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My First Heartbreak

Just like any teenage girl; I was into singing, playing in makeup, and unfortunately boys. My first day of the final year of junior high I was excited, but at the same time scared. Walking into the double doors of my school with my best friend of two years made me less frightened of our big day. As we got closer to our assigned homerooms I began to panic. We didn’t know who would be attending the class with us so I became even more afraid. Approaching our class, I peeked my head into the room to observe. There he sat, my boyfriend of three years looking around the classroom and spotting me. I was a little shy when I was younger so my first intention was to run back down the hall. My best friend and I were already late so we decided to walk in the classroom. Glaring eyes watched us as the teacher assigned us to our assigned seats. What a coincidence that I had to sit right across from my boyfriend. The moment was so awkward for me because we hadn’t seen each other since the last day of our previous school year due to him staying at football camps. As I sat down in my desk he began to speak but the teacher ask him to be quiet as the morning announcement began. After the announcements, we began to catch up after a long summer of not seeing each other. The day went by and it was time for us to go home and attend after school activities. My boyfriend was on the football team so he had to stay after school for practice. He walked me to the bus and kissed me goodbye. Heading home from school, I had this cheesy smile on my face thinking about how much I missed my boyfriend.

We were young but the love was real. I was interrupted out of my thoughts by the phone vibrating in my purse. I reached for my cell phone and seen that it was my best friend calling me. I answered the phone and got the shock of my life. She explained to me how she had just seen my boyfriend kissing another individual and sent me photos of them walking together. I immediately hung up the phone with her to text him. Waiting angrily for him to respond I still didn’t get a reply. I assumed he was attending football practice so I continued to wait for a response. Time passed by and I finally got a response. He told me the truth knowing I had proof of his actions. I did what any smart female would do and broke up with him. I felt hurt and betrayed. I never thought that someone you trusted and known for so long could hurt you. I was young but took love serious. I tried to hide the fact that we were broken up from my family because they were as close to him as I was. I cried nights at a time thinking how my other half had let me down. The memories of us reminded me every day of how someone can go back on their word.

Even though advice helps, nothing anyone told me fixed the heartbreak I was going through. Having to sit next to him every morning made those feelings worse. He tried every day to fix our issues but I wasn’t hearing anything he had to say. I had to remind myself that it wasn’t the end of the world. I thought about this for months at a time. It was plain misery, and I kept telling myself that it would get better. I sat in my own pain and suffered because I didn’t think anything could cure my depression. I didn’t regret falling in love with him. It was exactly what I wanted. The truth is my first love was my first for a reason. It taught me so much that I never thought I would have to experience. Temporarily, the pain had gone away but eventually returned when I would think back on our situation. Time went by and I learned to love again. I finally accepted the disappointment and learned that relationships are supposed to teach you lessons. I grew from the mistakes and grew into a smart young lady. Until this day he still regrets his actions and tries to reenter my life.