

Will Someone Help me Find my Glasses?

We met when we were young. I had been around, sitting in the same place for well over two years. She picked me out when she was fourteen, out of a crowd of hundreds of different suitors. Okay, maybe I'm exaggerating, but the feeling stuck. Her warm embrace every morning, and quiet goodnight every evening became a routine that I would soon realize that I wouldn't want to live without, or share for that matter.

Her name was May. I had her all to myself for about two and a half years. We played around, and sometimes I would look really goofy just to tick her off a little, giving her a head tilt and, something to laugh about while we were at it. She told her friends that before me things were harder, like life had a filmy veil over it. She could see okay without me, but with me everything was clearer. I made her life easier and the world a prettier place. I was there to guide her.

Her friends said I looked stunning with her, like I was made just for her. I thought it was the other way around. When I was with her I didn't feel as cold and stiff as I did alone. We were a cute couple. She would try to make me stay away from her when she cried, and of course there were the times where I irritated her and she would rub her face and look away, but she always came back for me. She needed me, and without her, I didn't have a purpose.

It was after our first two and a half years that she met someone who changed her mind about us. His name was Derek. He told her she looked better without me. She found him mysterious and spontaneous. No girl will admit it, but all they want in a guy is that and stability. I would know, I've heard enough girl talk to give you the low down on all things, male, pink, or related to Channing Tatum.

Anyways, he got her to try new things. She liked nearly everything he suggested, including the smelly Chinese place down the street as well as staying up way too late to focus on that one star that they could both see from their houses. Fortunately for me, she didn't enjoy the new contacts he insisted she try to befriend, which left more time for me. Sure he kissed her lips every once in awhile, but it was nothing compared to what I had with her. We were nearly inseparable. She even slept with me right by her. Her parents didn't even mind. But him staying the night? That was completely out of the question. I thought I had the upper hand.

Then there was the day that he gently pulled me away from her and set me to the side. He picked her up in his arms and suddenly they were all over each other. They did this on the couch for a solid half hour. I would know, I watched them and the clock, praying for one of them to say enough is enough. She didn't let me put my arms around her again for another hour after he left. I didn't want to ever let her go, again.

Time passed and they began to argue. They reached that stage of tolerance in a relationship, where they either make it work, or give up and take a step back away from each other, and don't really talk much ever again. I can't say I wasn't happy when she said goodbye to Derek, but I also can't say that she was. She would push me away and cry for long amounts of time, and, my God, I never knew women thought that eating ice cream with sprinkles, chocolate syrup, and oreos were that great of a combination until I saw her guzzling it down while watching *A Walk to Remember*. (As if she hadn't already seen enough of Channing Tatum.) Every time she let me put my arms around her again I'd squeeze tightly and kiss her nose, and promise to never let her go unless she wanted me to. Derek had his two years with her, and now I had her all to myself again.

One day, she moved to this giant school with lots of other students and she shared this one, cramped room with another girl. They had two bunk beds and a futon on the floor. Her roommate, Paula, was a pain, and we didn't get a whole lot of alone time together anymore, but we had to make do. Her roommate once knocked me off of the small table I was sitting on, and another time completely sat on me. I felt violated. May told her that she ought to be more mindful. Paula threatened to snap me in half like a twig. I'll admit, I have a small frame and I'm not that strong, but that was crossing a line.

A couple months later we moved back home for three months and came back to the same school for another year, and requested to not have a roommate. We got a single dorm. Her parents complained about it costing extra, but May told me and all of her friends that she thought it was for the better, and I agreed. We spent more time together. We stayed up late reading big books and writing. It was like we were gaining creativity together. She sometimes fell asleep while we read and woke up in a panic, but I always would tighten my arms around her and whisper in her ear that it was all going to be okay, but she never listened.

During the next few years many guys like Derek came in and out of her life. It wasn't until Adam came around that I knew I should worry. They did a lot more than she and Derek ever did, but they also had a deeper connection. There was more than what met the eye, and that's what really matters. I would know, I've read every romance novel that May has.

Two years pass and suddenly she's putting on a big white wedding dress and removing my arms from around her. She smiles at her friends, they're all wearing blue

dresses, except one who is wearing silver and holding an extra large bouquet of flowers. May takes the bouquet and gives me to the one in the silver to hold on to. May has often let her friends hold me like she does, but it's not the same, and today is very different from those days.

May doesn't let me see her again until very early the next morning. The sun hasn't even risen, and this time someone else is sleeping near her, Adam. I may get to hold her all day, but now he holds her all night, and it hurts to watch them together like that. I can't sleep anymore and the whole world seems to be going out of focus. May seems to notice, too. I can tell because she is squinting at me all of the time. Everytime she lets me hold her again I kiss her nose as hard as I can and I squeeze my arms around her and promise to never let go. She complains to Adam that I'm becoming a nuisance and that I'm too uptight for her.

Soon, we're in the store that me and May met in. I start reminiscing about the first time we met, when suddenly she's meets other suitors. She brings me home, but never lets me hold her anymore. She has found a more feminine friend. My world feels like it's growing dark, I can still watch her everyday life and occasionally we interact, but we're not what we were.

Three years later, there's a baby in the house. She's about one year old and I also see May's last suitor has broken down and left because of some mangy mutt that is now in a giant metal cage whining to be let out so it can tear apart the house once more. May leans against me and I gently caress her and kiss her nose. She sighs and smiles while I hug her warmly.

A couple months later and I'm back on the sidelines of her life. I'm not a big part of it again for about three more years. I'm ecstatic when she opens the door, but it's not May's face I see. It's that baby, except the baby is bigger now. She must be about four. She is wearing a feather boa, an oversized dress, floppy sunhat, and now she wants me to be her suitor. She gazes into a mirror. I hear her babble something that is supposed to be the word perfect, but comes out as "POWFACT!"

The child turns to a smiling May who rolls her eyes and kisses the child on the cheek. I smile, too and gently hug the child. I love May's family. Soon, me and this child become more and more fond of each other. I soon learn that the child's name is Kylie. She wants me all of the time in this game that May refers to as "dress up," but that Kylie refers to as "DWESS UF!"

The last day we played that was six years ago and of course when we were done she yowled, "POWFACT!" Now, we read books together and finish algebra together. I tend to be pretty helpful with that subject. I would know, I've done the advanced stuff all the way through Calculus BC. If the pythagorean theorem freaks her out now, I'll have to take care of her an awful lot, further down the road. I don't mind. I'll be here to help for as long as she needs me. I'm not leaving for a while I hope. Her friends tell her that we look "vintage", and "chic" together, whatever that means. I've learned not to take the world so seriously anymore. I think it was the child in Kylie that really let me see that. She chose me out of all of any other person out there, and boy am I glad she did. It's nice to have a friend, and May visits occasionally, she and Derek are no longer together, but she's happy and that's all that matters to me. Perhaps someday I'll get another chance. Of course, me and Kylie get separated from each other every now and

then, but I don't worry too much anymore. I know, undoubtedly, that by the end of the day, I'll always hear a certain someone shout, "Will Someone help me find my glasses?"

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