

MY FIRST BOYFRIEND

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I didn't know it then, but my fourth grade class at Green Bay Road Elementary School was one year that I would never forget. On that first day of school, as I walked into Mrs. Kaplan's classroom, my eyes roamed the room, in search of a familiar face. Then, I saw him, a boy I recognized from my earlier years at Green Bay. Something had changed since Kindergarten though, because now I couldn't keep my eyes off of him. There were many empty seats around the room, but I chose the seat directly behind him. I had a perfect view. I could see his handsome brown hair combed back very neatly, just barely touching the top of his sky blue shirt. He sat in his seat like a perfect gentleman. I liked sitting behind him, because I could watch him without him realizing that he was being admired. I sat there listening to him tell his friend next to him about his summer. He had a very nice voice too. It was gentle and calm, not like most boys I had known, screaming at the top of their lungs.

Suddenly, someone in the hall behind me called his name. I was so involved in looking at him that I didn't even notice what his name was. When he turned around and saw his friend waving at him from the hall, he smiled that beautiful smile. Even though it was not directed at me, my heart melted. That's when I knew that this boy was special.

I waited anxiously for Mrs. Kaplan to take attendance, so I could find out his name. Finally, she began, but it wasn't until she was more than halfway through, when she called, "Christopher Sweeney?", and I heard him say, "here", in his own special way. Little did I know this was a name I'd never forget. Later that day, he turned around for some reason and our eyes met. We looked at each other for what seemed like hours, and finally he said, "hi", and I said "hi" back.

I never knew such a little word like "hi" could make me so happy! I didn't even want to tell my friends about that first day. I wanted to keep this wonderful feeling all to myself!