

Max Conway

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First draft

Dirty Realism?

At my school, we are in classrooms so full that taking attendance takes minutes. There is no way I was ever going to know all of these people, especially when this isn't my only class. Taking seven classes with each one having more students than the last I have come to terms with just being a number, same as almost everyone else. Only specific people get to stand out, not be a number and have some character. All these stands out people have some undefinable characteristic that makes you remember them.

"Hey, I need a partner for this project," a student said. I looked up from my phone and saw Blaine Thayer, one of the stands out types.

"Oh uh, sure" I responded a little stunned "here" I opened my phone up to a create a contact page and handed it to him to put his information in.

"How's this weekend work?" he asked as he put his information in and handed it back to me.

"I'll have to ask my parents but it should work" I responded. After that, he just sauntered back to his desk. I looked up to realize this whole interaction had happened during a lecture.

That night I was feeling restless, I sent him a text to just finalize the plans.

“Hey Blaine it's Eve from photography”

“Hi eve”

“So I asked my parents and
they said Saturday works great
do you want to checkout
a camera or should I”

“I own a camera”

“Great, where do you want to shoot?”

“I wanna do like a summer kinda shoot
I'm feeling like a field do you have like
a yellow sundress”

“I do :)”

“Great lets do something with that.

I'll pick you up at like 12ish Saturday?”

“Sounds good”

Read 12:10

I stayed up for another thirty minutes waiting for a reply. The next day I was expecting to see him in class but I couldn't find him, during attendance he just wasn't there.

When Saturday rolled around he texted me for my address, I gave it to him and ten minutes later he was in front of my house. We talked about the future while he drove, he wanted to be a photographer, his parents were plenty supportive of the idea and bought him his camera, much nicer than any camera the school would have given us, he seemed to have the next couple years of his life figured out. When he asked about my plans I told him I had already gotten into Wellesley but had yet to declare a major or even an area of interest.

We finally got out of the car, we walked together for a few minutes until we came to a beatenup fence that stated NO TRESPASSING

“Um I think this is as far as we can go,” I said

“Nonsense, don't worry he responded I've shot here plenty of times”

“Here, over here” He pointed out a place where the fence had been cut to make a doorway. “Right through here”

I followed him into a clearing of waist-high plants that you could still walk through, like a field of wheat or something I'm not sure.

“Alright, what should I do?” I asked

“Let's just take candid's or something, be yourself,” he said with a smile

We shot until the sun went down giggling and playing the whole time. As we walked back we continued to talk and play, our hands did that thing where they hit a few times just because we're walking next to each other but eventually he grabbed on. We both insisted that we do another shoot sometime.

I had assumed that he was going to drop me off, but he asked me if I wanted to get dinner, of course, I said yes. We sat down at a much nicer restaurant than I had expected, the kind of restaurant that not only gives you a butter knife but also a steak knife in a thick white napkin. It was there that our relationship was made official. He paid with a credit card. We hung out for a few more hours until I eventually realized my parents are probably worried. After he dropped me off at home I got a text.

“Hey I had fun”

“Thanks, I did too”

-Read 9:10

My parents were surprisingly chill with me being out late with a boy. I guess they were finally starting to realize I am practically an adult.

Some time had passed we had been on a few dates and returned to the field a few more times when he invited me over to his place. Money was not something I had thought of and it was not something we ever talked about. But I was stunned when my parents dropped me off at his house, there was a gate to get in, but the security guard let us in. My mom gave me a look we were both clearly in shock. The road continued a distance beyond the gate until it reached the house. A incredibly large house, built with a modern cubic design radiated an aura of wealth.

Blaine came rushing out of the front door to greet me, he opened my car door to let out and greeted my mother, this was their first interaction, as Mrs. Williams.

When I first entered his room I was a little shocked at the mess I saw. Clothes were everywhere and it reeked of Febreze.

"Is there somewhere I should put my stuff?" I asked. I had brought a drawstring bag with a bathing suit and towel in it.

"Oh yea just toss it anywhere" he replied.

At dinner, I met his mother, nobody mentioned where the father might be so I didn't ask, fearing he might be dead or something. Dinner was nothing short of heavenly.

