in shame, cheeks still burning from Miss Smith's calling you out, and your [_____ Your Hair Color _____] hair falling over your [_____ Your Eye Color _____] eyes.

It

wasn't the type of book you'd normally have selected off a library shelf. Which was exactly why you hadn't selected it off a library shelf. In fact, you had found it underneath your bed only last night. You had dropped your phone, and it had just managed to bounce all the way underneath. You had reached under the bed and pulled out not only your phone, but the book, which you had squinted at in confusion before tucking it away in your schoolbag.

It wasn't fair that you had to sit in dreadful old English class! Especially not with Miss Smith still giving you that nasty look. It would be so much better to just leave this world behind and go on an adventure, like the obnoxiously whiny protagonist in 'The Labyrinth,' Sarah. At [_____ Your Age _____], you honestly weren't that different in age than her. Why couldn't you go on a magical journey? Forget the real world.

After all, the real world loomed over you, threatening you with an immediate future of detention.

"Damn," you muttered, and shot a look back at Miss Smith. Under your breath, you couldn't help but impulsively whisper, no doubt inspired by that book: "I wish the goblins would come and take you away right now, Miss Smith."

As soon as the words were out of your mouth, you regretted them. What if she heard you and extended your punishment!?'Great job, [_____ Your First Name _____],' you thought. 'You've done it again.'

But nothing happened, and miraculously it seemed that she hadn't heard.