

A Dream of You

It was the last year of high school and a severe case of 'senioritis' had set in. Eager for new experience, for adventure. Scanning the faces of a morning Shakespeare class. Hoping to engage an attractive member of the male species. Passing over the attention of several worthy mustangs. Until finally noticing a quiet little black haired boy. This messy little flower on the wall was blooming in a specific direction. Staring with his big, brown, inquisitive eyes, towards that which he desired most. He saw you; you saw him. Eyes met; emotions flared.

Caught in a vortex of exciting embarrassment. Both of you quickly averted your eyes in the direction that felt most opposite to one another. Without realizing it, the young man had been burning a hole into the center of your forehead. Attempting to undress your feminine mystique with his contemplative peepers. As you sat there, wondering if what just happened, had in fact, actually happened: your mind wandered back into a more focused -To Do List- mode. Team practice was tonight. Sick of playing all girls tennis in a short skirt and tight tank top. Never to be seen by any of the males its design was most effective on. You paused for a moment, remembering that your parents already considered you to be an absolute success, complete with early admission. And this was English class. Romanticizing the seemingly insignificant details was probably a prerequisite!

Armed with this shift in perspective you pushed next weeks practice from your mind in order to focus on the here and now. Without knowing who, what, or why, you began to feel the strong gravitational pull of this young black haired boy. There was something about him that seemed to be pulling your eyes in the direction of his. Before you had an opportunity to consider a proper plan of approach. His wide, dark pupils had already locked on to your own. Now engaged, he began to follow your ascent into the clouds above. Breaking eye contact, banking left to right, up and down. He chased you through the sky. His nose on your tail. Staring directly at you while making his classroom comments in a tone that implied:

I see you; see me.

Determined not to be the first one to break off eye contact. The boy made his move to win the game in a manner that any other girl might have found creepy. He toned down his hand-raising commentary and locked his eyes on to yours, one final time. Class would be over soon. He was determined to home in on you, even if it ended in kamikaze red.

In these next few moments, time slowed down as the boy's dark brown eyes began to brighten, like two round suns that you couldn't help but gaze into. Disregarding your mother's sound advice that you'll go blind from staring at the sun too long; lowering your guard just long enough to fall in love.

BBBRRrrriinnnggg ... ring, ring ring !!!

Just like that, class was over.

But where were you? Something didn't feel right.

BBBRRrrriinnnggg ... ring, ring ring...

...THOMP !

The loud stomp of your foot smacking against the cold linoleum floor caused your neck and spine to snap back. The bright fluorescent lights stung. You blinked several times hoping to bring your eyes into focus. Where were you? This scene did not feel familiar.

"Jack?" Whispered a soft voice in your left ear. "Are you alright? Are you awake?"

The tone was soothing in a familiar manner. But the voice didn't sound the way you'd remembered it. Who was this woman? She couldn't be the blonde. The blonde had been sitting on the other side of the room. Desperate for an answer, you took a deep breath, turned your head to the left, and discovered the smile of a beautiful young brunette.