

Sometimes we get

CROSSPHASES

~Short Memory logs About Random...

STUFF



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**CAN I HAVE SOME
SUGAR WITH THIS?**

"I'm home!" Lemon chirped as she burst the door of the Xiriga's warm welcoming home open. She lazily flew inside and shut the door wielding a big backpack; loaded with books. "From the library!"

"Oh really?" Dahn answered walking in from the kitchen. "What you got?"

"Pffft," Lemon huffed. "Girly stuff."

"I see," Dahn mused while rubbing his chin.

"Yeah, you totally wouldn't like it, its mysteries, and epic suspenseful dramas, and action adventures featuring badass men!" Lemon informed him while flopping into her favorite location on their cream color sofa.

"And I wouldn't like that because?" Dahn asked with a raised eyebrow.

"Cuz it's all to save, please, or help cutie women!" Lemon grinned. She grabbed all the cushions and pulled them to herself as she snuggled up to read for hours.

"I See." Dahn nodded. "It depends. Anyway, I'll be in the kitchen."

"Oh? Doing what?" Lemon asked curiously.

"I'll be cleaning it up, then making burgers for dinner. Remember, my day to cook ." He answered casually.

"Oohh Good boy, yes make me cute food to eat." Lemon grinned. "Now I shall read, if you need me, I'm in Lala Land."

"Yeah haha, Ok." Dahn gave her a thumbs up. "You just love stories with romance huh?" He added.

"Not really, but can't get any anywhere else." Lemon laughed flipping through her first book.

"Most of your dates fail hahaha." Dahn laughed meanly. "Now that you mention it:

I remember when...



“Oh Dahn!” called a polite young man from the photography studio. “Yo’ Dahn?”

Dahn turned to face the young photographer as he approached him causally.

“Hey hey!” the guy said as he reached him at his easel. It was half past Art History 01, but Dahn found great pleasure staying after class to paint traditional pieces when he had the time to spare.

“Hello Neil.” Dahn greeted politely with a quick nod of recognition. “How are you today?”

“I’m great!” Neil grinned, giving Dahn a pat on the back. “Good ole artist painting the hours away huh?”

Dahn stared at the newbie photographer’s intruding hand and moved it gently. “Yeah...” he trailed off.

“What this!?!” Neil exclaimed peering over his shoulder.

“It’s - something,” Dahn answered with a hint of annoyance. “Neil? Is there something you need? Cuz you smell like you need assistance.”

“Ahhh yes, you always could smell those kind of odorless things no? How you do it I will never know.” Neil answered rubbing his hand through his thick blonde hair. He was a rather cool guy if he wasn’t bumbling around with his words, as he was now.

“We’ll I’m pretty in tune with my senses.” Dahn grinned. He dabbed his brush into an unforgiving swatch of purple paint and began to daub the canvas gently. “So what is it? Need help with color schemes?”

“A particular one...a blooming tart yellow.” Neil gazed blankly and he spoke.

“Lemon,” Dahn said instantly. “Lemon is a very “tart” color - Heyyyyy, you're not talking about colors haha.”

“That’s right.” Neil smiled softly. “I'm talking about your friend...I mean girlfriend?”

“Um no!” Dahn laughed out loud. “Lemon is not girlfriend material. We are just pals.”

“She doesn't like guys???” Neil asked incredulously, he sounded extremely disappointed.

“Nah nah, not like that.” Dahn answered while mixing colors to create a black. He vigorously washed out his current brush and then retrieved a fine details brush. “I mean she's too hard to please and very spontaneous.”

It was Neil’s turn to laugh out loud, maybe a little more forced than he had intended.

“That's just my kind of girl! I like a challenge!” He cried. “Sigh, do you mind if I try to ask her out?”

Dahn smiled evilly. “Of course not, go knock yourself out bro.” he urged him.

“Wow really?!? Thanks!” Neil grinned. “Gosh I'm lucky!”

Dahn bit his tongue to keep from bursting at his seams with laughter towards the innocent guy; he knew he was about to get wrecked.

Neil found Lemon inside an orchard accompanying the Arts & Media facility. He felt a sense of romance edging on as it was a popular spot for students to hide, when wanting alone time. *"I feel like this is going well already."* He thought.

The young man approached Lemon slowly, continuing to feel confident with Dahn's very "fruitful" blessing and his own comely looks. *"Lemon has to think I'm attractive, I mean we even look similar I guess."* he reassured himself continually.

