**THE BOY ON THE BUS-**

He smiled at me. I was walking on the bus and he was already sitting down. He smiled at me. I sat down next to him. Well... really it was the seat in front of him. I looked at him. His cute brown eyes, his perfect nose, his soft curls, mmmm my stomach just tingles when I think about him. He always has a way of making me feel like I'm the one that makes his day better. Well... all he really does is just smile at me, but I can tell much more is going on behind that smile. I have known him for about a week, and it's been the best week of my life. Everyday I feel like I matter to someone, you know. Like I'm not just living for me. When I like a person, I really like them. And if i ever get the feeling that some one likes me, it feels good to think that they might be living for me.

Well... thats never really the way it is, now is it... I find myself creating this separate reality in my mind. I hear what i want to hear, see what i want to see. It's fun when things go my way, when people like me, when he likes me. But then every once and a while I wake up. I find out that everything i thought to be true wasn't and everything i wanted, i couldn't have. Now when i walk on the bus, and i see him, sit next to him, look at him, he smiles. But there's nothing behind it. There's no secret crush, no love confession. Just a boy smiling at a girl. A girl that will always only get smiles that have nothing behind them. I hate boys.