

It's Tuesday and I'm ready. I'm finally old enough to go out with my older sister and cousins. We're going to the movies and I'm nervous I started sweating so hard I needed to take a shower. I'm so intimidated by them. They're older and cooler than me I'm always the outcast. But this month I turned 13 and I'm a bit reluctantly accepted in to their circle.

I grabbed a few clothing choices and headed to the bathroom. There's a shirt, light blue with skulls on them, some shorts with lace pockets and a ruffled dress. I decide to wear the dress because I don't want to seem like I'm being chaperoned I want to look like I belong with them. I turn on the water and it feels good as the cool drops cover me.

I'm in there for about 20 minutes when I decide to get out because my fingers have pruned. I sit on the toilet letting my naked body air dry because I left my towel in the room and I can't go in there because they're in there and well I'm naked. My eyes pop out of my head as I see Derek, my handsome eldest cousin who plays football and reads books. He looks at me like I'm a priceless glass vase that he just broke into a million pieces.

"Umm....ummm." he says with his eyes on me but not really. I'm still wondering why he hasn't closed the door and I start to cover my chest which is what I should've done as soon as he came in.

"Oh my goodness! Like seriously. Derek why are you still here get out."

I don't know why we are whispering but it feels creepy like we have something going on that now one knows about. he backs out and closes the door behind him. I quickly put on my still deciding whether or I want to still go with them or avoid the inevitable awkwardness.

I finally come to terms with the fact that I've worked so hard for this day and I'm not wasting it based on a little mistake...only it's not so little. We are all dressed and getting in the car. Just by one struck of bad luck I am forced to sit next to Derek. We look at each other like enemies. I hate him. He's ruined my night before it's even started. He scoots over as far as the car will let him. As we drive to the movie Derek shifts at least five times a minute. I roll my eyes at his immaturity.

"Look" I whisper to him. "Don't ruin this night any more than you already have." He rolls his eyes nonchalantly but I know he's just as embarrassed as I am. We're a few blocks away from the theater. And I'm extremely excited. When we finally pull up Derek jumps out the car and nearly bolts into the place. We reach the ticket booth and things get heated.

“What movie?” says the young girl at the booth.

“3 tickets for a nightmare on Elm Street.”

I look at Derek confused.

“but its 4 of us” I say with an attitude.

“are you sure you wanna see this? You can watch high school musical its more for kids your age” he looks at me with determined eyes.

“I’m more than sure” I lift up my chin turning away from him.

As we enter the theater the sudden darkness impairs my vision for a moment but I can still see Derek’s face and boy is it annoyed. I smirk in victory. As we take our seats I sit as far away from him as possible because I don’t want his presence destroying my good time but it still lingers in the back of my head.

The movie begins and I get goose bumps because actually I am a bit scared but about 27 minutes in I realize it sucks and start to get bored. I look over at Derek who is half asleep and I cough loudly to wake him up laughing when his eyes pop out of his head.

I can tell the movie is concluding so I slip back on my shoes that I had taken off just so I could sit up. Derek’s eyes quickly look over to me and he whispers.

“why are you in such a hurry? You scared?”

I hate the way his eyes thin in an evil way. I roll mine and continue watching. When it’s over we decide to go to Johnny Rockets and grab some grub. Conveniently Derek and I end up sitting next to each other .

“so what did you think of the movie?” he said.

“don’t talk to me.”

“Why?”

“Because I said so.”

“Why did you say so?”

I was really getting annoyed with him

“Because you walked in on me.”

“It was an accident.”

“So what you don’t know how to knock?”

“You don’t know how to let people know you’re in the bathroom?”

“I shouldn’t have to its my house.” I say feeling like I just won a case.

“So.” His sarcastic tone pisses me off

I glare at him. Just glare.

“Psh oh come on. Get over it. It wasn’t that bad.”

“You saw me naked.” I cringe.

“Barely, you covered yourself.”

“So.”

“Besides it’s not like I’m breaking my neck to get a good look at you.”

“Who knows maybe you like me?”

“Yeah in what world?”

“Shut up. This still changes nothing. Now everything is awkward.”

“It’s only awkward because you make it that way.”

I think about the possibility that the statement is true. It is. Derek didn’t seem too phased by it. Maybe it all was just in my head.

Ok fine.

I say giving in. he looks at me and says.

So are we cool now?

Nope. You’re still annoying.

He smacks me on my chin a little and I smile.

Don’t smile brace face.

Ughhhh shut up Derek.

I’m kidding. You’re beautiful.

I know and thanks.

No problem kiddo.

In the mist of Derek and me making up I didn't notice the rest of the gang staring at us in awe. My sister wanted to know every detail and I wasn't prepared to tell her alone good thing I had Derek.