

A True Love Story

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A recent quick 15 minute story I did... It's about two monthes old.

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A True Love Story: Emilys mother let her out of the car at the curb on 47th street. Emily gazed up at her school with a dream-like expression on her face. She walked slowly to the building in her plaid skirt and white blouse. She was a tall red-head. She was 17 years old. She pulled open the large wooden doors leading too Williamson High School. She walked through the doors into the dark hallway. She passed the office on her left and the gym on her right as she headed to her homeroom. She kept her head down and didnt engage in the usual teenage friend searches and witless talk of whos going with who, and why. She kept on a straight path with her head pointed at her black loafers. She reached her classroom, room 101. She opened the door went in and sat down at the back of the classroom. No one noticed her. Her teacher went through her usual stupid comments about the weather and whether or not the football team would win tonight. They never did. The bell rang and Emily stood up and walked out, her shows squeaked on the shiny floor, she still had her head down. Her first period was Math. She came in and sat down, again in the back of the classroom. Her teacher Mr. Smith walked in and as usual made most of the class laugh with some stupid joke. Emily never looked up. The class went by and still she did not look up. The bell rang, she stood again and made her way in between the rows of clean sparkling desks, that were so neatly kept by the janitors. She passed through the door, and stepped out into the hallway. She was swept away with the crowd, and she never looked back. She went off to her next class without speaking to anyone or looking around. She reached her room and went immediately to the back of the class and sat down, as usual her teacher came in ten minutes late and explained the situation with a complete lack of vocal changes. Emily sat in the back staring at her desk. The teacher began his lecture about the ability of squid to change its color to prevent predators from finding them. The bell rang 45 minutes later and again Emily stood up. She went to lunch and sat down by herself. She did not get lunch and did not look around. A few minutes later Jason sat down next to her. Hi Emily hows it going? Emily gave him a wry look. Oh S.O.S Jason laughed and stood up to get lunch. Emily went back to her mindless staring. Before Jason reached the line he turned and looked back at her. He was worried about her, she had been acting strange the last few weeks. Jason got his lunch and tried his best to make conversation with Emily. She never said a word. After lunch Jason followed her for as long as he could before he had to go a different way to class. Emily either didnt notice Jason following her or didnt care. She walked off as if in a dream. Her next class was her last class. It was English. She went in and sat down at the back of the classroom again. Her teacher Mr. Lashard came in and sat down at his desk, and told them to work on their vocabulary work. Emily never moved. The bell rang and Emily stood up. For the first time she looked up. The room was well lit with two windows with the shades pulled up. Emily looked out into the sunlight with an expression of sadness on her face. Her left eye was completely hidden behind a massive black eye. She pulled her hair in front of it and left the room. She got on the bus and sat down in the front. Talking to no one. She did not notice Jason get on after her. The bus ride was long and usually Emily was full of energy and talking to all around her. Today she just sat there with an expression of sadness. Jason watched her out of the corner of his eye. They had known each other all there lives and Jason was her best friend. Possibly her only friend. They reached Emilys stop and she got off and Jason followed keeping his distance. Emily stopped before her house and took out of her back pack a piece of paper. Jason could not see what was written on it but he could tell it was Emilys hand writing. She put it in the mailbox, and turned the other way and walked down the street toward the Mercer bridge. Jason was becoming very worried now. He followed about 30 feet back. Emily was staring at the ground. From behind her Jason could see that she had sat in gum. Jason winced , Emily

was very beautiful but had always been on the clumsy side and tended to not look before she sat. They walked like that for miles. Finally when they reached the bridge Emily walked to the center of it and looked down. The Mercer river was a very fast river. 10 years ago someone had jumped off of it for a dare and they had found the body bent and broken 20 miles upstream. Emily stood that way for 10 minutes. Staring down at the rushing water. Jason stood on the other side of the bridge, safely on the sidewalk. Not many cars crossed this bridge anymore. It was old and wooden and rotten in some places. Two miles upriver there was a metal bridge that was less than 3 years old, and people tended to use that one. Emily suddenly looked up into the sky and stared at the blue sky. It was a look Jason will remember later, of one trying to memorize something that they may never see again. Emily looked back at the water. In a flash Jason knew what she was doing. Emily put her foot up on the railing and leaned back, preparing to catapult herself over the bridge. Jason lurched across the street. He ran as fast as he could trying to make it in time. He missed her by less than an inch. As she jumped she made a half-turn to look back at the bridge. She saw Jason and her eyes widened. Emily was lucky that day. Her blouse caught on a piece of wood and she caught herself. Jason reached down and grabbed her hand and struggled to bring her back. She screamed. NO, let me fall. There is nothing for me here. Jason couldn't speak he was putting too much effort into keeping her from falling. She was struggling, trying to make herself fall. For one wild second Jason almost lost her but then he caught her again and dragged her up onto the bridge. She was breathing very hard. Why did you save me? I am not worth it. Jason caught by surprise answered. Your worth it to me. She looked at him surprised. Jason helped her to her feet. Now come on lets go. Jason took her hand and helped her down from the bridge. They walked along, they had walked together many times before but this was the first time they were together. Emily looked at him for the first time and smiled. And Jason wondered to himself. How could anyone hide such a beautiful smile?