

I met him accidentally. Honestly, I hated him the moment we met. The Summer Carnival was in town, and I had volunteered to take my niece so my sister could have a break.

Lucy was one of those five-year-olds that shouldn't have sugar. So when we walked by the cotton candy stall all hell broke loose. She started screaming. Everyone started to give me dirty looks, and I was trying everything to calm her down. Then that bastard just had to step in.

He knelt down next to her and held out his hand. In it was a box of smarties.

"What are you doing?!" I question him, not meaning to raise my voice as much as I did.

"Giving your sister something that will keep her mouth shut."

"Well, you don't have to. I have it all under control."

"Yeah, I can see that," He said sarcastically, but with a stupidly perfect smile on his face.

I narrowed my eyes, "Thanks for the help, but I was doing just fine."

"No you weren't."

"Yes, I was."

"What's your name?"

"Kristy, but--"

"Not you, your little rug rat here." He smiled at Lucy.

"I'm Lucy," She smiled up at him and twirled her baby blue dress.

He held out his hand, "Pleased to meet you Lucy, I'm Jake. Would you and your sister like to go on the Ferris wheel?"

"She's not my sister she's my aunty!" Lucy snapped.

"I beg your pardon miss Lucy. Would you and your *Aunty* like to come on the Ferris wheel?"

My initial impression of Jake was child predator. Just lurking in the shadows until he could find an easy target who could simply just fall in love with him over his smile.

Lucy sat in the middle on the Ferris wheel. It stopped at the top and of course the sight was amazing. Living in a small town, a fair is just about the most exciting thing that happens all year. Everyone comes. Unfortunately, my Mother had decided to drag my sister along when she was entering her pie in to the competition.

So there we were, on top of the classic styled Ferris wheel, with a crazy psychopath yelling at us from below. I guess it's not really fair to call Jane that. I mean, if it were my kid, 50 feet in the air, with my sister, and a child predator, I would probably be screaming too.

The Ferris wheel control guy clued in to the commotion, and immediately turned the wheel back on and let us off as soon as possible. Lucy skipped up to my sister, who embraced her in a bear hug.

"Who is your friend Lucy?" My Mother asked patting her blonde head.

"Jake!" She said with a little extra enthusiasm from the sugar.

My Mother looked at me and winked. I could feel my face turning red. I hadn't noticed until then how green Jake's eyes were, and how tall and built he was, how his brown scruffy hair gave him just enough edge, and how... I had to stop myself there. Child predator, I couldn't forget that. My Mother went to Lucy and whispered something in to her ear. A huge toothy smile grew upon her face.

"Do you want to come over to my house for dinner!?" She asked Jake. "We are having cookies for dessert!"

How dare she! Inviting a threat into our house. I couldn't believe my mother. Jake looked at me. I glared at him but apparently he didn't find it very intimidating, and agreed to come anyways.

It was now 5:00. Mom had put out the good china. Typical.

"Kristy, would you please dress up just a little bit."

I looked down at my faded muddy jeans and my white t-shirt.

"Nope, I don't want to steal Lucy's date"

Mom rolled her eyes at me and smiled. Then her expression changed. We heard "I've Been Dreaming of a True Loves Kiss" blaring from upstairs. It was that moment that I really regretted getting Lucy the "Disney Princess Songs of Love" CD for Christmas.

She slowly walked down the stairs. The same way that Cinderella does when she's wearing the magical gown at the ball. The only differences were Lucy's dress was pink, she was five, and this was not *her* date. Woops.

"Well," my mom admired, "don't you look *beautiful*."

She did a little curtsy. I rolled my eyes.

As soon as I heard the sound of tires against the gravel of my driveway I ran one way, and Lucy ran the other. She ran to the door, I to my bedroom. I guess my mom was right; getting a *little* dressed up wouldn't be so bad. I looked in the mirror, my freckled face was a little burnt from being in the sun all day, and my ponytail had practically fallen out. I removed the tangled elastic and tousled my chestnut brown hair. It fell just past my shoulders and my over grown bangs covered my brown eyes. Good enough. I threw on a black rat-pack t-shirt and headed down stairs.

