

# Olivia Thomas

By Astrid H.

Well hello my name is Ryder Miller and today is May 4th 2011, and I have a secret, you may be asking well Ryder your a normal boy who has brown eyes, brown hair and in the 10th grade what could you do so bad. It was nothing bad it more a stupid love story that Cupid pierced my heart and the hole won't close up and I'm at my end of life, Okay

I need to chill.. It's more like me saying there is this girl, and she is more than any other girl. She is not just a girl either! Her name is Olivia Thomas. Her skin is like Snow on cold winter nights, green eyes that are as green as summer grass, her hair is warm but light blonde hair. She is a beautiful creature she shy but confident; the way she pushes up her glasses when they fall to the bottom of the bridge of her nose when she laughs she snorts I like that about her but that is the Olivia I knew in the fifth grade in Grade school. She sits alone in the loudly filled cafeteria her nose in book, after her big sister passed away in the 7th grade she went silent she shut everyone and everything out of her life after Tiffiney passed away. I remember Tiffiney Grace Thomas like it was yesterday her smile filled the room. "Hey Ryder what's up my man?!" Says my Buddy Elton Mendez with a slap on the back "Elton what's up how was football yesterday? sorry I had some chores to do so I could not go to your game!" I said to make him so he thinks I'm like I am a good friend instead of a bad friend because Elton is that guy if you

don't go to his Band concerts or football games he will starting thinking your a bad friend that does not give any craps about him or his life and I'm just gonna say it I did not go to his game because I really did not want to I wanted to find a way I can talk to Olivia Thomas.

"It's fine bro I understand the mother not wanting you to go from chores' ' he says with quotation marks with his fingers. "How many times are you gonna Clean your room this is the 3rd time this month!" Elton says knowing I'm lying to him "Sorry man I ju-" the bell saves me before I could say anymore words. "Okay it's the last period now please everyone quite down it's the last period and I want to go home and cuddle my dog" Mrs,O'neill says smiling of the fact of going home and her dog is there. After language arts I saw a striped Brown and pink backpack with a sunflower keychain It was Olivia's, I speed walked to catch up to her. I stepped on the back of her high top vans "Och! What are you doing?!" Olivia said not pleased of the fact I tripped her "uh uh uh" I choked up I couldn't spit it out I stared at her and I wish I could just say Olivia oh Oli you are so beautiful I want to sweep you off your feet and dance the night way "please Ryder if you are the kid I know in 5th grade you would help me up and let me get on my merry way." Her words so soft but new I wonder what it's like to be her with soft red round li-"uh uh uh Olivia" I just actually say her name without a studer I helped her up "nice to see you Miller you still have that curly brown hair I see.." Olivia is trying to make conversation with me maybe she wants to try to be my friend? "well yeah..it's kinda something I got from

puberty...” I said Awkwardly, Ah! I just want to scream in a pillow why did I say puberty! I sweat and I shake “well uh O-Olivia I can take y-you home if y-you will like me to-too?” I asked with confidence but I think we both know from me stuttering I was too much of a wuss to actually ask. “Okay but only once if you trip me again you are driving me again” As Olivia and Ryder get into a 2003 Toyota Olivia goes in her backpack and gets out a book “you know as you being quite you’re still very talkative” I giggle at the end of saying that “yeah I know, now my house is Quinn rd 2300. You take a left getting out of here then at the right you turn right and down Robert Dr you take another Right and there is my house.” Okay dang she did not want to be in my smell of cheese burgers and body odor car “yes ma’am” I said as firm as possible so she does not make a remark like “you smell” or something “Ryder James Miller, I’m so done of you staring at me at lunch I see when you look at me” she says with not a angry voice but a calm one “I know you like me and I’m just gonna say it from the 5th grade in Mr Jacobs class I always have liked you the way you always wore a hoodie jeans and black high top laced converses. Brown eyes like the starry night made by Vincent Van Gogh, dark brown curly hair that smells like fresh chocolate from the chocolate shop in London, when you smile your smile fills the room like Tiff-“ she stops from her last memories of Tiffiney Grace “is Okay her smile filled the room she was a ball of sunshine I miss her too..” I look into her eyes with an expression that will make her feel happy she looked back into mine.

