

The Plan

I've heard stories of girls taking revenge on boys that have broken their hearts. The boys deserved it, they done them wrong. They were cruel and selfish. They were the guys Daddy always warned me about.

The girls were always looking for some sort of closure, which went along with a pinch of revenge. Maybe it was because they knew the boys had done it to other girls, too? Maybe they were doing it because they thought they would change afterwards? Maybe they thought they would feel closure? Maybe they felt it would fix all of the heartache? Or maybe... they just liked to cause trouble.

I've always heard stories of the innocent girl falling for the infamous playboy, thinking he loved her and only her, soon finding out she was wrong. Maybe she dreamed it all and it would work out in the end? No. The fact was she was going to find the boy with another girl and end up getting her heartbroken. No matter what, she was bound to get hurt.

They don't ever think about all of the other scenarios, ya know? They are blind to things happening right under their nose. They never think it could happen differently. They never think about how the boy could be the one left to pick up the pieces. They never think that the "player" will get his heartbroken.

That's the weird thing about guys. They do everything to stray from personal things. They try to avoid letting someone in. They do everything they can to prevent from getting their heart broken... but when they do finally let someone in, they fall fast and hard. When the girl doesn't feel the same way about him, he is done for it. He is torn to pieces and it is hard for him to get back up from that low. He gets engulfed by all of the sorrow... deeper and deeper. He is heartbroken.

He is not an infamous playboy or a heartless jerk. He is just a boy, a boy afraid of getting hurt... and he has changed.

This is the boy I've grown to know well.

Sunday mornings were always the worst. Everyone comes to Ole Joe's Diner after church. On Sundays, we were always run over. I never got a break or even a lunch because people were always quitting, and they needed me to take on extra shifts. The usual crowd was there, impatient and loud.

I was working solo the night Liam Perkins came in. I remember I had actually gotten a break, drinking a fresh cup of French Vanilla coffee. I had worked at the diner for basically two years and during that time I had grown close to Joe, the owner. He trusted me enough to let basically run the place by myself. Except for Louie – the chef, of course.

When my break was ending and I was about to head in back, the bells on the door handle jingled. This caught me off guard knowing how late it was. I looked up cautiously. Stumbling in, were two boys, about my age. One had brown curly hair with deep brown eyes. The other had straight as a stick blonde hair, with bright hazel eyes. The boy with the brown hair caught my eye. There was something special about him, that I couldn't put my finger on. He looked rough. He was in much need of a shave, but there was something so mesmerizing about him. He was flawless. He was perfect. He was the bad kind of gorgeous... the kind you are already in for at first sight. The kind you can't get out of your mind, no matter how hard you try.

I couldn't help but laugh when the two boys were struggling to get to their booth. The blonde haired boy helped his friend into the booth before speaking to me. "I need coffee. As fast as you can," said the blonde boy.

"Rough night?" I asked due to the fact that his brown haired friend was slumped over on the table.

"We are both hung-over. My friend Liam here just went through a break up. He thought getting drunk would help him feel better," he replied.

I giggled a little, “how clever...” Liam raised his head and snapped at the blonde haired boy.

“Don’t be telling my business to strangers. NOW WHERE IS MY DANG TEA?!” I couldn’t help but laugh. He sounded so ridiculous. We hadn’t had any drunks in a while and I had forgotten how hard they were to deal with. I went and got them two coffees, pushing one towards Liam, in a courteous sort of way. Liam got frustrated when he went to get a drink and said, “I asked for tea, not coffee.”

I replied, “I don’t care. Coffee is good for a hangover. You can drink it and feel better or leave and stop acting so ridiculous. I don’t really care which you choose.” I apparently had a firm tone, because Liam looked up at me, like he was intimidated. *Gulp Gulp Gulp*. He drank the whole cup in about 5 swigs. His friend looked at me astonishingly, impressed.

He asked, “How long have you been working here?”

I replied, “Almost two years,” while cleaning the booth next to them.

“Well you’re good at what you do. I’ve never seen someone get Liam to do something so fast in my life and we’ve been friends for five years,” he complimented. I couldn’t help but smile; I may have even blushed a little. I hardly ever got complimented on the job, unless it was some perverted old man.

I smiled and laughed, “Thanks. I can honestly say no one has ever said that to me before.” Liam raised his head fiercely.

He said, “I hope you know he has a girlfriend...and Drew, you shouldn’t be hitting on her. You and Carissa have been together for what? Like 2 years?” I’m sure my face was priceless. There was nothing remotely flirtatious about our conversation. His comment got me flustered and agitated. Drew looked at me. I think he was as confused as I was.

Drew said, “I apologize for his attitude. Ignore him. He’s a mean drunk.” He paused, and then asked, “Where do you go to school?”

I replied, “King Christian Academy.” Liam rose up and began to laugh.

He said, “That explains it. That explains it all.” My fuse was getting shorter and shorter by the second.

I said rude-like, “That explains what? Huh?” He began to smile in a bully type of way.

He said, “Oh... just the uppity attitude and your bossy vibe. You obviously don’t have many friends.” I was appalled. I’m sure I had the worst grimace on my face.

