

# Romance

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It was a hot, muggy Friday afternoon, the thermometer showed 32°C and the clock showed 2:45pm. The maths lesson was SO boring that I would rather watch paint dry, but instead my mind drifted, where? To be frank, I don't know. Luckily the screeching of the bell woke me up from the trance I was falling into. As I got up, my brain felt like a peach... Fuzzy, and when I tried to walk, I felt like a zombie. Even though I really didn't want to, I knew that I still had to walk home, through the harsh rays of sun, following my every move. That walk home was all a blur, a mashed mess of memories, except for one which I remember vividly, it was when I bumped into "Him," the person who rescued me when I was a damsel in distress... Since we don't know his name, let's call him "you know who." Ok, well back to the story. The memory I remember vividly was when I was being my clumsy self, I was struggling to walk in a STRAIGHT LINE, and because of this, I tripped, almost falling if it weren't for you know who, who was luckily walking past just in time to catch me. As I stumbled to my feet, I turned to thank him and my eyes met his, his hazel-green eyes imprinted on my heart and I struggled to form a sentence. That afternoon, all I could think about was you know who. The following Monday I was still star-struck, the memory of you know who was still embedded in my brain and I was now determined to find out his name... Turned out, he was in my class and his name was Saxon, I never noticed him as he hung out with people I don't hang out with. The whole day I couldn't focus, actually I could, but not on schoolwork. I was too busy fantasizing my future life with Saxon. I couldn't even focus in Chemistry class, my favourite subject. The only chemistry I could focus on, was the one that didn't exist between Saxon and I... Soooooo I decided to change that. I proudly walked up to him, looked him in the eyes, gave a cheeky grin... and asked him if I could borrow a sharpener. Yes I know that was anticlimactic, BUUUUUUT baby steps. So after "using" his sharpener on my mechanical pencil #smh. I went to go thank him but when I got to his table, he looked at me with those same imprinting eyes and yet again I struggled to form a sentence. When I did form a sentence I blurted out "D-d-d-do YOU w-w-w-wAnt to GO TO the mOv-ies with m-m-m-me?" When I realized what I said I went red with embarrassment, but I turned

redder when he said “sure” with a shrug. “Just text me the details.” I felt like I wanted to faint. When I got back to my table and told my friends about what went down, they cracked up laughing, then they started chanting “Damien has a cru-ush, Damien has a cru-ush,” over and over again. My thoughts were like a smoothie, blended all together. A few weeks had gone by and my crush was now bigger than ever, whenever he walked into a room my heart melted to goo, and whenever his name was mentioned, my lips felt empty, wanting another set against it... his. Did I ever text him, yes and the date was set for Saturday the 14th of February... Valentine’s Day. I chose that day specifically because it was Valentine’s Day, and while we were at the movies I intended to tell him I liked him. That was 8 days away but it felt like 8 years away, that week went SOOOOOO slow. When it finally became Saturday I was stressed, I think I should’ve gone to hospital because of my palpitating heart. When I arrived at the movie theatre my heart and stomach were switching places and my throat was opening and closing, I had never been more nervous. But I gathered my courage which was strewn all over the place and headed inside. When I caught a glimpse of him I gave him a 2 finger wave and walked toward him. When we were finished saying hi, we went to go get our tickets and snacks. Then we headed to the theatre which said “ NOW SHOWING: Zombie Chihuahua Rampage 2.” When we got to our allocated seats, we sat down and I tried calming my nerves. It didn’t help, but at least I tried. Then I turned to him and saw that he was already munching on his popcorn. I took one last deep breath and slowly said “Hey Saxon... I have something to tell you.” Then he said...”Is everything alright?” and I replied with “Yes, but I have a crush on you.” When he registered what I said he smiled, then let out a light chuckle and said “Is that all...” and I nervously replied with “yes... no...” and without thinking, I placed my hand on his right cheek and went in to kiss. Startled, he abruptly stood up and said “ Oh shoot, I just remembered I have to be somewhere.” And he briskly walked away. I sat there embarrassed and confused. I sat through the movie silently, wallowing in my embarrassment while munching on salty popcorn and sipping on flat fizzy drink. I was SO embarrassed. So embarrassed that I contemplated going to school on Monday. In the end, I decided to show my face at school. I gathered what was left of my courage and entered the College. What I thought awaited me was thousands of beady eyes, all giving me the stink eye. But instead no one cared or knew and I was grateful for that. As I walked in English for the first period of the day, I quickly went to my seat and got out my book, without looking up. When I did

