

Valentine's Day

By Gaige Broughton

Greg dropped the books onto the table before he sat down. He opened his notebook and placed an elbow on the table. It was just an average day.

“He-he,” a girl said in the classroom.

Greg looked up to see a guy leaning on a desk, his hands busy with a girl. The girl who kept giggling was pressing up against the guy. Greg flipped a page.

Is the only reason to be in a relationship is so that you can grope someone? Greg thought and smirked.

Greg flipped another page.

Other students began to flock in as the bell was going to ring soon. The couple went to sit down. Apparently, moving to the other side of the classroom is a cause for celebration because he went and slapped her ass.

Her only response was, “Oh, George, he-he.”

Greg liked to sit close to the back of the class so that he can stay far away from the teacher. There was some desk behind him, one of which was empty. Maybe someone dropped out because it was the only seat open. Greg didn't care; it was one less person to make him nervous.

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Greg dropped the books onto the table before he sat down. He opened his notebook and placed an elbow on the table. It was just another average day.

He started to flip through the notebook when laughter came from the hallway. A group of guys went into the room. Greg lifted his head. He didn't recognize one of the guys. He had straight blond hair that went in a swoop to the side of his face. His bright blue eyes shined like a lighthouse, and that lighthouse was looking at Greg.

Oh, shit, Greg thought and looked away.

The guy became distracted by his friends again. Greg continued to check him out. He had a jersey on with "John 09" on it.

John, huh, he thought.

John was athletically inclined; he was sporting a few muscles. Maybe today wasn't so average after all.

Students filed in and the bell rang. Greg began to freak out. John was walking right to him. Greg didn't know what to do so he just buried his head in his notebook. John passed him to the empty seat diagonal from him and sat down.

Oh my gosh, oh my gosh, Greg thought. *Why did I forget about that damn empty seat?*

Trying to keep calm, Greg decided to draw. He drew whatever came to mind, the lesson for class today was review anyway. Greg didn't pay attention to what he was sketching until the end of the course. His face turned red with embarrassment, and he hunched over to cover what he had expressed. It was a note. He drew two stick figures and named them Greg and John.

Hearts were put all around them with a question below.

"Will you go out with me?" Two checkmark boxes were below.

What if he sees this? Greg thought. *What if he says yes, what if he says no?*

Greg looked behind him. John was taking notes. He was different than the other boys, but Greg couldn't figure out why. Maybe it was because Greg had a crush.

The bell rang, and everyone packed up and left. Greg had ripped the note out of his book and had it folded in his hand. He was almost out the door but saw that John was still sitting alone packing his things. Greg looked down at his note. His hands became clammy. The paper was heavy like the pit in his stomach.

Come on what's the worst that could happen, Greg thought.

He begins to walk towards John when a girl comes out of nowhere.

Stacey, he thought.

Stacey was like the town bicycle of their school. You could say she got around.

"Hi there, cutie," Stacey said.

"Oh, hi," John said.

"So, you're the new kid, huh?"

"Yeah, I guess I am." John looked over. The classroom was empty.

After finishing packing, John walked to the door with Stacey, who seemed nice. Before he got out of the door, he stepped on something. Curious, he went to pick it up. It was a note. Opening it up he sees his name with a stick figure that has straight hair and next to him was another stick figure with curly black hair named Greg. Was that the boy who he saw before class?

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With his hoodie over his head, Greg walked into the classroom. He took his books out and dropped them onto the desk, but something was different. Greg sat down and lifted his books up. A note with a shoe print on it.

What's this? Greg thought.

He unfolded the note and realized that it was his. His breathing stopped. One of the boxes had a checkmark on it.