

Not Fair, **Clare**

An Excerpt from *Not Fair, Clare*, by Yvonne Prinz:

On the fifth day I'm curled up in my chair, watching Patience sleep with her arm wrapped around a stuffed penguin when Simon walks through the door of her hospital room. I've missed two Macbeth Rehearsals which is bad. I think he's here to talk about that but he pulls up a chair next to mine and sits down. He hands me a little paper bag.

"Gummi bears." he says

"Thanks. How did you find me?" I ask.

"Your mom. I called your house." He looks at Patience "Is she okay?"

I nod. "She will be. She hit her head pretty hard so they had to keep her here awhile but the doctor says she might be able to go home tomorrow."

"We miss you." he says, turning to me.

I'm so happy he put it that way instead of "You better not miss any more rehearsals."

"I miss you too." I say.

We sit there for a minute, watching Patience, who looks like an angel when she's asleep.

"Well, I better get going." he says.

"Okay."

Simon faces me and I think he's going to tell me something really serious but he doesn't. Instead, he leans in and kisses me softly on the lips. Not a friendly peck. A real kiss. When he pulls away he's smiling a little. He gets up out of the chair.

"Well, see you at rehearsal." he says.



“Sure.” I wave as he walks out the door.

I watch him walk along the big glass windows and disappear.

Wow. My first kiss. In a hospital, wearing the same clothes I’ve worn for the last four days, greasy hair, dry lips, a bag of gummi bears in my hand, and there it is, right out of the blue. I notice that Patience is watching me.

“Who was that boy?” she asks.

“A friend from school,” I say.

“Is he your boyfriend?”

“No.”

“Then why was he kissing you?”

“Because.” I say.

“Because why?”

“Because I wanted him to.”

“Can I have some chocolate pudding?”

“Sure.”