

I KNEW EXACTLY WHAT TO SAY

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My hair tugs downwards as my brush braves the task of untangling my lengthy hair.

Bursting through its socket the heart in my chest pulsates uncontrollably as my brain buzzes with resolution of the day.

I finally got the courage to ask them out.

The birds were chirping enthusiastically while panic swam through my veins. Spring light covered the campus ground as students scattered through the area. There they were, curled against a tree hiding from the sun. Their burgundy hair strung over her face. Seemingly unbothered, her eyes stayed fixed to the copy of 'The Bell Jar' by Sylvia Plath. For a second everything felt like it stopped. The anxiety faded, the surrounding noises dispersed to silence, nothing but a chance remained. A chance to be more than estranged classmates. Within those seconds a spark of confidence struck and I found myself walking towards them. I knew exactly what I was going to say.

Word for word but of course it failed in my face. I knew exactly what I was going to say yet those words never made it out of my head. My confidence flung out of me. Fear was brought to the fore-front of my thoughts. What would they say? Would they laugh? The mechanics of my brain churned faster than words could process. There I stood, in front of my crush as she stared at me. Clearly concerned as to what I wanted and instead of a 'hello' or 'hey, can we talk' the dumbest thing that could have possibly been said was said.

Through the several months of thinking and pondering what I'd say to my crush, all that could escape was an overcompensation. "You're really cute!!". I was done. Nothing survived after that. It felt like I went into shock.

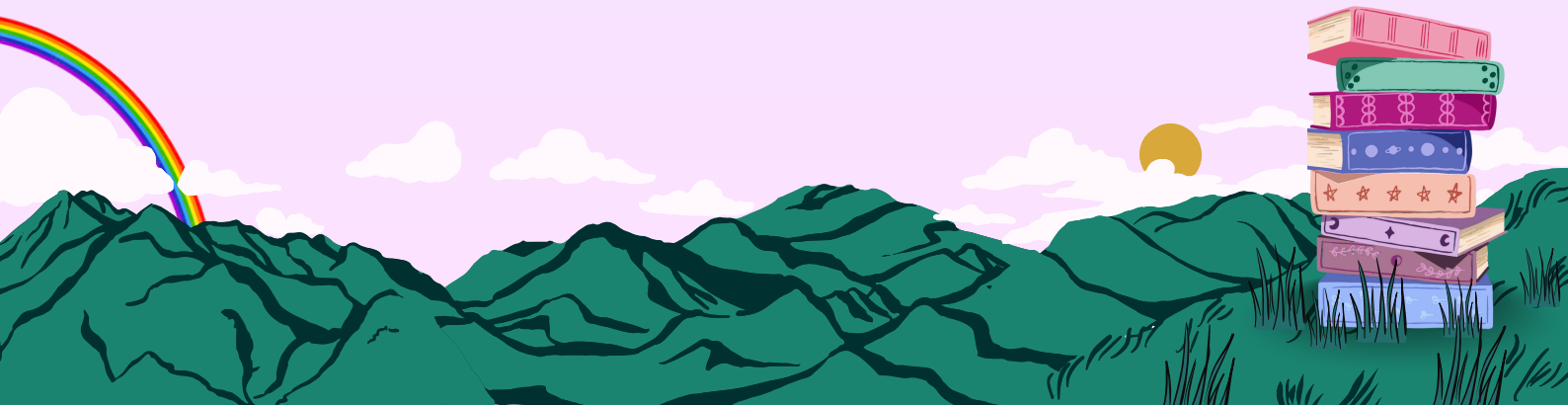


Really Mya, calling her CUTE and then GOING QUIET was not a part of the plan!! I wouldn't even describe her as cute! More breath-taking or easy going. Maybe sexy? Definitely kind. Well we've never really had a proper conversation but I know she is. Like whenever I see them they're always talking to someone, making them smile ear to ear with her jokes. Oh or how she always leads with this intoxicating smile.

When we met they came to talk to my friend, Kath. A smile that met her hazelled eyes stuck to their face as she introduced herself as Toni. Everything about it seemed amazing. The way her hair seemed to perfectly emphasise their cheekbones or how paints splattered over her clothes. Kath had to nudge me to awaken from as she would phrase it, a gay panic. After that day, even though we don't know each other they still smile and wave. To which I respond with a quick wave back and scurry away to hide my emotion displayed on my face.

Wait. Off topic. Anyways, It didn't go to plan. I said she was cute (as I explained, not an accurate description) and didn't ask them out. I walked up to this person and said they were cute. Then froze!

However the most ridiculous part is that she responded, not with a mocking tone but with a sincere one! After those words left my mouth I stilled with anxiety and heat burned into my cheeks like it would cause them to melt. Worry consumed me and they stopped all of it. Not at the start of course. Her exact words were...



“No ones ever called me cute before, not really what I’m going for but I could work with it”. Why did I do this? Stupid. Stupid. They’re gorgeous, obviously they're not going for cute. That the last thing they’d be going for even if she worked with it. Wait ‘i could work with it’. What does she mean?

Gazing through my hair, our eyes meet. Is she suggesting? “Of course if that was because you were asking me out.” A smile curled on their face as forest eyes glimmered into mine.

Whaa, I, I.. I. Does this mean they want to go on a date with me? After that? Huh. Maybe Kath was right. ‘Just asking them’ out works.

Pushing my obscuring hair out of my face, the words finally make it out.

“Umm, yeah - I was wondering if you wanted to go out with me”.

“I’d love to”. A cheshire grin spreads over my face as my heart feels lighter than a feather.

