

Did I tell you that they made me call him? It was five against one, what was I supposed to do? I've never been the "strong" one. Now Becky, she'll give you a piece of her mind if you want it. Even if you don't want it for that matter. One time, we went to Denny's and the waiter brought our eggs scrambled. Scrambled! "I can't eat these," she tells him. She looks Mr. Waiter right in the eye and says matter-of-factly, "I thought we asked for hard boiled." (We always get hard boiled so we can pop out the yolks and fling them at each other.) So anyway, Mr. Waiter is all apologetic and whisks her plate away to get it right this time. I felt kind of bad for him, though, so I just ate my rubbery eggs and tried to smile. Guess who got egg yolk thrown at her? So like I was saying, I'm not much of a "strong" one. When they made me call him we were at my house. (Were always at my house.) I tried to tell them no, I just can't do it, but they wouldn't listen. "That's the whole point of Sadie Hawkins," Heather said. "The girl has to ask the boy!" I had to dial. 695314 I slammed down the receiver and by this time they were all getting mad at me. "Would you just stop being such a chicken and call him?! I know hell say yes because Sarah's best friend's brother's girlfriend's sister said he told her you were cute. Now call!" Becky rolled her eyes and thrust the electric blue phone at me. I stared at it. She would be able to call David, so why couldn't I? I tried to roll my eyes back at her but remembered that the only way to ever get them to leave me alone is to just do what they want. I had to call. My shaky finger had to dial all seven numbers and my shaky hand had to try to hold the slippery receiver. I caught a glimpse of my best friend's fiery locks. Why can't I be like Becky? Just this once! She had her dress picked out before her date even said yes.

Ugh and they all crowded around me. I found my voice somewhere and asked for David. I hoped he couldn't hear them all giggling, but he probably could. I don't know what we talked about. Maybe how the weather is finally good for sledding or how Mr. Webber always says tolerate. Whatever we said, I knew I couldn't get off the phone without asking him or they would probably never talk to me again. Could you imagine going through the rest of junior high without any friends? Anyway, that's how it started. He still has five days, six hours, and 35 minutes to change his mind. But I guess that maybe I'm glad they made me call him. He did say I was cute.

-Shanna Bohdan