

MEMORIES OF A SUMMER LOVE

Tammy Graham  
Creative Writing  
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Carrying a box of a dozen red roses, Terry stepped onto the plane with blurry eyes. She found her seat and awkwardly began trying to squeeze the box into the overhead compartment, which was already full. The plane was very crowded, and as she looked around shyly, it seemed to her as if everyone had noticed her struggling movements. She stood very tall and slender. Her short brown hair lay on her back neatly. It was obvious that she was trying to avoid looking anyone in the eyes.

Two men sitting in the seats next to Terry's got up to let her reach her window seat more easily. After she was settled, and the men had returned to their seats, Terry stared out the window, hoping no one would notice her.

She began to think about everything that had happened in the last two weeks. It had been the first time she had been to Pennsylvania. When she had first seen her best friend, Debbie, at the airport two weeks earlier, she hardly recognized her. Her short brown hair was now almost shoulder length, and had some very attractive waves. She was wearing a dress, which Debbie seldom did. Her face had changed during the past year. She seemed to have gotten five years older and about ten times prettier. Her once girlish body, was now a beautiful womanly figure.

"Debbie, I hardly recognized you," Terry said. "You look so much more grown-up."

"Thanks...Did you have a nice flight?" Asked Debbie. "Didn't I tell you this airport was small? Not like Chicago, huh?"

"It wasn't bad. I had to sit next to some businessmen who bored each other stiff," Replied Terry, as she looked around the tiny airport. It was nothing compared to the airport she had just left. "This airport really is small. At least you don't have to worry about getting your gates mixed up here. There are only two!"

"You know, we almost didn't make it in time," Debbie confessed. "I had to work today, so things got pretty hectic. I've got so many things planned," Debbie rattled on nervously, "but we don't have to do everything. We can just do the things that you want to do."

Suddenly, a bell rang, and Terry left her thoughts and realized that the seat belt sign had flashed on. After fastening her seat belt, Terry looked around the plane. She noticed that other people were deep in their own thoughts. She wondered if anyone else on the plane had also met someone special. She began to stare out the window again. She watched carefully as the plane began to rise. She realized then, that she was leaving behind the best two weeks of her life.

Terry began to think of the day that she had received her roses. The doorbell had rung while Terry was busy doing something in Debbie's room. She thought nothing of it until someone called her name.

"Terry, it's for you," yelled Debbie's mother.

"For me?" Terry thought to herself. "But I am a million miles from home. How could it be for me?"

As Terry walked to the front door, she saw a van marked "Robbin's Flowers" in the driveway. When she reached the front door, she saw a girl in a white uniform, holding a long, slender box, with a bright red bow on it.

"Are you Terry?" The girl asked.

"Yes...I am."

"Then, these are for you...Have a nice day." The girl said as she handed Terry the box and walked away.

"Who are they from?" asked Debbie's curious sister, as she peered at the box.

"I don't know." Terry said as she remembered her first night with Bill. As they were roller skating to a slow love song, he had told her that he was a romantic at heart. Terry smiled and walked toward

the kitchen.

Debbie's whole family followed her. She opened the little envelope on the box and took out the card. It read, "To Terry, Thank you for the great times. Love, Bill." Tears came to her eyes as she handed Debbie the card to read. Terry opened the box and saw twelve beautiful red roses through her blurry eyes. She was so happy, she couldn't stop crying.

If it hadn't been for Debbie and her boyfriend, Tim, Terry might never have met Tim's best friend, Bill. Terry had never met anyone like Bill. He was so perfect. He had blonde hair, blue eyes, and a well-groomed mustache. He was the same height as Terry. His smile was heart warming. Terry couldn't believe that she had met someone thoughtful enough to send her roses. How could she ever thank Debbie and Tim?

Again, Terry's thoughts were interrupted by the stewardess. "What would you like to drink?" the stewardess asked impatiently. Terry could tell that it was not the first time she had asked her that question.

"Oh... Coke, please," Terry finally answered.

It didn't take long for Terry to return to her thoughts. She began thinking about her last night in Pennsylvania. It had been extremely hard to say goodbye to Bill.

Bill and Terry stood facing each other under the front lights at Debbie's house. "You will write won't you?" Bill asked.

"Of course I will. You will too won't you?" Terry asked.

“I will answer every letter,” Bill was searching for something else to say. They were both avoiding those terrible words, “goodbye.”

They looked each other in the eyes, and Terry began to cry. Bill tried to comfort her, but he felt the same way. Soon Bill was crying too. It was difficult because they weren’t sure that they would ever see each other again. Terry and Bill hugged each other for a very long time before they decided to make the final move.

“Take care of yourself,” Bill said. “Sleep good, Princess.”

“Goodnight,” Terry managed to say. She had such a large lump in her throat that she was surprised that she could say anything at all.

Terry watched as Bill walked towards the car. After thinking about him all night, she realized that somehow she would see him again. She knew that she would find a way.

When the plane came to a stop after a safe landing, Terry thought of the things she would tell her mother first.

Terry stepped off of the plane to meet her mother, and the only words that she could say were, “Oh Mom, that was the best two weeks of my life!” Terry’s mother saw the tears in Terry’s eyes and didn’t ask any questions. She knew her daughter would tell her all about it as soon as the pain of leaving was over.