

# Don't You Want Me

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I SEE YOU SITTING ON THE BENCH OUTSIDE TESCO. You are looking up, around, and then down at your phone again because your friends are also playing on their phones. I can hear the ding-ding of Candy Crush.

You lean forward, then back. You don't know if you should look bored and calm, or interested in what your friends are saying. You tug at your school skirt which you had asked your mam to hitch up for you in first year. You wish you hadn't asked, because now people can see your knickers when you sit down. I can see your knickers now. You want people to think you are a thong kind of girl but your knickers are big. They are big with red polka dots on them. When you cross your legs you offer me a good look at your upper thigh. I walk forward, towards you.

You and your friends all notice me at the same time. You all nervously look at each other. You wonder who I'm going for. You don't know if you want me to go for you, but you want your friends to see me going for you.

'Do you have a smoke?' I ask you, and your face flushes. The red creeps up from your spotty jaw. You don't know how to answer.

The girl beside you with the narrow wire-framed glasses shrieks. '*She* doesn't smoke!'

I grin and slowly focus my gaze on the friend. 'Do you?'

That makes your friend blush slightly, but she pushes her shoulders back so I can see her small boobs a bit more clearly and she runs her hand through her thin hair.

'I've always wanted to try.'

'Whatever,' I say and you smirk a little because I put down your friend

and not you. I wink at you and walk away.

I get your number from your cousin who sits beside me in Tech Graph. He asks me why I would want that.

– Guess who? :P

You don't answer straight away and I know that you are debating telling your friends that someone has texted you. You are wondering if it is a prank text, if someone is making fun of you, or if it is me. You decide to play it cool so that you don't embarrass yourself.

– Jesus?

We text all day. I ask you what you are up to. I text you until 2am which is too late for you. I know you wanted to go to sleep three hours ago but you didn't want this to end. You are texting a boy. You want me to ask you on a date. You want this to last forever.

I don't text you the next day until 9pm. You text back straight away. I text you that you are so sexy. You don't answer straight away and I wonder if you are fingering yourself so I put my hand down my pants. You answer

– haha.

I ask you what you are up to. You tell me you are watching a movie. You are, in fact, doing your homework but you don't want me to know that. I ask you what movie you are watching. You take a couple of minutes to think about it. You don't know if I want a cool girl who watches thrillers and action movies or a girly girl who watches romances. It's so hard to know. You tell me you are watching *Forrest Gump* and I tell you I think that movie is gay and you tell me that your mam has it on but you hate it and I ask you why are you watching it then and you say never mind. I tell you only girls and gays like that film and you say yeah haha well i'm a girl.

– I bet u are ;)

When you don't answer straight away, I tell you I'm

– busy nite x

Then you answer immediately

– i'm a good girl ;)

and then

– o soz ok night xxx

and I stroke my balls. Got you.

I continue texting you on and off. Once, I don't text you for a full day and

then I ask you if you want to Skype with a tongue face. It is 2am when I do this. You say yes.

You have a teddy bear which you leave in front of the camera so that I will think you are cute but I tell you it is weird for a fifteen-year-old girl to still sleep with a teddy bear. You pause to think of something to say. You tell me you think it's weird that I sleep in Man U bedsheets. I tell you to fuck off because everyone likes Man U and do you even watch football, which you don't answer because my point is clear. I notice that you don't sit up in bed with your laptop in your lap because then I would be able to see your double chin. Instead it is placed on your bedside locker and you lie down on your left hand side. You keep your chin tilted at a slight angle from the camera, your face held slightly up. Your eyes narrowed but not too much. Your lips never fully closed. Your selfie face. Your good angle. You have been practising. I imagine you getting my text and frantically rushing around the room. Brushing your hair. Wondering whether you should tie it up or not. Looking down at your pyjamas. Deciding whether to be sexy or cute. Tearing posters down from your wall. Tucking a vibrator under the covers. My cock twitches.

I tell you that I had a joint with the lads earlier and I tell you a long story about Fitsy thinking his skeleton was closing in on itself. I tell you he is a mad bastard, that we are all mad bastards, that he is a sap cos he couldn't handle a joint. It didn't even affect me, I tell you. You smile but don't know what to say. You have never even smoked.

I imagine what your bedsheets smell like, all purple and beige and bound up around you. You tossle around a lot. You aren't sure whether you should show me your skin or hide yourself from me. All I can see of you is your stupidly held face, your tied-up hair, the collar of your pink pyjamas, the top button undone. My eyes are stuck there and you cannot tell.

I tell you my gran is out tomorrow night. She goes to the pub on Fridays. I tell you I will be home alone. I ask you would you like to keep me company. It throws you. I want you to throw your covers from your body, show me your vibrator, spread your goddamn legs, at least take your top off. But you won't. Frigit.

'I don't know.'

'What, you hardly have big plans.'

