

LOVE IS  
*KENNY AND SASHA*  
PART ONE

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## CHAPTER ONE

It was a warm, balmy day even though it was November and since it was Saturday morning, there was no traffic. I was singing softly to the music when roughly 3 blocks away from school I had to slam on the brakes because a girl walked aimlessly out in front of my car. The screeching sound of tires made my heart race.

“Hey, are you trying to get yourself killed!” I yelled in fear...my heart racing.

“I’m sorry,” she said, as she shook her head and stumbled back on the curb.

As I jumped out of the car to check on her, the first thing I noticed was her wild, wavy, black hair, tiny frame and she had the prettiest dark brown eyes I had ever seen.

“Are you OK?” I asked.

“I’m sorry,” she said again, turned on her heels and started walking away. She was holding a Geometry book in her hand so I presumed she was in high school, though her tiny frame suggested she could be much younger than that.

“My name is Kenny...what’s yours?” I asked, trying to get her to stay to make sure she was OK before I drove off.

She looked at me like she was pondering whether to answer the question or not and then said, “I’m Sasha.”

“Sasha...that’s a nice name. Are you OK, Sasha? I almost hit you.”

“Yes, I’m OK...thank you. I wasn’t paying attention.”

“Well, if you’re sure you’re OK,” I said as I smiled at her.

She didn’t smile back but rather backed off walking swiftly in the opposite direction. I got back in my car, shook my head, and drove away, but I couldn’t get the encounter with Sasha out of my mind.

I drove the last few blocks to school, jumped out of the car and ran to the field, just in time for warmups. After practice in the locker room, several of the guys started sharing stories of the women they hooked up with last night. They even went as far as to score them between 1 – 10. Typically, when this type of trash-talking took place, I showered and left the locker-room swiftly.

However, as I got dressed, I heard Brian say the name Sasha. I stopped dead in my tracks. Could this be the same girl I ran across on my way to practice?