I tried to hide in the kitchen and help Mom with dinner, but she *insisted* that I 'socialize.' I strolled into the family room, trying to look as casual as possible. I made no eye contact, headed straight to the old teal blue couch and picked up the magazine sitting on the coffee table. Once I decided that my entrance was dismissed, I peered over the top of my magazine.

Jake was sitting on the floor with Lucy. They were talking about horses. I then glanced towards my sister. She was staring at me and shaking her head. I mouthed "What?" and she just rolled her eyes.

"Kristy *loves* horses." Jane said unexpectedly.

Jake looked at me. I shrugged, "they're alright."

A frown formed on Jake's face. He was studying mine. After an awkward couple of seconds he turned back to Lucy. I wanted so badly to hear what they were saying but I had I feeling I wasn't supposed to. What bothered me was why did I want to know? It's not like Jake could say anything all that interesting to a toddler. He probably didn't have anything interesting about him anyways.

To put it lightly, dinner was a complete embarrassment. Have you ever had a friend try to set you up with someone? How she will tell this guy all the awesome things about you? This is basically what was happening, only from my Mother's point of view so it's never a good thing. I was just glad I could blame any reddening of my face on the sunburn.

After the first few stories I zoned it all out. Focused on my mashed potatoes and contributed a "Yeah I know right" or an "Of course" every once in awhile. I have to say I learned a big lesson that night. Always listen to conversations that are about you. Somewhere in that long

painful dinner I had agreed to show Jake around town after dinner. There was only one plus side, I didn't have to help with dishes.

"Where do you want to go?" I asked unenthusiastically as we climbed into my beat up navy blue truck.

"You're the tour guide aren't you?"

"If it were up to me, we wouldn't be going anywhere. So pick a place and make it quick."

"I'm trying to compromise, since you don't want to go, and I do, we will go where you want. Deal?"

"Fine." I gritted my teeth.

"What's your problem?"

"Excuse me?"

"Why are you so... agitated?"

"I'm not."

"Well you are from what I've seen so far."

"Well I'm not!"

"There you go again!"

I tried to say in my sweetest voice, "Listen sweetie, you don't know me, it's kind of rude to make assumptions about people you don't even know." I threw in a 'so there' smile.

"Well then why can't I get to know you?"

This caught me off guard. I don't usually deal with people this persistent. I'm the stubborn one; people who know me usually just back off. Ah. There's the problem.

"You wanna know me? Fine. Get in the truck."

I considered myself to be a boring person. Living in a small town, with a few friends, and a crazy family. Everyone who lives here lives like that. My overall plan was to just bore the hell out of him. We were going to the beach, a two-hour drive from here. By the time we got back I was hoping he would be close to jumping out the window.

What I didn't consider was the fact that having such a boring life, you have such a short story. I talked for about a grand total of twenty minutes and he listened without interrupting. It was weird to tell a story no one else knew. I was used to everything being passed around town so quickly, from getting a cavity, to breaking up with a boyfriend. Everyone knew. He didn't.

"Wow," he said when I was finally done. "No fire-breathing dragons?"

"Wha--"

"Lucy said you were a princess." He smiled. "She said that I should be your prince and sweep you off your feet. And that she's only said that because she was going to marry Justin Bieber, not me."

"You are going to take dating advice from a five-year-old? You're dumber than you look."

He coughed. It was quite fake and sounded a lot like 'agitated.' Then he looked back at me with a smile. I couldn't help but sneer.

After a few minutes of glorious silence, he started again.

"So why not?"

"Why not what?"

"Why no fire-breathing dragons or princes?"

"I'm pretty sure I am the fire-breathing dragon."

He studied my face again. It is really distracting when you're trying to drive and someone is staring at you.

"I think I get it now." He said after a belated pause.

"Do you always speak in fragments?"

"What do you mean?"

"You say one thing because you want me to ask 'what?' or 'why?' or 'what do you mean?' It's annoying."

"So you don't want to know what I meant?"

