

Heidy Rodriguez

Swinging

The car was golden-the kind of mustang that the guys go crazy over, and the kind that they think girls drool over. We pulled up to the drive-in-movie theater as the sun set, arriving just in time to watch the commercials about the terrible popcorn and bootleg soda that they were selling. I was sitting in the passenger seat, my date, the brown-eyed brunette, sitting in the driver seat, hyper focused on the weird commercials that I could care less about. His eyes stared into the screen, the sun reflecting off the golden strands in his hair.

As you can probably guess, it was quiet-like insanely quiet, except for the noise coming from the commercials, which were already driving me to the point of insanity. But I had a feeling that the boy that I had just met a few days ago, as he looked at the commercials with the golden in his hair, liked the quiet. So I stayed silent and grabbed his hand that was positioned on the gear shift instead.

His hand wasn't as soft as I had imagined for such a quiet person. It was calloused.

As if the world had swung at him.

Or as if he swung at the world.

I shook it off and focused on the screen, just as the movie had started. That's when he looked at me and smiled, though his smile never reached his eyes.

Then just as he had done so many times, he leaned in, and just as our lips were a hair's away from each other he stopped.

I smiled.

"Wha-"

That's when I felt the cold piece of metal at my neck.

He swung at the world.