

# Remorse

Hopmann: Remorse

*by Katie Hopmann*

He picked me up in a boxy '97 jeep. The air condition was broken. The windows were down. The summer night wind beat against my face, making my hair fly free from its carefully combed part. Before I could worry about fixing it, I felt beautiful when he grabbed my left hand. I was flying.

I ended up giving away my first kiss, but my peck didn't satisfy him.

"Let's try that again," he said, grabbing my chin. For seven seconds, he forced his lips to mine.

Once home, I cried, and then brushed my teeth twice.