

My favourite Memory.... right place, wrong time...

By Lucretia_Nicole

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well as you can see this is the best memory i've had till now and i will always remember... this is a must-read for girls....

dedicated to stu xoxoxoxoxoxoxoxox

p.s. i did find angie Again ;)

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http://www.fanart-central.net/stories/user/Lucretia_Nicole/10801/My-favourite-Memory....-right-place-wrong-time...

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MY FAVOURITE MEMORY

RIGHT PLACE...WRONG TIME

The first time I ever saw him, I knew that I had to meet him there on that day at the beach. I wasn't really looking for a guy but at the sight of him it just hit me.

So walking on past him along the beach front, his smile lingered in my mind. Reaching the small lighthouse I knew I had to go back and glimpse him again.

Before him once more, I noticed him chatting softly to an old lady to whom he had just sold a drink from the little shop where he worked. I kept ambling on, past the coastguard, and sat on a little bench once my feet had begun to ache. There on the bench the ocean before me ebbed away- and still I thought of the handsome guy who captured my heart with his clear, light, sparkling, blue eyes. I felt that I had to do something at that moment. It was like fate, I just had to meet him.

Once more I looked at the ocean, made up my mind, stood up and wandered to La Spiaggia, the shop where he worked. There, standing before him, I could have melted (I probably did). I ordered an ice tea and received it with numb hands. On my way back down the beach I peered over my left shoulder to stare at him once more. There he stood in all his charm actually watching me. And with a small coquettish smile and an elated stomach- fluttering I turned back around and walked home.

In that cosy holiday apartment of ours, my best friend sat waiting for me. Hurried words were exchanged and we decided then and there to go back. This time I was more prepared and wore my new, lucky, black top.

So there we were. Angie and I stood beneath La Spiaggia's shop deck, waiting, for it had started to rain once we were walking. Soon enough we all spoke with one another - him, Angie, me and one of his friends, who we later found out was called Dominic. After having some more ice tea (our excuse for being there) Dom left and it was time for us to leave too. By then we had talked about many things and found out that his name was Stuart. He also told us that he was an art student in the nearby city of Durban. My perfect dream guy just wandered into my life.

During our stay at the shop he gave me a piece of paper and a pen. He wanted me to draw him a miniature something as proof, since Angie told him I'm good at art. I drew an eye and resolved to write down this web-site link so that he could look at some of my good art. As an afterthought I added my cell number- just for the hell of it. So Angie and I were off walking home in a disgruntled sort of way.

Back "home" we bored ourselves and thought- *what the hell-* we'd go back. So we did. His shift had

ended by then and I thought he wouldn't be there anymore. Yet I still wished he would be and by some small miracle he sat in a restaurant next to his shop. He turned and saw us there still strolling along the beach. Feeling quite confident I gave him a smile and a wave and walked on with Angie to the lighthouse. On our way back he sat on the wooden railing, overlooking the tranquil ocean. This time we just sauntered on, pretending not to see him and actually really needing the toilet .

So once finished I decided to join him on the pier- Angie still took her time. I thought I might be annoying him so instead of opening with a stupid "hi", I casually said "it's beautiful, isn't it?" commenting on the serene ocean before us. I think he knew I was there before I spoke because he remained as calm and cool as before.

We sat there for a time, watching some surfers fight, dolphins capered far off near the horizon, and spoke about ourselves. By then Angie had joined us and excused herself again. She walked out onto the glistening beach, running along the golden sand and splashing in the waves.

Stuart and I decided to gradually follow along the beach walkway, a short distance behind her. Sometimes we lost sight of her on the beach as we disappeared on the walkway beneath clusters of trees. At one point we completely lost her and I became agitated, not sure I was ready to be alone with him. Somehow our conversations became softer and less, I was sure I would find Angie again and relaxed. Gently Stuart and I moved closer to each other and eventually he slipped his warm hand in mine. My uneasiness ebbed away as we became more comfortable with each other. We walked back the way we had come trying to find Angie. It was also nearing the time of his departure when I knew I wouldn't see him again for a couple of months.

A while later he asked if I would like to sit with him on a bench overlooking the docile ocean. Of course I was elated at the prospect and we sat there, hand in hand, for a couple of minutes. As we did he caressed my hand and spoke softly to me. People passed us by and for a time there I forgot everything that I had ever known. We watched the romantic scene unfolding before us; the ocean so much like his personality- calm, cool and somewhat mysterious with its recurring heartbeat of life.

I turned my head, thinking that I was the envy of every girl in the world, and looked into his deep, meaningful eyes. The periwinkle blue of the ocean's iridescence looked back at me. Our stare intensified and our faces moved closer until finally our lips met in a sweet embrace. His artistic fingers cradled my face as we kissed- the sweetest kiss of my life. I will never forget his lean body, his beautiful eyes, his gorgeous features, his tanned skin, his soft lips, his charm, his warm voice, his lengthy hair and most of all his tepid embrace before he ran to catch his bus out of this alluring place and time.