

The Night We Danced
Michael Burns

I had just finished sprinkling the final spices on dinner when Jamie walked in, and always loving my cooking, quickly tried to sneak a taste. I slapped away the reaching hand, then turned around, smiling. “Oh come on, Jake,” Jamie said, playing with the gold ring on my finger as had become a habit since the wedding.

“No!” I said forcefully and turned back to the stove. Slowly, I felt soft hands creep around my waist and pull me close. “Do you remember our prom?”

“Of course I do...” I said, thinking back.

“You were radiant and ecstatic, I don’t think we even made it through the doors before you started dancing. I always hated pop songs but... I don't know. They let me dance with you and that made me love them.”

“You were always an amazing dancer,” Jamie added. I chuckled before continuing.

“Anyway, I remember that we danced as much as we could that night, and I felt like I was dying, but you never even broke a sweat. You were so graceful, and I don’t think any girl has been a better jitterbugger than you. But that’s not what I remember the most vividly from that night.”

“What is?”

“I remember what happened after we stopped dancing. Everyone else quickly made for their cars and drove home as fast as they could, but we decided to walk around for a while. You were cold so I gave you my jacket. You had forgotten yours in the car, and eventually we just ended up sitting on this small, snowy outcrop that looked out over the city. I put my arm around you and you pulled close to me. I remember asking you the most trivial and idiotic thing then. I asked-”

“Wait, hold on. Why did you ask if I remembered the prom?”

“Well, while you’ve been talking... I may have been eating your food,” Jamie said sheepishly, while trying to hold back giggles. I sighed but decided to finish the story anyway.

“Okay,” I said. “I remember looking into your amazing eyes and asking ‘What is Jamie short for?’, and you laughed and said, ‘James you dork’... Do you remember what happened then?” I asked as I turned around.

“Of course I do, Jake,” Jamie said, “you kissed me.” I nodded. Then kissed him again.