

This summer my boyfriend David, our friend Danny, I went to a famous shoe event named DXC. Many teenagers go there with all their shoes, hoping they'll trade them for better ones. Before we arrived, my boyfriend was as happy as ever. Well, of course he was; he was ready to spend \$800 he earned by saving and selling his favorite shoes.

“Babe, when are we getting there?” I asked.

“We'll be there in two minutes.” He replied while looking at the GPS. “Danny, make a left turn and it's going to be on the right side of that bank.”

“Yeah, look there's a bunch of kids waiting outside.” I said. You can see everyone carrying at least three shoe boxes, some even eight. We only brought five shoe boxes, three were ours and two were Danny's.

Selling the shoes was exhausting; you can never find someone willing to pay them for the price you're asking for. This leads you to giving in to any offers anyone gives.

“Here's your money babe.” I said, while inserting the money inside my boyfriend's pocket.

“Thanks baby, let's look for some Tiffs.” Tiffs, short for Tiffany, is a gorgeous shoe. The color way is aqua, white, black, and silver. The tongue is aqua, but it has a black logo which contains a white diamond with “Nike” printed underneath, which is also in white. The Nike swoosh is silver which stands out. While the rest of the shoe is aqua and its laces come in black, and brings extra aqua laces that you can change, if you desire.

“Look babe, they’re over there!” I yelled while pointing at the table next to us.

“Yo, how much for the Tiffs?” My boyfriend said trying to make business with the seller.

“I want \$390.” The seller replied.

“You’re crazy, they go for \$350 dead-stock. I’ll give you \$350 right now!” My boyfriend said while showing him the money. There was sweat dripping from his ear.

“No dude, I’m good.” The seller denied. My boyfriend didn’t give up till some kid came up and offered the seller \$410.

“Wow, I could’ve gotten them.” My boyfriend frowned.

“Yeah, I know...but whatever. Let’s look for other shoes.” I replied while giving him a smile. We looked around for thirty minutes and nothing, so we decided to call Danny.

“We’re going to the car.” I said.

“Already?”

“Yeah, dude, it’s hot and I want to go home already.” I replied with an annoyed tone.

“Okay, I’m going to start walk walking.”

“Babe, please take your hand out of my pocket!” My boyfriend said while we were walking to the car.

“Okay.” I replied sadly. I always have this thing to put my hand inside his pocket; I feel safe. And since my boyfriend doesn’t like holding hands, I’ve gotten used to inserting my hand into his pocket.

Waiting for Danny was forever. I kept looking at my phone, and each minute took eternity. I think I even left a dent on his car. Yet, when he came, he opened the car while he paid for the parking ticket.

My boyfriend started counting the money, hoping to find the \$800 plus the \$200 he made from the shoes we sold.

“Bro, I fucking lost \$400!” He said while frustrated looking through his pockets.

“I’m sure it’s in there, just relax.” I said.

“It’s not here! I’m going to go look for it.” He said and slammed the car door. All I did was impatiently wait inside and hope nothing to happen between us if that money was lost. I didn’t leave the car with him from the nervousness. My heart kept beating faster by the minute. I looked back each time and didn’t see him close by. I knew it was my fault and prayed to God that he found his money.

“Where’s David?” Danny said while entering his car.

“He lost \$400; he’s looking for it right now.” I replied.

“Damn, that sucks.” Danny said without a surprise because I knew he had it clue it was my fault. Everything is my fault.

I took a glance outside the window again and I already saw him heading to the car.

“Did you find it?” I asked quietly, you can see the nervousness in my eyes.

“No, do you seriously think I was going to? Don’t talk to me.” He replied furiously, with spit escaping his lips.

“I’m sorry.” I said.

“Dude, I told you already. Don’t talk to me.” He said.

“Just calm down. Please.” I replied, close to tears.

“What do you mean calm down? This is all your fault. I always tell you to take your hand out of my pockets, but you never listen Jennifer!” He said, making me feel guiltier.

Everything is my fault.