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FYS

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 The truth is, I was very nervous, very scared, pretty much any word you can think of that defines terrified. This is not first time I have fallen for someone in a short amount of time, but it is the first time that it feels right, that it’s going in the right path. The path to love is what I hope for when it comes to you. Not the whole puppy dog, high school love, but the real passionate love, as seen in the romantic movies. The kind of love that everyone wishes for but can’t always find; the kind of love that makes you wanna get up in the morning. The kind of love that makes you forget words and that time exists. That’s the kind of love I have for you and the kind of love that I have never felt before. I’ve only seen it in movies or heard it in songs, about the love that seems impossible to get and to hold on to. The truth is that you gave me hope that I would find that kind of love and it would not be just a one way love. All because of that night, and the question that was not easy for me to answer.

 How we started talking was with a basic “hey.” I was bored as hell, but I thought “*what the hell*,” and started to have a conversation with you. You didn’t need to get my attention with some stupid pick up line, but just a simple, “hey what’s up” was all it took. Within just a few minutes I felt something. Maybe it was because I haven’t had an actual conversation that didn’t start out with some lame pick up line, or the fact that I felt that connection that I’ve been searching for since starting college. That same day you asked for my number without hesitation and just like that I gave it to you. It might have been risky for only knowing you for a few hours, but fuck it, YOLO right? From that day in February to now I knew I made a good choice about giving you my number. As the day continued we kept talking and that strange feeling got a little bit stronger, but I was still holding back for I knew talking to you was going to be a dead end just like the others. As the night went on we talked about movies, games, and did a little flirting and talked about classes, nothing to be too happy about for you were just another pretty guy who knew how to talk to girls, but it was a great way to end my night. As the next day rolled around, I figured it was just going to be just a normal Tuesday for me. Go to class, eat lunch with my best friend, go to more classes, maybe go for a little work out, homework and then end the night with a few episodes of Supernatural on Netflix. Man was I wrong; not only did I do nothing besides go to classes, but when you asked me out on that first date, something inside me went weird because I was happy and getting butterflies. I haven’t been happy in a long time and when it came to butterflies, I figured they all died. But just a few words went a long way and made my day. I couldn’t wait for what the night had in store.

 I was sitting on my bed just watching some Netflix and wasting time. Then I get a text from you asking what time is good for me. I told you around 7 or 8, (the times may be a bit off, but who really cares about what time this all happened) that way I could get in the shower and get all purdy up. We agreed with 7:30pm. “*Perfect*” I think to myself. I told you that works and that I was going to hop in the shower. After my fast but great shower, I sat in bed for it was only 5pm. Two hours to spare, I went back to watching Supernatural (not really watching for this is the 10th time I’m watching the series), but I was really thinking about everything that could go wrong with the night. “*What if I say something stupid? What if he doesn’t like me?!”* these are the main thoughts that went through my head. I got lost in my negative thoughts and the action of Supernatural that when I looked at the time it was 6:30pm. “*OH SHIT”* just one more hour and I haven’t even started getting ready. Not that it’ll take me an hour to get ready, but I’m a girl and I always try to make a good first impression. Anyways, I hopped out of bed and plugged in my hair straightener. While waiting for the straightener to heat up I opened my closet and just stared at the clothes. *“What the fuck am I going to wear”* I went through my clothes at least twice before I decided to wear my good jeans, a navy blue t-shirt and of course unmatched socks. I heard my straightener go off, 6:45pm and I’m freaking out. I was nervous as hell. It wasn’t my first date; it wasn’t as if I was going on a blind date or anything. I don’t know what it was but I was jettier and nervous. I was playing music and started straightening my hair. It took a good 15 minutes to make sure my hair was perfect. I looked at the clock and it was about 7:05pm. Not even a few minutes later I get a call, the call was from you. I picked it up with trying not to drop my phone for my hands still had lotion on them that I haven’t rubbed in yet. “I’ll be there in about 10 minutes will you be ready?” “Yes, I’ll be ready.” You hung up and then I was really freaking out. All I had on was pants; I wasn’t even done putting lotion on my arms. I rushed to put it on and threw on my shirt, socks, and shoes and threw on some perfume just in case. I grabbed a jacket and headed to the lobby of my dorm. I got down there a little early, good thing too, I was so nervous and I needed to relax. Then I got the text saying you had arrived. I got into your car and you started off with a joke about going to McDonalds, and that is when I knew it was going to be a great night, and it was. We went to dinner and it was nice, of course there was some awkward moments, but then again what first dates don’t have tough moments. After dinner you asked me if I wanted to hang out or have you just take me back to my dorm. I tell you that hanging out with you would be fine.