When the sun went down we changed into our bathing suits and went down to the pool.

"Want a drink?" he asked as I lowered myself into the hot tub

"Um some water would be nice" I responded unsure of what he had meant

He chuckled a bit to himself and left to get water.

When I or anyone was talking to Blaine he had this characteristic that made you feel like he was listening not just to what you were saying but to you. Blaine's charisma touched everything he did even the way he looked at you was so charming and meaningful that you would be forgiven for thinking he was looking at your soul.

I thought to myself for an hour or so before taking him up on his offer for a drink.

"You know I think I would like a drink"

"Great what do you want"

“I don't know I don't normally drink”

He came back with two glasses of wine and an unopened bottle I assumed it was nice, like everything in his house. The taste was sweet at first but left a gross feeling in my mouth after, I solved this by drinking more. We both had been drinking and laughing. Suddenly his eyes light up he had an idea.

“Let's do a shoot!” he exclaimed

“Okay!” I said trying to match his excitement

He left to get his camera I continued drinking. He came back with his camera and some stuff for lighting, real professional looking. He turned the lights on and I was instantly blinded by a bright light.

“Ok let's start with some candid he said” I did what I normally did, struck a few poses, a little provocative, a little playful, but this time it didn't seem to resonate with him in the same way.

“You keep squinting” he frowned

“The lights are bright”

“It's dark we need the lights”

“But we're just shooting for fun” I realized wrong thing to say, he looked hurt. “I'm sorry let's try again”

“Fine” he humped

“Try with one hand on your hip” he shot.

“Great, now let's try the other side” he shot.

“Okay, now look at the camera” he shot.

“Now look away” he shot.

The night ended great, every couple fights that was just our first. We got over it. Now it was my turn to have him over to my house, but after being over at his palace I felt insecure having him over to my normal middle-class house. When I invited him over he seemed excited he was going to get to meet my mom and dad. When he came over he was different than normal. His sweatpants and t-shirt had been replaced with khakis and a button up. His speech had changed he wasn't “finna” he was “going to” he was putting a look on for my parents and I appreciated it, He’s putting his best foot forward to make a positive relationship with my family.

It worked, once he left my parents couldn't help but state how much they liked him. He helped my mom with the dishes, talked sports with my dad he was the perfect boyfriend in my parent's eyes.

My phone buzzed I had a text

“Hey, had fun tonight, it was
nice meeting your parents”

“Thanks, they love you”

“Great I like them
too”

“Well I hope you know
know you have to stick
around or my parents

will lose their new son”

“Lol, so anyways I found a
new location to shoot
at want to go soon”

“Sure sounds good”

“Great wear like black
or leather or something”

“Ok I’ll see what I can do”

“Ok, how does tomorrow
after school work”

“Yea I can probably
make that happen”

Our next shoot took place after school. We held hands as he drove to the outskirts of town. Eventually, he pulled into a gravel lot. Ahead was a house, that had been uncared for and forgotten. The green paint was flaking off the walls, the carpet had different shading, clearly, there had at some point been a couch. I imagine some family lived here, a happy family, but something must have happened to them leaving the property waste away maybe time just changed them.

“Alright give me one second to set up” Blaine said

“Okay” I responded instinctually

I set off to wander the house, There were no photos or furniture. The house was completely empty, there were no doors and the curtains had been torn from the window.

Upon the second floor, I found one room that looked lived in. A phone charging, someone had been here. I looked around some more and found a bottle of something, I didn't know what. Broken glass and cigarettes smoked down to the filter littered the room. I started to feel nauseous, I ran downstairs to tell Blaine.

"I don't like it here" I stated

"Why" he responded

"I found some stuff, I just don't like it"

"That's why we're shooting here, to capture the grit, the energy" he said

"I don't like it, please take me home"

"Nah" he said

"What!?" I exclaimed

"If I take you home then I gotta come all the way back with someone else"

"Fine" I said

I pulled out my phone and rushed out the door calling my mom to come pick me up. When she picked me up she assured me that he is a nice boy and everything will be okay.