

“What if it just ends like this? Will it have all just meant nothing?” Those are the thoughts racing through my head over and over as I lie helplessly in the car. Everything I have ever had ends now so quickly, like it never existed. To think could have been together forever in this life. But it seems that it will never happen, not now.

God, I miss her so much, and I may never see her again. All because of that kiss, that one extra kiss. How could I have been so reckless, so careless to let my lips so quick to erase everything we ever were, or would be? Everything that we were, crumbled into pieces, I could almost feel it sift through my hands. I had always been so vigilant before, and for what? To let this one slip put it all in vain, to let my guard down once and let her lunatic father catch us together. Oh how I despise him! with every ounce of hate in my bone; after what happened, she did too. I knew I should have let my guard down, not even once. For the moment he saw me even looking at her he would snap. God only knows what he would do to me, and because of my mistake, I had just found out.

I miss her soft velvety smooth skin and her long glistening brown hair. It wasn't the short hair everyday girls had. She had long hair, the kind that you don't see often anymore and I always liked that. How I long to see once more. To watch the sparkle that fills her pretty blue eyes, as she smiles and looks at me with content. I would do anything to hear her soft voice again. It was so calming, especially when I was filled with immense anger. Just a single word out of her smooth delicate lips was enough calm the harshest waters. And I loved how she'd always laugh at my joke no matter how dumb they were. She always got them, in fact, she always got me. She was the only one who really understood me, except for my brother John.

But all of that is gone now. It doesn't matter anymore: I keep telling myself. But I can't let go of it. It still keeps mattering so much to me. Every breath taken, every word spoken, every thought I had with her, I can remember. It was all seared into my memory, nothing could ever erase it. I just can't take my mind off her. She was the only thing I really had besides John. My father was a drunk and he was

never home. When he was home, we would either be lying wasted on the couch or arguing with my mom. It was such a dysfunctional marriage. I don't even know why they are still married. They don't even sleep in the same bed, that's if my dad sleeps. My mom's escape from all of it was her hairdressing business. She was a workaholic; it was her only get away. My mom was so engrossed in trying to forget about her problems, she forgot about her sons' problems. She just tried to make more and more money to try to buy her pain away. The more she bought the emptier she would feel. I couldn't stand it at the time, but now I can't blame her. I actually feel kind of sorry for her, the one that is supposed to love her the most and be there for her no longer does either.

John and I learned to cope with the being ignored all the time by our parents. We would mostly have our fix of cigarettes. We know it's a nasty habit, but it's the only thing that takes everything off our minds and takes away the pain. The pain caused from the lack of love. Our mom never noticed us, even when we were smoking. I started at 15. John was 3 years older than me so he bought them for us. The only time she did notice, was when we burnt her cat stupid cats Sparkles' nose. That was probably the only other thing besides her business she cared about.

Sparkles was a white fluffy cat that was spoiled rotten to the core. That damn thing got more attention than we did. We were smoking outside one day in the courtyard and the cat was walking by. We had a rich house because our mom made a great deal of money. I hated that because everyone would always treat me like I was too good for them. John and I had just finished smoking our cigarettes and we threw our butts on the ground. The cat stuck its nose in the hot butt because it was being stupid and curious. Sparkles screeched and bushed up all her hair. When my mom heard that she freaked out and babied her dumb cat. She was so pissed at John and me that grounded us for months. That was the only time she noticed we smoked, and it was the last time.

We could have grown an entire forest of pot in our basement and our mom would even notice, unless her cat had something to do with it. But we did never did any drugs. We didn't want to end up

like those prickly potheads at school. They acted like they owned the school and would always hit on every girl they saw. Then one day, they messed with the wrong girl, and I just lost it. I'll never forget that day that Big Dan kept harassing Stacey. He just said the wrong things to her, and that was when all hell broke loose.

