

The bell rang at South Park Elementary, which usually meant two things:

1. confusion
2. something deeply avoidable happening anyway

Mr. Garrison stood at the front of the class with the expression of a man who regretted every life decision in real time.

“Okay children, we have a new student today, and if any of you make fun of him, I will absolutely not stop it.”

The door opened.

In walked a tall transfer student with styled hair, expensive shoes, a varsity jacket from some private academy, and the kind of face that had never once heard the word “no.”

He set his bag down slowly and looked around the room like he was inspecting damaged property.

“The hell is this place?”

The class stared.

He smirked.

“My old school had three gyms, an indoor pool, and students who knew how to dress. You guys look like background characters.”

Stan blinked.

Kyle frowned.

Kenny muffled something hostile.

Cartman leaned forward.

“Dude, you can’t come in here and be a douchebag before *I’m* a douchebag. That’s my thing.”

The new kid looked Cartman up and down.

“Oh wow. They let Make-A-Wish students attend?”

The whole class gasped.

Cartman’s jaw dropped.

“WHAT?!”

Even Kyle turned.

“Okay, wow, that was kind of good.”

The transfer student pointed at Stan.

“You look depressed.”

At Kyle.

“You look argumentative.”

At Kenny.

“You look like a lawsuit.”

Then he looked around the room and spread his arms.

“This school is weak. In my old school, I ran things by lunch period.”

He slapped Clyde’s notebook off the desk.

He flicked Butters in the forehead.

He sat in Craig’s chair and said, “Move.”

Craig stared at him.

“No.”

The transfer student stood.

“Ohhh, okay, so this is the tough guy room.”

He shoved Craig’s desk sideways.

Tweek screamed.

Jimmy muttered, “D-dude, this guy sucks.”

Mr. Garrison sighed.

“See? This is why I drink.”

Recess

News traveled through the school faster than reason.

By lunch, everyone knew:

- new kid was a jerk
- insulted everyone
- wrecked desks
- made Cartman speechless
- wanted to “run the school”

So naturally, a crowd formed at the playground.

The transfer student stood on top of the climbing structure like it was a throne.

“This place needs leadership. Starting today, I’m in charge.”

Cartman pushed through the crowd.

“No, *I*’m in charge! I’m the most evil and manipulative kid here!”

The transfer student shoved him off the platform.

Cartman rolled into the mulch.

“OW! Dude!”

Kyle started laughing so hard he had to hold his knees.

The transfer student pointed at the crowd.

“I need a first match. Somebody important. Who’s your best?”

The kids went quiet.

Then several heads slowly turned in the same direction.

At the edge of the blacktop, Blake stood with his backpack on, eating quietly like he had not volunteered for any of this.

The transfer student squinted.

“That guy?”

Stan immediately backed up.

“Oh no.”

Kyle covered his face.

“Oh my God, he picked *him*?”

Cartman stood up rubbing dirt off himself.

“Hahaha! Yes! Yes, do him first! Wait, no, seriously dude, do not do him first.”

Butters grabbed Kenny.

“Oh hamburgers, he doesn’t know.”

Craig deadpanned:

“This is gonna be educational.”

Tweek began vibrating.

“WHY WOULD HE PICK THE QUIET ONE?! THAT’S ALWAYS THE WRONG ONE!”

Jimmy nodded.

“H-he picked the side quest boss.”

The transfer student laughed.

“This nobody? What’s the deal with him? He doesn’t even talk. You people scared of a backpack kid?”

No one answered.

That made him louder.

“Come on then, ‘nobody.’ First match of the school.”

Blake set his lunch down.

Took off his backpack.

Walked forward.

No speech.

No expression.

No drama.

The crowd reacted instantly.

“Ohhhhhh noooooo.”

“Dude he’s walking calm.”

“That’s the bad walk.”

“Someone get a nurse.”

Cartman climbed onto a bench.

“I would like everyone to know I warned him after encouraging it.”

The Fight

The transfer student cracked his neck and bounced on his toes.

“You’re dead, backpack boy.”

He charged with a huge overhand swing.

Blake moved half a step.

The punch hit nothing except wind and bad decisions.

A short strike landed to the body.

The transfer student folded like a lawn chair.

Before he could understand what happened:

- pivot
- leg swept
- balance gone
- face in mulch

The crowd exploded.

“HOLY SHIT!”

“DUDE!”

“Oh my God he got *foldered!*”

The transfer student scrambled up, furious and embarrassed.

“You cheap-shotted me!”

He rushed again, wild.

Blake slipped left.

A clean shot to the ribs.

A shove at the shoulder.

The kid spun sideways into the monkey bars.

Metal clanged.

Kenny laughed so hard he fell over.

The transfer student stumbled out dizzy.

Blake was already there.

One final intercept strike stopped him mid-step and sent him flat on his back staring at the sky.

Silence.

Then Cartman screamed:

“YEAH! That’s what you get for bullying me first!”

Kyle pointed.

“You got beat up by a guy whose biggest flex is being on time.”

Craig shrugged.

“Told you.”

Butters whispered, “He didn’t even look mad.”

Tweek screamed again.

“HE WAS EFFICIENT!”

Aftermath

The transfer student groaned in the dirt.

His jacket was ruined.

His hair was destroyed.

His entire personality had been structurally compromised.

He looked up at Blake.

“What... what is wrong with this school?”

Blake picked up his backpack.

Nothing.

Then he walked away.

Stan watched him go.

“Dude, he really is the weirdest normal person ever.”

Cartman crossed his arms.

“Yeah well I could’ve taken that guy too. I just didn’t want to.”

Everyone yelled at once:

“SHUT UP, CARTMAN!”

Mr. Garrison blew a whistle from the doorway.

“Alright children, fight’s over. Whoever recorded it, send it to me.”

Final Line

And that was the day the new transfer student learned the oldest rule in South Park:

Never pick a fight with the quiet kid everyone else already respects.