Jack Ludwick

Creative Writing

10/6/13

April 18th was a very important day in my life, but I never thought it would be. It was one of those things where you don’t realize how important one day can really be. In this case, this important day was my first date with my girlfriend Emily. Let me explain; it all started a week back, on Easter, the 8th of April. We had known each other for a while at the time but never really hung out or talked. But on that Easter we started talking on facebook (which is sadly the norm for how relationships start these days) and we talked that entire week of spring break that followed. On one of those days we decided that we should get lunch together the following week of school. I didn’t think anything of it until she sent the text, ‘okay, it’s a date!” See, what I probably *should* have mentioned is that I had the biggest crush on this girl at the time. We’d talked in person maybe three times, and I just thought she was so, wonderful (pardon my cliché’s, there will be a few). So when she said, ‘okay, it’s a date!’ my mind started to wonder what this whole lunch thing really meant.

So, skipping ahead to the 18th, it was fifth period, and there were only twenty minutes left of class, twenty minutes left before god knows what. I was so unbelievably, irretrievably nervous for this lunch. I don’t think I’d ever been so nervous for something in my life. I was petrified. I looked up at the clock, 15 minutes. I was so damn nervous, I remember being so curious if she was nervous also, and to this day I still don’t know if she was. Anyways, I could feel myself sweating, I could feel my face heating up. 12 minutes. My friend, who was the only one who knew how infatuated I was with this girl, or even knew we were getting lunch together leaned over and said, “your face is so red. Calm down! Everything will be okay!” and at that moment, I started panicking. I always panic when people tell me to calm down. 10 minutes. It was at that time when I realized that the teacher I had that period was an evil, vile, bitter hag of a woman named Ms. Rivera, whom I don’t feel bad name dropping just then because she’s not at this school anymore and if you had her I’m sure you felt that same way, who *never* let us out to lunch on time. I started sweating, I was asking all kinds of questions to myself, “what if I’m late and I make a bad impression?” and “what if I’m *too* late and she has already left?” 6 minutes. I felt my forehead, it was hotter than anything I had ever felt. I thought I was going to overheat. I drank some water and started breathing really heavily, dreading what would happen in the next 4 minutes.

The bell rings, and she let us out about thirty seconds late, but those thirty seconds, were so full of fear and dread and anxiety that they felt like an eternity. After she finally said, “you may go!” I bolted out of the class room, I grabbed my crap, and sprinted out the door. I’m pretty sure I almost knocked over a girl in my class. I ran to the spot where we said we would meet and; she wasn’t there. All that worrying and she wasn’t even there yet. I look to where her class was and I see her walking out of her class, I had time to wipe the sweat from my face and cool down before she arrived. Thank god.

She arrives and we continue onward towards that old frozen yogurt place in the shopping center up by Harvest Market; Twisters (R.I.P). To be completely honest I have no idea what we talked about on that first date, I was so damn nervous, all I could think about was remembering my best to use my manners. I always do use my manners but its one of those times where you wanted to be extra careful. The date went pretty smooth, I was polite, I paid for her yogurt, I didn’t chew with my mouth open, I opened the doors for her, and I tried not to talk too much, apparently I do that sometimes. All went well and we walked back to school and was about 4 minutes late, oh well. She told me would love to go out again and then we did and well, you know, (last cliché I promise) the rest is history.