It was 8th grade year and I had been attending Briggs Chaney Middle School. It was a fun but very information packed year, as well as a life changing one. This change was due to a relationship that I began then. It all started on a Monday, the first day of the school year, when she asked to sit next to me on the bus. This girl’s name was Tamir. She was supposed to be just a friend, but who knew that we were going to be much more. I remember it like it was just yesterday; she seemed to be upset about something during gym and so I went up to her and asked,

“Tamir what’s wrong?”

“Nothing, just something Kevin did that really bothered me,” she said.

Kevin, who was her current boyfriend at the time, did not talk to Tamir very much. Some would even call him a “bad boyfriend”. I did not like Tamir at the time, I just thought we were good friends. She explained to me what Kevin had done. As I was going to reply and give my opinion on the matter the bell rang, releasing us from school. I was intrigued by the situation and felt like I had to share my opinion with her,

“I’ll talk to you on the bus,” I told her before parting.

“Ok” She replied.

I ran to the locker room in a rush trying to dress up in order to save a seat on the bus for Tamir and I. I ran to the bus finding a seat near the back with just enough space for two people. Throwing my backpack down into the seat. I felt a tap from the back. It was Tamir so I picked up my backpack up to give her space to sit down. She sat down, we made eye contact but I was waiting for her to bring up the subject. What I did not expect, was her to blurt out how she felt.

“It really hurts every time I think about it,” she said.

“I agree no girl should be treated like this,” I replied.

“Why are all boys the same?” she asked.

“We are not all the same. You can’t just generalize all boys by what one boy has done” I countered.

“I’m sorry, you’re right there are probably many boys out there who are different” she reluctantly agreed.

I paused for a moment trying to think of some way we could continue to talk about this because mentally it was my mission as a best friend to help her feel better.

“I should come over, maybe so we can talk more about this?” I said.

She gave me a crazy glare. I thought to myself, “How could I ask something like that in such a moment like this?” I continued to mentally bash myself in my head, until she replied

“Yes you should but only for a little because I don’t want my mom coming home and seeing a boy. It wouldn’t look too good”

“Ha, you’re right just text me when to come over” I replied.

The bus came to a sudden halt. I picked up my backpack and said my goodbye to Tamir. I walked off the bus, and in my head I could not stop thinking about how I was going to her house; I really did not want anyone to get the wrong idea about Tamir and I, we were nothing but friends. I got to my door and took the keys from the lower pocket of my backpack. I opened the door. The house seemed to be very quiet I repeatedly hollered :

“Is Anyone Home?”

“Hello!”

“Anyone!”

No one answered so I dropped my backpack and ran upstairs. I threw my phone on my bed so I could see when she texted me. I ran to the bathroom to clean myself up, making sure I was emitting any unpleasant odors. I was very nervous and I especially did not want to get in any trouble. To calm myself down I rushed down to my basement to get a Snapple. As I was going to open the cap of the Snapple, I heard a “buzz” from my phone. It was Tamir saying

“It is okay to come”.

Grabbing my jacket and my Snapple, I left the house. Walking up the hill to her house there were a thousand thoughts running through my mind: some about being caught, some about things going right, and some about things getting carried away. I looked for the small townhouse at the end of the block with the red door. I found the house. I slowly walked up the stairs. Finally reaching the front door, I hesitatingly knocked. As my hand reached up to knock, the door creaked open.

“Hi Henry, come in” she said.

I looked around, seeing a beautiful house with such nice furniture.

“Nice house you got” I replied.

“Thanks, wait here whiles I go get my laptop” she said.

“Okay” I replied.

I sat on the stairs waiting for her to come back down. She ran back down saying, “Let’s take some photos”. I hesitated because I did not want anyone to know I was here. I did it anyways. We took many photos with smiles, funny faces, and many more different faces. We were having a great time and I knew I was doing my job as a friend by making her smile.

“Henry you would be a great boyfriend” she said.

“You really think so?” I asked.

“Yeah honestly any girl who goes out with you is really lucky” she replied.

“Kevin is also lucky to have a beautiful and wonderful girlfriend like you,” I said.

She smiled and I smiled back at her. I leaned into her and kissed her. I did not know what I had just done. I had just kissed a girl who was currently in a relationship. I pulled back and we both looked at each other with astonished faces. Then we both came in for another kiss. We continued to kiss for about 15 minutes until I stopped and checked my phone. It was time for me to go.

“I have to go,” I told her.

“Already?” she said.

“Yeah, I’ve to get home before my parents do,” I responded before turning away.

I walked toward the door and right before I left she came towards me. We kissed once more.

Walking home I could not even get a grasp of what had happened. I finally opened my Snapple. Taking a big sip, It hit me of what I had done. I spit out all of the juice in my mouth. What have I done? I just helped someone cheat on their boyfriend. I felt so terrible. I had never done something this outrageous. I was so disappointed in myself that I could do that. I got home just in time before my parents did. I sat on my bed thinking, “Did this really just happen?” I heard a “buzz” from my phone and it was Tamir. We texted all night but never talked about what had happened. The next morning I woke up feeling good. I got dressed and walked to the bus stop. The bus came down the hill, the double doors opened, and I stepped aboard the bus looking for an open seat unsure whether or not I should sit next to Tamir. There were no other open seat except for the one besides her and so I sat down and said,

“Hey”

“Hi” she replied.

“So are you better from what happen with you and Kevin?” I asked.

“Yeah but I think I like someone else” she said.

“Who?” I asked.

“You” she said.

I was shocked and my heart skipped about eight beats. I did not know what to say; I guess I either could say that I liked her to or lie and say that I did not. There was a awkward silence as I thought up a response. I explained to her if that we could ever have anything in the future she would have to leave Kevin because I could not carry around with all this guilt upon on my shoulders. She later on did leave Kevin and we went out for 8 months.

I learned from this experience that people who are not directly involved can be hurt by your actions. We as people need to make wiser decisions.