

# The hand of the lady of the camellias essay sample



**ASSIGN  
BUSTER**

I dunno what to say to Riquelme. I know what our plan is but it seems that I can't do it and I know that he's gonna be mad or pissed because of what happened. He said " What the hell's happening to you? I thought you wanted to finish Santa Maria but how can you not piss and have a freaking boner in you?". I didn't know what to say and I don't know why am I so scared to him. After that I didn't know what happened. All I know is I'm hurt and I'm lying here, I think in some piss, in the cold ground.

I was on my way home taking the subway then I'm getting the point why that happened. I just can't admit that I'm becoming something or somehow like that. I even don't know what to call that! Am I a homo or am I gay?! I can't reassure myself. On the next station that we stopped I saw someone that's very familiar. I really can't think straight this time because of what happened earlier. But it seems that it's the lady of the camellias! Shit, he better not see me in here.

" Hey Echazarreta!", Santa Maria said to me.

" Oh, what are you doing here prick?", I replied.

" I always take the subway on my way to school or at home"

Our conversation continued. He was a little far to me while we're having the conversation so I told him to come near. Santa Maria's scared because he thought I'd beat him up, but I said why would I beat him up inside the train? So he came near and hold on to the bar that I'm holding on to. I can't even imagine that this moment is happening, his hand is almost near to mine! We continued our conversation and I apologized for what happened. Santa Maria

was shocked and at the same time he's happy to hear it. Then he left the train already. Oh how it feels good to be in good terms with him already.