

B-zerk”

“Hi Angie.

It’s me. B-Zerk again.

I’m really happy to know that were gonna try to work out a beautiful relationship. Yesterday I thought all was lost. But there was a glimmer of hope. I really love you and that’s true. (strongly) Today when we make love, I want it to last, to be the best as if it were our first time. We really need to try to understand each other. We seem to be strangers in love. And I hate that feeling. You are so pretty. God! Are you pretty. Only reason I don’t write as often is because you don’t respond quickly.

Well Bout to move out Mrs. B-Zerk

I’ll get back B-Zerk B-Zerk B-Zerk

SENIOR CREW!”

“Come out here! Come out here!” demanded Aya-standing in the doorway of my classroom and looking in at me with her eyes squinted-wiggling her index finger. I had never seen her like that, so I knew it must have been important. She interrupted my class session despite knowing that lunch was in twenty minutes. Since it couldn’t wait that long, I rushed to the front of my classroom door, expecting her to whisper something in my ear. Instead, she forcefully grabbed me by the arms, and held my shoulders steady as she turned me around to face her. She then rested and squeezed her hands on my shoulders; positioning me as if she was about to tell me something that, like a soap opera, was sure to force me to place my right hand upon my forehead and pass out onto the floor. She went straight in for the kill: “It’s Santana girl. He cheated girl. Santana **cheated!**” she yelled out angrily, anxiously.

My heart was beating faster than a mile a minute, my eyes stretched really big.

“What! How? With who?” I asked her.

“Carmen! The girl named Carmen who still comes down here every day afterschool-the one that got kicked out last year!” yelled Aya-with the kind of intensity and anger as if it was she who he cheated on too...

“No. You are lying to me,” I said to Aya.

“Yes, it’s true. I overheard Carmen’s friend telling someone else while we were in class! That bitch didn’t know that I was right behind her! I was listening to her tell her home girl about Santana and Carmen fucking at *her* house last night. She and Santana’s friend Tony were hooking up, and while there, it’s a **fact** that Santana and Carmen fucked too!” reiterated Aya-whose heart was beating hard as mine and looking as if she, too, was about to place her hand upon her forehead and faint and fall to the floor. She nearly dared me to discount this could be true and I sure as hell wanted to. Because we were reporting to one another when we were apart and hogging up so much of each other’s time, I couldn’t figure out how and when he had enough time to do this. And to think that he did-he *had* to make room and a way for it. My mind was running a race with my heart.

Santana had never met the queen bee in me and he was sure as hell about to meet her.

I couldn’t *believe* what I was hearing, because everything was so busy and so were we. We were busy and overwhelmed with preparing for his prom, other senior year extravaganzas and excursions, as well as his graduation. We were busy preparing phase I of our fairytale and on to the next level-getting married and moving in together. Where did all this fit into the equation?

My mind was winning the race right now. My heart had dropped and gone away.

Eagerly, I approached.

He sat by the doorway of the class he had before lunchtime. I walked right to the doorway, reached in and grabbed him by the back of his shirt,

catching him by surprise: “Come with me, right now, right now!” I whispered forcefully.

He took a deep breath and his face totally surrendered and dropped to the floor-almost like a kid that knew exactly what he was about to get an ass-whipping for. Aya was standing there with her arms folded and rocking back and forth; waiting on an answer from him that looked more like an apology she expected to be given to her...

I didn't shed one tear. I was angry-way too angry to cry.

“Why did you do it Santana?” I asked.

He wouldn't answer. He was standing there biting his lip-looking at me like he needed to hold me. I could feel the dramatics coming on-but I wasn't having it. I backed away from him some, so that if he reached for me-he would drop to the floor.

“Why'd you do it?” I repeated.

“I didn't, I didn't,” he kept repeating, as if somehow, repeating it over and over would work for him like going home worked for Dorothy after repeating: “there's no place like home, there's no place like home.” He sure as hell wished he could click his heels and do the same.

He couldn't even look me in the face. That's when I knew that he *did* do it.

I could feel Aya's energy-it was much too involved in [what was now] our busted “love bubble.”

Santana looked so pitiful-like if he could snap his fingers and rewind this moment to make it all be a bad dream-he would. He was that ready to faint.

“Come with me,” I said to him, nodding to Aya-so as to excuse, but thank her. I lead him into our school's darkest room where mime class and performances were held every other day. Santana was unlucky-this was that

“every other day” and I was all up and in his face with *my* hands-while he was mute as a mime.

