

*There are some things that we'll always remember...
(like that very first kiss!)*

"My most memorable kiss"

*"...as our brief moment on stage was ending,
and just as the curtains had closed,
quite unexpectedly,
she suddenly kissed me..."*



By Stephen Rusiniak

"...I simply stood there, completely lost in the moment; unable to move;"

She had mentioned to a few of her friends that she was sure that she was coming down with something. This information worried me because if she was, then there was a good chance that whatever she had could become worse. And if this happened, she would, no doubt, miss opening night and I wouldn't like that at all. After all, I wanted to see her.

And just as I'd feared and somehow knew was going to happen, she did, in fact, get worse.

But surprisingly, her failing health didn't keep her away. She rallied—enough so to make both weekend performances, and best of all, at least as far as I was concerned, I got to see her again!

We had a single scene together in our town's teen theater production—my twelve year old crush and my almost thirteen year old self, and on opening night, as our brief moment on stage was ending, and just as the curtains had closed, quite unexpectedly, she kissed me and then quickly exited stage right. Of course, I was stunned—so much so that I simply stood there, completely lost in the moment; unable to move; altogether forgetting that I too was supposed to exit stage right—that is until the director abruptly grabbed my arm and pulled me off into the wings.

I'll never forget my very first kiss. After all, on that Friday night, all those years ago, my crush gave me so much more than just a kiss. She gave me the flu.

the backstory:

This piece, like another located in "**other pieces**" entitled *Suddenly Smitten*, wasn't written for public consumption. Instead, both were nothing more than an exercise in much the same as a baseball player might take a few practice swings before going to bat, or a musician warms up before performing. Both pieces were my *warm-ups* before getting down to the business of writing things that I actually intended to share.

So much for intentions.

By the way, this piece came about after hearing a song from that period in my life. The song—*Hooked on a Feeling* by B.J. Thomas. (I hope this hasn't ruined the song for you now!)