



Semiotic Love

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Note: This excerpt is from the novel-in-progress, *Semiotic Love*. In this scene, the character Bridge wakes from a horrible nightmare and decides to check on his 15 year old sister, Jersey.

“Bridge, please don’t leave me!” I walked over to the mysterious voice. “Bridge! Behind you!” I turned to see a long pointed axe hovered above me. I tried to move, but it was like my feet were stuck in quick sand. I stood there in fear as the voice came closer and clearer. I turned my head to the side and noticed it was Jersey. “Jersey! Help me!” I yelled to her, but she didn’t budge. She moved her head slowly to catch my gaze. “Goodbye, Bridge.” She looked at me without making any facial expression or blinking. “Jersey, please! Please, I’m sorry.” I glanced back and forth from her and the large axe above my body. The axe rose higher and came crashing down with so much force.

My eyes swung open and “Let the Bodies Hit the Floor” was shouting out of my stereo. I glanced at the clock. 1:58 am? I forced myself out of bed, knowing I could still sleep, and dragged my feet to my stereo. I turned the knob to off and walked out of the room, leaving the door half open. Every light in the house was off and I struggled getting to the stairs. I felt up and down the hallway walls until my fingers hit the switch. When they turned on I realized I was near Jersey’s room.

I should go check on her. Just to see if she’s okay.

I walked over to her door and tapped on it lightly. “Jersey?” I whispered through the door. “Are you asleep?” I grabbed the knob and turned it slightly to the right, enough to make the door creak open. I poked my head through the space of the door and the wall and noticed a figure of a body in bed. I walked all the way in and nice and quietly closed her door behind me. I tip-toed to her bed and sat on the edge. The bed creaked and her body shifted to the right. She moaned and groaned while turning to her side. I stared, hoping she would stay sleeping.

I looked at her lovely framed face glowing in the moon light. Her hair was down and shining over her shoulder. Her lips were a perfect heart shape. I touched the side of her face, making sure I didn’t wake her. Her skin was so soft. *Why do I love you more than a brother should love his sister? What makes you so much different from other girls? God, I’m going to hell for this.*

I pushed some of her hair away from her face. She was definitely more beautiful than any other girl I’ve ever seen. I crested her cheek with my thumb. She looked like an angel under the glowing light from the moon shining through her window. I envy Bryan. He gets to hug, kiss, and hold this beautiful human while I have to sit in the back and watch it all happen.

She started to move and her eyelids began to open. I quickly removed my hand from her face and stood off her bed. She opened her eyes and squinted.

“Bridge?” she questioned. “What are you doing?” She sounded tired and groggy.

“I was making sure you were home and a sleep.” I looked down at my feet.

“Well, yeah, I’m home, but I’m not asleep...Anymore.” She stood up and rubbed her eyes. “What time is it?”

“It’s about 2:20am.” I looked up at her and she glanced over to her cell phone. She reached across her bed to her desk and snatched her phone.

“Yep, it’s 2:26am.” She threw her phone on her blanket and pushed herself out of bed.

“Where are you going?” I moved closer to her before she stood up.

“To get a drink.” She pushed herself up and stumbled forward to me. I grabbed on to

her waist and helped her back up. She grabbed my arms and our eyes met. She looked at me and I couldn't move. She was so close to me. I could feel her heart beat against my chest. I let go of her and she stood there for a minute.

"Umm, thanks, Bridge." She pushed a strain of hair from her face. I notice she does that a lot when she gets nervous.

"Yea, no problem. What did you trip over?" I tried to distract myself.

"Uh, my foot was asleep." Oh.

She walked past me and out of her room. I followed her down the stairs and into the kitchen. She was wearing a pair of navy blue girl basketball shorts and a black tank top. She reached her hand to the refrigerator and pulled out the gallon of milk. She must have not known that I followed her downstairs because when she turned she jumped and her eyes grew wide.

"Jesus, Bridge! You scared the hebbie gebbies out of me."

I gave her a look, "Really, the hebbie gebbies?"

"Yes hebbie gebbies! It's better than cursing up a storm like some people I know."

She glanced my way, knowing she was talking about me and my bad mouth.

"I don't curse that damn much." I tried to stay serious.

"You see! You have a very bad mouth, bro." A smile escaped my mouth and so did a chuckle. She grabbed a small glass cup from the clean dishes and started to pour her milk.

"Can I help you, sir?" She gave a laugh and that's when I noticed I was staring at her.

"Oh, sorry. I was day dreaming."

"Well, maybe you should go upstairs and dream." She pointed to the stairs while taking a sip of her milk.

"As well as you should, sis?"

"I'm not tired."

"Ha! You were upstairs sleeping like a baby."

"Well, I'm awake now, because of somebody." She looked at me with her lips poking out. Sometimes, I think she means to tease me like this, wearing shorts and tanks, walking all delicate like a flower, and licking her lips all the time near me. I reached into my pocket,

realizing I'm still wearing my jeans, and pulled out my phone.

“Oh, would you look at the time.” I held my phone out near her face so she could see. “It’s time for all sophomores to go to sleep.” I slid my phone back into my pocket and started walking towards her.

“What? No, it’s only 2:52am, and school doesn’t start for another two days.”

“Well, actually school starts in one more day.” I stepped even closer to her, reaching for her left hand.

“What are you trying to do?” She pulled her hands behind her back and stepped away.

“It’s time for beddy by.” I grabbed her hand and quickly, but nicely, lifted her over my shoulder.

“Bridge,” She seemed mad, yet she was giggling. “Put me down!” I walked up the stairs and into her room. I let her down and started to laugh. Her hair was all over the place.

“It’s not funny.” She fixed her hair, as much as she could, then glanced at me. We both laughed.

“Well, good night, Jersey.” I started to walk out until I heard responded.

“Nighty night, Bridge.” I closed her door behind me and walked back to my room.