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You know how they are people from high school you know you will never see again? You just know it. It doesn't matter if they were your best friends or just someone in your grade ten English class. You just know that you are going to take a different path in life. For me this person was Carol McKinney.

I met Carol on my first day of high school. She was in the same homeroom as me and I can remember seeing her for the first time. She was wearing a black and white dress. She walked into homeroom and sat in the desk in front of me. Just before she sat down, she looked at me, bit her bottom lip and smiled. At that moment I knew I would like high school. It turned out to be assigned-sitting in homeroom which meant our lockers were beside each other. In fact Carol was in my homeroom for grade ten as well. She was in most of my classes in the early years of high school. She was even my music stand partner for grade nine instrumental.

By graduating year, the homeroom system was abolished and she was in only one of my classes. After I wrote my last exam and left my high school forever, I had no idea where she was going to school in the fall or even what she was going to do with her life. With this I pegged her as someone I would never see again because, in all honesty, I only saw her at school.

Three years passed on. Most of my friends were done college or university that meant I was one of the last of my group still in school. Because I went to McGill in Montreal I only came home for Thanksgiving and Christmas during the school year. In the summers I worked at the Holiday Inn on Sherbrooke Street (there is no point paying rent for the summer and not using the apartment) so I only came home on the Canada Day long weekend.

It was this long weekend in my Junior year that my friends and I bumped into Carol. We spent the evenings (Thursday, Friday and Saturday) at a bar called the Pit. It was the Saturday night that was the most important and the only night of the three that I can still remember.

The Braemar Boys, which included me, went to the same bar that our fathers had gone too when they were our age: The Pit. We made our appearance at midnight without knowing who would be there. Some nights the Pit is dead and every night it never begins to fill up until after midnight, once all the Buck & Does have ended. I really doubted if I would know anyone that night.

As with all twenty-somethings we stood at the entrance and “scoped” out the place then headed straight to the bar. I was driving so I had a pop. I was surprised to know so many people. It was mainly people from high school but there were some other Braemar Boys in attendance. Sticking with our own kind, we hung out with the boys. As I was standing in the crowd, fidgeting with my plastic cup and soaking in the environment I noticed my buddy Tyler was talking to a girl. It took me a second but I realised it was Carol. She noticed me first and squeezed my arm.

“Hey, how’s it going?”

“Good. How are you Carol?”

She laughed and squeezed my arm tighter.

“I’m SOOOOO drunk.”

I smiled.

“Well I’m off to get more drunk.”

She went to the bar. I don’t like talking to drunken people because they never remember anything. One night at McGill, my friend asked me “so, how was your summer?” five times. The next day she didn’t remember talking to me at all.

Tyler and I watched Carol order a drink. She had chopped her hair off since high school. She was wearing a green dress with flowers on it. It looked like one of the dresses the Van Trappe family wore in “The Sound of Music”. If it weren’t for the dress and her drunken clumsiness she would have looked like a mature woman.

For the next hour I watched her make her rounds around the bar. She kept talking to all sorts of people – actually it was mainly guys. She would smile when they friendly flirted with her and would graciously walk away before they tried their pick-up lines on her. Not once in the evening did she catch me looking at her. Maybe her long-range focus was impaired with all the Jell-O shooters.

Finally she came back to our group, the Braemar Boys. She came up and kissed Graham on the cheek. He looked surprised. She turned and smiled at me. She still bit her bottom lip as she did in high school. I don’t why (maybe it was the 7-Up in me) but I walked over to her.

“I’ve known you longer than Graham. Why don’t I get a kiss?”

She shrugged her shoulders at me.

"I've known you since the first day of high school."

"So has Tyler."

This was true. All three of us were in the same homeroom in grade nine. Tyler sat in front of her.

"Yeah but, we were music stand partners? Doesn't that mean anything to you?"

She shrugged her shoulders.

"Okay."

She was going to kiss me because she wanted to, not because I annoyed her or guilt her into it. She put her arms around my neck and kissed me on the lips. After the kiss she put her hands into mine just long enough for her to smile at me.

"Thank you Carol."

"De riens... Well, I'm off to get more drunk."

She walked back to the bar. The boys stared at me so I simply shrugged my shoulders. Throughout the rest of the night, I continued to keep my eye on Carol to see if she was kissing anyone else on the lips (she didn't) and talked to a lot of people from high school. Around two o'clock the slow music came over the speakers. Tyler came over and caught me looking at her.

"Boy has Carol put on the weight, huh?" Tyler said to me.

"She looks fine."

"Look at her hips. That's fat hanging out. I don't understand how girls can let themselves become like that."

"She's just wearing a tight dress."

"Believe me, I've seen girls in tight dresses. That's flab. She's fat."

I shook my head at him. The first slow song ended.

"I'm going over there to ask her myself." Tyler said.

"That's not very nice."

"I'll tell you what. You go dance with her. I know you want to. When we get back to my house you can tell me if it was a tight dress or LOTS AND LOTS OF FLAB!"

I didn't need too much convincing.

"Deal."

I walked over to Carol and tapped her on the back of her shoulder. She was standing next to her friend Lucy, also from high school.

"Would you like to dance?"

She smiled at me, grabbed my hand and led me to the dance floor. She put her arms around my neck and I put my arms around her waist. Just as I thought, Tyler was wrong, it was a tight dress but I have a feeling he knew that all along.

While we danced, we caught up on old times. We didn't just catch up from graduating high school but from grade eleven. It was as if I hadn't seen her since the last day of school in grade 10 when we were cleaning out our lockers. For the remainder of the song we didn't say a word to each other like the final years of high school. After the song ended we kissed each other on the cheek.

"The next time you're in Toronto, give me a call."

We went to the bar and got some paper and a pen. She scribbled some drunken code on the paper.

"Here's my number."

"Um, I'd rather call you anytime, not just when I'm in Toronto."

She smiled.

"That would be nice."

Lucy came over and gave me a dirty look.

"We're leaving Carol." She grabbed Carol's hand and left for the exit tugging Carol behind her.

"Bye Carol."

"Bye, Jacob."

I watched her leave the bar. I would call her when my train stops in Toronto on my way back to McGill. I reached into my pocket to feel the number. It wasn't there. She hadn't given me the piece of paper. Lucy had taken her away too soon. I stood there with a sad look of disappointment. Tyler came up beside me and put his arm around me. He had a beer in each hand.

"I told you it was flab, didn't I? Don't worry buddy. Maybe she'll hit an exercise bike or something."