

# **A BOY AND A GIRL**

by,

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Genre:

Psychological Literature

It was the first day of school. From the moment we met, I knew we were going to be a part of each other's lives for the rest of our lives. It was odd that I should think that, being so different, a boy and a girl. Maybe it was because my name was the same. We were both Charlie.

"Hi, my name is Charlie" I introduced myself

"What do you know, my name is Charlie too!" Charlie smiled

"Cool!" I replied

We became instant friends and played together during recess.

"What do you want to play?" I asked Charlie, looking across the playground

"How about dodge ball?"

"Nah, I want to play with the swings." I ran across the pavement toward the swing set and Charlie followed.

"So what classes do you like?" I asked as I swing higher and higher.

"I like science." Charlie responded

"Typical." I rolled my eyes

"What about you?" Charlie asked

"I like acting." I responded

"Typical." Charlie said sarcastically and I laughed.

"What do you want to be someday Charlie?" I asked

"A doctor and you?"

"A movie star." Then I added with a big grin on my face "a rich and famous movie star."

Those were the days; little children with big dreams on a little playground. Days passed, months passed, years passed, Charlie went off to college on the East coast while I

stayed on the West coast. Little by little, we lost touch. Little by little, Charlie faded from my memory. I was now twenty four and working as an Administrative Assistant at Meyer and Associates. It wasn't a bad job, it also wasn't the most exciting job ever, but it did paid food, rent and the clothes on my back. I still dreamed of becoming a rich and famous movie star, I settle for a movie star, but my dream was beginning to fade. I just didn't fit the Hollywood mode. I was never attractive enough. I was never thin enough. I was never white enough. I was never dark enough. The Hollywood standard: No matter how hard I tried, I just never measured up to it. The Hollywood industry: I can't alter who and what I am, and they just would not accept me for who and what I am.

I had just finished another audition when I decided to drop in for a cup of coffee at a local diner on Sunset Blvd.

“Charlie?”

I looked up “Yeah?”

“It's me Charlie” The face has aged a bit, but the eyes were still the same. I knew Charlie's eyes anywhere.

“Hey. Wow. It's been so long.”

“Yeah, it's been a while.” Charlie pulled up a seat next to me

“How have you been?”

“Good. How are you?”

“Okay. Are you a doctor?” I looked Charlie up and down in scrubs

“No. I'm a nurse. I work at the Sunset Hospital across the street. What are you doing in this part of town?”

“I just had an audition.”

“Cool. What kind of role did you audition for?”

“A doctor” I smiled at Charlie ironically

“Cool. Do you think you got the job?”

“No. The director told me I needed to lose a couple of pounds.” I said flatly

We sat across from each other reflecting upon the past; we were little children with big

dreams on a little playground. Charlie had dreamed of becoming a doctor and I had

dreamed of becoming a rich and famous movie star. Neither of our dreams came true.

Our reunion brought back feelings of disappointment in our failures. We sat in awkward

silence. Suddenly, Charlie got up and said “I have to get back to the hospital. Good luck

with everything.” “Call me sometimes and we’ll catch up” “Yeah. Sure.” Charlie took

down my number, but I knew Charlie wouldn’t call. I didn’t really want Charlie to call

anyway.

Ten years passed by, I was now thirty-four and married with children. I was grocery shopping at Albertsons Supermarket when someone tapped me on the shoulder.

I turned around and smiled in recognition “Charlie.”

“How have you been?”

“Great.”

“Wow. It’s been so long.”

“Yeah, it’s been a while.”

“Married?” Charlie asked looking at the wedding band on my left hand

“Yeah” I responded

“Any kids?”

“Four”

“Four?” Charlie looked shocked

“And another on its way” I laughed

“Wow.”

“Are you married?” I looked at Charlie’s bare left hand

“No. I’m a commitment phobic” Charlie laughed

“Maybe you just haven’t met the right person yet” I offered

“That’s what everyone says.”

I looked at my watch, it was ten minutes to six and I had to make it home by six to make dinner “I have to get going. I have to put dinner on the table”

Charlie looked surprised

“I’ve thrown in the towel on my movie star dream and become a stay at home chef” I started to walk away, toward the check out line, mid-step, I turned around and called out to Charlie “come over sometime and I’ll cook you my famous meatloaf”

“Yeah. Sure.” Charlie took down my number, but I knew Charlie wouldn’t call or come over. I didn’t really want Charlie to call or come over anyway.

My five children were all grown and on their own. My youngest was in college. I was now fifty seven years old. I was taking my usual late afternoon walk along the Santa Monica pier when I saw a familiar face. Charlie’s face was now aged with wrinkles and gray hair scattered throughout the dark blond, but the eyes were still the same. I knew Charlie’s eyes anywhere. Charlie was sitting on a bench reading the Sports section of the morning newspaper.

“How are you Charlie?”

Charlie looked up from the newspaper and smiled “Hey. Wow. It’s been so long.”

“Yeah, it’s been a while.” I sat down next to Charlie on the bench

“How have you been?”

“Good. How are you?”

“How are your children?”

“All grown and on their own. Did you ever get marry?”

“No.”

“Some people just aren’t meant to be married” I offered

“That’s what everyone says”

We sat next to each other reflecting upon the past; we were little children with big dreams on a little playground. Charlie had dreamed of becoming a doctor and I had dreamed of becoming a rich and famous movie star. Neither of our dreams came true. As our dreams fell behind and faded away, we worked with the reality given to us. We sat together in silence and watched the sun set on another day.