

Banana Cream

# Banana Cream

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Two lovers, Mark and Stacy are out for a midnight swim in a lake. This is mainly about a memory that Mark has of the first day he made a friend (stacy) and how a common favorite flavor of icecream connected them together. It was just a cute idea that was in my head.



Published on  
**Booksie**

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Stacy held her breathe. She loved to feel the moment she submerged into water, where the warm temperature of the lake refreshed her skin. It was like she entered a new world that could be anything she wanted it to be. The water was clear, being the reflecting mirror to the starry night, and when she looked up from the depth she could see the moon letting its light grace her. Stacy felt cleansed.

Mark waited to see her head penetrate the surface of the lake from a nearby shore. He smiled, admiring the beauty this night held in all of its corners. When Stacy could be seen again, floating in the water, Mark began to undress. He put his clothes next to hers in a pile on the sand and walked to the miniature shoreline. Mark looked up and there she was waiting. The waves drifted past her waist straight to an end at the tips of his toes. A familiar memory from his childhood began to unfold in his head, sweeping him away and placing him into his mother's arms.

"Mark, my daddy gave me a whole dollar today, so we can get ice cream bars from Mr. Chan's new vending machine," the little girl hooked to his arm said as she pulled him away from his mother. He looked into his mom's eyes nervously, but she only smiled.

"You kids be safe. I and Mrs. Hilda will be right here in the parlor getting our hair done. Mark, don't worry we will only be across the street," his mother said. Mark and the little girl ran to the other sidewalk where the ice cream shop was. When she barged through the door, she ran straight to the vending machine while Mark watched at how she marveled over all the varieties of ice cream flavors in the machine, with her face plastered to the glass.

"Isn't it the most amazing thing you have ever seen on this planet, Mark? I mean seriously! They got a banana cream bar right there! They have strawberry swirl, peaches delight, and even caramel!"

"I-I like banana crême!"

"Whoa," she said, turning to Mark, "you talked." Mark could feel his cheeks turn red as he got embarrassed. She punched his arm and smiled as big as she could. He tried to smile back.

"You got to talk more, especially to me so I can know all your secrets! We can use walkie-talkies and play house and-wait a second, my favorite flavor is banana creme too!"

"Ahh," he said.

"Yeah," she shouted, "I'm going to get banana crême with you and it can be our favorite flavor as best friends." The little girl forced a hug upon Mark and giggled. Abruptly she broke the hug and gasped.

"We will be the bestest of friends, forever Mark." He put his arms behind his back and smiled, because he had never had a friend before, let alone a best friend. They ended up sharing a banana creme bar that day because Stacy had dropped hers. Mark moved forth into the water and pulled Stacy close. She looked into his eyes and smiled with a questioning look on her face.

"What?" She said.

"I just remembered the day you got me a banana crême bar."

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â Mark I cannot believe you remember that. I think I was eleven then and I remember eating your creme bar.â

â Iâ ll always remember that day...it was the first time I had made a friend.â

â Well, you had always been quiet till that day. When you spoke I wanted to be attached to you forever, ha-ha.â

â â !best friends forever,â Mark said. He slipped into the water, swimming further out with Stacy not that far behind. Stacy watched him move in the water and felt so glad she had met Mark so long ago. This was their world, in which they could roam and explore together in. They embraced in water and started to kiss. The deeper the kiss became the more bubbles rose to the top, meeting the reflection of the night sky.

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Generated: 2015-01-28 13:48:05