"I want you to just come right out and say it."

"Why should I do that when you don't?"

"Because that's no way to treat a princess." I bit my tongue. Damn. As soon as you create those insiders that's when you 'bond.'

"Ha! I knew I could break you down and get past the angry surface of Kristy!"

"You haven't even scratched the angry surface." But the truth was, he did. I didn't like this.

"So I do get it just so you know?"

"I swear to god..."

"Sorry! I mean, I get why you hate me."

"Really? Because frankly, I don't even get why I hate you."

"You don't?"

"That's what I said wasn't it?"

"Interesting."

"So what do you think you get?"

"Nothing. Don't worry about it. If *you* don't get it then I can't possibly be right." He said with a smug tone.

I chose to let it go. If he was right, I would be admitting something personal that was none of his business, and the fact that he was capable of bring right really annoyed me. If he was wrong, then I would hear what I look like from an outsider. They say the truth hurts. So I wasn't going to risk it.

I had concluded he was one of those people who just don't like silence. Although, he wasn't one of those people who enjoyed hearing themselves talk all the time. After a long period of third degree and monosyllabic answers he seemed to give up on learning about me.

"You're not like many other girls, you know that right? All the other girls just talk about themselves. You seem to be avoiding that like the plague."

"Your point?"

"It's just different. That's all."

I didn't answer,

"So I'm going to pull a very ungentlemanly like move and only talk about myself okay?"

"Do whatever you want. Who says I will listen?"

"I just have a feeling."

I hate to admit it, but I did listen. If my radio wasn't broken I wouldn't have listened. We will leave it at that.

His life was more interesting than mine. This really isn't much of an achievement in my books. He had come here to get away from the city, make some money before he had to go back to school. Apparently when you're into engineering you can focus way too much on how mechanics work and lose sight of how people work. That's what he was afraid of doing, so

coming out here for a month and living in our 'care free' and 'simple' environment will give him a chance to forget about the numbers and sciences. The culture of us 'small town folk' was 'refreshing.'

What I didn't understand, was why did it have to be *my* town? Why *my* carnival? Why did he have to intrude in *my* perfectly boring life? Most importantly, why did it have to be *my* heart he chose to mess with?

Yes, I admitted it. There was something about him that was just different. Not that I could ever 'fall in love.' I don't believe in that stuff. I definitely don't believe in 'love at first sight.' I will leave that to the Disney Princesses.

When we finally reached the beach I guess you could say I loosened up a little. I was still pushing his buttons, calling his bluffs, and not accepting any of the 'nice' things he had to say. What I wasn't doing was fighting him on grammatical issues, arguing about his opinions, or mocking his accent. This was a pretty big step for me.

The sound of slamming truck doors echoed across the deserted beach. The deep purples of what was left of the sunset made the ocean look deep and mysterious. As we walked towards the water the soft sand got in my shoes and rubbed uncomfortably against my feet.

"Well here is the beach. You see? Good. Now time to go." I said quickly.

He just looked at me, with a 'yeah-right' expression on his face.

"You don't want to go? Okay, see-you later." I turned around to go back to my truck.

He looked around, only moving his head. Then started following my path to the truck. I won. Or that's what I had thought for a fraction of a second.

Out of nowhere he grabbed my hand. If he weren't four inches taller and ten times stronger I would have fought him off right then and there.

"We haven't seen the best part of the sunset yet."

"Are people in the city *that* stupid? The sunset is over."

"The stars aren't out yet."

He had me there, technically he was right. But I want going to admit that to him. "Fine. Only because the only excuse I can think of to tell my mother for leaving you out here would result in you being criminally changed."

He laughed. I couldn't help but smile.

We climbed onto the hood of my truck. He had held out a hand to help me up but I didn't accept. I pointed out a couple constellations and saw a shooting star. When the sky had become full of what looked like diamonds I decided it was time to go. There was too much clichés that went with a setting like this. I wasn't going to let one of them happen.

"Well you saw the stars, let's go now."

A smile grew on his face. "Not until you promise me something."

