

# The one

Business



It was a dark Saturday night in the month of February.

With Valentine's day around the corner my blood was really pumping and my head was spinning more than ever. I had to make a decision. I had no choice, it was either she knows or not because really, how bad could it possibly be if she knew? It ended up becoming one of my most catastrophic decisions in recent memory. Erin, one of the nicest, most beautiful, blonde girls anyone could ever meet and a good friend, were just having a good time in the classroom, getting away from the treachery that was balancing equations and moles. Every morning she would always say " Hey Jim" and every morning my day would be all the better, no matter how I felt. She always had my back it seemed as she helped promote my dancing schoolwide and was there whenever I needed something like getting a homework assignment I lost or helping my spirits be lifted back up if they were ever down.

For two people that had just met back in September, I'd say we were doing alright but it appeared at times she wanted something— more. It was strange really, some days she looked like she was totally into me and on others, she looked like she couldn't have been more disconnected. She even told me once she loved me. Now I may not know much about women, but you don't just say that to somebody and not mean it. Initially I was taken a bit back by it, but soon enough, questions started popping up in my mind. Why? Is she really just that into me? Is she worth it? Was she serious? Am I just going to let this pass and miss out on some great opportunity? Should I go for it? Am I good enough? Am I good enough? Am I good enough? and Why? More time had passed and more of the same questions continued to arise.

For a good two months I had begun to over analyze EVERYTHING. My morals, my attitude, her, my attitude, my efforts and aspirations, my attitude. A once humble, chill and kind of dumb man was slowly driving himself onto cusp of insanity, stupidity, and worst of all arrogance. While things between Erin and myself were alright as we were still friends, the rest of world was slipping through my fingertips. My friends were beginning to stray away and my life was turning into a mess, a mess only Erin could seem to save.

It soon began to dawn on me that the not talking, the asshole looks, and awkwardness from other people when I say something, was going to be the end of me. Even Erin was slipping away. I had to do something and after two months of sorting stuff out I realized, I had loved Erin. So as that Saturday rolled around, I thought about The Decision. Do I tell the world that I loved her or do I not say anything as I further plunged myself into a darker hell known as the unknown. It killed me not knowing her opinion of myself at that time as my questions went from Should I go for it? to Do I still have time? Do I??? As her flirting increased throughout that week I knew I just knew I had to tell her.

So that Saturday I mentioned that I liked her at a party and almost instantly she found out. How she found out I'll never know, the fallout was one of the worst feelings I've ever felt in a long time. Almost overnight everything changed. She could barely even look at me. For a good four days I could barely move on with life.

Stricken with sadness, anger and most of all, disbelief. Some days I just wanted to cover it all up say it was joke, but what good would that do, it

would come back again anyway. Other days I wanted her dead, to happily throw her out the window and watch her slowly burn on a stake, but how would I ever forgive myself for doing such a thing. So I did the only thing I could do, carry on with life appearing as if nothing had ever happened. Ever.

The months that followed went something like this. I would wake up, go to school, see her in a classroom or walking down a hallway or something and then think for sometime between five to ten minutes, What did I do? Will she accept me back again? and Can things ever go back to the way they were? Is it too late? then proceed onward with my day until she came up again. There were a few opportunities throughout this time when I could have come back but ultimately I stumbled whether through my utter stupidity or arrogance, the same arrogance that I had just tried to get rid of so I wouldn't lose her that ended up separating us further. It separated us so bad that her normally sweet demeanor suddenly became hostile towards me and only me it seemed. My arrogance was killing us and for some reason I couldn't figure it out. After a horrible breakdown in which she completely refused to talk to me, even if we had to it finally dawned on me.

I was treating everyone like s\*\*\*. That memorial day weekend I just took a step back and reevaluated my life as I knew it. Why she no longer loved me, why she despised me, why things never got better it all hit me in an instant. I was a douche. With that in mind I just had one more question.

Is it too late to apologize? As we come to the present, things appear to be looking up again. No I have not apologized yet, largely due to a lack of courage but I do have one thing to say. Despite all the hardship and turmoil I

went through, Erin saved my life. Though thing may still be rocky now both our relationship and our futures may be fixed for the better. I sorry Erin, for all the pain, hatred and embarrassment I cause you and here to a better future for the both of us.