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Prompt: “Write a short story of 26 sentences with each sentence starting with the next letter of the alphabet”

**The ABCs of Awkwardness**

Based on a True Story

**A**fter ten, excoriatingly painful moments of my pathetic, pedantic life, it happened.

**B**efore I could stop it, the awkwardness seeped down into the very core and heart of my being.

**C**utting through my exterior like ice, I slowly felt my composure slip away into the quaint calmness of the swift

autumn breeze.

**D**azed, I merely stood there, panicking as I realized my professor was staring at me as if I had flesh-eating

bacteria oozing out of my hair.

“**E**verything okay, Morticia?”

***F****reak!* I thought, trying not to sway as I comprehended how utterly ridiculous I seemed.

***G****reat way to have a conversation with someone; great way to make a complete mockery of yourself.*

“**H**-how are you, P-professor?”

“**I**’m good,” she said, giving me “that look” as I finally mustered the courage to smile.

“**J**ust got done with class, then?”

***K****ill it!*

***L****et yourself be free!*

“**M**y class ended a few minutes ago, but, uh, I just wanted to ask you, uh…”

**N**ow I did it.

**O**verwhelmed, I braced myself for that compassionate, gracious tone that teachers reserved for students who

were either very, very awkward or very, very dumb.

“**P**erhaps you’d like to come inside?” she mused, spreading her arms to gesture towards her sunny, beautiful

office.

(**Q**uietly, of course, but oh so powerfully regal as well).

“**R**ight, right,” I muttered, bowing my head and following her inside, my heart swelling as she pulled my chair

out for me and made me feel so warm and welcomed that it was uncomfortable.

“**S**o…what’s going on?”

***T****ruly?*

***U****nder these weird, unforgiving circumstances, she still cared about me?*

**V**aliantly, I inhaled sharply and prepared myself for the blow, the strike, the surge; the kick, the swipe, the punch.

“**W**hat, what does, uh, the, uh–”

**X**ylophone music blared from the speakers of my professor’s small, blue cell phone, and as she silenced the

noise and apologized with the crinkle of her eyes from her smile, I suddenly realized that it didn’t matter

and that it wasn’t worth it.

“**Y**ou’re leaving so soon?” she implored as I abruptly grabbed my bags and made for the door, my eyes glued

to the ground.

**Z**ealous with the drive of my precarious insanity, I trudged back out to the main hallway, my dignity broken

and my heart forsaken as I sang the ABCs of awkwardness.