"Unless it's a promise to run you over with this truck I don't think I can do it."

"Well that sucks for both of us then. You want to go home, but I'm not going to let that happen unless you can promise me this won't be the last day I see you. Either you promise to see me tomorrow or this day will never end."

"How long did it take you to come up with that line?"

He shrugged, "Long enough."

I thought about it for a second. I wasn't going to let him get away this easily. I took a deep breath. Something had been bothering me and I wanted the answers.

“How about you tell me what you meant by ‘knowing’ and I will maybe, possibly, see you again tomorrow?”

“Maybe possibly? I need a commitment.” He said tauntingly.

He knew he was getting under my skin. I could tell he was having too much fun.

“Alright. I will see you tomorrow. Now tell me what you meant?”

With an exasperated sigh Jake answered my question with another one. Not part of the deal.

“When did he leave?” He looked into my eyes, trying to read my reaction.

My gut lurched. This time I knew how he was talking about. No one, and I mean *no one* talked about my dad. I think he could see how tense I got. The last time someone tried to talk to me, I punched them in the face and didn’t leave my bedroom for a week. That was in grade four, and no one mentioned it since.

I clenched my fists. “How did you know?” I said through gritted teeth.

“I came here to figure out the people. You are from one of those families that have family pictures all up the wallpapered stairwell. There weren’t any of your Dad. If he had passed away there would still be pictures. If he left, there wouldn’t be.”

“I was seven.” I choked out. Tears were stinging in my eyes. The anger and sorrow was too much to handle. I slid off the truck but didn’t get in. I started walking down the beach. Tears are a sign of vulnerability. You don’t let anybody see them.

I kept walking and didn’t look back. Goosebumps on my arms, tears down my face. I didn’t need anyone seeing me. I collapsed onto a beached log and buried my face in my hands. I was miserable. Then I heard the old engine of my truck as it was being driven towards me. That made me absolutely miserable after that point. The asshole that caused this whole mess had the nerve to come back.

Jake came and sat next to me on the log.

“Your spare key wasn’t hard to find.” He said slowly.

I said nothing. I didn’t even look at him. My whole body shivered as a salty breeze blew across the beach.

He unzipped his hoodie and draped it over my shoulders. Then he hesitantly put his arm around me. I told myself he was only trying to keep me warm.

“We, we can go back home now?” He suggested.

I shook my head. I didn’t want to go home like this.

Jake didn’t argue.

I must have eventually fallen asleep. When I woke up I was in my own bed. I had almost convinced myself that Jake was a figment of my dreams until I got out of bed and dragged myself to the mirror.

Mascara ran all down my face and I was still wearing Jake’s hoodie.

My mom had heard me get up because of the creaking of the old hardwood when I stepped. She barged into my room.

“What were you thinking?! Why would you go swimming that late at night?! It’s completely insane?!”

“Wha—wat are you talking about?” I was trying to orientate what had happened last night.

“Jake brought you home at two last night! He said you fell asleep in the truck after you decided to go swimming! Honestly, what was going through your head?!”

“Wait, Jake told you that?”

“What did you expect him to tell me? There wasn’t much of a way he could get around the fact you were in the water since your makeup ran all over your face!”

Overwhelmed, I sat back onto my bed. I hated Jake. He crossed the line with asking about my dad. He was probably gone now; had to go find some other family to disrupt.

“Where did Jake go?” I blurted out.

“Go? He didn’t go anywhere. He is downstairs having lunch with Lucy. I tried to convince him that you probably would be too embarrassed to see him again, but he was talking about a promise and you weren’t allowed to break it or something along those lines.”

After my face was washed, my hair was up, and I had my own clothes on, I set off down the stairs. When I first saw Jake, a variety of emotions went through me. First, I was grateful that he didn’t leave. Then I was angry, and remembered why he *should* leave. Next, I was impressed. He had made up a perfectly believable story instead of telling the truth. I wanted to know why.

“Good afternoon sunshine.” He said confidently.

Lucy got off her stool and ran to give me a routine hug; I would miss that when she had to go home in a couple weeks.

