

*From One Good Thing*

*Travis, 18, fantasizes about the girl next door.*

TRAVIS

Kimberly Lee Waluschka. To say that I was madly in love with her from a distance is something of an understatement because I lived next door—well, actually, she moved in about three months after we did—I already knew her, and I already had a crush on her, but when I found out she was moving in next to us, something snapped in my tiny little mind. I mean, it was like, suddenly I was obsessed.

I managed to sit behind her in American History, which pretty much consisted of me staring directly into her back and fantasizing about diving into a swimming pool filled with her hair.

Homecoming. The dance. The important dance, and I knew she wasn't going out with anyone and here was my chance. I volunteered to mow their lawn, and I'd make sure to do it without my shirt on, and I'd do a whole bunch of push-ups before I went out there to make sure I was bulked up and everything, so when I mowed she'd see me and be so moved by my sunburned, scrawny physique that she would fall in love with me. Needless to say, that hadn't worked just yet. Sometimes I'd even go out there and throw a Frisbee to myself, you know toss it up in the air real high so she could see how athletic I was? That was... that hadn't quite succeeded yet either. So of course I figured that the best way to ask her to the dance, even though I lived next door, was to call her on the phone.