

Ice Cream Cone and a Little Cream Soda

by Malcolm

I SAW THIS GIRL IN CLASS eighteen dark hair skinny tan pretty face lots of money things like that but there was something different about this girl I don't know I can't quite put my finger on it she's definitely gorgeous and totally out of my league as if I cared to have her maybe I do I don't know yet but she just gets me thinking about great ideas like marriage because I've never wanted to get married or anything and children because I never wanted children or anything but she is so beautiful her name is Angelica and she looks kind of Asian-American but I never asked her I never talked to her although she looks great and I think she is single maybe looking but she'd never go for me I'm sure of it I don't think I look all too special especially to be with someone as great as her I bet she's smart too we have math together I don't remember the exact title of the course who cares anyways unless you're into math which I'm not *that* into math I'm into this girl our class is later at night it lets out about 10 o'clock-ish depending on how much we get through which is usually a lot despite the fact that our professor goes off on tangents—no pun intended—quite often but I see where she walks to after class sum-

mer time classes are small but our class had twelve people or so I really like her once I happen to be downwind of her and I could smell her hair although it was a subtle aroma I couldn't help but relax when I smelled her hair even from that far away even that faint of an odor I could smell it and I was floating in a cliché all the way to my car I can't remember the last time I relaxed like that it feels like love I didn't follow her home I wish I could go home with that beautiful girl but I can't so I don't push it I can't take it too far I don't want to be that guy even if my feelings for this girl are strong I've been in love before but this was different there was a definite physical attraction dear Lord there was a definite physical attraction her body is amazing and she's gorgeous but there was a want a *need* perhaps but more want because I don't think anybody needs anything but maybe I need this I think she would feel this way too wait what am I saying of course she doesn't feel this way she isn't crazy like I feel maybe she stares at me like I try not to stare at her I like to stare she wears clothes that are so nicely matched together and all girls wear tight clothes nowadays which doesn't make things easier for

me but hers were so formfitting I could already see exactly where her skin would crease if she were laying down naked on my bed one leg outstretched and the other slightly bent raising her ass ever so slightly in the air and arching her back resting on her elbows the bed keeping her firm body just in the right place as she smiles back at me as I take her right then and there I focus back on trigonometric functions it's about time for class to let out and I notice that she takes the same way out every day and she walks by a closet nobody else seems to see it and they never see me scoping the room out the campus is small but nobody cares it's only Monday I have four more days to see her again in class and it's killing me I can't sleep and nothing is funny to me anymore nothing at all even *Seinfeld* my favorite show and games aren't fun anymore not even *Guitar Hero* I can't sleep and I watch

things to relax me and nothing works at all I just think about Angelica and the times we could have together and a lot of times I feel sick I used to be able to sleep but gradually it's been getting worse and worse lately on Tuesday I puked in the bathroom after class I was so lovesick it was making me sick I can't eat either I can barely hold water down and still no sleep at all I just drone at the TV trying to bore myself to sleep but no dice and finally Wednesday after class I decide I'm going to tell her and then it'll be all over and I will sleep again and I know it's wrong but it's not wrong I love this girl *genuinely* but I don't know how to prove it to her and I know I'll blow my chance if I don't do it this way this awful way but it has to be done I have to tell her I haven't slept in three days and haven't slept well in three weeks since I saw her because I need to get these feelings for her off my chest

“... on Tuesday I puked in the bathroom after class I was so lovesick it was making me sick I can't eat either I can barely hold water down and still no sleep at all I just drone at the TV trying to bore myself to sleep but no dice...”

I'm so lonely and so she's walking by and I grabbed her from behind clamping her mouth shut and I dragged her back into the closet so that she never sees my face and we get there and she is struggling hard and I think she is starting to cry and I start crying and holding her mouth closed tighter and I tell her I'm sorry it had to be this way but this is how it had to be done and I told her that I wanted to say something and then I would let her go and she couldn't get mad she couldn't she wouldn't I'm getting dizzy I don't know what I would do if she doesn't reciprocate but I say to her that I see her all the time and I'm not good enough to be with her and that she was above angels in beauty and I'm smart and I'm an asshole but hey at least I'm an honest asshole am I right and I'm still crying and she is listening hooray she is listening to me she isn't fighting me anymore I'm still dizzy though and I tell her that I wish that she would want to be with me but I can't force her to that wouldn't be right for her and I would never feel right about it I never feel right about anything but I'm right about her and I want to be with her maybe just like this for a while so that we can get to know each other I don't want you to

