

Lauren Clarke

ENG 3A, period 1

.Topic: Free Choice

October 11, 1999

### One Night, One Morning and a Cornfield

It was Sunday night, sometime between the hours of seven and eight, I was dwelling motionlessly on my couch. I was contemplating removing myself from the couch potato position and find the converter to switch from Felicity's heart wrenching life decisions, blah blah blah, to some great source of entertainment like VIP. When suddenly the phone rang, my close friend Ally was on the verge of a breakdown and was in serious clubbing mode. My night of vedging at home munching on reeces pieces had ended up with me taking the bus to Barhaven to get ready for a night on the town.

I wasn't really pumped to go out so I figured Ally would lend me a nice shirt to make me feel good and in exciting mood, as cool clothes normally do. Me thinking she would lend this to me is a natural assumption; one friend giving after receiving..... of course she tried it on afterwards and decided she wanted to wear it and was not about to change her mind. This made me angry, however I got it in the end so lets' move on to the juicy good stuff.

It was nine thirty and our taxi had arrived. What seemed like minutes later we found ourselves outside "On Tap" in the rain. The line up was so long, so we decided to go to "The Factory" instead. We waited in line there for all of five minutes before we went in and started our night. Earlier in the evening Ally had told her friends (if your definition of three really hot guys just "friends") that we would meet them at "The Factory". We chilled upstairs, where it was cooler and there was no sweaty bodies dancing everywhere. Ally danced with her flame Andrew and I danced with Steve, whom I found really cute. It was nearing two thirty and we were all kind of bored of this scene.

We gathered outside and headed for one of the guys house. Who owns a hot tub, indoors? Score! Ally and I changed from our skinny pants and shiny shirts, into big shorts and huge t-shirts to chill in the hot tub. Me, Ally and the guys sat in the hot tub and drank Sauvignon Blanc out of wine glasses for at least two hours. Ally decided to go to sleep, minutes after Andrew did, how convenient, so there I was with two gorgeous guys, their skin shining with sweat from the steam rising, off the heated water. I was alone with Steve now because every body else went to bed.

We talked together, by ourselves in dark steamy room with giggles from the white wine. We talked about everything, the tension for some reason was growing by the minute, how could ones heart not be racing in this type of situation. Mark, the host of the night said that six o'clock would be a good time for me and Ally to leave seeing how his parents would be awakening within hours. Steve, my hot tub partner said that he would drive us where we wanted to go.

We all got in Steve's car and headed for Denny's, the twenty-four hour restaurant. This place was made for hung over people strolling out of the bars at five o'clock. Me and and Steve sat on one side of the table. Ally on the other. He was beginning to grow on me faster then I would have liked seeing how I was previously involved with someone else for quiet a while. We drank coffee for an hour and a half and then decided maybe it was time to move out. It was now seven o'clock, and we were headed for Manotick for a reason still unknown to us. We drove down a path in the middle of a cornfield and parked.

Ally tipped back her chair from the front seat; Steve exited the car and entered the back seat where I was sitting. It was getting hard for me to breath he was so cute, so not my type, so sitting right beside me. I laid down my head on his lap; body heat was needed at this hour, with us freezing in his little Toyota. He put his hand on my hip and gently stroked my hair. He took my hand, gently entwined his fingers with mine. I didn't know what I felt but I wasn't about to get involved with someone I had known for eight hours, but he was so yummy. We laid in the back of

the car together with Ally in the front seat for about an hour. Finally we decided to go out for breakfast, our stomachs aching for food for hours.

As we pulled into the driveway of the Caddy Shack, our choice of restaurant. We ate the gross food and left pretty quickly, our opinions of the place were diminishing rapidly. Back in the car again we headed for Ally's house to drop her off. Approaching nine thirty it was now only Steve and me in the car, headed for my house. We didn't really talk that much. We were so tired and I think he was feeling somewhat rejected from my behavior in the car. I kind of let him know I wasn't interested in stupid flings. Steve had a history of being a huge player and I was a one man only kind of girl. I thanked him when we got to my house for everything, coming with me and Ally to keep us safe, driving us around, and generally having a great time on 'our little adventure' as Steve; liked to call it. I will never forget that night/morning.

I liked not really knowing what I was doing, it was exciting to be with guys I barely knew. I could act exactly like myself and it seemed as though that impressed them enough. I don't know what will happen with Steve and me; I'm not ready for a relationship right now. Which is probably a good thing seeing how he wasn't really known for that. Nevertheless I know when somebody is interested in me and he was a prime example. I can't say I regret flirting with Steve but I do regret not really discussing anything. Like why we spent every moment together since I met him at the club till the end of the night. I guess I've come to the conclusion that it was an adventure in my life that is better left unexplained.

♠♦♣♥The journey in between what you once were and what you are now becoming is where the dance of life really takes place.♥♣♦♠

Barbara De Angelis