You nibble at your lip, making sure not to look hurt. I have hurt you.

'Come on,' I say, my voice soft. 'Nothing will happen. We can watch *Star Wars*.'

Silence.

‘I’ve never seen *Star Wars*,’ you whisper. I shove my hand down my pants.

‘What? You have to see *Star Wars*. We can have a marathon.’

‘I don’t know.’

You have heard of me. You have asked about me. You know what happens at my gran’s house. You wonder if you can be the one who tames me. I stroke, softly, slowly, don’t let you know.

I keep asking you, my voice slow and husky and deep and tired until you say,

‘OK.’

You are wearing tracksuit pants tucked into Ugg boots when you come over. Your hair is in a messy side plait. You had told your mam that you were staying at your friend’s house. Your big brother questioned you about which friend. He narrowed his eyes at you. He knows what boys are like.

I wonder did your mam know when you left the house. Did she know that you won’t come back the same.

You look around the house and I can see the disappointment in your eyes at the scratchy carpet and springy couch and smell of mould. The dawn of reality. You are here. You are stuck.

I smoke more than usual. You ask for a cup of tea. I tell you where the kettle is. You ask me where my gran is. ‘At the pub.’ You ask me why I live with my gran. ‘My parents are busy.’ You are quiet. I can feel you inspecting me. You start to think that I’m a troubled teen who needs a girlfriend to find love. You start to melt. I clench my jaw.

I put on *Return of the Jedi* and I pat the slightly soggy space of couch beside me. You smile curtly because you are nervous of me but I pull you on to the couch. At first, you tuck your legs under you as though you are scared of being close to me. You aren’t taking in the movie. You are wondering when I will touch you. You know what happens here.

I pull you into me. You are stiff at first, but then you relax. I lift up your chin and kiss you. All tongue spinning round and round and round like a washing machine. I am cleaning you out. I push you back on the couch and lean over you, my hands squeezing your body upwards until I find your tiny tits and I squeeze them and flick them and you gasp and you ...

‘Stop.’

I don’t. I squeeze you so much I want to crush you. I grab your hand and shove it at my crotch and you are gasping and moaning and

‘Stop. You told me this wouldn’t happen.’

‘I’m just so lonely,’ I whisper into your ear, my tongue slipping around your lobe. ‘You make me feel less lonely.’

You freeze up, considering. My hand softly touches between your legs and you gasp and you

You look at me with pity in your eyes. Pity you fucking bitch. I pinch your soft spot between my thumb and index finger and you scream.

You don’t tell me it was your first time but there is blood on the couch and between your legs, just a little bit, so I know I’ve worn you in. Run home to your mam now you little slut.

I see you on the bench outside Tesco, your friends beside you. You are looking around, looking for me. You blush when your eyes meet mine. You sit up straight, expecting something. I scrunch my nose up as though you smell. I walk away.

– Hey bby wuu2 2nite? ;)

– Y did u ignore me earlier?

– What r u talking about?

– I saw u outside Tesco. U ignored me?

– O wow really i didnt even c u bby im so sorry come over l8r i’ll make it up 2 u ;)

– No tnx ive 2 do my homework :(

– Haha thats gay come on my gran is away

– No soz but maybe this weekend?xxx

I don’t text you back.

– Hey r u around this weekend?

I don’t answer.

– Hey not sure if u got my msg but i’m around this weekend if u r xx

I don’t answer.

– Have i done something?

I see you on the bench outside Tesco. Your friends are not there. You see me first. You are standing, walking towards me. You look better than ever but not like someone I can ever be with. My face goes red. The lads are laughing. ‘Here comes the slut!’ they say.

‘What the fuck is she doing?’ I laugh, and the lads join in. ‘Oh jesus, man, she’s gone psycho!’

Before you can reach me, I spin on my heels and walk. I walk so fast you cannot keep up. The indignity of you chasing us through a car park. It’s pathetic. You call my name. You shout at me, asking me why am I such a fucking prick. Me and the lads start running, laughing and whistling. We leave you standing outside Tesco.

You are embarrassed. You are crying in your room. Your mam doesn’t know that you are just a little bleeding slut now. Your friends think you are pathetic.

You *are* pathetic. I want you to see me with the next girl. I want you to see me holding her hand and I want you to know that you were never good enough for me. You were vulnerable. You were desperate. You were never going to have me and you thought you could. I want you to see me kiss her tenderly. I want you to know that I never kissed you like that.

I see you sitting next to a boy outside Tesco. I recognise him from my year. You are laughing openly. He is blushing and his eyes are twinkling because he is so happy to make you laugh. Your hand is in his. Your friends come out of Tesco and offer you some crisps.

When you see me, you don’t blush. You don’t flinch. You don’t smile. You shake your head slightly and a shock hits my heart.

– U never needed me did u?  
You don’t text back.