



RITA COUTINHO

12° LH2

I DIDN'T KNOW LOVE WEARS A DOMINO'S SHIRT

It was a Tuesday afternoon, those ones that we normally forget about, and I was just thinking. You know, those moments that we have to just stop for a second and reflect on everything. Literally reflect on our supermarket list to every bad decision made since we could remember. You know, our mind is a tricky thing. The TV was on just to give some life to my living room, which was feeling exactly like me: lonely and nostalgic. Although I live in the countryside and at 7 pm everything goes quiet, today I could even hear Mr.Dough, my 95-year-old-neighbour and his friends on their usually bingo night. Even they are having more fun than me. C'mon, I'm a 20-year-old-girl, intelligent and successful, with good friends and so much will to discover the world. Although I feel fulfilled in many ways, I continue to have that strange feeling that I had while being a teenager, that everything is coming together, except that one thing that keeps missing out. That drawer that, somehow, just stays empty and you can't, by any chance, close it? I know. Confusing, but true. Thinking about this, after not moving for what it seemed a couple of hours, I look at the TV and the soap opera is about to start. 9:15 PM, Friday night. No way I'm becoming my mom already. I get up with exaggerated enthusiasm so that I convince myself to feel that way, and call my best friend. And my mom. And even Mr.Dough and his friends. We are all going out for dinner tonight. I pay so that I know everyone really comes. Although I felt much better after calling everyone, quickly my mood returned to the same as before. But then again, I found the solution. I needed a boost of confidence, something to cheer me up. So I decided: I'm just going out for

dinner, but I'm definitely going with style. I go up to my bedroom and I feel like I'm in those Hollywood movies when the main character reaches the turning point and has a total makeover. I caught my long blonde hair in a nice bun and took from the closet that red dress that I save for special occasions. Exactly what I needed. And while doing the freaking hard eyeliner, my mind goes off again. Since a young age I've always dreamed of having a life like I used to see in TV series and movies. I wanted to live like Carrie Bradshaw of *Sex and the City*, make the big apple my home and find love with my Mr.Big under the Times Square lights. Then I wanted to be Bridget Jones and live out my romance with Mister Darcy in the beautiful city of London. That dream didn't turn out to be good as well, so I thought that joining Glee and dreaming about Broadway was definitely right for me. I guess that's how dreams work. And I miss that. I don't dream as I used to, something that, as hard as it is to admit, my mom always told me: "Being an adult has lots of perks, but definitely a lot more responsibilities. You start worrying about work and paying bills and not a trip that you want to do in five years' time, a cute guy that you see on a coffee shop or what TV series you want to binge-watch tonight." I guess I don't like adulthood very much. The doorbell rings and gets me out of my thoughts. They arrived and I only did the eyeliner in one eye. Damn it. I quickly go down the stairs to look out the window and see who's at the door, but I can't quite see anything. I wasn't exactly well presented to open the door to anyone, but, hoping that's my mom, early as always, I open the door laughing of my half-done makeup. "Pizza for Miss Susan Well?" says a low and soft voice. I look up and I see what it seemed love and happiness wearing a domino's shirt and a funny hat. My heart starts racing and, suddenly, I don't feel down anymore. I actually feel very much alive. "Well, I'm not Miss Susan and I didn't order a pizza, but you can call me Sophia anyway" I say, instantly receiving the most beautiful smile you can imagine. I don't know if it was love at first sight or whatever, but Mr.Dough, I definitely made bingo on that surprising Tuesday night.

THE END