

It's Up To You: Choose Your Own Adventure

Hi,

My name is Lesley and I'm in *Grade 7*. I've been going out with this guy in *Grade 8*. Well, not really going out - I'm not allowed to go anywhere with a guy by myself. My Mom is so strict. I'm afraid to even tell her I like Sean. I can't stop thinking about him.

Omigod. I just got a text message:

"Les. Meet me at the baseball diamond after school."

I sure want to, but I hope it doesn't make me late getting home. My Mom makes me call her as soon as I open the door. Of course I can call from my cell anywhere. She'd never know.

Meets Sean - Page 3

Doesn't meet Sean - Page 2

I text back "Cant. Got 2 get home. Call me L8R."

He calls me right away and says it's OK. We chat for a while, then he asks if he can come over to my place.

No - Page 4

I text back "Sure. See you L8R" and just pray I don't get into trouble.

When we meet after school, he tells me about how he got into trouble in class and how Mr. Carrie always picks on him. I'm so glad he likes to talk to me. Then he says he'll walk me home.

When we get to my place, he asks if he can come in. I'm not sure my Mom would like it, but she's still at work. I always have to call to say I'm home, but I really don't want to ask her about Sean in front of him. Maybe I just won't tell her.

Comes in, doesn't tell - Page 5

Can't come in - Page 6

I tell him my Mom wouldn't like it. He says "Your Mom really runs your life, eh. My Dad's like that, but he's worse. He says I'm just no good. Says I'm just like his younger brother and look what happened to him. Anyway, it's OK. We're still going to that movie on Saturday, right?"

I tell him, "Yeah, it's all good, because some of our friends are going too."

Turn to page 7

At my place he comes in and starts looking around. I call my Mom to say I'm home. She asks about school and homework and all that stuff. I don't say anything about Sean.

When I get off the phone, Sean is already sitting in the living room. He turns to me, smiles and pats the seat on the couch next to him.

I sit down. We snuggle and kiss a bit. He even French kisses me. I've never felt like this before. My face is hot. It feels funny between my legs and I'm breathing hard. I push him away a little and ask him if he wants something to drink. He looks at me, kind of smiles and says he has to go. Phew!

It takes me a minute to calm down after he leaves.

Turn to page 7

"I'm sorry Sean, I can't risk getting in trouble before Saturday. If she grounds me, we won't be able to go to the movie together."

He says not to worry. It's all good.

page 7

My older sister walks into the house with a big grin on her face.

"What's goin' on, kid?"

"Nothin' much - *you* sure look happy."

"Yeah. I just saw Jordan. I guess I shouldn't talk to you about this stuff, but he makes me feel so good."

"What do you mean?" Before she can answer, I say, "if you're having sex, they told us at school you have to use condoms."

"Don't you worry about me. Anyway, Jordan's careful."

"What do you mean?"

"I mean 'careful'. Didn't they teach you *that* at school?"

I tell her Mom will kill her if she gets in trouble.

Suddenly, the door opens.

"Who am I killing today and what for this time?" she jokes.

"Nothing, Mom" we say both together.

I wonder if I should tell Mom.

She tells - page 8; she doesn't - page 9
I am worried about my sister, but I'm too
afraid to tell my Mom. So I call this phone
number they told us about at school where
you can ask about sex stuff.

They ask me if she's missed any periods. I
say I don't know. They say maybe she needs
to come to a clinic for a pregnancy test.
And they tell me she could have an infection
and not even know it.

By this time, I'm feeling worse, not better.
But I have to do something. She's my sister.

Turn to page 9

I show my sister the pen with the AIDS and Sexual Health InfoLine number we got at school and say maybe she should call. At first she gets mad and says to mind my own business.

"At least I didn't tell Mom, I say, and she calms down a little. She finally says she'll go to the clinic with her friend tomorrow but I'd better keep my mouth shut.

The next day after school, she tells me all about it. She had to fill out a bunch of forms. Then she saw a counsellor.

The counsellor asked my sister what she would do if she got pregnant. "That was kind of scary", she says. The counsellor asked her if she wanted to go on the pill or something. Then the doctor tested her. She left with a couple of packs of pills and some condoms. They said they'd call her cell if there were any problems. And she should come back for a pregnancy test if she didn't get her period.

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It's Saturday. Finally I can start thinking about my own love life for a change.

I have been just dying to see this movie. A bunch of us are going, but I don't care who's there as long as I'm with Sean.

We sit down with our popcorn and share. The movie starts. My attention is divided between the screen and his hand in mine. I never knew holding hands could feel so good. He rests our two hands on my thigh and then starts rubbing, kind of tickling with his fingers over my jeans. I get that feeling between my legs and hold my breath. His hand goes a little higher up. Now all my attention is riveted. Should I stop him? Should I wait and see what he does? I think about my sister and feel a little scared.

Stops him - page 11; waits to see - page 12

I push his hand away. He kind of sulks. He won't hold my hand any more and the movie is ruined for me.

When we get outside, I ask him if he wants to talk.

"What's there to talk about?" he says.

"You're just like my Dad. You think I'm no good."

"Sean, I'm sorry. I do think you're a good person and you know I like you."

"You have a funny way of showing it. I would have stopped, you know."

"I didn't know that."

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His hand stops moving. He whispers in my ear, "Is this OK?"

"I dunno. It's a little scary. "

"OK, I'll stop."

He laughs. "I'll bet it felt good."

"Kinda."

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He turns to me and says, "Do you still want to go out with me?"

"I do, Sean, but not if you're going to get all mad at me all the time".

"It was just once. Look, I'm sorry. I guess it's better when we talk about stuff. You don't have to do anything you don't want to do. You know that. Come on, I'll walk you."

Oh, man, I really like this guy. Is this love?

When we get outside, he says he'll walk me.

"Sean, it was kind of embarrassing in the movie. When, you know..."

"I know, Les. I'm sorry."

"Sean, no one knows how great you are, but I do."

Right there in the street, he hugs me - hard - like he's holding on for dear life. Is this love?

My sister has been freaking out ever since she went to the clinic. After about a week, she couldn't stand it any more. She calls the clinic to find out her results.

They tell her the lab was quick this time and she's clear of STIs. She is so relieved. Of course, she still has to wait to see if her next period comes.

I'm relieved that I don't have to make those decisions yet. I think I'll stick with kissing for now.