“Coffee.” I replied to Jake. I was back to using minimal syllables.

I sat at the table and stared at Jake for a long time. He had dark circles under his eyes and his sandy blonde hair was chaotic. It made me feel a little better about how I looked at the moment.

“So... you’re mad at me aren’t you?”

“Livid.”

“I don’t like liver.” Lucy interrupted.

Jake ruffled her blonde hair. “No? Then what do you like kid?”

“Ice-cream!” She squealed.

“Go for some ice-cream?” Jake asked me.

“Please!” Lucy begged, with her best attempt at puppy dog eyes.

I couldn’t resist that. “Alright, we can go.”

Conveniently, the Ice-Cream stall was near the park, so Lucy got to burn off the sugar. Jake and I sat on a bench and watched as some little boy was pushing Lucy on the swing.

“He’s a lucky little boy, not gonna lie.” Jake said with a smirk.

“I knew you were I child predator.” I mumbled to myself.

“Pardon?”

“Nothing.” I smiled at him.

“So you’re not mad anymore?”

“I don’t know yet. Why did you make up that story? Why didn’t you just leave? I can’t be worth that much to you; you’ve known me for one day.”

“Why is it always a timeline with girls? Why does it seem so impossible to feel a spark with someone after one night?”

“How the hell you could have possibly felt ‘a spark?’ It wasn’t what I would call a romantic night...”

“I know. It was real.”

“Elaborate.”

“All the girls I have ever known are fake, plastic, and have nothing they care about other than their material possessions. When I first saw you, you didn’t care how you looked and yet you looked amazing. Your family would still have everything even if you were left with nothing. And the best part was that you weren’t trying to impress me. For once, I met a girl who hated me.”

“Okay, you are crazier than I thought. And you didn’t really answer my question.”

“Yes I did.”

“No you didn’t”

“I did.” I smile was growing on his face.

“Why did you make up the story? And why didn’t you leave?”

“I made up the story because I figured if people knew what happened it would ruin your pride.”

He was right. I guess no matter how guarded you are you still can’t hide things about yourself. People can still make an assumption about you based on the fact that you are hiding things.

“Why didn’t you leave?”

He looked confused for a second. “I already answered that one.”

I narrowed my eyes. “I don’t think--”

“TAG!” Lucy tapped my knee and started running the other way. Her friend must have gone home and she was looking for something to do.

Jake shot up and booked it in the other direction. I sat there stunned for a second. I felt like I was playing tag with two little kids. Then my competitive side kicked in. I ran after Lucy. Instead of just tagging her I picked her up off the ground and held her to eye level.

I whispered, “You’re it!” Then placed her back on the ground and ran away.

She ran as fast as she could after Jake. He started running in super slow motion to give Lucy a chance, she thought it was hysterical.

We all finally tired out and collapsed onto the vividly green grass of the park. For awhile none of us said anything. We all just stared into the sky.

“I think I’m going to marry Tommy.” Lucy stated.

“Who is Tommy?” Jake asked.

“The boy I met today. He’s the tallest in his class and the best at soccer.

“Oh, *that* Tommy.” I remembered. He came from the Weston family. They used to be good friends with my... “But Lucy, sweetie, aren’t you too young to get married?”

She thought about it for a second. “Yep. And he’s not a prince. I don’t want to marry him.” Disaster avoided. “Are you and Jake going to get married? Are you old enough?”

My face turned bright red. So did Jakes. Neither of us wanted to take the lead for answering the question.

“Well... you see, um—” I struggled.

“Your Aunty would have to love me before we could get married.”

“Do you love Jake?” Lucy asked me, her blue eyes full of innocence and simplicity.

“Uh... I... love takes time. You can’t just fall in love over night.”

Lucy and Jake both looked at me, outrageously offended.

“Cinderella did. And so did Jasmine, and Ariel, and Sleeping Beauty.” Lucy listed.

On the way home I dropped Jake off at the grocery store. He said he had to pick up a couple things for the night and should probably go back to his hotel room before the report him as a missing person. I didn't argue, but I also wasn't happy about it.