The dark room was all one color. The one and only window that the room had was painted to close out the light, as well. The only things with any color in that room was Santana, me and what we had on for clothes. We entered, I turned the lights on:

“I’ve got to have it, Santana. *What* the hell happened?” I said, standing over him as he sat on the wooden stoop. The darkness of the room was filling up my head and my body. I was fuming. My brows turned up like he’d never seen before. Finally, he began to speak-looking at the floor:

“Me and Tony went over to her friend’s house because Tony had just started hanging out with her friend. She happened to be over there,” he mumbled.

“Oh, so this wasn’t planned? Is that what you’re trying to say (in other words)?”

“No! No! It was *not* planned,” he answered.

It got quiet.

“So what happened? You heard me. *What* happened?” I demanded to know.

He mumbled some more:

“Tony was in the room with her friend and we were in the living room talking,” his face was still looking to the floor.

“We, who? You scared to say her name?” I jabbed.

He continued as if he didn’t hear a word I had just said:

“...Then all of a sudden we ended up being upstairs and that’s where it happened,” he finished.

“We-who? Santana” I yelled.

“Carmen,” he answered.

“These girls have been at you even harder-by the *day* and you bit the bait! Santana *why* would you do this to me-to us? When you know that ever *since* the very day we’ve been together-*somebody* up in this school was

itching to get a hold of some news like this. And now-you scratched it for ‘em! **Idiot!**” I yelled in a tone like he had never heard before and with a facial expression that he had never seen before.

Feeling the anger from the thought of all that could have happened I decided: to hell with probing him bit by bit; this bastard will sit here and recite every fucking nook and cranny and detail. The anger I felt at the thought of the mere summary he thought he was going to give me, sent me into an angry tailspin. To keep from crying, all I could do was yell. I refused to cry.

I began to yell in his face as if I was interrogating him:

“Okay, you said: ‘where *it* happened...’ *what* happened Santana. I didn’t ask for a summary!

E-LAB-OR-ATE-DAMMIT! Every single detail! *Tell* me what happened!” I forced.

I listed how I wanted the details:

“What did you say that lead to you both being upstairs.”

“What did she say?”

“Who lead the way?”

“What room did you go to?”

“Who got who undressed?”

“What was said?”

“Where did you touch her?”

“Did you kiss her?”

“How long did you fuck her?”

“What positions did you fuck her in?”

“Did your hands touch her pussy?”

“Did you suck her titties?”

“Did you suck her pussy?”

“Did you moan at all?”

“Did she?”

“Did you enjoy it?”

“Did she enjoy it?”

“What were you saying to her-during?”

“After?”

“What did she say to you-during?”

“After?”

“So how was the pussy? Was it wet, dry? Loose? Tight?”

“Awkward?”

“Did you kiss the bitch before you left?”

“Did you make plans for another hookup?”

“Did you talk to her on the phone when you got home?”

“I know goddamn well you didn’t tell her you were breaking up with me!”

“Nawww! No!” he interrupted me.

“Well, tell it! Tell it all! Tell it all! Tell it all! Tell it all!”

...I yelled, with a force so strong that I could damn near feel him levitating up off the stoop right where he sat. He began to grab his head and crying-telling me how sorry he was-over and over; looking as if he was about to have a nervous break-down, I did not care at this point.

I had every thought going through my mind about all the things I gave up for him, fought for-for him, and how much I loved him for all those years; only for it to end because he cheated. I would’ve accepted the downfall of our relationship being because he got tired of me or me-him. Our relationship had no signs of tiring even through the day before I found this out-no indication that there was (this kind of) trouble ahead for us. The only trouble ahead I foresaw was getting pregnant.

You don’t fall out of love and do anything to cause a downfall in love-in the middle of being in love. I might be young, but I know that much about love-regardless the age (if it is real love). So, that confused me. I thought we had (real) love.

Because of that, I wanted to punish him. I wanted his head to bust open like my heart was. I wanted to rip him from the inside-out, and to make

sure that before we left that dark room, the two of us would be walking into whatever light was left in this, and like this was all a bad dream. I wanted it to be.

With his head still covered and crying, broken-down and regretful, he threw it up and admitted:

“Nobody lead anybody upstairs, I had carried her up the stairs.”

I interrupted: “You romantic fool! You carried her big tall ass?” I shook my head shamefully-at him.

He continued without pausing; listing all the details as he slammed his right index finger into the palm of his left hand:

“We were downstairs talking about it, and during the conversation, she told me she was still a virgin.”

“That was the only reason I persisted because I wanted to see if I could get her upstairs.”

“When I did get her upstairs-I did kiss her.”

“I *didn't* eat her pussy.”

“I *didn't* put my hands *on* her pussy.”

“I kissed her-*only* for a minute.”

“Then I kissed her neck.”

“*Then* I kissed her breasts and *only* for a minute!”

“And I didn't even get to finish because she was uncomfortable. It was kind of greasy-not wet. I don't know what she put in it when she used the restroom or whatever-beforehand-but it was,” he said.

