

Love Signs

I stood on the side of the lecture hall, tapping my foot quietly yet impatiently. Professor Mathews had asked me to sit in this lecture to get extra credit and also the involuntary “It’ll be good for you” speech, but right now I didn’t think this was good for me at all. In the corner was a Japanese translator, and next to her, an interpreter. The man who was giving the speech in the front was dark skinned and highly intelligent. He spoke about human nature; quoting things from the ancient Greek historians like Thucydides and Sophocles. He talked about social Psychology and how people act the way they act, but I couldn’t pay attention half of the time because my eyes were on the translator in the front. Her hands flitted and swooped into the perfect shapes that were only understood by certain people. I felt my eyes follow her hands across the air. Sometimes she touched her face, other times tapped her wrists together and I couldn’t help but become captivated by her dancing hands.

A hand tapped me on the shoulder and I turned around and nearly dropped my tote bag. Standing behind me was a tall, dark-brown-haired man with a smile to melt any girls ice-cold heart. He waved shyly and turned to the lecturer without saying a word. I felt my cheeks grow bright pink, and as I stood there, I was trying desperately not to fidget. Suddenly, I had a hard time focusing on the translators hands; Instead I was smelling his cologne: Pine trees in the snow, but I was about ninety-eight percent sure that he had dripped a love potion in there. He had a perfectly chiseled jaw and slight scruff lining his chin. There was a tiny scar on the upper right eyebrow, but other than that, he was flawless. His hair was cut short but I could tell that it was secretly wavy.

When the lecture was over, I shuffled to the front, squeezing behind girls and practically crawling between legs to get to the front, but once I did, I signed my name out, set the pen down, and left the room with my head bent towards the floor and both hands gripping the strap of my backpack. Because I was looking down at the ground, thinking of what I was going to have for lunch, I didn’t notice someone walking towards me, texting. We ended up colliding. Me, being so startled that I nearly fell on my butt; and him, dropping his phone in complete surprise. My heart skipped a beat when I

noticed it was pretty-lecture boy. He blinked several times and smiled (yep, there goes my heart), but something strange happened, he talked.

You see, the whole point of the lecture was to teach people about learning disabilities. Dyslexia is a big one, so is ADD, and lets not forget about OCD, but this lecture was about all disabilities: Aspergers, Autism, people who are blind and in my case, deaf. So anyway, pretty-boy starts talking. He's got this light in his eyes and his posture straightened; It looked like he loved the lecture, but his mouth is moving and I can't hear a thing so I interrupt him. "Staa" I say. Now something real quick about me: I wasn't born deaf, so I still know how to form words with my mouth, they just sound odd. He stopped almost abruptly and kind of crinkled his eyebrows into a confused frown. I started to sign to him: *I'm deaf, I don't think you know what I'm saying, but I think you're pretty.* Pretty-boy does exactly what I expect him to do: First, he blinks in total confusion, then he blinks in mild surprise, then he blinks in a way that says 'I-regret-my-decision' but then he does something that I didn't expect, he signs back. *I'm not deaf, and I can understand you. You just caught me by surprise.* I had to bite my lip to stop myself from smiling like a lunatic. I signed back: *Why?* He smiled, *because,* he signed, *I bumped into you to tell you that I think you're cute.*