I watching him threw the rear view mirror as I drive away. It was a weird felling. How you anticipate missing someone, even though you barley know them. I half regretted not making other arrangements to meet him but I also knew I was saving myself. I figured missing someone you know is harder than missing someone you don't know.

That evening was pretty quiet. Except for Lucy, but she's never quiet. Once Jane had put Lucy to bed I tried to distract my mind by reading. I found myself having to re-read lines because my mind continuously kept wandering in the direction that I did not want it to go.

After an hour of reading three pages I gave up. It was 8:30. I had nothing better to do but try to go to sleep. I hadn't realized how tired I was until my head hit the pillows. I don't think I was fully in dreamland until after I shed a few tears. Damn. My heart was telling me something that my head was trying to ignore.

A sharp tap woke me up. Disoriented, I looked at the clock on my bedside table: 12:14. My household was silent. I rolled over and ignored the noise; until it happened again. This time I shot straight up in my bed. This wasn't an everyday noise. Someone was trying to break into my house. I grabbed the old baseball bat from under my bed. Armed and ready, I approached my window slowly, trying to get a view of the front door. I heard the noise again and it was shockingly loud and sharp, right in my ear. I flinched. It was a rock, hitting my window.

"Throwing rocks against my window? Really?" I hissed in an annoyed whisper once I had snuck down the stairs and out to the porch.

"What?" He shrugged? "It's justified."

"Its something out of a love story for a ten year old..."

"I needed you attention. Would you have preferred ringing the doorbell and waking everyone up?"

"Of course not!" I flinched. I had said that a little too loud. We waited in silence anticipating the sound of movement in the house. "It's just... a little cliché don't you think?"

"It was still justified. Did it ever occur to you that the things in fairytales and love stories are justified? And that's why they are considered cliché, because everyone used that same good idea over and over again?"

I didn't say anything. I knew he was right. It was the best way to get my attention and only my attention. I changed the subject.

"What is that?" I referred to the straw basket in his hand.

"A picnic basket." He stated in an isn't-it-obvious tone.

"I mean, why do you *have* a picnic basket?"

"Because we're going on a picnic, duh."

"It's, like, 12:30. There is no way in hell I am going."

"Who says you have a choice?" He smiled.

I stood my ground. No one can tell me what to do. But he didn't take no for an answer. No one can *tell* me what to do, but when someone is dragging you by the hand you are given the choice of giving in, or losing a limb, the answer is pretty clear.

"I don't have my keys." I used as an excuse.

"You don't need them."

“I live in the middle of farmland. Where can you possibly--”

“Exactly!”

“I don’t understand?”

“We are going to go into the wheat field and enjoy a lovely moonlit picnic.”

“My family doesn’t have a wheat field.” I stated, hoping to rain on his parade.

“No, but the farm about three houses down does.” He winked.

“No way, not gonna happen.”

“Oh come on,” he looked into my eyes sending a shiver through my whole body, “where’s your sense of adventure?”

I couldn’t turn that down. He was calling me a wimp. Damn him and his reverse psychology.

We walked along the deserted dirt road. It was a clear stary night and rather chilly. My SpongeBob Squarepants pyjamas weren’t keeping me too warm, but I wasn’t about to complain. We hopped over the split-rail cedar fence and snuck quietly past the barn. I knew that the owners weren’t home, but I didn’t want to tell him that. He had an attractive bad boy appearance about him. I wasn’t going to ruin that.

We went right out into the middle. Then a problem occurred to me.

“The hay is itchy.” I said disappointed.

“I’m so ahead of you.” He smirked. He opened the basket and pulled out a tacky made quilt.

“Where did you get that?!”

“Hotel room...” he said with a guilty undertone beneath his smile.

“Wow, you are quite the bad-boy aren’t you.” I teased.

“You don’t think I have a little bit of a rebel under this good boy exterior?” He smiled.

“I ...I... I don’t know.” I laughed uncomfortably, contemplating on what to say next. Oh what the hell. “How about you show me?”

