

Story

“I’m gonna go get a Diet Coke, ‘kay, Sam?” Tara said, setting her homework down and standing up. “All this math is getting to me.”

“Grab me a water, wouldja?” I asked, looking away from the Trig problem I was struggling with.

“No problem,” she said breezily, sashaying away in her patented walk, one that only Tara could pull off. Slightly swinging tiny hips, clad in low-rise skinny jeans, golden hair swishing back and forth across her back, spine straight... her walk resembled that of a model; her face, however, was all her own. A mixture of confidence and flirtation, her expression managed to say “come hither, you know you want to” while also “you know I’m out of your league - don’t bother”, without coming off as haughty or snobbish. It was truly a fascinating sight.

And it worked.

Within seconds guys had begun to stride toward her at the usual slow, dragging, “I’m cool” pace, a smile on their face as their eyes scaled her body, top to bottom. Then they’d notice the guys coming from other directions and, well, you can imagine how hilarious they look when they suddenly pick up speed and practically hurl themselves her way.

Today it was a blond, curly-haired fellow who reached her first; quickly producing the cash for her drinks.

I bet she hadn’t even brought any money over.

For the millionth time in my life (or at least of the duration of my friendship with Tara, which, by the way has been since fifth grade), I questioned why it was that there were girls who seemed to ooze with the pheromones that the Y-chromosome-bearers loved while others weren’t so blessed?

I sighed and looked back down at my homework. Maybe some girls are just meant to do Trigonometry and others are meant to... well... I looked up at Tara; she laughed and lightly pushed the blonde’s shoulder... do that.

I immersed myself in the problem, resigned to being the former of the two girls, when I heard someone sit down on the bench.

“So... how was he?” I asked gamely, though I wasn’t really in the mood to hear about Tara’s latest admirer.

“Total hottie,” a smooth, laughing voice replied.

I looked up, startled.

There was a boy, brown hair, green eyes, sitting where I had expected Tara.

“You’re not Tara,” I said dumbly.

“Oh, thank god. I’m glad I don’t look like a Tara.” He grinned.

“What?” I was so confused. Why was this good-looking boy sitting with me?

“Nothing, nothing. So... who’s Tara?”

This was not the first time a boy had asked me who Tara was. I looked back down at my work. “That girl over there,” I muttered, jerking my thumb in her direction.

“I don’t actually care, you know,” he said.

I looked up, slightly agitated. “Then why’d you ask?” I snapped.

“Because I wanted to talk to you.”

This statement startled me. I had no idea how to respond. “Oh.”

“So far, you’re not really holding up your end of the conversation,” he said playfully.

“Sorry,” I blushed.

He chuckled. “No problem. How about we go see a movie on Friday? That gives you three days to think of something to say and a movie to discuss.”

I thought of all the times that guys had had me ask Tara out for them. “Sure,” I said, suddenly.

“Great.” He flashed a big, perfect smile. “Can I write down my phone number for you?”

He scrawled it in a slanting print with his name, Jace, next to it. I gave him mine, too, tearing it off my Trig paper.

“See you Friday, Sam,” he said, giving me a wink and getting up.

He was barely a few feet away when Tara came over. “Who was that?” she squealed. “He was a hottie.”

I smiled and looked down at my math, deciding that I didn't mind being the girl doing Trigonometry.

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