

The Stalker

The big, red station wagon. AKA - the grocery getter. It made my stomach tuurrrn just to look at it. Why couldn't he just leave-me-alone?

Yes, I just broke up with "Skater Boi," which in hindsight, was a seriously dumb move on my part. He was hot – and he cried when I broke up with him. He drove a red Saab - and a white Saab. He would speed so fast that time would stand still. 110? Or was it 120...? Anyway, I just needed space. Shit, my dad was sick...it was all too much. I couldn't handle myself, never mind a relationship, even if I did like the guy. He also didn't fit in too well with my jock friends. Poor Skater Boi. I ended up missing him, wanting him back, but he had already moved on to...the other girl. And he had planned to go to the dance with *her*. So, screw *him*.

So ok, I went to the dance with the grocery getter. That was supposed to be IT. He needed a date. I was on the rebound, but not in the literal sense. The next thing I know, "Give him a chance!" "He's so nice!" "He's a hockey player!" Followed by the red wagon in my fucking driveway every day after school, calls to my home day and night...showing up at my cheerleading practices...some days, he would be in my backyard tossing the ball with my little brother when I arrived home from who knows where, or talking on the phone with my little sister when I would walk in our room.

Lurking. Watching. There was no way out of the hell he brought to my life. He was a pillow that was smothering me day and night...I had childhood asthma, which is the same as breathing through a narrow straw, gasping for air...I did not need him to take my entire tank, too. (By the by, my parents practically did that with their chain smoking...)

Have you ever even been abused by another human being like this? Why me? What did I do to deserve this? I never led him on. Never. It's nice to be "loved," but, this was bigger, darker...it was twisted, sad, scary...plus, my own circle was turning on me, like I was some kind of...bad person. For not giving *him* a "chance." I mean, he never verbally abused me, or hit me...he worshiped me, in fact...he was completely obsessed with me. The entire school knew. *Everyone* knew. And the worst thing was I felt so incredibly...alone. No one to turn to – to *save* me. It was like being in a witness protection program, yet living amongst people you knew for years.

Next came, the ultimatum. "Date me 'officially' for a while. If you still feel the same, you can break up with me." Hmm. That could be my first class ticket to my private island. And I will get everyone off of my back while I'm at it. But, what if this master plan doesn't work? And how do I...ugh....kiss him? Ewww...gross. I mean, I am the kind of person who would *never* succumb to – I mean, stoop to - being subservient. To acquiesce. That is not me. Not to mention, the guys I dated were in a different league. Heell-lo? But, you know what? I did it. Yes, *I* did it! I needed to be *free*. Free from his shadows. Free from his guilt. Free from *others'* guilt. I still wonder why anyone would have been against ME in this matter. One of them should date him, if he's that "dateable." I did nothing wrong by wanting to be friends with a person to whom I was NOT attracted! The only thing I did wrong was to make a STUPID decision to go to a bloody fucking dance.....on the unofficial rebound from my ex.....with HIM.

I walked the walk and talked the talk. It was so incredibly sickening, living this lie. How did I let him win? Let them *all* win, in fact? I was blindfolded all day, for days and days, with no way out of the tunnel. Would this help me get back on track? How did I even get *here*?! I remember he drove me to see my sick father. In hindsight, I sometimes wonder, did my dad think I was “into” this guy? I prayed not. I am sure I did not tell him the guy was stalking me, though...I would never want to worry him. He was already strict enough about the idea that dating should not be priority for me. “Put school first. The rest doesn’t matter, especially boys. And in life, you will learn that, if you’re lucky, you will be able to count your true friends on one hand.”

Well, first off, I was NOT dating him. Remember, it was a farce! A gateway to freedom. That was it. Yeah...I must have told him the guy was just a friend...I would have done that for sure. I mean, he was a nice person and all. But, NOT the kind of guy I would bring to meet my father! Desperation makes people do crazy shit.

Time passed. This was the kind of time that led to my ESCAPE. I did the grotesque kiss...the “meet the parents” visit...the date...tsss (multiple). I was in a ve-ry long play. Or maybe it was a TV series...the currency being...my life. Well, it was time for me to pull the plug. I gave him the news at a keg party. I told him this was our deal and he *owed* me the end of this run. Game over. And what did he do? He ran into the God damn woods threatening to kill himself. NO!!!! Please no. He never did it. It was just another game. Or the beginning of another series, in which, I was not the star.

Freedom finally rang. (And yes, I blocked him on social media. For life.)