

THIS CAN'T BE TRUE

My first day in high school was great, as I sat in my homeroom in order to begin the day, I thought to myself **this can't be true**, I finally made it to the big leagues, well when you are in Junior high the next big leagues are the halls and classrooms of high school. **I must be** in a dream, I was in the same homeroom as Chelsea Smith, the hottest chick in Junior High and now I am sure **she will become** one of the hottest and most popular girls in this school.

I have always had a crush on Chelsea and I thought that this year **might turn into** my opportunity to try something with her; you see I never thought of myself as an ugly person, I am quite the handsome dude or so my mother says. I am also described as a funny and courteous person, easy going and definitely a smooth talker; however when the topic is Chelsea I turn into a mouse, when **I should really be a lion**.

This year will be my year; **it will be** a lonely year since my best friend Jose Hernandez moved to another school district and well, not many people I get along with really well. For that reason, I have also made it a mission that **I must make** some friends by the end of the first week or **it might turn into** a long semester all by my lonesome.

It seemed to be going good, first day and I had already made a friend, Charles, but he preferred Charlie. He seemed like a real nice dude to hang with; we shared the same interests and ideas, even same weird food choices, French fries with bbq sauce and mayonnaise. We both came to the decision that **we should be friends**.

The first week has gone by and all things have gone well, **it will be a great semester**, I love my French class since I sit right behind Chelsea, a part of me tells me **I should talk to her**, the other part tells me **I should wait**. The French teacher makes me read in front of everyone and thankfully, I took some classes before getting to this level, **I should not have a problem**, I thought to myself and sure enough, it was a success.

Chelsea is very impressed with my pronunciation that she asked me for help, and because I am no idiot, I accepted right away. We started studying at her house, in her room. I thought to myself, "This **may be the chance** I was looking for, to get closer to her and get her to like me. I **can't let this chance escape from me**.

We were spending every other day together, I would make her laugh, and she told me she liked laughing. **I have to take advantage** of this opportunity to make her my girlfriend. A few weeks have passed by, and by this time we spend more and more time together, we talk on the phone and message all day. It seems that her heart **will finally belong to me**.

Months have gone passed now, and I feel like the time is now. I am ready to make my move and tell her how I feel; I set up a little date and tell her I have something to tell her, she also says she has something to tell me, **she must feel the same**. I am nervous but I get the courage to tell her how long I have been crushing on her, I tell her but her face changed from happy to astonished, she stops me and tells me she wanted to tell me something different. This **has to be the most embarrassing moment of my life**, next she tells me she is actually in love with my new friend Charlie and that they have been dating for a month now.

I shouldn't be upset because they are both my friends and I love them both; however I love Chelsea more than Charlie and I feel betrayed, played for a fool. To think that all this time I have felt something very strong for her and now it has gone to someone else, **this can't be true, it must be a joke** and I am everyone's jester.



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