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Little

Expository Writing

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Evolution of a Romance

The day I started dating Mason was the day I discovered who I was. He helped me to see that I could achieve what I want and be a person that I am proud of after my previous boyfriend, James, had stripped every last ounce of self-confidence from my very core. My friends and family immediately noticed the happier me appear out of nowhere. I'd come home from seeing Mason and be all smiles and giggles. Much to my mother's astonishment, I actually offered to help around the house instead of moping around and sleeping all day. When we were together, Mason and I never did much, usually just watched movies and talked about life, but every moment seemed to be a new favorite for me. He asked me questions and listened to my thoughts and opinions, allowing them to flow freely from my mind where they used to remain caged, struggling to escape. Mason was the first boy to really try to understand me and make me feel completely comfortable. I couldn't ask for a better companion in my life.

There was just one problem. He was leaving for NYU in six months and I was staying in San Francisco to go to community college and raise some of my own money. But in the beginning we told ourselves that we would cross that bridge together when the time came, which suited the both of us for the moment.

On our first date we talked about trust. Trust had been an issue with me since James had cheated on me and lied to me about drinking and smoking. It'd been very difficult for me to trust any guy after seeing what James would do to have everything that he wanted. When I told this to Mason, he just listened in silence, taking in every detail and story that I relayed to him. After every trust mishap that had been shared, there was a moment of quiet where I just sat, thinking I'd already scared him off. Mason just looked at me seriously and simply said, "'The best way to find out if you can trust somebody is to trust them.' Ralph Waldo Emerson."

I stared at him, perplexed. He continued, explaining that every new relationship in life requires trust. Some will prove worthwhile when others will simply bring on sadness and heartache. A simple misplacement of faith in an individual can feel like the worst possible thing to experience but in reality it isn't so. It simply teaches us a lesson: to grow from the experience and try again.

The depth of Mason's wisdom never ceased to astonish me. That moment, sitting in Lori's Diner in the middle of San Francisco, was the moment I threw my fears out the window and gave all that I had to Mason. I didn't care about whether my trust in him would lead to heartache or what people would think about our relationship. I just knew that this boy would be one of the most influential people in my life.

I slumped in the passenger seat of his Rav4, reclined and resigned. My eyes gazed at the passing world with each minute putting us a mile further from home. Our latest and maybe last adventure was finally beginning yet I could only feel nostalgia for carefree times and sadness at the increasing rate at which time seemed to speed. He was leaving me the next day to go onto a

new phase of his life, while I remained here, raising money for my own education at a community college.

We vowed to take this one trip to Santa Cruz Boardwalk and have a romantic day to ourselves but I was beginning to dread it. It symbolized the end of what we had. It symbolized the end of our summer experience. It highlighted my loneliness. I felt ridiculous, of course, because we both knew this day was coming. We had prepared ourselves for it for weeks, months even, so we thought. But how does one really prepare for such an eventuality? It was the elephant in the room now, though; the inevitable that neither of us wanted to speak of, in fear of the reality really setting in. Instead, we whiled away our summer days together, laughing, listening to music, and whispering anything and everything on our mind to each other.

“Adin? Are you okay?” Mason broke the silence, reaching for my hand.

“Huh?” I mumbled, still looking outside, “Oh, yeah, I’m fine.”

“You can’t lie to me, Adin, I know you too well for that,” he persisted lightheartedly, giving my hand a gentle squeeze. I knew it was true and a small smile of contentment crept to my face despite my sadness. He glanced at me every few seconds as he drove until I acknowledged his question.

I sighed. “I’m fine, Mason, I promise. It’s just hitting me how much I’m going to miss seeing you every day. I mean, the last six months have been amazing and I can’t believe you’re actually leaving, to go to New York, no less!” It all just tumbled out and I couldn’t stop it. I hadn’t intended to spill that much, at least not this early in the evening.

Mason accelerated as if he could speed away from this ever-present issue, further distancing us from home and reality. He sighed with sorrow before saying, “Aid, I know. Everything you’re feeling, I’m feeling, too. I’ve fallen for an incredible and beautiful girl who is staying here to study while I move to NYU. But I cherish every moment we’ve spent together. You mean so much to me and falling in love was so easy with you. I love you, Adin, you understand that, right?” This monologue seemed to comfort the both of us, filling us with a renewed excitement for the day’s activities in Santa Cruz.

“Let’s just make the most of tonight then, okay?” I suggested, ignoring his question and putting on a hopeful smile, returning the squeeze he’d given my hand. He grinned, relaxing, and returned to the speed limit.

We raced through the boardwalk, riding the Big Dipper over and over and taking the chair lift across the park, people-watching and laughing at the silly things beach-goers do when they don’t think anyone is watching. We ate deep fried Twinkies, played in the cold Pacific water, and built childish sand castles like a teenaged couple without worry. But as the afternoon sun began to set and the evening began to replace the day, we found a nice quiet area of beach to watch the sun go down, my head leaning on Mason’s shoulder as his breathing steadied and his cologne teased my nose. I was truly happy and could not think of any other way that I’d have liked to spend my final day with Mason. As I was lost in my blissful thoughts, he gently lifted my chin and looked deep into my eyes.

“I love you, Adin. Don’t you ever forget that,” he whispered as he sweetly kissed my lips.

“I love you, too,” I said barely loud enough to hear.