The night went on from there. He had brought ham sandwiches, a bottle of wine, and Twinkies. Classy. When we were done we climbed onto the top of a hay barrel. We sat there for a while in conferrable silence.

“Shooting star!” Jake pointed out.

“Make a wish.” I encouraged.

“I don’t need to.”

That made my heart flutter. As much as I hate to admit it, I’ve seen the movies. I had a pretty good guess what he meant. It made me feel like a little school girl. All giddy, butterflies, the whole shebang.

“Ugg.” I made a noise out of frustration. “This isn’t supposed to happen. I’ve known you for *one* day. Now, I’m caught up on this silly little crush.” I bit my tongue. It was the wine talking. I wasn’t supposed to have said that.

He stared at me for a second. “It’s not a silly little crush to me.” He took a deep breath. “I know it sounds silly, and like some fairy tale, but honestly, this is different. This is real. I came out here to get some fresh air and time to think. I fell in love with the atmosphere, with the farmlands, with the simplicity, with your family, and most importantly, I fell in love with you.”

I have never been the type of girl to make the first move, but I really couldn’t resist. In a deserted hayfield, the shadows of the moon lightening up everything just enough to see, and a few glasses of wine... hey things happen.

We stayed out until early in the morning. Watched the sun rise, and talked about all the interesting stories we had to share. We decided that we would take things slow, seeing how in two days we had gone pretty fast. Also, because I still wasn't sold on the whole 'love' concept. Unless he showed up in a chariot with six white horses, this was still reality. I wasn't going to get myself worked up over how the fairy tales all ended. He would transfer to a university closer to here and live in the city just an hour and a half away. That way, he could keep up with his studies, yet take a break when he needs to.

I snuck back into my bedroom, no one was awake yet. Thankfully, even the roosters even knew to sleep-in on a long weekend. I told Jake to wait around outside for a few minutes while I got everything together. I casually put on the coffee pot and tried to make it look like I had just woken up. My mom heard the ancient coffee bean grinder and came downstairs in her fluffy blue housecoat.

"Up early this morning."

"Yeah, well I went to bed pretty early last night."

My mom nodded. I poured her the first cup of coffee and she went to the fridge.

"Would you mind running to the store? We are out of cream."

"Sure." I said flatly.

This was the opportunity I was looking for; a way to drive Jake back to his hotel without suspiciously leaving the house. Lucky for him, I didn't have to wait very long before I had a chance to drive him. It then occurred to me, how did Jake get to my house? I planned to ask him in the truck.

I greeted him with a smile and he smiled in return. He offered to drive but I didn't accept. We then both climbed in and I pulled out of the driveway onto the dusty road. I didn't plan to return for a couple of hours.

The thing about my town is you never know what to expect. Usually, you have to be at full alertness all the time. Having about three hours of sleep makes this difficult. Late night parties do as well; especially when the remainders decide to play chicken on a dirt road. I swerved hard to the right, the idiot ran back to his buddies in the ditch to the left. My tires couldn't hold the traction. We started drifting towards the side of the road, my truck was spiralling uncontrollably. I screamed. We were headed straight for a telephone pole. It was my side of the truck that was going to hit it. I was going to die.

A pair of hands came from beside me. He took the steering wheel and turned it the other way. It was no use. The truck was going to still hit the pole. I screamed his name with tears running down my face. I realize today why he did that. He took full impact of the crash.

A small white cross now sits on the side of the road.

A wise young girl tried to convince me once that fairy tales are real, that dreams do come true, and that true love exists. I didn't believe her; it was all too good to be true. The truth is, I wish I had realized what I had, and how lucky I was to have it, before it was gone.

He grabbed the steering wheel and turned it the other way. He took full impact of the crash.

A white cross now sits on the side of the road. I avoid driving that way every single day. It's an extra 14 miles to detour, but I can't face it.

A wise young girl once tried to convince me fairy tales are real, and that true love exists. At the time, I didn't believe in love. The truth is, I wish I had realized what I had before it was gone.

He loved you you know. He fell in love over night. He told me a lunch.