



“Dear T,” by Phoenix Crunelle
1st Place, Informal Essay 13-15

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Dear T, 1

Dear T,

The name has been abbreviated to protect identity.

If I could talk to you one more time. I would tell you about the first boy I ever loved, I met him in geography class. He was cute, sweet, and funny. I loved him. I loved the way he would walk up to me after lunch. I loved the way he would look at me when I would give a presentation. I loved how embarrassed he would get when the teacher told you to stop flirting with me. I loved him for so long. Do you know who that boy was... you. Or who you used to be, better put. When was the change, from 'cute boy from geography class' to 'the boy that ruined my life'? The boy I fell in love with wouldn't betray me like you did. He wouldn't ruin what was supposed to be the funnest part of my life. He wouldn't ruin Friday nights. He wouldn't ruin football games. He wouldn't ruin school plays. He wouldn't ruin my freedom. You did though, but why? Was it for 15 minutes of fame? Or did it make you feel powerful? So people would like you? For whatever reason you did it, was it worth it? Losing friends. People hating you. Getting threats. A court case. Was it worth it? Was it? It wasn't for me, I wouldn't have taken my top off if I knew this is how it would turn out.

It's heartbreaking that at one point I loved you. 'The boy that ruined my life.' But it's not love when you don't talk anymore, and it's not love when I never meant something to you. So why did I ever catch these stupid feelings? I knew when you told me I was cute that I was dreaming. And it's not love when you make me feel like I'm a bore. And it's not love when I was the only one who's waiting. And it's not love when there is no chance of you saying "I love you too." And I don't know if I'm in love with you, or the idea of loving you? It's unclear, I mean I used to feel so sure, but I might just be immature. I've been so stuck on you for so long that it's hard to tell

myself I may be wrong. So I better say goodbye. Goodbye to laughing, crying, and everything in between. Goodbye to talking to each other in the hallway. Goodbye to attempting to sneak you in at 3:30 in the morning. Goodbye to all the possibilities. It's hard to forget someone who gave you so much to remember, but I'm not saying goodbye to the first boy I ever loved. I said goodbye to him over the summer. So now I'm here saying goodbye to a stranger, and it's a lot harder than it sounds. So let me make it quick.

Goodbye.