

1-1-2005

The Note

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Recommended Citation

Polk, Angel (2005) "The Note," *Digressions Literary Magazine*: Vol. 2 , Article 9.
Available at: <https://nsuworks.nova.edu/digressions/vol2/iss1/9>

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The Note *From A Child's Heart*

He passed her the note at recess. It took him a week just to write down exactly how he felt about her. How his knees weakened every time he saw her. How her mama knew exactly how much blue magic grease to put in her head without makin' her hair all nasty lookin'. To him, that was amazing. Everyone noticed that about her, she was the only girl in Mrs. Johnson's class not to have a head full of lint, or a face shining like fatback when the sun got hot. Dang she was pretty too. You can always tell a cocoa butter baby. Her skin was not only smooth and soft, it glowed. Kinda like a Hershey bar. She had a pretty walk too, she swaggered like a boy, but gave a lil' twist to it. He could watch her walk all day. Candy curls swaying back and forth, her starched plaid uniform didn't stand a chance up against her walk, when she dipped, and twisted, it went with her. And her shoes! While the others girls wore tore up, dull lookin' mary janes, her shoes were shiny, always. And on PE days she wore saddle locks. The white part stayed that way too. God, she was pretty. Her daddy got Indian in his family so her hair wasn't nappy, and her features were strong. Others boys said she looked mannish, but they're stupid, she was beautiful. Damn, how long does it take to read a note?

"I like you, Do you like me?"

Check _____ Yes Or _____ No

Love,

Johnny"

That's what the note said. It took him a week to write. He passed it to her at recess, it was now lunch time.

Look at him over there, why he stare at me so much? He always starin' at me like somethin' wrong with him. Stupid boy! My daddy said all boys are stupid anyways. I shoulda told on him when he almost shoved me down at recess tryin

to make me take a folded piece of paper. I didn't want to, I though somethin' nasty would be in it, like snot or a lizard. Boys are dumb like that. But then I read it, what he like me fo'? I neva even talk to him because he always lookin' at me. HmMMM, Tasha did say he was the best lookin' boy in our class though. I guess that's true, now that I look at him with all the other boys. I heard his daddy owns a barber shop, I never knew that before I asked Tasha, that's why his hair is cut so nice. Not crooked and ashy like the other boys. Hell, I didn't even know his name until I read the note. Johnny, there are too many dang Johnnys around here. I guess he's a good one though. Johnny and Nevaeh sittin' in the tree, k-l-s-s-l-n-g. I can hear it now. That the last thing I need, bad enough other boys say I look like a man. It's not my fault, momma said I got daddy's strong jaw. She said it was his jaw that she fell in love with. Forget them, boys are dumb anyways. Tasha is too for likin' boys. That's why grown folks says she a fast tail now. Hmph! Stupid boy, stupid note. Why does he keep starin' at me? I don't wanna be fast tailed like Tasha, she let boys feel up on her with their dirty hands. My momma says ladies always keep their dresses clean, and down. But he did say he liked me. No boy has ever said that. They say I look mannish.

The bell rang at the end of classes. He almost had a heart attack when he saw her looking for him. She spotted him by the water fountain outside. He watched as she walked his way, her uniform still clean, her shoes still shiny. Damn that walk, and her hair. Her hand opened with his folded piece of paper inside of it. Did she answer it? She's smiling at me. My God she's pretty.

"I like you, Do you like me?"

Check Yes Or No

Love,

Johnny

Maybe,

- Neveah."