

# A First Time for Everything

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# A First Time for Everything

I was a helpless romantic.

Had I ever been in love? No. Was I a sucker for roses and chocolates on Holiday Holiday? Yes.

I didn't believe in love at first sight, I believed in being in the right place at the right time.

All I ever wanted for myself was a Noun tale moment. But so did everyone else. If that was too much to ask for, I thought I'd at least deserve a Animal flick moment. Maybe a dance montage in the rain followed by a kiss? Or a long walk on the beach? Or dying in my lover's arms after spending my last years in a retirement home because I've been stricken with Alzheimer's, and he came to visit me every day leading up to our tragic death, and read me the story of how we fell in love so that I could remember it all over again. Or maybe I'm getting ahead of myself.

I brought my mind back and focused on the weather. I loved the weather right now. It was breezy for a September afternoon, but it cooled me down from all the stress I'd been dealing with lately. I was imagining how long the next few days would be and-

"Hello! Hello! Earth to Charlie!" I snapped out of my day dream. Peyton was dangling a kitchen Utensil in my face. What was he saying?

I pushed the kitchen Utensil out of my face, "Are you trying to poke my eye out or something?" I was a little groggy. Lately my day dreams were getting out of hand. How long exactly had he and Jules been going on? I shook my head, "Sorry. I missed that, care to repeat?" My mind was everywhere but that table. I had so much to think about.

Jules

and Peyton both shook their heads. Then Jules started again, "I was just telling you two about my date with Ty last night."

I stared in confusion, "Wait weren't you with Jason last night?" I should really get more sleep, or start to pay attention when Jules was talking.

"Weren't you listening at all Charlie? I already told you I need the attention of more than one Noun at a time." Jules looked at me like I was crazy. In reality she sounded like a desperate hooker.

I tried to think of something to say, but nothing came out fast. I was stuck there with so many thoughts but none good enough to say.

Jules looked at Peyton for backup, but he just gave it back to her, "Don't get mad at her Julie. She just doesn't understand because of her lack of experience." Yeah! You show her who is boss Peyton. He was still dangling the kitchen Utensil over the table, "She's never kissed anyone, how would she know how it feels to need so much attention?" Yes Pey, you give it to her!

Wait. This was not what I expected him to say. By the time I heard and realized, it was too late for Peyton to take it back. I was ruined, finished, over, done for.

Okay so I might have been the biggest loser in the world. The first day of university was tomorrow and I'd still never had my first kiss. This meant I was still a virgin too. I was waiting for Mr. Right. Up until now I could have been gallivanting around with your average Joe. But I didn't want Joe, or Steve, or Bill, or Richard. I wanted someone who could make my years of waiting worthwhile.

I couldn't help myself. I loved love more than anything and was Adverb all alone. I mean it wasn't like there

weren't any options. I could have had boyfriends left, right, and center. Okay, men weren't lining up at my door, but I'd been asked out occasionally. Those guys wouldn't have amounted to anything, and I didn't just want anything!

Was I too old? Was I wasting my good years away? If I was going to wait until I found the \_\_\_\_\_ Adjective \_\_\_\_\_ guy, I had to stop doubting myself. I had made my decisions for a reason and I wasn't going back on it now.

No, I would not throw myself away for some lame guy because I had too much to drink. Of course mother hadn't let that stop her. After all, I was the eldest of nine children, the first of three with my father. She was soon to be on husband number \_\_\_\_\_ Number \_\_\_\_\_, and I was soon to be sick just thinking about it.

"Shut up dumb ass!" I flicked his arm hard and snapped back into reality once again. Jules was laughing, but I couldn't tell if it was at me or because I flicked Peyton. "Say that any louder and I'll be the laughing stalk of all of New York," we were in the middle of the most popular cafe on the Upper East Side. I was sure I'd see \_\_\_\_\_ Celebrity \_\_\_\_\_ \_\_\_\_\_ Celebrity \_\_\_\_\_ or \_\_\_\_\_ Celebrity \_\_\_\_\_ \_\_\_\_\_ Celebrity \_\_\_\_\_ walking by at any moment.

Peyton rolled his eyes because both he and I knew his intentions were good. He stood up, "Well I should get back to unpacking. I have a lot of baggage." Peyton was the best friend any girl could ask for. He was smart, witty, and cunning. We were attached at the hip and some people asked why I didn't just date him. Well that's because Peyton was flaming gay, which I had nothing against. He was too high maintenance at times, and that was the only thing wrong with him. The distance between our dorms is the furthest we would ever live apart. I loved him to death and would not survive without him. Peyton was my right \_\_\_\_\_ Body part \_\_\_\_\_.

Jules on the other hand was a little too high strung for me. We'd known her since the 10th grade and she was always

out there and running Adjective. I put up with her because she was Peyton's friend. She was way too much work for me and that's why we could never be roommates. It was close enough that we were going to the same university.

Peyton was walking away when Jules came up with an idea. "Wait!" She paused dramatically. "What about some back to school shopping: round 2?"

Peyton Adverb around fast and was at our sides again. We were in for a long afternoon of shopping which was not a good thing. Sure I liked shopping, but the way these two shopped, there was damage done. I swear they left a path of smoke behind them because they were going so fast.

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I finally sat down in the shoe department of some store I didn't even know the name of. I was alone with neither Jules nor Peyton in sight. Then as if she knew I was at peace of mind, Jules came up holding hands with a man who looked old enough to be her father. "Alexander I would like you to meet my friend, Charlotte." As if I wasn't even there he grabbed her face and she grabbed his and they started making out. I stared at Jules,

Verb - Present Tense, Verb - Present Tense, and Adjective. Was she trying to prove a point? Show me she could get any guy she wanted? I needed to leave the mall now. She just didn't understand how far she had gone. I turned and walked away. She eventually screamed after me but I kept walking. I was not overreacting.

She was being a Noun on purpose.

I found Peyton on the way to the car and dragged him by the Body part. "Time to go to a bar far away from here and get really drunk on the night before university starts."

Peyton

gave me that you know better look, but came around eventually. Yeah we were a little under age. Whatever.