I remember grabbing him by his collar and telling him fiercely "Back off Dan, stay the hell away from her or I'll break your neck!" Then one of his annoying friends mocked "Ooh, little Jessica is mad. Whatcha go'in to do, slap him to death?" Another friend replied "No he's going to throw dollars at him!" they all chuckled at their foolish banter. Soon after Dan yelled furiously, "Get your hands off me you fagot" as he threw my arms off his neck. "I can have any girl I want in the part of town. Besides you wouldn't know what to do with her anyway." Then I replied angrily, "The only thing you can get is a wrap sheet the size of Mars."

"What did you just say, punk?!" yelled Dan. "You heard me, you dirty piece of scum." I snapped. Then I spat on the ground next to his feet. "That's it!" yelled Big Dan. "I'm going to kick your puny little ass." He rushed towards me angrily like a raging bull. Then Stacey jumped between us and screamed, "Stop it! I'm sick you two always fighting." She was always a peace maker; she never liked it when I got in fights. I didn't like to either but all of those guys had it coming.

Dan then yelled angrily to Stacey "Get out of my way you worthless bitch." Then he threw her to the ground out of his way. That was it. I had never been infuriated in my life. I tried to hold my rage but Dan had just crossed the line. He hurt my girl and demeaned my girl and he was going to pay. I swung my fist at his face so hard that I heard his jaw pop. He fell like a massive tree, so sturdy yet falling so quickly toward the ground with an enormous thud. I sort of felt sorry for him; that was the hardest I've ever punched anyone, and he really fell down. The furry and adrenaline made me stronger than I had meant to be.

I thought his friends were all going to gang up on me. But they had a terrified look on their

faces, like they just pissed themselves. I had never seen anyone run so fast. It was as if they thought I was going to kill them. I helped Stacey up off the ground. Her knee was a scraped up and she had a few bruises but she was alright.

“We better get out of here before someone sees us” I told Stacey. “Yeah, and we need to talk,” said Stacey with her stern voice. Oh-oh, I knew I was in trouble because it was never good when she said that. She always reminded me of how a mother should be, like mine never was. Stacey grabbed me by the arm and pulled my all the way the Jakes Diner. That was always were we would go when we needed to talk or just chill out.

Jakes Diner was a small family owned business. Most of the workers were pretty nice to us, because we were regulars. But there were a couple middle-aged waitresses who were pissed off the whole world. But their food was pretty good and it was a nice place to hangout and just talk.

“Jessie James Carson!” scolded Stacey angrily. “What in the world were you thinking!? I can’t believe it! Someone could have got really hurt. Did you see Dan lying on the ground like that? He was out cold.” She then let out an angry agitated sigh. I learned that it was best to just let women talk and get it out of their systems. “You know I hate it when you get in fights,” said Stacey. “I know Stace” I told her. “It- It’s just that I couldn’t let him push you like that. I love you more than anything in the whole entire world, and I could not live with myself if I let anything bad happen to you.”

Stacey let out a sigh, it was less angry this time. “I’m scared that you’re going to get into a fight where you get hurt, or even worse: die. And I don’t think I can loose you Jessie. You’re all I’ve got too” she said with tears in her eyes. I hugged Stacey and held on tightly. I could feel all of my grief being soaked up and replaced with a warm calming sense of security.

As we were in each others arms, I softly said, “I promise I’ll be more careful, but I’m not going to let you get hurt. You know I would die for you if I had to”

“I know,” Stacey replied with a sad tone. “And that’s what I’m so scared of. I don’t think I could

go on living without you. I barely felt alive before I knew you. The only thing that reassured me was the cold blade sliding down my skin. It was—”

As heard this, the warm feeling had suddenly diminished. Upset by it I put my head up and gave Stacey a disturbed, gloomy look. With my arms extended and hands firmly gripped on her shoulders I interrupted with, “You know I don't like it when you talk about that.”

“I'm sorry”, said Stacey in a sad voice with her lip curled down in a frown. “But you saved me; I was nothing before I met you. I had never felt so cold. But now I got your strong warm arms to keep me warm.” Stacey said this in an affectionate tone as she gently rubbed my arms that she wrapped around herself.

