

# SOMETIMES IT'S WHAT YOU DON'T SAY

## 10th Grade

As I sat there in English class, I stared at the girl next to me. She was my so called "best friend." I stared at her long, silky hair, and wished she were mine. But she didn't notice me like that, and I knew it. After class, she walked up to me and asked me for the notes she had missed the day before, and I handed them to her. She said "thanks" and gave me a kiss on the cheek. I wanted to tell her, I want her to know, that I don't want to be just friends. I love her, but I'm just too shy, and I don't know why.

## 11th Grade

The phone rang. On the other end, it was her. She was in tears, mumbling on and on about how her love had broken her heart. She asked me to come over because she didn't want to be alone, so I did. As I sat next to her on the sofa, I stared at her soft eyes, wishing she were mine. After two hours, one Drew Barrymore movie, and three bags of chips, she decided to go to sleep. She looked at me, said "thanks," and gave me a kiss on the cheek. I want to tell her, I want her to know, that I don't want to be just friends. I love her, but I'm just too shy, and I don't know why.

## Senior Year

The day before prom she walked to my locker. "My date is sick" she said; he's not going to go. Well, I didn't have a date, and in 7th grade, we made a promise that if neither of us had dates, we would go together just as "best friends." So we did. Prom night, after everything was over, I was standing at her front door step. I stared at her as she smiled at me and stared at me with her crystal eyes. I want her to be mine, but she doesn't think of me like that, and I know it. Then she said "I had the best time. Thanks!" and gave me a kiss on the cheek. I want to tell her, I want her to know, that I don't want to be just friends. I love her, but I'm just too shy, and I don't know why.

## Graduation Day

A day passed, then a week, then a month. Before I could blink, it was graduation day. I watched as her perfect body floated like an angel up on stage to get her diploma. I wanted her to be mine, but she didn't notice me like that, and I knew it. Before everyone went home, she came to me in her smock and hat and cried as I hugged her. Then she lifted her head from my shoulder and said, "You're my best friend. Thanks" and gave me a kiss on the cheek. I want to tell her, I want her to know, that I don't want to be just friends. I love her, but I'm just too shy, and I don't know why.

## A Few Years Later

Now I sit in the pews of the church. That girl is getting married now. I watched her say "I do" and drive off to her new life, married to another man. I wanted her to be mine, but she didn't see me like that, and I knew it. But before she drove away, she came to me and said "You came!" She said "thanks" and kissed me on the cheek. I want to tell her, I want her to know, that I don't want to be just friends. I love her, but I'm just too shy, and I don't know why.

## Funeral

Years passed. I looked down at the coffin of a girl who used to be my "best friend." At the service, they read a diary entry she had written in her high school years. This is what it read: I stare at him wishing he were mine, but he doesn't notice me like that, and I know it. I want to tell him, I want him to know, that I don't want to be just friends. I love him, but I'm just too shy, and I don't know why. I wish he would tell me he loved me!"

"I wish I did too" I thought to myself, and I cried.

