

Wednesday

I decided this morning that what happened between me and Sean was some kind of freak thing like an unexpected comet streaking the sky when you go outside to take out the garbage – it would probably never happen again. And, you certainly couldn't expect it to the next time you took out the garbage. So, I was planning to act like nothing happened yesterday, if I ran into Sean, again. He was probably bored or something, I figured, so he was just doing some play acting when we were sitting there on the hill. Anyway, I'm better off without such distractions. But, it didn't work. I was sitting in chapel and all at once he was beside me – really close. He held my hand and whispered into my ear, "Baby, why did you run off like that? I couldn't stop thinking about you all night."

I was, like, stunned, so I couldn't think of anything to say. His warm breath in my ear was making me dizzy and kinda gooey inside. "Rosalind, are you still running from me?" he asked, still whispering, but loud enough for kids in the pew ahead of me to turn and look. He just grinned at them and whispered softer, "You know it's pointless to run away from what's meant to be." Just then, the service started and everyone had to stand up. He didn't let go of my hand. I couldn't even breathe.

All through the service, he kept looking at me, squeezing my hand and whispering little things like,

“You and me, it’s meant to be...” I couldn’t even look at him. He walked me out, still holding my hand and said, “lunch,” and ambled off.

Michael walked by me at that moment and said, “Hi Roz,” and kept walking, really fast and looking stressed.

I was all confused and jittery in my first class. I realized I hadn’t heard anything when the teacher called on me. (How do they always know when you’re absolutely clueless and then they pounce on you with their rude questions?) Anyway, I tried to cover and said something like, “I’m not totally clear on that point yet,” and the kids laughed. So, I realized I was letting it happen again; letting men destroy my mind and take over my life like they’re big grasshoppers and I’m this little lady bug. “Focus, Roswell,” I told myself. So, I decided I would not meet Sean for lunch. One kiss and he thinks he owns me. One day everybody sees him making out with Elena all over campus, now he thinks I’ll be his babe of the moment, in front of everyone. No way! So, I didn’t even go to lunch at all. I hid out in the homeroom and read ahead for English (- impressed, Miss S?).

But, it didn’t totally work. The clever grasshopper found his prey. I was bent over my work when, all of a sudden, a shadow loomed over me. I looked up – Sean was standing, back lit, looking extremely glorious and larger than life. I was happy to see him but immediately snapped myself out of it. “You’re blocking my light,” I said. (Yes, one of my favorite lines, you might have noticed, Miss. S.) Sean laughed. Then, he moved to the desk beside me and sat down. “I wouldn’t want to block your light, Roswell... You ought to be in spotlights.”

“I bet you say that to all the girls,” I said, lightly.

“What girls?” he whispered.

“Do you rehearse these lines at home?” I asked him.

“Do you?” he returned.

“What do you mean?” I asked him, indignantly. (Like that Word, Miss. S.? – it was on our vocab list.)

“Well, you’re so good at being prickly, and ‘just leave me alone’ kind of thing, I figure you must practice it.”

So, I let him know the truth. “No, Sean, I don’t have to practice ways of resisting you – it just comes naturally to me. I’m smart enough to see that you are the snake in my garden and I’m just not into snake bite, thank you.”

“Ouch,” he said, then began to say, “Roz...”

“Don’t call me Roz,” I said.

“Ok, Roswell, call me a snake if it gets you off, but I was there for that kiss, yesterday. And, so were you, and you weren’t acting like you were the victim of a snake bite.”

So, I filled him in, told him that the kiss was the temptation; the fruit in the garden that would lead to my domination, or in more modern terms, a man like Sean would definitely distract me from my business, which was staying clear in the head, doing well in school, making money, buying a nice house – nobody could take that from me, because it’s mine.

Well, Sean listened to me for about five minutes and then said nothing. I thought I’d finally succeeded in repelling him. But, he’s not that way. Finally, he said, “I really admire you. You’re the way I should be, the way my parents *want* me to be. Maybe that’s why I’m so attracted to you – you’re the person I should be, *want* to be.”

“Spare me,” I interrupted him. He said I should let him talk because he let me – fair is fair. Ok, I let him.

So he told me that my sense of purpose was so cool and inspiring. But what about fun and friendship, he wanted to know. I said I didn't have time – fun got you into trouble and friends sucked all your energy and then let you down.

Sean said he understood what I meant. He said Elena was like that for him. He'd known her practically his whole life and whenever she was around, she expected him to deliver whatever she wanted at the time. He said he was so relieved she was gone and even if she was near him again, he was through with her sucking his energy. He said he was realizing, mostly from knowing me – that life didn't have to be like that. You could avoid that kind of misery by choosing your friends carefully – people that had the same goals and wouldn't pull you down because their level was already high. He said he felt that way about me – that I would be a good friend who wouldn't waste him – that he wanted to do well, too, and achieve goals. He said he was tired of being a wasteoid, barely hanging on in school and with his parents. He said he thought he could teach me to enjoy life and that I could inspire him to be a good guy. The bell rang aloud then and he said, "Think about it, Roswell, and call me tonight – I'm in the phone book," and he left.