

Genesis Padilla

Professor Ramírez

ENGL 2351

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### Fatal Attraction

**October 30, 2019**

**8:07 A.M.**

She stood at her faded cerulean locker in the east hall at Bowie High School. As she looked in the mirror hanging on the locker door, she fixed any strand left out of place from her ponytail. After every strand was slicked back and her edges were curved, she shoved her backpack in the locker along with unwanted textbooks. She shut the door as she dusted off her white skirt and pink sweater vest before letting out a deep breath and fixed her posture.

**8:15 A.M.**

She made her way down the empty grey-tiled hall to the boy's locker room where she met up with her stupid boyfriend Amir. I know he doesn't love her as much as I do, because after her he meets up with Amanda instead of going to class like he tells Selena. As for me, I've been obsessed with Selena Vasquez since the time she gave me a rose with a pack of Nerds taped to the stem under the base on February 14, 2019. Yeah, she gave a rose to everyone in the class, but when she gave it to me... I saw her eyes glow a little brighter and her smile get a little bigger. My dad said that it would've been better if she had given me a twelve pack of Corona's to share

with my old man instead of a girly rose. But despite what my papa might think, I'm sure she felt the same way I do, and I know I could treat her so much better.

**11:57 A.M.**

I scrunched up my nose and looked around at the cafeteria as my phone screen displayed a call from my mom.

“Mijo, are you in class?” My mom asked as if she had just finished running a marathon.

“No Mami, I’m at lunch. ¿Qué andabas haciendo? You sound like you were running from the cops.”

“¿Que cops, ni que narices?” She scoffed and chuckled before continuing, “I was cleaning your room and noticed tu rosa is dying. ¿Que suspichoso no?”

“No Mom, nomás que le falta agua. I’ll do it when I get home okay?”

“Ay no mijo, si tiene agua. It’s dying because esta embrujada. I can feel it.”

I rubbed my temples and shook my head as I listened to my mom’s suspicions. Ever since I can remember, she’s always had her superstitions about self-explanatory things. “Ay Mom, no empieces por favor. Selena gave me that flower.”

“Si, si, pero que si la Selena no es niña de dios, eh?”

“Mom. I’m in love with Selena. Y va ser mi novia, one day. Vas a ver que your suspicions son puro royo.” It was clear she ignored me once she began mumbling to herself.

“Ama?”

“Ay mijo, ahorita te hablo. Voy a hacer sage tu room y luego voy a rezarle a la virgencita para ayudarte. Adios!” With that she hung up as I rolled my eyes and I walked to class dreading to get home.

**October 31, 2019**

**8:07 A.M.**

The next morning, I woke up to an empty nightstand where the rose should have been. I got up and stormed out of the room only to see my mother holding her rosary as she watched the noticias. She looked over at me from the T.V. and shook her head as the image of Amir, Selena’s boyfriend framed by angels appeared on the screen.

As soon as I arrived at Bowie, I was told to go to the gym where everyone was being held. The school announced that Amir Montenegro was no longer with us. Nobody could have seen it coming; he was full of energy the day before, with his stupid, heart-wrenching smile and positive attitude. Nobody would have guessed they would find him hanging off the ceiling of his room with a black extension cord wrapped around his neck.

**11:57 A.M.**

After the announcement, the school held us all morning giving us a lecture on mental health and professional help. Even if I wanted to, I couldn’t focus on what they were saying, because the whole time I watched Selena. She walked out after 15 minutes with swollen eyes and dry streams of tears on her rosy cheeks. I wanted to get up and chase after her, but I had no excuse to leave, and I was forced to sit in a cloud full of dread and anxiety as my leg bounced on the bleachers.

**1:25 P.M.**

I ran out of the gym like a headless chicken looking for Selena. I might be a shy wreck, but if I learned anything from my dad and uncle's drunk conversations, it was to listen to your viejita. I noticed her walking out of the restroom and rushed to her side before freezing up and shuffling my feet before reaching her. She looked up at me and tilted her head to the side before eyeing me up and down.

