

Summer

By XPlain_Janex

Submitted: July 7, 2007

Updated: July 7, 2007

This is 100% true and all based off my first love. Which was a wonderful and sad story. I thought..I might as well tell someone.

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1 - Buses and other sunny places.

Dear reader,

I was never really sure who to tell or confess this to, and I was never really sure if I should, But I will tell you. I will share this with you because I feel someone has to know this story. Someone has to understand it and feel as I did or as I do now.

I couldn't remember a more innocent time in my life and for at any moment in my life I will pray that I could in some miracle go back to that time. This was the time before sex, drugs, and being responsible. This time was the bridge to all of those things that take the child out of all of us.

In the beginning we just met on the bus and that was the way we spoke. I think I almost did this subconsciously almost knowing I was looking for someone to talk to me. Besides the point that I loved to ride the bus. This was mostly because when ever I did it was past noon and the sun would slide through the windows. The perfect time of day to be outside. When the sun turns everything to gold and never confessed this to anyone but most the time I didn't have anything to stay after late in class for. Most the time I would want the peace of a quiet but surrounded by gleaming bus seats and teenage gossip. I sat in different seats every day reading the messages in between puppy love. I love him, she loves me, together forever, the date, More I loves and some I hate's.

From a normal eye I might have looked kind of strange. I wouldn't speak with anyone. Just sit down placing my black portfolio bag next to me.

After the first few weeks of riding the late bus I no longer had to speak with the busdriver. A tall and lanky twig with frizzy brown hair. We'd just nod at each other and sometimes a smile.

Then there was Jay. one Rainy day when my pants were damp up to my ankles he spoke to me. I had worn a plain black zipper-up sweatshirt with the hood draped over my head. With dark straightleg jeans. He sat across from me and I really didn't notice. At first he was just another person sitting around me interested for a moment before going back to their own life. Since I was muddy and wet I turned away from the window placing my feet on the seat rubbing the dirt off my converse. He watched and what I didn't notice was he smiled. I looked up and was almost shocked for a second. He very cool and collected said "hello".

For a few seconds I felt strange he was way out of my league. I was in the 6th grade and although I looked older I was still 13. He was 15 and 8th grader, also what my school called a "punk". I was in this group. It was a haven for all kinds who didn't quite get into the popular crowd. We were all happy thought there was more of us anyways.

"hey" I said looking up at him threw my bangs.

The bus is where we shared out time for two months. Talking everyday. I no longer sat in different seats I now sat across from him always. Suddenly I had a reason for staying after. (a better one)

Every day I would look forward to seeing him. His eyes were the first thing I noticed about him. Yellow and gold with green in the middle. Then his hair. Blond and long.

I was already crushing him before I knew his last name.

-Lace