

99 WRITING

The Saga Continues

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TYPE
NARRATIVE

Okay, so I like this girl. Her name is [redacted]. So I'm all like, "Dang [redacted] so fine, but she probably won't notice me" every day of my life, just being an awkward pimply teenager as usual. I swear, if I wasn't thinking about [redacted] twenty-four seven, I was probably thinking about food, but still. So anyway, I'm at this hair salon, which is called *Censored* Cuts. So, I'm at *Censored* Cuts texting my good pally <<404>> about the [redacted] situation, and who "ships" us or whatever. I'm sitting in a leather chair gushing sweat like Niagra Falls, heart beating so fast it might get a speeding ticket and a \$500 fine, and I'm just debating with myself about whether or not I should confess my feels to [redacted]. Luckily <<404>> and [redacted] were at school still with a few of my other friends, so it wouldn't be so awkward. Probably. I was clammy than a seafood place, white-knuckles clenching my phone, and finally pouring my feelings out at my keyboard like a glass of water, hoping that texting [redacted] would make me feel better. BOY WAS I

WRONG! Not like I got rejected or anything, more like everybody, myself included, was flipping OUT. Suddenly, I was being swamped with texts and calls from <<404>> and his brother—error—even WHILE I WAS ON THE TOILET. So, I’m sitting on the toilet and <<404>> is all like being mysterious and not responding, and every now and then she’ll be all, “her phone died broseph” or send a word of encouragement while—error—is just textin’ and callin’ like crazy about everything and WOW OH MY GOD WAS I TERRIFIED. And when I did finally get an answer back from [redacted], she was just as awkward as me, all vague and all. But, finally I did run into her, and her two friends jumped on me like guard dogs and scoped me out like a freakin’ telescope fan club. It was terrifying to be sure. Anyway, I’m out of time, but this was all about a week ago so THE SAGA CONTINUES.