The Most Beautiful Plague

I do not understand most things that happen to me, let alone in the world. Things just happen I guess. Every day in the world people go about their daily business, and fix their money problems and relationships. My only problem is my way of thinking. In my spare time, I think, and I think and think some more. I’m a senior in highschool and I’m going to go off to college, I sure do not feel like one. There is only one thing I do besides thinking, I observe. People are strange. Trying to figure people out is difficult for me because everyone thinks differently and acts differently too. Most “young adults” in my grade, are applying to their college of choice and most getting scholarship money, but I hate it. I don’t like to talk about the future and getting a job. It’s the same routine as school, but a different getup. We all try for something, but why? I used to be like a mindless drone, a kid going and doing the same things as everyone else, and I assumed it was the right thing.

This is a recollection of my thoughts, and when I changed. I don’t know if it’s for the better, but I realized I am the last of my kind. A rebel without a cause, I would say. It’s also rotted my brain into a pile of mush when it comes to proving myself in grades or other tasks that can be challenging. My family life is all right. My parents care, but we fight a lot. Most of the time it is me, but I am not a person who likes being insulted. I’m like a hermit sometimes; I just want to be left alone, but other times being lonely changes me. I met someone who was like me, the very reflection of my thoughts, and likes/dislikes.

When I learned the term isolationism in history, I assumed it would apply to countries, not to people. It has seemed to stick on me, more than most. Not that I have no friends or people to talk to; I do, but most conversations seem just trivial. How was your day? Nice weather, and all that jazz. I am in the sense of the word a “hipster,” but I like
going against the current. I always wanted to be the person not to have a care in the world, like in all the movies about a badass, but with strong moral values when it comes down it. It would be an exaggeration to relate myself to the “rebels,” even though I am probably more of the stereotypical nerd. Okay sorry, enough about me. Now onto the story.

It was the start of the summer going into my senior year. My brother was home from college, and we just went to the mall to walk around. My brother and I are different in a sense of how much we don’t piss our parents off. He rarely does anything to make them angry; I piss them off probably twice per day. Also I have noticed how much they prefer him over me, or maybe it’s just me. At the mall I fit in pretty well, walking around and going into stores like all the others. The only difference was I did this alone and often sat on the bench just observing the different kinds of people throughout the mall. Soon my brother and I split up to check different stores; I went to a clothing/weird gifts store. By weird gifts, I mean strange items that I guess people want. And there she was, a beacon in the bleakness of this store, in front on the desk folding shirts and placing them on the shelves. Her hair was dark red, like the color of Twizzlers, and she was wearing a green t-shirt, with not just any symbol but a Tri-force, from Zelda, my favorite game series since I was five years old. She had a piercing on the left side of her nose, and a tattoo on the back of her calf; it was of a cross with a rose wrapped around it, very awesome. I was dazed, amazed, nervous and about every other feeling in the world. I just stared for what seemed to be hours, for she was the most beautiful girl I have ever seen in the world. Thoughts just cascaded through my mind; as I just looked at her, I thought maybe I should try to talk to her. Now as I try to gather ideas to start my conversation with her, she comes up to me and asks me if I need any help finding something. I just stared into her brown eyes, looking for the words to say, but instead I stayed silent. She looked at me weird, but then I blurted out asking her if the store was taking applications. There it was, my first impression thrown out the window, and my key to winning her heart was based on if the store was taking applications. As she gave me the store’s business’s card, I asked her a different question. She blushed, and told me yes. I was on cloud nine for the rest of that day.

The next day I came back to the store, and she was there working again like she had
told me. She forgot that her break was on Monday and she only had 15 minutes today for her break. I just told her I would pretend to shop while we talked. I don’t know how long we talked, but I really did not care. The conversation was almost like looking into the mirror and seeing your reflection, but this was like the reflection of my thoughts and feelings. We had so much in common from games, music, opinions and so much more. That day was one of the most uncommon days of my life because I had never met someone so much like me. She told me of her past relationships, and how she moved from school to school a lot. I absorbed all the information I could remember about her, as we fixed lanyards and folded clothes, and I remember putting up wallets on the top shelf; I was slightly taller than she was. Then her manager told her she was on her break for fifteen minutes, and she grabbed a marker and took my hand to write down her phone number. At this point I was crazy about her, even though I just met her the other day. I remember her smiling at my dumbfounded face when she wrote down her number, and I asked her when she was off work, and I would plan an “adventure” I called it. And so on Tuesday, the adventure would start.

After all the sleepless nights and planning for Tuesday, it finally came. We met back up in the mall, and I told her the first thing we would do, which was go to several stores and try to find the most expensive thing and see who could find the most expensive item. She destroyed me in this task; she won all three times. The next thing we did was we went to an ice cream shop, and we had to pick two or three flavors of smoothies and mix them together to make something delicious or disgusting. I do not remember what she mixed for me, but it was disgusting while I picked flavors that I thought would be quite delicious. Then we went to the park to walk around and talk, by this time it was evening. We sat on a slide next to each other, and she took my hand, and we watched the sunset. It was perfect. If only it was real.

What happened instead was me waiting in the mall for her to show up, and it never happened. So instead I did all the stuff I planned by myself for that day. I was miserable, but as I watched the sunset, I never knew why she did not show. That second time in the store was the last time I saw her, no texts, or random encounters or anything. I was pretty far gone at this point; I ran out of things to occupy myself. So I would drive. In the middle of
the night; I would just drive endlessly around the town. I do not know why I drove so much late at night, maybe I thought she would be just doing the same thing. At the time I assumed God was punishing me for my sins or just teasing me with the thought that someone I met was similar to me, and took her away as soon as I was happy. And so a beautiful plague she was to my mind and heart, and I slowly sunk further into my summer. At the time I wanted to take a blade to my skin and tear out the machine she installed from within, and let the pain out of my body and mind. Never again I told myself; I would not let this happen ever again. Those days of crying endlessly in my bed soon revisited me, and all my therapy fell into ashes around me. I never told anyone this story even so much as mention her; the pain in my chest seems to resurface. I have never found anyone who has affected me this much. As I grow older and watch some of my relationships fade, sometimes I wish to be left alone. As the dominos fall into place, I soon realize so will I. Even if I found her, I do not know what I would tell her, let alone what to say. One song particularly goes through my mind, and it goes “There is a man assigned to me, and he checks on my stability, we discuss you every week, and then I rinse, and rinse, repeat.”

Now about halfway through my senior year, I have recovered, but the lack of sleep is haunting me still. All my friends are discussing their colleges while I try to stay a kid, but realize the day is slowly creeping up on me. Regardless of my feelings, I applied to college and I must try to get into a new routine every day, and the cycle continues. Hopefully some unexpected things happen that would be quite favorable, and I am not one for routines. I hope to live in a big city with a ton of people to observe and have more things to keep me busy. As I grow older, I hope to change for the best. Maybe being normal would not be too bad.