

Rainbow Girl

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Her hair whips past me, the smell of roses fogs my head, making me feel warm and fuzzy. The bright colors of her locks bring me nostalgia, the feeling of familiarity swarming around inside my brain. Her name is Rainbow Girl, and I've been in love with her since second grade. *Pretty* pathetic right? I don't even know her real name, yet I'm in love with her. You'd think I'd have talked to her at least once, but *no*. I'm merely a speck of stardust in her galaxy whirlwind of adventure. I've never even said a word to her. Fear of rejection, fear of her not wanting anything to do with me, fear of everything. I'm just a scared sophomore in high school, who's in love with a girl with rainbow hair. *What can you do?*

"Dan! Dan!" I turn to the voice calling me, seeing my best friend Benny coming into sight rather quickly down the hall. I smile, walking to him.

"Hey Benjamin, what crazy idea do you have today?" I grin at him, raising my arm, sliding my backpack strap farther up my arm.

"Actually, it's about Rainbow Girl," he pauses, not sure if her name strikes a feeling of hope in my heart, "I think you're going to like it," he finished, staring at me with hopeful eyes. I shift uncomfortably, hearing the class bell go off. *Saved by the bell.*

"Tell me at lunch, Benny," I say, walking away to my math class. *She's in this class.* I walk inside, seeing her sitting down in her seat, face deep in *To Kill A Mockingbird*. She's always reads the classics. I don't think I've ever seen her read a modern book in the whole time I've seen her.

"Hello class, I'm Mr. Ellington. I'll be your teacher this semester. Everyone take out your textbooks and turn to page 394, while I call attendance," He finishes, walking to his desk and pulling out the attendance chart. *I'll hear her name for the first time.* I never had a class with her until this year. Seems the world is on my side today. "Tommy?" Mr. Ellington calls, seeing a boy, Tommy, raise his hand in the back. He continues calling names, until one certain name stands out. "*Savannah?*" And I see a small, pale arm raise in the air a confident answer.

"Here!" The voice shouts, and I turn to look at her, her smile brighter than the sun itself. *Keep yourself together Dan.* Mr. Ellington nods, smiling back at her.

"I like your enthusiasm, Ms. Thomson," He grins, as he continues to call names. "Daniel?" I freeze, gathering my breath that had made a quick exit from my body when I heard her name.

"Here," I say quietly, rising my hand up in the air, my head face down. He nods and starts talking about the semester and what we'll learn. But I don't hear him. I just see her, giggling and smiling with her friends, her face flushing whenever Mr. Ellington catches onto her talking. She's just so..

“Mr. Pravis! I expect you to learn in my class, not daydream and stare at Ms. Thomson! Now pay attention,” Mr. Ellington bellows, frowning at me before turning around again. My face flushes when Savannah looks back at me, tilting her head to the side like a confused puppy, and smiles. I avoid her eyes, trying to concentrate on what Mr. Ellington is talking about but her bright blue eyes are piercing into my skull, begging and pleading for me to look her way, so I do. I look her dead in the eyes, not breaking contact. Her smile never fades, her bright hair falls in front of her face, falling so beautifully. The bell rings, waking up from what seemed like a dream, and I grab my backpack, hurrying out of the room, not looking back at Savannah. The rest of the day dragged on, but my heart felt like it was flying. *She looked at me. Her smile is so pretty.* I shake my head softly, grinning widely.

“Dan!” I heard my mom call from the car, and I walk towards her. I step inside the car, feeling engulfed by the overpowering air conditioning.

“Hey mom,” I say, my smile never faltering. She smiles, looking at me strangely.

“What’s got you so happy?” She asks, her eyes sparkling in wonder at my sudden spark of happiness. I shake my head, looking out the window of the car.

As we drive, trees and homes pass by in a blur, I think of her. I think of her rainbow hair, her bright blue eyes. I arrive home, walking upstairs quickly and walking into my room.

“Savannah,” her name rolls off my tongue so nicely. That night I fell asleep with her in my dreams.

The next morning, I woke up, actually excited for school. I get up quickly, slipping on a pair of black jeans, a white t-shirt, and my black converse. I run downstairs, grabbing my backpack.

“Bye mom!” I yell out, running out the door. I hear a faint “bye” as I started off to school. I get there, faster than I expected actually, and stop in front of the school to see her standing there. I put my bike on the bike rack, barely looking her in the eyes.

“Rainbow Girl, huh?” She asks, smiling her bright smile. I blush deeply, looking away from her. She walks in front of me, looking up at me. “I like it,” She whispers, leaning forward. I smile, leaning forward to where our lips ghosted over each others, finally pressing together. So yeah, this could be a classic high school love story. But how many stories does the girl have rainbow hair? Yeah, *exactly.*