

1993

She Knew All Along

Christy Reisbig

Follow this and additional works at: <https://scholarworks.wmich.edu/calliope>



Part of the Creative Writing Commons

Recommended Citation

Reisbig, Christy (1993) "She Knew All Along," *Calliope (1954-2001)*: Vol. 1993 , Article 10.

Available at: <https://scholarworks.wmich.edu/calliope/vol1993/iss1/10>

This Fiction is brought to you for free and open access by the English at ScholarWorks at WMU. It has been accepted for inclusion in Calliope (1954-2001) by an authorized editor of ScholarWorks at WMU. For more information, please contact wmu-scholarworks@wmich.edu.

She Knew All Along

by Christy Reisbig

Neat! Neat! Neat! Neat! Mason groaned as he rolled over and smacked the alarm clock. "Oh, joy!" he thought as he pulled on some silk boxers. "Another wonderful day in the real world."

He still couldn't believe that last week he'd left the ordinary life of high school. And, here he was, going to the University, where just six months before he and his buddies watched the college girls playing tennis every Wednesday afternoon. He stared at himself in the bathroom mirror remembering how they used to wish that they were in college. Now he wasn't so sure.

"It used to be exciting," he thought as he brushed his teeth. "Why is it, all of a sudden, so monotonous? At least in high school I could be weird and make something happen every day. Now I want to be accepted for what I am."

His best friends don't even know, and he doesn't quite know how to tell them. He has faked it all his life in order to be accepted as a "normal" person.

Mason opened his notebook and wrote:

January 14, 1993

Today is the day! Tonight at the study group, I will reveal myself and tell everyone there that I am different!

He sucked in a deep breath and said out loud, "I hope I'm doing the right thing." Checking his watch, he hopped into the shower, got dressed, and gathered his books into his Eastpack. As he got into his El Camino, he noticed a note on the windshield. It said, "*Meet me at the cafe for coffee, I really need to talk. Reva.*"

Mason wondered if he should just tell Reva this morning instead of later, but he had better find out what kind of mood she was in today. From her message, it didn't sound so good. Reva was the kind of person who was very open-minded and didn't like it when people formed opinions. However, sometimes she went along with the crowd because she didn't really have good self-esteem. Mason knew about Reva's mood-swings; he'd been friends with her ever since Mrs. Jackson's history class in the seventh grade. He was new to the school and she was the first to talk to him and be his friend.

He parked across the street and saw Reva sitting in the cafe. As he walked toward the building, he could see that she was having a double-strawberry shake, which was what she treated herself to when she was depressed.

"Well, here goes nothing," he thought. Reva looked up and smiled, and said, "Howdy. Glad you could make it."

"Thanks, babe," Mason replied. At this, Reva blushed and looked down at the shake, stirring it slowly as though she was in deep thought. Mason noticed this, and was puzzled, but he let her talk first.

"Mason?" she asked quietly.

"What is it, Reva? You look upset."

"I have to tell you that I think I have some feelings about you that are more than friendship feelings."

Mason cleared his throat, now knowing that he had to tell her.

"But I know there's no possible way you could like me." A warning light went off in Mason's head. He ordered some coffee, black, from the waitress who just appeared.

"What do you mean by that?"

"Mason, you can't keep your big secret one forever."

"You mean you know?" His mouth dropped open about a foot and he abruptly sat back in his chair.

Reva said nonchalantly, "It's not like it's a big deal or anything."

"Not a big deal?!" Mason sat there shaking his head. "Just exactly what do you think is my big secret?"

"I first noticed it in ninth grade when you never went to any dances or never had any girlfriends." She sipped her shake and continued. "Then, your asking me to the prom two years in a row convinced me totally." She looked up at Mason and smiled. "I won't tell anyone, if you want."

Mason just sat there staring at his coffee. He wondered how many more knew. He thought he'd covered it up well enough by doing everything all his friends did. All those dates with only hugs at the end, the make-out parties where he only played cards, and prom. Yes, prom, where he had taken his best friend Reva both years. Of course she would figure it out. She was smarter than three-quarters of the people he knew.

Mason felt stupid and ashamed that he didn't tell her earlier.

"It would be good if you didn't go around and blurt it all out to everyone. I was going to tell the study group tonight, anyway."

Reva took his hand and said, "This is cool with me, and it doesn't change the way I feel about you. Do you want to talk some more"

"Yeah, but first, let's order some of those tempting Danishes."