"May I help you?" she asked as she backed away.

I took a deep and fixed my posture before letting words spill, "H-hey Selena."

She shook her head as she wiped the tears on her face away, "D-do I know you?"

"Uh, no. My name's Henry. I'm in your English class."

"O-oh. The quiet boy in the back of the class, right?"

"Y-yeah. Hey, listen, I'm so sorry for your loss. I know how much you loved Amir 'n all." I rubbed the back of my head as I looked down at my feet, hiding the blush on my face. "Just thought you should know that I'm here to talk if you ever need anything."

Silence filled the air between us before I felt arms wrapping around my waist and her face pressed against my chest. "Th-thank you. I appreciate it a lot more than you think."

"N-no problem."

She pulled away and wiped her eyes with the end of her sweater before looking up and meeting my eyes. "My parents are out of town, and I don't want to be alone right now."

"Oh. I-I'm sorry to hear."

"Yeah."

"How 'bout I come over tonight?" I slammed my hand against my mouth as my eyes widened. How could I say that?! A girl and a guy alone in a house always lead to rumors spread by the neighbors metichonas. "I-I'm sorry that was out of line. I'm sure you got fami—."

"Pretty straightforward for a stranger, but I'd love that." she finally answered cutting me off as she wrote down her number on my arm.

### **7:30 P.M.**

"¡Estas, pero bien loco Henry!" My mom screamed as she waved the spatula at me and furrowed her brows.

"Listen, I know it's like against tradition to be at a girl's house alone, but me necesita Mami." I said as I clasped my hands together and held them out to her with my lips shaping a pout. "Por favor?"

"No! ¡No nomas por eso, pero the neighbors! ¿Que si empiezan de chismosas and then our image goes down the drain? No voy a poder enseñar mi cara en la iglesia."

"Mom! Nothing's going to happen, I promise."

"Todos modos ya te dije que esa niña me da malas vibras. No Henry no." She goes back to cooking my dad his tacos for dinner as I prepared the vegetables.

"Mom. Please. If it makes you feel better I'll take a huevo and rub it on her head."

"Ay payaso." We chuckled before meeting each other's eyes as her brows curved up. She let out a sigh and looked back at the carne on the pan. "Bueno. Pero por favor llevate me rosario."

I smiled widely as I threw the knife down on the table and wrapped my arms tightly around her. “Gracias Mami! And I mean who’s to say I won’t be bringing her to our next carne asada.”

“Si loco, sí. Adiós. Que Dios te bendiga.” She kissed me on the cheek as I stuffed her rosary in my sweater and stormed out the door.

### **8:00 P.M.**

Selena and I sat on her white leather couch as we binged a couple of episodes of “El Chavo” and talked about everything that was on our mind. We had a lot more than I thought in common, and my heart pounded every time her smile was followed by a giggle. I genuinely adore her, with my whole existence and maybe today, October 31, really will be the day she becomes mine. I stood up and stretched out my arms before looking back at Selena. “Where’s your bathroom?”

“Down the hall and to your left.” She said as she looked in the direction she implied.

“Thanks, I’ll be back.” I made my way down the hall and opened every door in the hall, leaving the worst for last. I noticed a door that looked different from the others. A brown maple door with a golden doorknob standing in the middle of a white sea of doors. I reached into my pocket and grasped onto the rosary before slowly pulling the door open. A flight of stairs hid behind the door, and before I could call out for Selena, my body was hitting every step down the stairs.

### **8:50 P.M.**

"You made it easy to bring you home, you know. I've seen you around the school and thought it was so romantic of you to follow me everywhere" She cupped her cheeks as her eyes

curved into crescent moons and shone like stars, "Who knew all it took was for me to take out that dumbass Amir and make you feel bad for me. And now, I get to keep you forever, my dear Henry."

My eyes widened as my body began to shake while voices of my mother's warnings played in my head. I reached my hand out to the door, and before I could scream for help, the door shut, leaving me to embrace the hollow emptiness of the pitch-black room.