

**A Sixth-Grade Boy's
Crush on a Fourth-
Grade Girl
A Tween Love Story**



Richard Carlson

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a Fourth-Grade Girl: A Tween
Love Story**

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About the story: Richard, a shy, sensitive, and imaginative twelve-year-old sixth-grader who was in elementary school had a crush on a fourth-grade girl, Sarah, whom he usually sat next to on the bus ride to school. Based on a true story that took place at Donaldson Elementary School in Tucson, Arizona, USA, circa May 1983.

I was in sixth grade at Donaldson Elementary School, and today was the last day of school. For the past month, I had been sitting next to Sarah, a pretty fourth-grader, on the bus ride to school. Just about every day, I flirted with her by teasing José, a boy who always sat in the seat in front of us.

Today, I sat next to Sarah, right behind José, like usual.

“It’s something or someone we can’t explain. My sensors can’t determine what he is,” I said, touching José’s neck with two orange felt piping strips left over from art class; I was

using them like an imaginary electronic sensor.

José turned and looked back at us, laughing.

Sarah giggled.

“You are a goof,” he said, smiling.

“He’s not something from our world. What planet is he from?” I asked Sarah, adjusting my imaginary sensor on José.

After I put my fake sensors away in my backpack, I had a surprise for Sarah and José: I pulled out two cherry lollipops and handed one to each of them.

“Thank you, Richard,” she said.

“You really care about me.”

I was so in love with her!

“Thanks,” José said. Then he asked, “Did you stick these in a used toilet?”

“No, but I peed all over them,” I said.

They grinned, knowing I was only joking.

“In that case, thank you,” he said, and Sarah giggled. They unwrapped and licked their lollipops.

“You’re welcome,” I replied.

“What's your favorite color?”

Sarah asked me.

“Umm. What is yours?”

“Bluish green, like your eyes. You have very handsome eyes,” she said, making my chest tingle with joy.

“Mine is green,” I said.

I smiled at her.

Her feet must be pretty, because she's so beautiful. I'd like to see them.

“Let me guess your middle name. What letter does it start with?” she asked.

“W,” I said.

“Waldo?” she asked.

“No.”

“William?”

“No.”

“Wilson?”

“No.”

“Winston?”

“No.”

“Watson?”

“No.”

She pressed her finger to her chin and looked up at the bus ceiling for a second or two. “Walter?” she said, and I grinned.

“Richard Walter Carlson,” she said, smiling at me.

I very much wanted to kiss her, but how could I with all the kids and the driver right there on the bus? Besides, I was too shy.

I tried to think of something to say or ask.

“Do you like hamburgers or pizza better?” I asked. “I like pizza.”

“Me, too,” she said.

Think fast, Rich! I had to say something so I could see her over the summer.

I’d love to play footsies with her, both of us barefoot. I’d really like that.

She's petite and dainty. I bet her feet were smaller than mine.

"It's going to be a real scorching summer. Does your house have a pool?" I asked. "Ours doesn't. We have nowhere to swim and keep cool." I was hoping she'd invite me over during the summer to swim at her house.

"No," she said, dashing my hopes just as the school bus arrived at school. I couldn't think of anything else to do or say.

The bus stopped, and the driver opened the door. Then, Sarah stood in the aisle, with me right behind her.

Everyone got off the bus. Her sneakers were smaller than mine, I noticed, which made me smile. My heart was fluttering, but I was worried because this was the last bus ride to school for the school year. Next year, I'd ride the bus to Cross Junior High, and she'd still be in elementary school.

As we separated on the walk to our classrooms, I already wanted so badly to see her again. But in truth, I felt so shy.

Shucks! I folded my arms over my chest and wished I had the courage to

ask her if she'd like to come to my house over the summer.

Shucks! It would be fun to date her and walk around holding hands with her. How romantic that would be!

Shucks! Maybe next time...

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About the author: Richard Carlson is an author of children's and coming-of-age books. He is a highly sensitive person, or HSP. You can learn more about him at www.richardcarlson.com.

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