I smiled as she said this and I was warmed again by Stacey's soft touch and her warm breasts as they pressed lightly against my chest. Our lips then pressed against one another's. We kissed passionately for a long time letting go all of our grief. Then suddenly, seemingly out of nowhere, an old crabby waitress interpreted with her Brooklyn accent, “Are you twos going ta order anytime soon, or else I'm going to have to ask you twos ta leave, your making a scene.”

My lips sorrowfully parted from Stacy's luscious lips. “Sorry, I we got a little carried away there.” I insincerely apologized. “I don't know” I joked, “I think I'd rather make out with you,” I said as I looked at Stacy. We gave the waitress, Terry, our usual order. She would always give us a hard time because we'd take forever to make our order; we were always too preoccupied with each other. But the waitress may have well just put in the order because it was always an order of two fries, a diet coke for Stacy and regular for me. We would also always order the Mega Burger, but Stacy would always ask for the pickle to be placed on the top of the bun. It usually annoyed the waiters, as if it was so much to ask for.

We really didn't care for the no-smoking laws in restaurants because we would always have to smoke outside afterwards. But it wasn't so bad, we would go down to smoke by the docks and it was

another excuse to spend more time with Stacey. At the docks we would sit there and watch the sunset as we smoked and talked. Stacy and I would sit on the ledge and share a cigarette. John would always laugh and say “Awe, you too do everything together, including getting cancer together.” I guess it was true, we did do everything together, but it wasn’t anything I ever really thought about.

We would usually go to the docks after our concerts with John. Together, John, Stacie, and I, along with some of John’s friends, were in a band. I played the drums; I always liked to bang on things. It seemed to let go some of my steam. John played the lead guitar, and Stacy was the lead vocalist and also played piano. Stacey had the most amazing voice I have ever heard, it was like a choir of angels. Her voice flowed softly, but yet powerfully through her lips. John has a nice voice. We share rooms together, and he would always sing me to sleep when we were younger. My voice was pretty crappy and scratchy. Stacey and John would always laugh when I tired to sing. They would say, someone help that poor cat. At least I knew my voice was bad, there are so many people out there that think they are the best, and they completely suck.

Tonight we didn’t have a performance; it was just me and Stacey. I sat at the dock with my legs hanging down on the ledge. Stacy sat gracefully in my lap, my arms wrapped around her sides with my hands clasped gently in hers. That night, I felt like we were the only people alive. “Hey, I was thinking...” Stacy said suggestively. “Maybe we could finish what we started a little earlier ago. No ones around to interrupt us...” Stacey was one for romance, and I was a big sucker for it.

Stacey pivoted on my lap until she was facing me. Still on my lap, her legs were wrapped around my back. “Where were we?” I asked. “Oh, yes now I remember,” I said. Then my lips pressed against Stacy’s, with my eyes shut. My heart began to race and I could feel it pound. My arms wrapped tightly around her. I felt her warm breasts press lightly against my chest. We begin to kiss more deeply and passionately. Her lips were so soft and delicate. I began to forget where I was for a moment, and I started to lean forward. Then Stacey and I suddenly fell off the dock and we crashed into the water.

Stacey let out a loud shrill scream, right into my ear. I'm not sure whether her scream was louder or the splash that we made as we fell straight into the water. Then we stood up and started laughing. I splashed Stacey in the face and she screamed and splashed me back. After a while of goofing around we walked onto shore.

"Let's get you dried up before you catch a cold" I said to Stacey as I gently led her forward to my car with my arm around her shoulder and hand pressed lightly against her back.

"Oh? So it's me who's going to catch a cold? I think not!" exclaimed Stacey slightly sarcastic with a gentle teasing tone as we continued walking towards my car.

"Oh, whatever, let's just get dried off," I said slightly annoyed. Then Stacey let out her short little laugh that she would always make when she was playfully agitating me.