It was November 8th, 2018. It was Thursday. My phone buzzed that day and saw it was Shane Marshall. Shane and I were talking for a long time. We Snap Chatted multiple times a day for the past couple weeks. He wanted to hang out, in person. My stomach dropped, but my heart raced. A mixture of excitement and nervousness ran through my body.

He picked me up later that night. I walked outside and saw a big Suburban. I opened the door, and he was sitting in the driver’s seat smiling at me. I smiled back and he drove off. We drove to his house which was only five minutes away but felt like forever. He was playing music, but I had never heard it before.

We get to his house and walk inside. A big German shepherd approaches me and barks. I backed up a bit, but the German shepherd’s tail start wagging so I came closer. The dog walked away after a couple of minutes. Shane’s mom walked to the front door and immediately wanted to say hello. Shane and I sat in the living room on the couch where the tv was.

We scrolled through Netflix trying to find something to watch. I didn’t care what we watched and was quiet when Shane asked me what I wanted to watch. We continued to scroll then Shane decided to click on something.

During the movie I sat as still as possible. For whatever reason I didn’t want him to see me move or for me to do anything embarrassing. Which is ironic because since I was awkward that was more embarrassing. I sat in the same position the whole time, legs together on the couch with my ankle over the other, then my arms crossed.

The movie went on and when he would laugh, I would laugh. We didn’t talk unless we said something about the movie like, “why would he do something so stupid?” I couldn’t think of anything to say to him. My mind was always blank.

After the movie was over it was around ten o’clock and I was supposed to go home. Shane went out to his car to turn on the seat warmers and warm up the car. He came back inside, and it was time to go. I never took my shoes off or my jacket, so I stood right up. I waited for him, and we walked to the door. I said “goodnight” to his mom, and we headed out the door. He opened the car door for me, and I got in.

The drive home was just as awkward as the drive there. I think he noticed I wasn’t a fan of his music before, so he tried changing the genre to country. Luckily, I am a fan of country. As he drove back, I quietly sang along to the song, basically humming I was so quiet. I just stared out the window the whole time.

We finally got back, and I said goodnight and got out of his truck. He drove off and as soon as he got home, he texted me again saying, “sorry I was so awkward.” I said back, “what? I was the awkward one trusts me.” It was so much easier to text him than talk to him in person.

We texted all night and decided that we should probably try again so it is less awkward. So, we did the next day. He picked me up the same time and in the same car and everything. We got to his house and sat on the couch and put on a random show for background noise and we just talked. It felt like we were texting. Talking was so easy and it felt normal. That night was more fun than the last. Since then, we have been dating for three years and hung out every day.