

The Card  
By Anna Wostenberg

I felt like I was in a cheesy movie.

"What do you mean you sent the card?" I screeched! "He has no idea how I feel about him!"

"I know. That's exactly why I sent the card. If you're not going to tell him, someone should," my best friend Cindy replied, coolly. "It's obvious that he likes you. And even if he doesn't, who cares? At least you went for it and gave it a shot. Or, well, I did. For you." Cindy was always meddling in my personal life. She couldn't keep to herself for some reason. And she always thought she was doing so much good. For twenty-two years, Cindy has been leaving her mark on people's relationships and crises. It was to be expected from her. But sometimes it just got so annoying. There were some things that crossed lines.

"Cindy, that was just a joke idea! I wasn't actually going to send him a Valentines Day card! I was drunk when we came up with that idea..." I started.

"Oh hush, child. Just relax. Or...oh nevermind," she said, looking down, a slight smirk on her face.

"What??" I took the bait.

"No, it's nothing..." she said to the floor, shuffling her right foot back and forth. I sighed. "You may as well just tell me."

"I was going to say, unless you get to him and explain that it was all my fault before he actually gets the card professing your undying love for him..."

"Oh, no. No way. Not happening." My cheeks were burning at just the thought of confronting him about this situation.

"Okay then..." Cindy replied and left the room. "See you later," she called over her shoulder, a knowing tone to her voice.

I slumped down into the kitchen table. A cloud covered the sun, blocking most of the light and darkening the room. Resigned, I picked myself up, grabbed my keys and headed over to his house on the other side of town.

Before I got out of the car, I looked at myself in the rear view mirror, surprisingly satisfied with my appearance. My mousy brown hair was cooperating for once and was tied back in a pretty French braid and my makeup had remained in tact throughout the whole day. I took a deep breath and made my move.

As I walked to his front door, I tried to plan what I would say, but I chickened out at the last minute. I scurried back to my car and grabbed a pen and paper. I just couldn't take his rejection face to face. I wrote a note, explaining the whole situation and apologizing.

"I'm really sorry for this whole situation," it said, "It was all my friend Cindy's fault, really. You see, one night when we were hanging out, we made a plan to send you a cheesy Valentines day card, explaining how I feel about you, but I never actually intended to do so. Cindy took it upon herself to carry out this plan without my knowledge. So I'm writing you this card. Kind of ironic, huh? But you know what they say, 'A card for a card gives the whole world papercuts...' Too much? Yeah, I know... I sincerely apologize if this made you feel uncomfortable. I hope the way I feel doesn't ruin our friendship. Please forgive me."

I placed the note on his porch and drove home, disappointed in myself and nervous. The rest of the weekend, I couldn't help but think of how things would be come Monday. I'd walk into the office and there he'd be, at the desk next to mine, working diligently. Maybe he'd look away awkwardly when he saw me walk in or not be able to stop glancing at me uncomfortably. Either way, I would never be able to look at him the same.

On Monday, however, he didn't show up to work. I began to panic. What if he'd quit because he didn't want to see me? What if he was going to ask for a transfer? What would I do then? I'd ruined his life. I told my brain to get over myself. I wasn't that important or influential to anyone. Nonetheless, I couldn't seem to get this whole situation off my mind all day. I kept formulating plans of how I could escape to France or something so that he could keep his job and I could just fade into the horizon.

Finally, the day was over and I started toward my car. As I approached it, fumbling for my keys in my purse, I accidentally walked into someone. I looked up, flustered, mumbling out an apology, when I saw who it was. The next thing I knew, his lips were on mine.

"Trevor..." I managed.

"Bella," he stated, smiling.