

What Boys Are Like

I grew up in a trailer park. It was awesome at first because we were the only trailer up on the hill. We were surrounded by what I believed to be enchanted woods. But by the time I was in second grade, other families moved in, bringing with them their own kids. One of which was John Harris. And that's his name too. I didn't cover it up with a fictional name like Matt, or Scott; I like those names. They don't make me shiver like the name John Harris does, even now, at age 18.

We were playing hide and seek in those enchanted woods of mine; I felt so safe. So when John Harris told me that he'd found a cool hiding place up on the hill, I followed. I looked behind me to make sure my sister was still counting; she was. No one saw us climb up into the woods.

We climbed higher and higher until I could just see the top of my roof through the leaves and pine trees. John Harris grabbed my arm and pulled me behind a large pine. I was thinking about how no one would find us here, and we would win the game, when John Harris started rubbing my arm.

"You ever kissed a guy Sarah?" He stared at me. I shook my head no. I didn't like his fingers brushing me. "You want to kiss me?" I was scared. Why was he asking me this? He was so much older than me. Again, I shook my head no. I wanted to leave. "You ever *frenched*?" I stepped back. I wasn't sure what he was asking me, but I didn't like the way he was staring.

"Um . . . I'm gonna go back down." I stammered, stepping away. But his arms shot out, and gripped my shoulders. Shoving me to the ground, he straddled me, pushing himself against my trembling body. I struggled to get out from underneath him, but he was too heavy. He pressed his mouth to mine; I remember the feel of his wet tongue parting my lips. The movement of his body on top of my own was so nauseating, that I wanted to throw up. My head was spinning; I wanted him off. Get him off! Get him off! GET HIM OFF!

"It's supper time!" My Dad's voice called up from the house. Daddy! I heard the screen door slam shut as he went back inside. My heart sank. John Harris heard Dad too. He sat up looking nervous. He reached his hand out; I thought he might hit me. Instead he smeared away the tears on my face instead. Grabbing my arm he yanked me up, and brushed the dirt and leaves off my back. His touch made me shudder.

“It’s time for your dinner.” He said giving me a shove down the hill.

That night I ate my dinner in silence. I learned real fast what boys are like. Even though we’ve moved since then, and I haven’t seen John Harris in a few years, I still get that gross feeling inside. I still get nervous around guys, not knowing what to say or do. Will I ever get over it? I think so, because like I said, it’s only the name John Harris that still gives me the chills.