



A T3DDYTALK SHORT STORY

WHAT'S YOUR
FAVOURITE
PART OF
BEING WITH
ME

SKYLAR GUTIERREZ

“What’s Your
Favourite Part
of Being with
Me?”

Skylar Gutierrez

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“What’s Your Favourite Part of Being with Me?”

It's morning on Valentine's Day now. I'm lying on my couch with my partner, and I can't put into words my answer.

"Well, Baby? What's your favourite part of Valentine's Day? Your favourite part of being with me?" they say as they rest their head on my lap.

Stroking their head, I ponder all of our moments together, and before I can give an answer, they're asleep. I'm sitting there, without a thought in my mind. The TV is on, but I pay it no mind. Slowly I start to focus on the ticking of the clock above me.

'I need a walk' is all I can muster to whisper in my head. Taking great care not to wake my partner, I shimmy out from under their head and put on my coat and shoes. Walking through the park, I cut through the playground to get to the ponds. There's a bench that we always sit at to feed the ducks. Sitting here doesn't always feel so cold when I'm with my partner. We are usually laughing too hard at the ducks following breadcrumbs we laid around the trees.

A gust of wind hits and it has me jumping to my feet and trotting downtown. Finding myself at the mall, I decided to do some shopping. We usually do this together. My partner spending the money and me being the encouragement needing to shop when people criticize and ridicule over anything they see as flaws. The unique qualities that make us physically different from each other. It's about time I get back.

Later that day, we are having dinner. No place really that special but it's where we went every Valentine's Day. Sitting here, holding their hands in mine always comforts me. It doesn't matter where we are when I have their love. We kiss and laugh the night away. By the end of it, I have an unexplainable bliss in my heart that only they can bring out.

After the meal, we're outside but somethings not right. My stomach is killing me, but I don't know why. I passed out only to wake up in a hospital room. Teary-eyed my partner lunges at me and holds me tight. The doctor explains I got food poisoning from the catfish I had for dinner. They say I should be fine. All I can really think about though is holding my partner's hand. I know what my answer is. What I find so special about them. I can't quite find the words for it still but remembering our past together and how we make each other whole is what I find special about them. I can't spend every moment of my life with them, but

even apart, my mind goes back to every fond
memory we share.