Neil pulled a piece of paper from his grass stained jeans and recited it over again. It was a list of things Lemon liked.

Things Babylemon Will not Be Sour About

- 1. Birds**
- 2. Cats**
- 3. Food**
- 4. Music**
- 5. Better Foods**

Neil had found it odd that Lemon loved food. She wasn't the least bit overweight or chubby. She was in fact rather small. However; Dahn told him to mention foods she liked when in doubt. Milkshake, Lemonade, steaks, chocolate, muffins and potatoes were some of the foods Dahn informed him would get him out of the Sour zone with Lemon.

"Anything exotic mate!" Neil remembered Dahn telling him.

Neil walked up behind Lemon, who knelt at a large collection of pretty shrubs. She was totally fascinated by something making a "buzz" because she didn't flinch when Neil walked up to her, despite the swishing he made in the long grass.

“Hey L-Lemon?” Neil began slightly nervous.

“Shhh!” Lemon shushed him urgently with an annoyed look. “I’m watching this humming bird!”

“It's so cute, its wings beat so incredibly fast, it looks like a colorful bean with a beak, which is cute of course.” she informed him.

“I think so too!” Neil exclaimed energetically. “Those wing bones are just wow.”

Lemon turned to look Neil in the face; she rose from her position and placed her hands on her hips with a disapproving frown.

“Don't lie.” Lemon glared with an expression of annoyance. “Please, If you really thought so, you would be looking too.”

Realizing his blunder, Neil moved closer and tried to push pass Lemon, who blocked the view into the cavity where the humming bird was. However, as he looked inside he didn't see anything.

“Eh, my apologies Lemon.” Neil responded sheepishly scratching the back of his head. “Seems like it's gone.”

“Mhm, I can clearly see that Mr. Neil.” She answered in annoyance. “But it's fine, I already recorded it to my phone hehe.”

“Great!” Neil exclaimed while moving out of the cavity. “I didn't want to be the reason why you lost your bird. I know you love birds and so I didn't wanna make you lose it.”

“Aww!” Lemon cooed. “You knew I like birds? Hmmm cutie.”

“Yes!” Neil grinned playing along with her little misunderstanding. He stood awkwardly wondering how to ask her out.

"So what do you want Mr. Neil?" Lemon ask calmly.

"Oh, I was about to take some photo's of natural beauty, for a homework project." he lied smoothly. "You know, trees, shrubbery, nature at its finest?"

"Hmmm, not me? I'm not natural beauty?" Lemon challenged with a smile.

"Oh you are too, but haha, I don't think you would work for homework."

"I like you, normally you would jump at the chance to say flirty things to me with my comment but you didn't. Good boy." Lemon informed the nervous youth.

"Ahhh haha - yeah, I'm not a flatterer." Neil agreed. "But if you allowed me to say good things about you, I think I could name a few."

"Wow, just a few?!? Such a Dahn!" Lemon laughed with exuberance. Neil laughed along with her softly; despite the fact that he was confused about her laughing, seeing that he was pretty sure he had more or less insulted her.

"You are a good boy Neil. Don't worry you can say good things. Look at me and tell me what you like!" Lemon commanded, jutting out her chest proudly as she placed her hands on her hips and smiled playfully at the unsure photographer.

Neil couldn't tell what was good about his newfound love, because nothing was wrong with her in his eyes. He enjoyed the fact that he could never predict what she was going to say next. Her big round pleading eyes were dancing with innocence and small lips looked as if they had never been kissed or touched in an any way, shape or form. All he could see was an avenue of delightful playfulness and an energetic girlfriend when he looked at Lemon.

"Well?" Lemon asked expectantly. "Not sure? I know this T-shirt's so baggy. Its Dahn's. I would take it off, but then pervs that are just everywhere would be watching and would comment and say things that will piss me off and I'm not mad right now. But I want to know what you think. Please don't mind that I look flat, I'm really not flat! If you lived at my house or we were dating and you saw me in my under clothes, you would know I'm not flat. Even though I usually see myself as a plain girl, I think I can be attractive... Then again; I don't know, this generation of boys seem to only like exaggerated body parts."

Neil just stared at Lemon in awe.

"Neil? Neil? - Talk human." Lemon suddenly growled quietly as she balled up her fists. "You can't just talk to me and then don't talk? What's that?!"

"Are you free this evening!? Neil blurted. "I wanna take you out and spoil you like a T-bone steak in the Sahara desert!!!"