hate me I'm not trying to hurt you if I did hurt you I'm sorry I'm sure I scared you a bit my body is pressed against hers and she still can't see my face but I can see hers in my mind and she isn't struggling I say that I know she is the one for me and I let go of her mouth and she doesn't scream or anything she says to me she says "Who are you" and I say not to worry about that I'm just a guy that isn't good enough for you yet but I want to be I can't be anything but me but maybe that is the person you want to be with even though I am crazy as all hell for doing this I'm sorry about this by the way I won't do it again I shouldn't have done this I'm sorry and she says "Don't be sorry" and she's not scared at all I can't believe it and she says "you seem nice besides this incident here and maybe we can meet sometime soon let's get out of this closet it's dark I can't see your face or anything" she sounds sincere but I don't get to hear her lie to people that often she could be lying what if she's lying to me like everyone else she's not I can tell now but I say you can't see me yet it's not a good idea I don't think you'd find me attractive until you got to know me until I grew on you so leave but don't look back at

all and I'll see her again soon I didn't say anything about class because then she would know I'm in the class too and she would find me I can't remember what happened the next two days I think I slept a lot since I haven't been sleeping but I'm in class now she sure was looking hard for me all through class she was staring down all the guys and listening hard when they answered questions at least I thought she was I didn't disguise my voice what if I have a question about math and then I think silly me I'm great at math I don't need to ask any questions about math that was a silly thought she was still looking but she doesn't notice me at all because I am invisible she never noticed before and even though she was looking now she can't see me nobody ever sees me sometimes I like that sometimes I don't it makes it hard to make friends that want to do stuff I don't like doing a lot of the same things that other people do I have college things to do I don't work I just get financial aid and scholarships I don't work well with others so I don't see the point in a job I make do being poverty stricken from that I don't mind it money just complicates things mostly she didn't notice me

following her again and I grabbed her again this time she didn't fight it I just pulled her quickly and gently into the closet and shut the door and she said "why didn't you rape me last time we were here I thought you were going to rape me" and me being the dumbass that I am asked her if she wanted to be raped and she said not really although she probably meant more like hell no because seriously who wants to get raped and I told her how attractive I thought she was because I thought she should be told that but I was quick to say but that's not why I love you and she said "Oh really why do you love me then" in a half joking half serious tone of voice that I almost didn't appreciate and I said you make me want to be a better person you make me want to live and succeed and fight for the things worth fighting for and she paused for a second and then right there she pulled me close and kissed me SHE KISSED ME it was so perfect I kissed back even though I don't think my breath is all that great but I closed my eyes and kissed her back as nice as I thought I could kiss and I started crying a bit and she started crying too she feels cold for some reason and we kissed again there in

the dark and kissed like there was no tomorrow and she said she thinks she can be with me and that she wants to see me in the light she wants to really see my face and wants to hang out and I said I still don't know and she says I think you are in my math class but I can't find you and I said I can't find me either maybe I'm not in her math class she says I am and she's right but I tried to play coy with her although I can't play games very well I'm quick-witted but not when it comes to secrets us meeting here was a big secret that's a secret that I can keep probably for fear of trouble and fear of judgment I'm right about this love nobody can tell me I'm wrong but mostly because I don't think she will be attracted to me and we left I think but I can't remember much she voluntarily walked into the closet the third time which was on Monday after the weekend and she waited and she said "I kissed you in here I wouldn't have done that if I didn't like you I know you care about me I want to know your name I want to see your face I want YOU" and we kissed again and I said where do you want to go and she says come to my apartment and she gives me the address and I say ok you leave the

door unlocked and I'll be there in twenty minutes and she can wait in her bedroom with the lights off and I'll be in and turn on the lights and we will just hope for the best afterwards maybe we can go for an ice cream cone and a little cream soda and she laughs she likes *The White Stripes* or at least that song she has good taste in music I get to her apartment the door is unlocked and she is inside in the bedroom it's the only door closed so I know that's what it is I open it up and there she is reading a book under her sheet this thin silky sheet baby blue silk sheets wrapping to the shape of her body it looks exactly like I had pictured it I sigh in relief as they say I smile and she smiles at me and says hi and gives her bottom lip that tease bite that I love and hate because it drives me wild and I say hi and she says what's your name and I say Andy because my name is Andy and she says it's nice to finally meet you I'm Angelica and I say I know and I'm sorry for the way it had to be and she says don't worry about it this is our new beginning and I come over to her and run my fingers over her shoulder down her back removing the silk baby blue sheets off her and I get a bit impatient and throw them

off her she looks so good it's amazing I've never seen anything look so good in my life and she cranes her neck back slightly to look at me while I do this and she is smiling the whole time so I take off my shirt and undo my pants and take off my socks and I get naked with her and I lay down half beside her half on her and I lean into her left ear and say I love you Angelica and she says I love you too Andy and she leans a little more and I lean a little more and we kiss so nicely and she raises her ass a little and it's easy for me to get in and we make love right there her body arching and we're moaning near simultaneously and we both come at the same time and this was the greatest sex I ever had her body was perfect mine was perfect with hers we were made for each other and as we climax together I close my eyes and when I open them I realize we are in the closet again and her body is limp in my arms her pants are down and she's dead and I'm fucking her no oh no I killed her oh no she's not breathing she's not moving oh god I killed her oh god what have I done oh the proverbial shit has hit the fan my sobs are uncontrollable I gotta go I gotta get out of here I gotta go I look at her lifeless body