We ended up going to your place, I was a little nervous but I was ok with it. We went to your room and we decided to watch a zombie movie. While we’re sitting up against your wall all I could think about was how well this was going and when the fuck you were going to put your arm around me. As if you read my thoughts you asked if it was ok to put your arm around me. I told you yes, next thing I know we’re looking into each other’s eyes and you kissed me. This wasn’t just an ordinary first kiss; no it was one of those kisses that made me forget that I was nervous and scared of fucking the night up. A kiss that let me forget that any worries I had for that day; it was a kiss that I’ve only had once in my life, which the relationship ended poorly, but that first kiss with you, it just gave me the feeling that this was going somewhere good. We finished the movie and we decided that it was late and I should go back to my dorm. So we got into your car and you took me back and when you dropped me off you got out of the car and gave me hug. That was how I ended that night and I couldn’t be any happier. After that night everything felt like it was falling right into place. I was genially happy, and it was all because of you and that night.

From our first time you asked me out to even now, I don’t have to pretend to be happy when I’m with you. I’m not lying when I say you make me happier than I have been with anything or anyone. This is cheesy and cliché to say but I really don’t care, it’s the truth and you deserve the truth. This is what you do to me; I want to tell you everything. Within just a few weeks of dating I know I can pour my heart out without getting scared of you judging me. Day after day I can’t see me being with anyone but you. I no longer have the urge to talk to other guys, I no longer wake up thinking that I’m going on with my day without being on someone’s minds. You are the only one I think about when I wake up and the last thing I think about when I close my eyes to sleep, and the only one I want to be with. I don’t care if it’s only been a month or two. I know my feelings for you are true and I only hope that the more we get to know each other and as the years go on those feelings for you get stronger and you feel start to feel the same way.

 The words that I want to say to you are the words that always get caught in my throat whenever I’m with you. The worlds I wanna say when you’re being silly and make me laugh so hard my abs start to hurt. Those three words are that I love you. Those words are not easy for me to say even if they are true. No, those words are going to be hard for me to say for the first time, for whenever I say those three simple words, somehow they always lose their meaning.

The first time I used the words I love you in a relationship was back in high school. I was young and stupid; I didn’t know the difference between puppy love and actual love. There are those who can make their high school relationships last and those who can’t and I sadly could not, but like I said I was stupid and the words I love you meant nothing to that boy. The second didn’t even count for I never got to say it in person. It was just a relationship with a guy who was ashamed of being with me. I couldn’t tell you how hard I tried to prove myself to that guy that I can be that girl he’ll be happy to be with, but that is another story for another time. The third time I said it, it happened so fast you would think I was insane. But honestly that third time was just because I was going through a hard time and I love you just came out. Yes, it was heartless and I didn’t mean the words that third time, for it was just the kind of I love you like you say to a close friend. So all three relationships that I have been in the words I love you have lost their meaning.

What was the point of that little flashback you might be thinking to yourself and why does any of this matter? Well the little flashbacks to the past just show how my life wasn’t always perfect. It shows how in my life I’ve been treated like shit and how I didn’t know what I wanted or what real love is. The flashbacks are just to show that if just one of those relationships worked, then I would never have met you. As you like to say, “*Shit happens*,” and I 100% agree for the shit that I went though has just led me to who I think is the perfect man, which is you. I know that no one is perfect and we all have our flaws. You may not think so, but I don’t need the six foot tall man who has six pack abs and the huge biceps. No, all I need is the 5’11” guy with a heart bigger than mine and someone who knows how to treat me, someone who will never give up trying to cheer me up during one of my episodes of depression. Someone who not only says he cares but shows it, because as the saying goes, actions speak louder than words. That to me is the perfect guy, and every day that I get closer to you is just proving that you are the perfect guy for me, and that being said, everyday is just one day closer to me say those three words.

When I first started this paper/letter or whatever you wanna call it, I told myself not to ramble and just get straight to the point. But obviously that is not what happened, and to be honest I’m ok with that. The point of this was not to get to my main point about how I feel about you, but all the words I wanted to say but didn’t know how to say. Which brings me right back to the beginning of the paper, about why I’m so nervous and scared to tell you how I truly feel. My parents will say that I’m too young and that it won’t last for I’m only twenty and I have a long life ahead of me and plenty of time to find Mr. Right. Others would say that my feelings are just temporary for it’s been over a year and a half since I’ve been in a relationship. But they don’t know what goes on in my head or my heart when I speak your name or see your name appear on my phone. They can’t tell me that whenever I’m with you that the butterflies I get will eventually grow old and have no meaning. No one can tell me that what I feel is wrong and won’t last or that I’m too young and don’t know shit about love. But I’ve never been the one to actually listen to people when it comes to love, because once I know my feelings, I will act on them. Anyway, enough rambling, rather it be now or later down our future path, you will hear those three simple words from me, and know that when I do I truly mean them.