

# To Love a Girl



by  
Alessa

# To Love a Girl

by Alessa

Sometimes I would fall in love—a mysterious feeling that only appeared when I was with another girl. That thick, sweet, gentle, peach-like aroma that only floated in the air between two girls; an emotion that went beyond simple affection or impatience and made me wish we could touch our lips and each other's soft white skin forever.



Evie catches me scribbling things again in markers and Gel Pens. I was writing her name on my skin, the insides of my wrist, and the back of my hand to remind myself that she is the one I would do anything for. She laughs at my antics and asks me if I'm afraid of ink poisoning. I just shrug, and she shakes her pretty head in amusement. I watch her blond tresses fly about her face, and it makes me smile. I wish I was as pretty as her, but I'm just a tiny, dark-haired Japanese girl. Anyone can tell we are worlds apart.

When we play in the park, I spin around in circles; arms spread wide and my tongue dancing out to catch snowflakes and the taste of clean air. My winter hat pulled tight over my coal-black hair, scarf wrapped carefully around my neck, the laces on my boots tied tight, and jacket buttoned up to the neck. Evie watches and laughs—no hat, no scarf, jacket unbuttoned, two mismatched socks, and the laces on her boots untied.

Sometimes she'd spin with me, and I'd catch a whiff of her strawberry and cream-scented hair as it flutters in the wind. She'd link her arms through mine and spin me so fast I couldn't breathe until we fall on our knees in the snow and laugh like two lunatics.

We talk for ages about homework, movies, music, being twelve, and being kids, lying next to each other on the flat roof of her house just above the kitchen.

We are wedged close together; her fingers are tangled with mine, and her hand holds mine so tightly, I'm afraid she'll be able to feel my pulse racing against the inside of her wrist. Her soft finger is tracing small circles on the back of my hand, and I feel like I've forgotten to breathe. She turns her head to grin at me, and her soft strawberry scent is so strong it wipes my mind completely.

I pull the neck of my baby blue turtleneck sweater up over my mouth, wondering if it looks silly with my stringy black hair. She ruffles my hair at my musings, telling me that I'm silly anyway. I can't help but watch the way her dark blue knit sweater slides down her right shoulder and exposes some of her

flawless peach-hued skin. The hollow of her neck is so distracting that I can't think straight, and she has to come over and tug the turtleneck down from my mouth.

"You're an idiot, Miyu," she says as she lightly smacks my shoulder and sits down next to me with one arm wrapped around me, drawing me closer. I smile and lean on the shoulder her sweater hasn't exposed, trying not to make it look like I'm embedding the scent of her skin and strawberry soap into my memory.

And when she turns to kiss my forehead, I nearly die until I realise that I was just daydreaming again, lost in the haze of her sweet scent that still lingers on my cheek that rested on her shoulder.



My mom tries to tell me that she's a bad influence, a troubled kid from a broken home. Someone who will take me down the wrong path and make me crazy about boys.

She has no idea. I try to tell her that she's being ridiculous, but I can't bring myself to tell her she shouldn't worry about boys. I don't care about them. It's only Evie I love. It's always been her.

She frowns at me, "That girl is nothing but trouble."

She is, I'm thinking to myself, and I like her anyway.

"You're over-exaggerating," I roll my eyes at mom.

"She has no family, no one to look after her. She's out on the street all day by herself, looking for trouble. Excuse me for being worried about you!"

I glare, "And you were pregnant at eighteen! Mistakes and circumstances don't make us bad people."

Now I'm grounded, again. Alone in my room. Crying. Missing her like mad.



Days later, we sit together in her room, and I'm telling her about my mom. She nods, grins, plays with my hair, and sighs.

"She's probably right, you know. I wish she was my mom."

"You're not nearly as bad as you want to be, Evie. And trust me, you don't want her as your mom."

She grins and ruffles my hair. "I want to show you something."

She takes me to the corner store. My heart is racing, but she is insistent, silent, and skilled. It took her less than a minute, and now we are running out into the street and across the playground until we reach

the safety of her home and hide behind the wall. She takes the stolen chocolate bar out of her coat and opens it, but I'm shaking with fear.

"Don't do that again, Evie," I plead with her, scared out of my wits. What if my mom finds out? I'll never be allowed to see Evie again. Just the thought of that happening has my eyes tearing up.

