

STALKERNATOR

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I hate it when guys play hard-to-get. Why is this still even a thing? Well, I guess it is okay that he does it. He's probably *ironically* doing it. I like that about him. Did you see the beard he's growing? I'm into beards now. They are cool. He's been growing it for 17 days now. I count. I've been trying to tell him how gorgeous he looks with it. Can't seem to catch hold of him, though. I know it pains him to avoid me like this. I guess he is busy these days. He is very active. I understand. Still, I just don't get why he sometimes *has* to pretend I don't exist.

I love Mom. But she needs to understand that what I have going on here with him is special. I might be only fifteen, as she loves to point out,

guess. I don't let these things bother me. But then she went on badmouthing him. Which *wasn't* okay. Let me make myself clear, he is totally worth all the things I do for him. Hell, he's so sweet and shy he *hides* from me. That's right. It's so cute seeing him scurrying out of my way as I try to reach him. I think he likes it when I chase him.

On Facebook, it's a whole other story. He has my real account blocked, so I use this fake account where I pretend to be a vampy model. He doesn't have a clue. How would he? I can pull off a "model", effortlessly. That's one of the several things I'm good at. I usually do it every few minutes, dig around his stuff on social media that is. Helps me stay updated on him. He even talks to the model me. Sometimes we chat for hours. I have all our conversations screenshot and printed

wouldn't have understood many of them anyway. I have a weird way of writing letters. I don't use "full stops" 'cause I find them scary, and "ellipses" are just so annoying.

Well, I went. She gave me a tour of the house. The dinner was good. The carrot pie we had for dessert, delectable. We were in their living room then, and suddenly she started going on about how it's okay for me to be this "enthusiastic", that maybe this was just my 'age' doing this, that this "happens", that "boundaries" are a good thing. I really wanted to like his mom, you know, but the humiliation I felt the whole time she kept lecturing me! I didn't talk back or anything, though. I kept my mouth shut.

The only thing good to come out of that dinner was that he drove me home. He didn't talk much.



but I'm way beyond my years. I tell that to myself every day. He's bound to know that, isn't he? I make sure he knows that. I remember the day Mom got that call from his parents. It was awful.

She was in the kitchen when the landline rang. Mom was in a bad mood that day. The tailor had screwed up the dress she was to wear to her anniversary dinner. She wasn't even talking to me properly. So when it rang, I saw her go over to where the phone was and pick it up. Unknown number, it seemed at first.

But then that *look* she gave me. Whoever was on the phone kept saying stuff, and Mom's face started getting weird.

Then, she was like, "Sit! We need to talk." It wasn't fun, I assure you. She accused me of being a "weirdo". Whatever that is. It was okay, I

out. The best ones, I have taped on my desk. Sometimes I read them aloud, with Ariel Pink playing in the background, when I'm bored or something. I usually pronounce his name 3-4 times very slowly before going to bed. I love how it sounds when I say it.

Anyhow, the phone call wasn't the only time his mother tried to "stop" me. I remember the day she 'invited' me to dinner. I shouldn't have gone. I should have politely declined, but that overwhelming urge for that one glimpse of his room, of that slight possibility to get to sit on the bed he sleeps every day, and to get to touch the stuff he owns took over, and I meekly accepted.

How could have I not? I even planned on taking with me all the letters I secretly wrote him but never got around to giving him. I mean, he

I tried holding hands, but he said he didn't like doing that. It was nice anyway.

This guy on Tumblr advised me that I should give him some space. That I should focus on other things. Maybe he's right. I don't know. I don't want to focus on anything else. I'm fifteen but I *know* that "love" or whatever you call it these days can be pretty unpredictable. What if I get my head on other things and realise later on that I'm not into him anymore? I don't want that to happen. I always want to be "into" him.

I better now. It's been nice talking to you. He's got practice now with the other boys and I *have* to go there and cheer for him. I know he wants me to. Maybe he'll notice me or wave after scoring or even come over to talk. I can't possibly miss out on that, can I?