eventually look up, my friends were waiting eagerly looking at me. I sat there, confused until one of them said "So how did it go? Spill..." I sighed and was about to speak when Saxon tapped me on the shoulder and said "Hey Damien, can we speak... outside?" I looked up at him nervously and stuttered "O-o-okay sure," and got up slowly and started walking toward the door. As I was walking, I heard a chorus of voices saying "Ooooooh." When I got outside I leaned against the wall and after a few seconds Saxon sighed and then looked me straight in the eye and said "I'm sorry for running out on you like that, I was shocked and confused..." But before he continued he averted his gaze toward the classroom door and sighed. I decided to look as well and was embarrassed with what I saw, it was my friends peering towards us and eavesdropping on our conversation. Before anyone said anything, I annoyingly said "OMG. CAN YOU GUYS LEAVE, CAN'T YOU SEE THAT WE ARE TRYING TO HAVE A PRIVATE CONVERSATION!!!" and they scurried back to their seats. Once they had vacated the area, Saxon turned back to me and said "It was wrong of me to run out. I was more confused than anything else." he sighed, and then continued "I wasn't confused as to why you did it, I was confused as to why I wanted you to do it. After running out on you I went to process everything and get some fresh air. I thought about going back in but I was too embarrassed so I went home. After deliberating with myself for hours I realised, I love you." He then put his hand on my cheek and leaned in. But before anything happened we heard a stern cough, as we looked up, we saw Mr. Duberoo towering over us. He spoke with a soft and calm voice but there was a bit of sternness. He said "Boys, can you please head back to class." Embarrassed, we walked back to our seats. As I was sitting, Saxon whispered "Chapel... Lunch," and then he headed back to his seat. That English period was SO boring and long, the class was learning about skimming, scanning and inferring. I could only think about skimming his lips on mine, scanning his body with my hands and inferring his mouth with my tongue. When lunchtime rolled around, I excitedly headed to the chapel. As I entered I saw that Saxon had set up a picnic, he laid his jersey on the floor and unpacked his lunchbox. The sun shone through the stained glass and the chapel filled with this whimsical vibe. I locked the door and sat on the floor next to him. The light hit him in a way that made him look impeccable, he looked at me directly in my eyes, placed his hand on my cheek and leaned in. I could feel his warm breath. We were about to make contact when a knock on the door startled us. We heard a voice saying "Hello, can you please unlock the door?" I replied "Sorry about that..."

Coming.” While I walked toward the door Saxon quickly packed the “picnic” back into his bag. When I reached the door, I looked back and saw that the picnic was packed up... So I unlocked the door. After I opened the door, I immediately started apologizing, saying “Oh my gosh I'm so sorry, we were praying and wanted privacy.” Father Kelley replied with “I'm glad to see you have a strong faith in God.” I glanced back at Saxon and he glanced back, I winked and then we both started giggling. He went to his office, dropped off some stuff and then left. When he left, I locked the door again and Saxon and I both started giggling. He set up the picnic again and said... “So where were we?” I sat down beside him again and he said “Oh right, I know...” So he placed his hand on my cheek, leaned in, and we finally made contact. The clouds cleared and the sun shone brighter, making the kiss even more magical. It felt like a dream. My heart started racing, my legs turned to jelly and my lips felt complete. I proceeded to wrap my arms around him and hold him. The only thing stopping us was the bell, which unluckily rang. Except this bell was different, it was louder, wasn't stopping and had a kind screeching sound to that. That was when I woke up abruptly and realised it was all a dream... I felt disappointed. Until I felt a familiar hand on my cheek and a familiar set of lips on mine. I rub my eyes to clear the haziness and realise that Saxon is in my bed. I lightly chuckle at myself and think that most of that dream... was not a dream.