

Come and Go

She held my hand and kicked her feet in the air. My stomach felt funny when I looked at her. I kissed her cheek and her face turned red. I smiled and looked at the jungle gym, where my friends were looking for me. She didn't talk a lot and I guess I didn't either. We didn't do anything for a bunch of seconds before she kissed me on my cheek. I rubbed away the spit but kept holding her hand.

"Vanilla pudding is gross," she said, looking through her lunch.

"Yeah. I like chocolate better," I said, thinking about kissing her again.

"What's good is when you dip a banana in chocolate pudding," she continued, looking at me and quickly looking away, like she was scared. "My dad said 'boys are only after one thing.'"

"Um... sorry," I said, not understanding her.

"I think they're mean and they only want to make girls cry," she continued, taking a bite of her PB & J.

"I don't want to make you cry," I said, squeezing her hand. Her face turned red again and she swallowed her food.

"I like you, Bobby," she said, smiling big.

"I like you t-," I almost said. My friends were walking to us and I knew they were going to tease me. "I gotta go, Amy," I continued, letting go of her hand and running to my friends.

"Bobby, come on! Joe took a cigarette from his mom," Derek, my best friend, told me. I followed them to the back of the school. I looked at her, eating lunch alone. I missed her.

-----10 years later -----

Continued in The Collection: Volume One
