Mrs. Hemer

Creative Writing

Verve story

September 20, 2012

A hurried person blurted and darted out of the room

“Here you go, Beck,” Quinn said as he handed me the cup.

I took a quick sip and cringed as the cool foamy liquid slid down my throat. “What *is* this?”

Quinn laughed. “Probably Natty Light.” Seeing my confused expression, he laughed again and said, “Natural Light, Becky. Beer.”

“It’s disgusting,” I asserted.

“Aw, it’s just an acquired taste. You’ll learn to love it,” Quinn insisted.

I tried to hand the cup back to him. “I doubt that.”

Quinn pushed it back to me. “Keep it. Drink up. I’m gonna grab a refill.” And he drained his first cup before I’d had a second sip. He tossed his arm around my shoulder. “Come on, I’ll show you where to get some more.”

Just as we were starting to walk towards the beach, someone hollered, “Yo, Quinn! Quinn!”

We turned to see two kids our age skirting through the crowd. The guy was calling to Quinn and the girl was following behind, attached to his hand. I felt Quinn’s arm freeze in place for a split second and then he quickly dropped it to his side. “Oh, hey, man. Hey, Darcy,” Quinn said to the new couple. As they chatted it up, I watched the boy and felt the girl’s eyes on me. He was a few inches taller than Quinn and just about as good looking with sandy brown hair and ice blue eyes. His tan and muscles were evident under his tight t-shirt and board shorts.

“Oh, Becky,” Quinn said as though just remembering I was standing next to him. “This is Seth and Darcy from back home. Seth works construction up here this summer and Darcy is just here for the weekend. This is Becky. She’s staying at the Camp this week.”

I smiled at them both. Seth smiled back and lingered a bit too long on his look-me-over, and Darcy sent me a piercing glare. Quinn noticed and tried breaking the silence with an offer to grab drinks. He and Seth stole away and left Darcy and me together. I could feel her still glaring at me, so after I looked everywhere except at her, I tried to break the silence.

“So….you’re from Harrington too?”

Darcy stared for a couple more seconds and then answered, “No. Actually I’m from Martensdale.”

In confusion I asked, “Oh, didn’t Quinn say you were from his home town?”

“Uh, no,” she snapped. “He said I was from back home. Martensdale is like a mile from Harrington. We go to the same school.” Her impatience with me was evident, so I didn’t pursue more conversation.

Soon Seth arrived with cups for Darcy and himself and another for me. As he handed mine over, he said, “Quinn told me you’d need another one.”

I looked around. “Where is he?”

Darcy and Seth exchanged a knowing glance. “He’ll be right back,” Seth insisted. The two of them turned towards each other in conversation and I was left holding two cups, not talking with anyone, my eyes darting everywhere for a glimpse of Quinn. I was a little irritated that he had left me alone with two complete strangers.

I was bobbing my head to the music when something in the pool caught my eye. It was one of those pools where the edge drops into nothingness. From where I stood, it looked like someone could swim right off the edge right into the lake below. The underwater lights were alternately flashing blue, red, and yellow, creating a relaxing mood. Hundreds of people were standing around the pool, nearly every one with a cup in hand, and a few had hit the water already. Sitting on the very edge overlooking the lake was a voluptuous girl, probably a little older than me. She was leaning back on her hands and her neck was tilted back as though she was studying the stars.

A guy with a familiar gait walked along the edge of the pool towards the girl. Even though it had to be difficult with the water flowing over the edge, he made it look effortless. I probably would have had to crawl so as to not fall off the edge. When he reached the girl, her face was still looking at the stars and he bent down to kiss her upside down. It was so intimate I almost had to look away. It took only a few seconds for it to sink in. When I turned around, Darcy had a sick smirk on her face.

“Oh, Becky. You didn’t know?” She nodded towards Quinn and the girl. “That’s Quinn’s girlfriend. Charice. They’ve been together, like, all summer.” She sneered, “You couldn’t have really thought Quinn would be into you. You’re so….plain. Charice is drop-dead gorgeous. Look at her. You could never live up to her.”

I looked between Seth and Darcy and then back over at Quinn and the mystery girl. I was frozen in place as I watched Quinn lean close to whisper in her ear. They shared another kiss, and this time I was able to turn away. Darcy was still simpering, but Seth actually looked concerned.

“I- I’ve got to get out of here,” I stammered.

Seth stole a glance at Quinn and looked back at me. “Do you need a ride?” I saw Darcy’s face contort in anger.

I tired to shake my head clear. “No. No, I’ll figure something out,” I blurted and darted away from them. Away from Darcy and her sick smirk. Away from Quinn and his girlfriend. Away from Seth pretending to care. Away from the entire night.