

FIRST LOVE
by Kay Mauser

My first crush on a boy was in sixth grade. His name was Billy. His father was a city fireman just like mine. Perhaps this was my attraction and he had uneven teeth like mine. I confided to one of my "friends" that I like him.

A few days later Jean said "Billy" was HER boy friend. When I went home that day, I made my way into the bed room, through myself across the bed and cried. Mother came in and wanted to know what the matter was and I told her how Jean said Billy was her boyfriend. Mother put her arms around me and explained to me if Bill was as nice as I said, it was understandable that others would want him as their friend. She also said that when you liked someone special it was better not to tell people as they sometimes liked to tease if they knew it would upset you.

Valentines day came and I got a slew of valentines. But one had no name on it. This cute valentine looked like a zebra but there were no stripes on its body and when you pulled his head its neck came out like a giraffe. I think it said something like, "I'd stick my neck out for you." Wondering who could have sent the valentine, I ran my finger down its leg where there should have been a stripe, and there in the tiniest letters was the name Billy Libbins.

HE DID LIKE ME! It has been my secret, never shared with any of my "friends."