still gorgeous still warm and defiled I'm still sobbing I open the closet and scope out the hallway nobody is there and it's dark outside I run to my car real fast and pull it close to the school where I don't see any cars and I pick her up and pull her pants and panties back up after wiping up my mess and I fasten her belt but not too tight and I slung her over my shoulders like she is holding on just like a groom carries his bride into the honeymoon suite if anyone did notice they wouldn't say anything I get her to the front door where all the smokers go but sure enough I'm almost at my car and some fat kid from freshman composition who squawks when he talks asks me if something is wrong like he really gives a fuck I'm getting pissed still sobbing and I say everything is fine she just has a low blood sugar what a shitty lie and he starts walking over as I am setting her down in the seat gently and buckle her in safety first and I grab my ice scraper that I refuse to place in the trunk in case I need it like now I turned around and I bashed that fucker in the temple and I look around and nobody is around so I leave him there after I wailed on him a couple more times to make sure he wasn't saying any-

thing dead men tell no tales I can't believe that she didn't really love me she can't say it now she just mocks me from the passenger seat laughing at my sobs and runny nose it was still Wednesday I checked her phone since I don't have a phone what have I done why can't I just have normal dreams like everyone else why can't dating just be easy maybe this is a normal dream for everyone and mine is just a little different than everyone else's I took her body back to my place nobody is out at night and the neighbors usually just mind their own business anyways unless we are showering at the same time because we all share a water heater and nobody can shower simultaneously I carry her upstairs and make us some ice cream cone and a little cream soda just like I promised or at least I thought I promised her an ice cream cone and a little cream soda oh well oh well oh well she was still beautiful we played *Guitar Hero* her fingers were too stiff for me to help her press the buttons we laughed at that she strums just fine with my help and we made love this time not rape once on my bed and once in the shower afterwards just like lovers do but after a couple days she started to get rotten even though I washed her

often especially after we made love and I started to feel sick all the time I still can't sleep every time I looked at her hell every time I looked in the mirror I couldn't see very well my face was all funny looking it was scary she was scary I hate her I'm not going to class anymore I told the cop it was because I was upset he asked if I had seen anything that night and why of course not officer she was such a nice girl I can't believe she would be missing and that kid was such a helping hand he helped me with my books one time he bought it he bought everyone's story I just gotta keep quiet for now why can't things just work out for the best now she's dead and rotting her skin is all grayish I had to buy so much air freshener because she stinks to high heaven and that phrase makes me wonder if she can smell herself from heaven how can anyone think love is easy or awesome or worth it its not worth all this people talk about love and they talk about settling down with a nice girl what nice girl there are no nice girls people don't settle down with nice girls they settle down with women who take advantage of them of their feelings of their need for companionship and women do the same we all settle love is a joke a

sick joke why should I have to settle why shouldn't I get what I want all I wanted was that moment that one moment back to change it all to fix it and set things straight to be social to be that guy that Angelica would want to be with but no Oh no this guy this imperfect this unwashed cannot touch the golden well guess what I touched the golden I loved perfection and I got what I wanted besides sleep but at the same time I didn't get what I wanted because you can't turn back time no matter how much it should be turned back sometimes time is the most important thing that you can never get back I wanted her to want me I wanted the opportunity to make it happen but opportunity cannot be taken it has to be given but it was refused to me even though I didn't ask for it so I selfishly took it just like I selfishly just took all those sleeping pills a bit ago I need sleep so bad this sleep is forever I'll be with her forever as I lay next to Angelica the most beautiful girl I have ever seen the one that is rotting away with her hair falling out and losing color stinking up the joint clothes looking a bit ragged and I was already rotting with her as I kissed her faded perfect lips and told her I loved her and she just sat there

empty eyes gazing into mine asking "why?" and I tell her because I love you but she can only ask "why?" just like she has for the past week she has been here staring at me with those eyes asking "why?" soon my eyes will be closed and we can sit together and there won't be any more questions no more asking "why?" no more *Guitar Hero* no more making love she smells too bad maybe I should have washed her better no more of that at all it'll all be peaceful and we won't have any problems we will finally have time to relax and get to know each other just like that cop tried to get to know me get my story he didn't suspect anything but I'm sure once I go missing for a few weeks someone will come looking for me after the smell gets unbearable or the landlord will come looking for rent and smell us and someone will walk in and see us together and the cops will take our first family portrait together and use it as evidence in a case against me like it matters the soon to be dead man laying next to the most beautiful person who people will miss and cry about then forget about because nobody really cares at all and you can't turn back the clock to fix it anyways nobody cares to turn back time and fix it

anyways I'm finally getting tired and
I pull her close to me and smile and
shut my eyes and rest my head on
her shoulder and I hear her talking
and she says "I love you" and I tell
her I love her too I'm tired too tired
to cry about it too tired way too tired