

## My high school love

The first thirteen years of my life weren't very exciting. I played tennis, went to school, hung out with my friends, you know, the normal things a kid did. Then, my fourteenth year, I met the guy that threw me my first lifeline.

His name was Vincent Derb. He was the kind of guy everyone liked. He played all the sports including baseball, football, basketball, soccer and track, and played them well. The first day I saw him I knew there was something special about him I couldn't quite figure out. He had a sense of shyness when I came around him. We would make eye contact, then turn away pretending as if we didn't see each other. I never had a conversation with him; actually I never spoke one word in his presence. We were both in disguise of the crush we shared for each other.

He walked with confidence, but I never seemed to catch him smile. He was always so serious. When he did smile or laugh, it was always because he or his friends were joking around about something. It made me weak in the knees to look at him. His hair was so dark like the midnight sky, always in the right style that everyone envied. His eyes sparkled like marbles of amber dancing in the mid-afternoon sun. He always looked so much older, like he didn't belong with all those immature eighth graders.

The first day for us to make physical contact was one afternoon at school after we were through eating lunch. It was customary for all the students to go outside to the basketball courts and either play basketball or socialize. That day I was feeling a little sporty, so I played basketball with a bunch of friends. I felt someone bump into me not realizing it was Vincent. When it came to my senses that it was him, my whole body began to tremble and I forgot what I was doing as I went into a blank daze. When the birds stopped dancing around my head, I realized he bumped into me on purpose and wanted me to try to get the basketball from him. I started to strike at the ball and forced my self onto him until he passed the ball on to someone else. All day all I could think about was that moment of awe I had with the one I, in the deepest, darkest place in my heart, had the biggest crush on.

The next day I spoke to my friend with enthusiasm, "Oh my gosh Courtney, I have to tell you something!"

She replied, "What, what, what? Tell me!" in an anxious voice waiting to hear my confession.

"You have to promise not to tell anyone," I replied, "I have a crush on Vincent!"

Her face turned into an expression of excitement, for now she had one of the best roles a girl could have in being a middle school match maker.

Of course in the back of my mind I knew that she could not bare to keep this a secret, but in the future if I wanted to be something more with Vincent, it couldn't stay a secret. By the end of the day, just as I had predicted, Courtney had ran her mouth, not to just anyone, but to the exact target, Vincent. When she came back with the news later that day, I couldn't wait for what she had to say, despising the thought of rejection or embarrassment.

"Well??" I asked her with anxiousness.

"He said he likes you too, and I gave him your phone number!" Courtney replied while laughing with excitement.

"Shut up, Court," I said, "Don't joke around with me like that!"

I thought she was just trying to tell me that to get me all excited and then burst my bubble.

"I'm so serious!" She exclaimed. I began to believe her and then threw my arms around her to give her a big hug.

The rest of that day thoughts kept running through my head about what I was to talk about that night if he were to call me as Courtney had said. Then, later that night when I was lying in bed, the phone rang. I was so nervous and delaying in answering it.

"Hello?" I said, hoping it was Vincent.

"Hi, is this Kristin?" He asked in a low voice.

"This is she!" I replied. I didn't know what to say, but at that point I didn't really care because I was talking to the guy of my dreams. We talked for almost three hours that night; about sports, school, friends, and each other's lives. I really didn't know how much we had in common until that night. The next day my friends would not leave me alone, asking all sorts of questions. What did he say? Were you nervous? So are ya'll a couple now? Everything happened so fast. It just seemed like I was just talking to Courtney and "BAM", everything is now right in my face. At the end of the school day, my friends and I were all running around outside when I heard Vincent call me aside.

"I have something to ask you," he said, "Will you go out with me?" It was one of those cheesy middle school approaches, but it was so cute. He grabbed my hand when he said it, and I could feel the warmth of his hands and it sent a chill threw my whole body. I responded to him, "You know the answer to that one silly!" I was thinking about what I said and how stupid I sounded, but he seemed not to care. Now, we were to be an official couple, and my dream had come true.

So with self confidence and good friends you can do anything. I have been able to find my "one " by those.