

Even I Can

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So there I was, just, you know, minding my own business in the locker room. Getting changed from my gym clothes into my normal ones. I'm kind of self conscious about my body. For some reason, I have the most feminine body. Well, the most feminine body I could have, short of actually being a girl. Because I don't want to show anyone my body, I wait until most people leave to change, and then change very slowly. It works, because I have last period gym.

Someone, I think his name was Derek, walked up to me just as I pulled my shirt off. I covered my chest with my shirt. "Hey, Sammy, whatcha got there?"

"A shirt," I replied in my high pitched voice. My voice sounded really sweet and clear, which was pleasing to the ear, but really didn't boost my confidence levels.

"Cool, Sammy. Sa-man-tha." I looked around nervously. Why was no one else around? I guess this whole waiting for everyone to leave thing sort of backfired.

"Um, my name is Sammy. Not Samantha." Why do I even bother? What is wrong with me? Derek swallowed, and I saw his adam's apple bob up and down- something you would never notice with me, as that particular feature isn't exactly prominent. He took a step towards me and I instinctively stepped back. Bad move. Now I was trapped in a corner where the wall and the lockers intersected, with Derek blocking my way.

"You know, *Sammy*, your eyes are a really pretty shade of blue." He licked his lips. I dropped the shirt. Oh no. Oh no. Oh no. Oh no. Oh no. Curse this body. Oh. No. Derek slammed his arms on either side of me, one connected with the wall and the other connected with a locker.

"Stop-" I shut my mouth. Protesting wouldn't help. All it would do is reinforce the idea that this was okay in Derek's mind, because all he would hear is a pretty "girl's" voice.

"So you are a guy, huh?" Derek glanced down at my chest. "Too bad, eh?" Smart, Derek, you've figured out that I'm male. I'm not just a girl that is dumb enough to change in the boy's locker room, pretending to be a guy.

"It's ok if I do this, right? Just a little brotherly bonding, right?" Derek grabbed my hands and pinned them down.

"N-no!" I protested. I swore to every god that could possibly exist, nothing could make this situation any worse, not even the sound of my ridiculously feminine voice. Derek slammed his mouth into mine. 'Hey gods? Yeah, remember what I swore like thirty seconds ago? Yeah, I take it back.' I thought bitterly. He moved his lips, doing who knows what. He probably thought he was being hot or something. I felt the urge to puke. Derek made the mistake of sticking his tongue into my mouth. I bit it, and then promptly barfed. I was fast enough for Derek to get a little taste of my lunch. He doubled over, and let go of my hands.

"You-" I kicked him, right in between the legs. I'm sure if I hadn't he would have had some much more choice words to say to me. To his credit, he recovered quickly. He got back up, and then grabbed my arms again. But this time, there was no pretense of "brotherly bonding." Under his hands, twin bruises formed on my arms. He pushed me down into the bench in the middle of the lockers.

"No more Mr. Nice Guy."

"Did you get that line straight out of a movie?" I spat at him.

"Good to know you still have some sass left, that'll make this more fun. When I'm done, you won't ever sass me again." My blood ran cold. And I swore- no, I knew, that my heart had to

have stopped beating. The only thought I could think was 'Someone save me.' I didn't even curse my weakness, I was so scared.

Like magic, the locker room door busted open. Maybe the gods took pity on me and my poor swearing skills. "Hey, did anyone see a blue shirt?" Derek's eyes widened in surprise, and then hardened with determination. He didn't have to say anything. I knew what he was planning. He wanted to beat the mystery dude into silence.

"No, I haven't, bro." Derek's determined eyes locked with mine. I knew if I got up or struggled in any way, he would make me pay with his superior physical strength.

The mystery dude walked over to our section of lockers, following Derek's voice. "Are you sure? Because- whoa!" Mystery dude saw Derek on top of me. I sized him up. Unless mystery dude had some serious skills, Derek could beat him into a mystery dude pulp. Which was a shame, because honestly, mystery dude had the body I always wanted. He was muscular, but not so muscular that he looked like a gorilla. He had a well defined jaw. His eyes were...I don't know, masculine. Totally different from my sapphire blue eyes, framed by long blond eyelashes. Most girl's would kill for my looks. I would have killed for mystery dude's. In short, he was hot. "Um, am I interrupting....something between Sammy and you?" Mystery dude asked. Dang, and he had a killer voice too, I realized. It was like he was made to be the exact opposite of me, to be my perfect counterpart.

"Yes," Derek responded. He had a I'm-ready-to-kill look in his eyes.

"No!" I shouted, against my better judgement. Somehow, I just knew it would be alright. "He was forcing himself unto me." Derek glared at me and I started questioning my conviction.

Mystery dude didn't say anything. He didn't move. He simply stared at Derek's neck. So the locker room was in complete silence as Derek and I waited for mystery dude's next move.

"Okay," he said, finally. Then with his right fist, he took a swing at Derek's neck. It looked like his right fist anyway, but I could have seen it wrong. He moved too fast. His fist connected, and with something important apparently, because Derek slumped down to the floor. I felt so relieved, I could have kissed mystery dude. "Are you okay, Sammy?"

I jumped up off the bench, feeling really relieved that Derek was stopped. "Yes! What would I have done without you?" I hugged mystery dude. He seemed startled at first, but then he smiled and placed his hands on my shoulders. I became acutely aware of the height difference and... my lack of a shirt. Strangely, this was okay with me, his presence was comforting. In a more serious tone, I asked, "Do you mind walking me out?" I didn't want Derek waking up and trying to attack me again.

"Sure," he replied. Walking side by side, we walked out of the locker room, leaving Derek behind. Even girly guys can make friends.