She's almost like heroin. She's dangerous. She doesn't care for me in the same way I care for her. I really shouldn't let myself get too close to her because I'll get hurt. But despite all the misadventures and trouble she makes us get into and could get us into, I know I won't leave her. She puts me at ease. She's so beautiful, it takes my breath away.

She leans over and kisses me gently.

"I'm sorry, Miyu."

I look up at her and search her eyes. All the answers I ever wanted are in them, and I can feel how deep her love is for the first time.

I melt into her arms, lean forward, my fingers tangle themselves in her wavy hair and I end up sobbing quietly on her shoulder in fear of losing her one day. Her lips curve into a smile, her hand scoping across my back so the tips of her fingers can push my T-shirt up and run across my skin. She holds me tightly to herself, and I shiver, and pull myself up, but not together. I pull my knees to my chest, and I can feel her warmth on my jeans, the thin cotton of my T-shirt retaining her scent.

I clear my throat and wipe the tears from my eyes. "What would you do if I liked you, you know... like that?"

Her breath on my neck makes me shiver all over again. I look down and bite my lip.

"I'd like you back."

She kisses my neck and leaves me shivering while she falls on her back and closes her eyes. I lay down next to her and slip my hand into hers. We stare up at the stars; she rubs her thumb in tiny circles on the back of my hand and turns her head towards me.

"I'm sorry I made you cry." Her strawberry perfume wipes my head clean again. I shudder and sigh as her arms close around me.

I love you...

I love you...

I love you...



Dear God, I think my heart's stopped.

I manage a laugh and then pull up her little vanity box filled with make-up. It's summer now, she's tan again. It looks great on her; her blonde hair is accented with the tan, the freckles across her button nose look like they belong again.

She smiles at me when she catches me looking at her with adoration in my eyes, and digs through the box until she finds hot pink lipstick.

I'm captivated while she gently swipes the lipstick across her heart-shaped lips. She smacks them with a laugh and grins at me. She asks what I think, and all I can think of doing is giving her a purposely exaggerated smile and two thumbs up. She cackles, smacks my arm. "No seriously!"

I blush like crazy, but I don't care. "I love it."

She grins.

I dig through the box and pick up a lighter pink. She yanks it out of my hands and takes my chin between her index finger and thumb to gently turn my face towards hers and apply the hot, pink lipstick instead.

"Hold still." Her expression is so serious I almost laugh.

My mouth pops open so she can properly apply the lipstick. I try to make my breathing appear even and light, like I'm not lightheaded and overexcited by her simply being this close to me, her fingers softly touching my face. She smiles when she's done and looks at me for a moment, then brings her lips to my ear and whispers, "You look adorable."

My heart wants to jump out of my chest. I look in the mirror and smile. For some reason, the hot pink looks great against my overzealous pale skin, accents my dark eyes, and makes my lips look even fuller. I love it. She smiles at me again, "You're gorgeous, Miyu."

I can't breathe.



She traces hearts and stars over my skin, smiling softly while she does so. I'm lying on my back in her bed, giggling and trying not to explode with happiness. She blows a breath of air onto my belly button before pressing her lips into the curving crevice just under my ribcage.

She mouths 'I Love You Too' so that her tongue gently runs against my skin. It tickles so much I can't stop giggling. Finally, she lets me go and buries her face in the crook of my neck. I hug her close to me with all the strength I can find in my skinny arms. When she finally looks up at me, I can see her eyes are smiling.

We are only two girls enveloped in a cherry-coloured mist. Neither of us sees our surroundings. Our eyes are wide open, but we gaze only at each other, as if trying to take in every last bit of the other's face. We gaze at each other soundlessly, as if reality paused and we moved in slow motion.

She draws closer and presses her cheek against mine. She's cold, but I can hear her sigh happily.

"What are we?" she asks.

I squeeze her tighter, "Happy."

I swear I can feel her smile.



We sit on a park bench, and I'm scribbling our names again. But this time, instead of writing with ink on my skin, I'm using a pocket knife to carve them into the park bench. It's permanent this way, I'm thinking. Nothing will erase them ever again—no snow, no rain, no sun. I put down the knife and trace the names with my fingers: Miyu ♡ Evie.

We link pinkies, walking towards my house. My mom knows something's between us, but it makes her smile now because she knows Evie's nicer to me than any boy would ever be. My mom waves at us through the window, and Evie grabs my hand and kisses my cheek.

"I never thought I'd love a girl until I met you," she whispers.

I melt all over again.

I love you...

I love you...

I love you...

The End