

## Young Love

“Sorry”

Never in the history of man has a single word apology stopped a heart beating. But mine just did.

He repeated the word and I stood there, transfixed by his earnest looking face, his mop of dark hair and bright blue eyes. I summoned an ability to say something, anything to break the awkward silence that was growing by the minute. Was it a minute or had we been standing staring at each other for hours? I didn't know. My heart appeared to be beating again, the thumping probably visible through my blouse. I summoned a few stray wits.

“Er It's ok,...I mean people bump into.. er.. you know but thanks.....er I mean I'm.. er.. sorry too... no harm done” Whilst congratulating myself on an erudite response I simultaneously remembered the item I had dropped as he had barged into me. Apparently he had the same thought so we both bent down to retrieve the box of Tampax, medium size, light flow. Cracking heads this time provoked an 'ow' from both of us. I couldn't decide if it was concussion setting in or the nearness of him but I suddenly experienced some clarity of thought, smiled and the words tumbled out before I could stop them:

“Well, that was embarrassing. I don't usually discuss my periods until at least the second date”

I was rewarded with a laugh, and rubbing his head, he gave a mock bow. “ Allow me to introduce myself. I'm Craig and I have a confession”

My new found confidence evaporated and clutching the Tampax to my chest as a comfort blanket I waited to hear the confession. Was he an alcoholic, or a sex addict as they were popular confessions among celebrities these days. I waited and realised a response was required, I prompted him with a nod and a smile “ Go on”.

“I followed you in here”

“ The Co-Op ? Do you follow everyone who frequents the Co-Op? They have some good bargains and it's good to support ...” I trailed off, flushing red, aware I was rambling.

“ I've seen you before and I ....” Now he stopped talking and I saw the redness creep up from his neck and across his rather nice face. This sudden vulnerability was endearing and I realised for the first time that boys are human too. My extremely limited experience with the opposite sex, known only to me and my diary, was embarrassing despite at 15 thinking of myself as a woman of the world. Craig appeared to be a similar age but his initial bravado had been used up.

I took a leap of faith, I mean, what was the worst that could happen after we had crashed heads over my sanitary products. I figured I had used up my embarrassment quota for the year.

“ Shall we count this as our first date then?”

Craig grinned broadly. “Yep, sounds good. But I'm not paying for your shopping...maybe next time?”

498 Words