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English 2/ Ms. Pahomov
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The Girl from the Party

Peter: Justin, Jack, listen up closely to your dad. I want to tell you guys a really interesting story about my past. Please sit right here and try your best to listen closely and quietly.

Sits in a chair: So there I was in the good old days!

I was a really handsome young man in my twenties. Nothing like my friends. Every single girl was after me, maybe because I was new to the school, or maybe because my outfits. I don't know how, but I managed to get as many girls as hair I have in my head, but I couldn't keep a relationship with them for more than I week. I wasn't as interested in them as they were in me. But there was one party that changed my life.

Peter accommodates himself in the chair till he finds the correct spot and continues talking:
It was Lucia's birthday party, she is my best friend.

Looks at "Jack": Yes Jack, she is the person we met last week. Tall, red hair, really nice. You remember her right? Anyways.

So, I got the invitation letter a week before the party, in which, she first mentioned Sarah. Sarah is a friend of Lucia. I remember Lucia described her as an angel from heaven and made sure to write a couple times that she was the one for me. My friend said that she was pretty, smart, and from a good family- the perfect girl for me. I couldn't wait to meet her. In college I was known for the guy with the best outfits, and I had the perfect one reserved for that special night. A long blue sleeve shirt with a strange, but nice looking pattern. I impressed everyone when I got in. I hugged my best friend, and with a soft whisper she said: Peter, she is at the end of the room. Look at her isn't she perfect. Go over there and don't mess up.

Jack! Justin! Wake up, I am talking. This is the most important part.

I faced her and *(stops for a second)* she was the most beautiful girl I have ever seen. She was dancing alone facing the Dj's desk. It was my chance. I got up and with her as my target I started walking.

Peter represents every single action with movements: I tucked my shirt in my pants, I fixed my hair, and with a slow movement I made sure my wings aka armpit didn't smell bad. Everything

was going as planned in my head, and in a blink of eyes I was in front of her staring at her beauty.

She asked, “Do you want something?” So I pulled up one of my player phrases that I have been rehearsing for weeks: “Yeah, I’m lost.” She asked: “what are you looking for?” It was my turn to swallow my fear, I looked at her straight in the eyes and said, “I was looking for your number.” She stared at me, and I really didn’t know what to expect next. She removed her hair from her face, and responded with a soft laugh. Which I answered with a smile from ear to ear.

We spent the next two hours talking about how was college like and our future plans, we had a lot in common, but she never gave me her number. I thought it didn’t matter anymore because I was actually talking with her. The more I would talk with her the more I liked her: her smile, her her eyes, her hair ... but the worst part came when I had the last CocaCola drink in my hands. She told me needed to go home. With an emotional hug we said bye to each other and I stayed sitting alone for a whole twenty minutes with a broken heart. It was the first time I felt that way about a girl. My friends came over and I explained what happened. They stared at me like wanting to punch me. I said what is wrong.

“Peter! What are you doing?! Are you gonna let her go? She is not going to come for you, you must go after her! You must fight for her if you want her.”

Wow, I didn’t expect that. But, they were right. I needed to go after her.

When I wanted to go after her, it was already too late. Tonight was the last time I would ever saw her again. The next day my best friend told me Sarah was moving to France. I will never forget that night and I still regret it.

Jack, Justin I telling you guys this story to make you understand that if you really want something, don’t let it go before it’s too late. If it is a dream, an animal, a person. Never let that escape from your hands, because you might never see that again. Thank to this experience when I saw your mother, I remembered this, I have never let her go since then.