

The story of my life and that of so many other women has been told many times before; so much so that if it were a song and I heard it one more time, I would claw my eyeballs out. Figuratively speaking of course, but that is to say I'm just tired of being tired. I'm thirty-two years old and it makes me sick to my stomach to find myself pretty much in the same predicament I was in over fifteen years ago, or maybe it just seems that way. Well, I suppose I should start from the beginning so you can grasp the full understanding of what I'm talking about.

My mother and father were never married but they lived together until I was three. After the break-up, my mother and I moved to Norfolk, Virginia. That's where it all began. That was the city in which my journey began to take shape. Everything started innocently enough. Sitting in my eleventh grade science class, a note was passed from the back of the class and placed on my desk. It's embarrassing to say now, but when I turned around and identified who had passed the note, I knew at that moment that he was going to get into my panties. Derrick Campbell was his name, and although we had passed each other hundreds of times in the hall, we had never spoken a direct word to each other. He was sexy as hell, maybe a tad bit over six feet tall. His bluish-gray eyes looked as though they had been painted on. His body was cut perfectly for his frame and his smile could only be described as sweet. I had already been sucked in, but it was his hair that sealed the deal. He had that natural, fine hair that was a mixture of curls and waves and made me want to run my hands through it. I had always noticed him and he had already had a melting effect on me, albeit in the form of a fantasy.

I never in my craziest dreams thought he would ever notice me. I mean, why would he? I was average height and I wore those old-style braces that resembled a bicycle chain. My feet were oversized for someone with my petite frame, and my hair was unmanageable most of the

time. It always seemed that I could never do anything with it. I had a permanent scar across the bridge of my nose from running into a door in the dark when I was twelve. I suppose if I were forced to point out a positive attribute about myself, it would have been that I had a set of cute dimples that made their presence known whenever I smiled. I didn't think I was anything special, just ordinary, the way I saw it. I seemed always to get compliments though, and if I let my mother tell it, Halle Berry didn't have anything on me. There's nothing like a mother's love, right? While walking up the hall after science class that day, Derrick yelled out to me. Recognizing his voice and realizing he was referring to me made my heart skip a beat.

"Hey wait up," he shouted.

"Are you yelling at me?" I asked.

"No I'm not. I mean yeah, I'm trying to get your attention", he answered.

"Well, how may I help you?"

It was important for me to appear confident. I did not want to show how excited I was that he had chosen to talk to me.

"Hey Slim, I just wanted to ask if it would be okay if I walked you to your next class," he said.

He didn't know it, but I despised being called "slim." I wanted to say something to him, but I didn't because I was already craving how awesome it felt that he had chosen to talk me. That was a very pivotal point in my life, but I think this part of my story will be best served if we revisited it later. Don't worry, I promise I'll come back to it.

"Sure. I'm on my way to English Lit in the East Wing," I answered.

“Ok, cool. I’ll be your escort for the rest of the day—if of course, that’s okay with you?” he asked.

“Sure,” I said as I showed him my class schedule for the rest of the day.

“Here you are English Lit, East Wing,” he said as he presented me with a bow in an attempt to be cute.

“Thank you for the escort. My books, please,” I responded, trying desperately to control my blushing.

“Okay, I’ll be back in exactly sixty minutes to get you and walk you to— uh let’s see, your math class, second floor, right?”

“You got it,” I answered as I walked into class.

Sixty minutes later the bell rang and he was true to his word. There he stood with his arms folded across his chest, elbows pointed outward like an usher at church. It was cute, funny, and surprising all at the same time, only in a way that it had never happened to me before. I was flattered, to say the least, because, truth be told, based on how I viewed myself, I initially thought maybe the whole thing was a joke. Maybe, I was a bit hard on myself based on how I believed I looked and the type of guy I thought would be interested in me. Like I said, I didn’t think I was anything special, and if I had to rate myself back then, I would probably say I was average at best.