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a date

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a date

Sara Katie Rodgers

He's taking me out on a date and I'm

so

fucking

excited.

I silently dance in my room in my underwear and bra, picking out
my outfit for our date.

Tights? A dress? A skirt?

Yep. A skirt and it looks so darn cute.

I hop in the shower.

Wash my hair and body.

While shaving my legs, I cut myself.

Fuck.

I squeal in excitement.

I feel like it's our first date but really, I've lost count.

After being together for two years, you don't count them all like
you did in the beginning.

But, it still feels like the first:

full of excitement and wonder.

I spend too long perfecting my winged eyeliner and look at the time... I'm always late. To everything. Rushing out the door, I put on my shoes and hop in the car. I love picking him up. I feel in charge. I cover my mouth as I drive, horrified to realize I've put on too much perfume and just as horrified that the vanilla scent doesn't actually taste like vanilla.

I pull into his apartment

and when I see him, I can't help but smile.

He's not just my boyfriend. He's my

best friend

side kick

storyteller

sushi bringer

flower giver

listener

an amazing partner

We hop in the car and listen to Justin Bieber. I'm sure he doesn't mind but I honestly never thought to ask. We chat about our day. Mine was shit. His was great. I'm sure tomorrow our moods will swap (they always do).

We sit down at our favorite ramen place and talk nonstop. It's what we do best. My food is too spicy but white wine really helps any occasion. We pay the bill and run across the street tipsy, get into the car and drive home.

He leans over and kisses me.

I giggle.

I still can't believe I get to make out with the guy I had a crush on two years ago. I close my eyes

he kisses me

and the fire explodes.

The car frame starts to melt. Smoke billows out of the windows.

I look around and everything is on fire. Why aren't we?

The fire truck pulls in front of us and

I blink.