I replied, “Oh really?!?! Says the drunk, broken-hearted, wussy boy. You really think getting drunk will solve any of your problems? And you got that upset over a girl? You’re a chump.” I could tell I struck a nerve by the face Liam was making. I kind of felt bad then on the other hand, I felt satisfactory, because he deserved it. Liam began to speak but then stopped. Drew had a sense of a smirk across his face. I could tell he had been thinking what I just said, also. Liam got up and stammered out the door, tripping over his own feet multiple times. Drew got up, also. He apologized again, and said he would be back and would bring his girlfriend to meet me sometime. I smiled gratefully. *Hopefully you will leave the drunk at home.*

No matter how much I hoped and prayed, that just isn’t how it happened. I couldn’t stop thinking about Liam. Even though, he was disgusting and rude toward me when we met, there was something about him that just burned into my mind. *He was gorgeous.* I constantly saw his face on strangers in the streets. *Why? I don’t know. I’m not attracted to him. I’m not... or am I?*

The next time Drew comes in, Liam is with him. Liam looked better than he did when I first saw him. Oddly enough, Liam spoke to me first this time. “I don’t know if you remember me, but I’m the rude drunk that came in a while back... I just wanted to apologize for the way I acted. I was going through a rough time, and I thought drinking would make me feel better. I know I had to have made a bad first

impression and I am so sorry.” *Whoa. Did he really just say what I think he said? He didn’t seem like the type to admit he is wrong. Maybe he is a good guy.*

“Oh. I remember you. It’s okay. I deal with people like that all of the time. No big deal,” I lied. For some reason I began to get butterflies in my stomach. *This guy was terrible to me. Why does he make me so nervous? No matter how hard I tried, I couldn’t get the stupid butterflies to go away. Play it cool. Play it cool. Wait, what? I don’t like this guy. He’s a jerk. WHAT IS WRONG WITH ME?*

Drew said “Hi,” greeting me awkwardly. I ignored him due to the fact I couldn’t get my mind off of Liam. Liam smiled.

“I’m over my break up now and I haven’t drunk in over a week. The night you smarted off to me... well... talked to me, was the night I realized Julie never loved me. I realized I just wanted to be pitied, and I was being a wuss. The next day, I was much better. I didn’t drink. I hung out with some friends and it was the first day, I was actually content with not being with Julie. No one had ever stood their ground with me like that, and I really needed to hear that. I have you to thank for getting me out of that rut. Thank you so much,” said Liam. *Flutter, flutter, flutter* went the butterflies in my stomach. I could feel heat rising to my cheeks. At that moment, I knew he didn’t mean what he said to me that night.

“Well I’m so glad it helped you, at the time it wasn’t intended to help you,” I stifled a laugh, “but I’m very happy that now you have come to your senses and aren’t drinking the days away.” Liam smiled, his big brown eyes lighting up.

“I know I’ve only met you twice, and I know this might come across a little crazy, but I haven’t been able to get you out of my mind for the past two weeks. Would you like to go out sometime?” Liam asked. *Flutter, flutter, flutter, FLUTTER.* I thought I was going to puke. *Was this really happening? So he has been thinking about me too? This has to mean something. Wow.*

I don't know how long it took me to reply, but I replied with an astounding, "Yes, I would love to go out with you sometime!" That may have sounded a little too eager, but at the time I didn't care. Liam and Drew both had smiles on their faces.

Liam replied, "Good. I think Drew here has been getting tired of hearing me talk about you all the time," as he blushed. Drew shook his head, as if to agree. "What about tonight? Roma's? Seven? I'll come pick you up from here if you'd like." *Me go out dressed like this? Uhm, NO. Wait... I brought my make-up and I have extra clothes in my car... okay. I'm too excited to wait any later for this date.*

"Sure. That sounds great," I said, satisfied. Liam and Drew left. I had around 2 hours left and I decided I was going to ask Joe to let me cut my shift short, so I could get dressed up. Joe said since I was such a hard worker, I could cut my shift an hour. My shift finally ended and I went into the back room and began getting ready. I really wanted to impress him.

It was about 7:20 when he arrived. He came in, got me, and even opened up the door for me to his white, 2009 Ford Mustang. It was kind of awkward at first, but he broke the ice. He said, "I have never felt such a connection with someone so instantly in my life. I feel like I could talk to you about anything. Is that weird?" *Thank God. Thank God it's not just me.* I smiled and giggled.

I replied, "That isn't weird at all. You've been all I could think about for the past couple of weeks, and I was afraid you wouldn't feel the same way." He smiled and I could see the heat rising to his cheeks. We made it to Roma's and we ate a wonderful three course meal. He offered to buy me anything I wanted, no matter how expensive. *Such a gentleman. Flutter, flutter.* I had never had so much fun before. I had never felt so happy.

He drove me home and walked me to the door. He didn't try to kiss me, because he said he didn't want to make me feel uncomfortable on our first date. I wanted to kiss him so bad, but I respected how he went about it. He hugged me before he left, and I had never felt so many sparks go up my spine before. *Flutter, flutter, spark, spark.*

I watched him drive away and I thought, *if this isn't love, then I will never know what love is. I am going to marry this boy... no. I've only had one date with him. Am I crazy?*

Today makes our three year wedding anniversary. We dated for two straight years before getting married. Liam and I still talk about the night at the diner and our first date to Roma's. I have never been so thankful for my job I had at the diner, until I met Liam. If I had never worked there, if he had never been broken up with, we would have never met each other. *Funny how things work out, huh?*