I paused-not know what the hell to say to that. I went on to ask:

“Did you make her think in any way that this could continue to go on?” I asked.

“No, I did not,” he said, with his head still hanging down, exhausted and sitting there biting his bottom lip looking like a sad puppy.

I replied:

“She's a girl-I'm a girl, I know how girls are. So I know that she expects *something* from you. She may not go to this school anymore but she's down here afterschool as if she just walked out of the *same* doors that

we do-so you are *going* to run into her. That being said Santana-you'd *better* handle that shit! Get her gone-or we're through! Make her wonder if that really ever happened-because I don't give a damn," I demanded.

"I will! I will!" he yelled eagerly.

I drilled in:

"She, like all of her other lil' goofy-ass friends liked you when *she* attended school here. Now, those silly rabbits are left with something to talk about. The *school* is left with something to talk about. You let them all in. We are nothing sacred anymore," I said, while he kept shaking his head-refuting what I said.

"Yes you did! You can't be in denial about it Santana. We kept everybody out and now they're all-in!" I said.

He still kept refuting-in total denial.

"So do you want to be with her?" I asked.

He used that as his perfect opportunity to stand up and hold me in his arms, because for the entire time since I first started to grill him, the closer he moved in to hold me-the further I would back away.

He caught me this time. He hopped off the stoop to overpower me; crying and holding me, rocking me from side-to-side while repeating: "No, no, no, no-please, no..." squeezing me tight until I almost couldn't breathe.

My heart had returned and was winning the race now.

With my chest pressed up against his; tears shot to my eyes and rolled quickly down my face. My heartbeat must have played the sound of the saddest song of heartbreak ever made: "I'm Only Human" by Human League. Nothing fit the situation and danced with the beat of my heart and matched my tears-more, at that moment.

I was winded like the air let out of a balloon, and feeling just how one looks-as a result of.

I was crushed that day while crying in his arms-feeling like everything I had given *to* him, I wanted to take back: my heart-and everything up to and including my virginity. Everything I had given up *for* him, I certainly

could not get back. I wanted *so* badly to reverse everything and place myself right back on top of that ladder in that library. My life would have gone entirely different. But the reality was-I could not take anything back from him any more than I could reverse life and put myself back up on top of that ladder. So I held him back, with my world was crushed and crumbled. This was something I never entertained the thought of happening. He continued to cry and hold me tightly while grunting in my ear: “Don’t leave me, don’t leave me, don’t leave me, please.....”

He then grabbed my face and began kissing all around it, with my tears.

We left the dark room, cut the lights back out and walked into the light (somewhat).

The nightmare was over (somewhat).

Our fairytale-for me-was as well (somewhat).

In just that instant, it wasn’t quite the same for me anymore.

My mind told me to walk away but my heart begged me to stay.

I was willing to try.

After school, we went home (he-to his home and me-to mine). I couldn’t imagine him coming home with me just yet. He wrote:

“Dear Angie

Hi! I won’t ask how you’re doing cause I know. I know you love me and as far as my stupid ways, you will have to put up with it order for us to succeed (our marriage) but it’s not fair for you. I really know how you feel. And you wonder why I feel like killing myself. Am I of no worth, but my love for you is priceless and I would die for you and when I die it will be for you.

You know life has been alright. I’ve had my share of fun and good times and bad times and it has really been nice knowing a lot of fun people and I thank God that I have met you baby.

I love you and today when you said you can’t take it anymore, that’s when I

decided that I am nothing but a burden, and burdens only make people miserable.

You know. I am really hurting. I just could not live with knowing that unhappiness is what I'm putting you through. Yes! We've had good times. It makes me cry knowing that we could come to this after all the "I love yous" and smiles and the feelings we've shared in bed where our true feelings just overflowed. I can't live knowing that the lady that I love does not trust me.

You say you do to convince yourself, but you really don't. I'm hurting. But you're tired of that line so I'll keep it to myself.

And I mean, I just don't have the heart to say to someone that I don't like you. I mean they have feelings too. But it no longer matters because I love you and I'll tell her flat out.

And if I never get to have wife and kids and necessities and luxuries in life, at least I know I had the chance with a very special and most attractive young lady. I'm not giving up, don't get me wrong and I don't want to die, I have so much to live for. You, our family, our kids, and our family life but I don't

want to ruin or mess you up! I love you, please believe me.

I won't say I'm sorry again (although I am) because that's something else you don't want to hear. And don't say that killing myself shows how much I don't love you 'cause you are wrong.

I love you and I love you so dam much (I'm crying) but I'm making you unhappy and I can't live with that.

Love, Santana

PS- baby I need you right now!"