Lemon gave Neil a look. "You sir, are lacking joke making abilities, but yes we can go out. But please don't take me to the harbor ugh, every guy does that. They ask, where do I like to go, I say the sea - they take me to harbor. THE HARBOR AND THE SEA ARE NOT THE SAME. That's like saying; I like rocks, so you give them pebbles - sheesh."

"Ok Babylemon!" Neil grinned unable to hide his delight. "Can I call you baby?"

"No Neil, you can call me Lemon only."

"Ok that works! you're hilarious!" Neil laughed.



"Yeah, Neil was a cutie lame dude." Lemon remembered now leaning against the kitchen countertop watching Dahn season ground beef.

"But your reaction at the restaurant was just pure win!" Dahn snickered constantly as he squished and kneaded seasoning into the cold, red and soft meat.

Lemon's face morphed into a look of disgust, as the very recollection of what happened irked her.

"It was a ginormous bug Dahn..." she trailed off. "Only spiders are cute, or bugs with thoraxes."

"Haha hahaha, your face though!" Dahn laughed throwing his head back. "And you were like:"

"PEOPLE? YOU JUST SELL THESE HARD ASS BUGS? LIKE ITS NORMAL? WHY? WHY YOU DO THIS THING?!?! TAKE YOUR NASTY BUNYAN BUG!!!!" Dahn mimicked Lemon's reaction to what happened...

Lemon hid her face in her book. "Yes I..."

Remember It clearly...

Neil pulled out a seat from Lemon politely as they both sat down at a nice dinner serving restaurant. The lighting was dim and golden, with a light browning tone; exalting the evening with its humble presence. With a hazy smile, he pulled a menu from the menu holder and looked through it. Lemon reached out to take one, but he grabbed her petite hand gently and said: "Shhh. I'm ordering for both of us, a surprise. And this restaurant has electronic waiters."

"So polite" Lemon whined with delight. "That's cool!"

" Yes, it is, Also You look, very very very nice..." Neil commented on Lemon's rather plain golden dress. She looked fabulous in anything to him.

"Thank you," Lemon smiled brightly. "You could look better, but it's good enough for today. I would have brushed the little stubble, gives a manlier look." Neil blushed due to Lemon's frank personality.

"I like this place, but it's too smelly." Lemon then muttered; her eyes scanning the entire floor. Various smells of expensive dishes abused her sensitive nose. She had quite a sense of smell.

"Smelly? I think it smells great." Neil disagreed. "I smell well done Salisbury steaks, fresh seafood, and creamy macaroni and cheese bakes."

"I just smell a lot of different aromas, which would be nice if it was only one, but smells like a hot mess." Lemon pouted, rubbing her bare shoulders.

"How did you like the Pet store though?" Neil asked trying to stray her mind from unpleasantries."

"I loved it, everything was so fluffy and cute. Lots of attitude was there too, but it's ok, some fluffies have to be locked away until a nice owner wants them. Though, there was that puppy that kept whining at me; so pitiful." Lemon responded eagerly.

"Yeah it looked kind of sad." Neil agreed.

"No no Neil, I said it was pitiful, not sad." Lemon corrected. "It looked like Dahn - same odor too."

Lemon cracked up at her own joke, burying her head in her hands as she heaved for a short period. She then leaned back in her chair and sighed.

"You really close to your friend huh?" Neil asked curiously. It peeved him that she kept mentioning her male best friend.

"Mmhm, he's all I got, no one understand my anything." Lemon answered seriously. "His parents are nice too."

"I see, well you have me!" Neil piped.

"You are cute, but you won't like me after you spend some more hours." Lemon laughed.

"Why not?" Neil asked with concern.

"Because, I'm a sour puss." Lemon giggled.

"Sour must be a synonym for sweet that I didn't know about because you're an angel.

"Wao, didn't we talk about flattery already??" Lemon glared with a stinky eye. "No flattery please."

"But it's not flattery though." Neil insisted. "I think you're an angel!"

"I can turn into a devilish devil faster than you think." Lemon warned.

As they talked, a waiter arrived to their dinner table wielding two sizeable dishes, covered in large mirroring silver covers. He placed one in front of each of them and bowed.

"King of the Sea for two." He said courteously as he backed away from the dishes. "Bon appetite!"

"So since we couldn't go to the sea, I got us an exotic seafood delight." Neil beamed as he fixed his napkin in his collar.

"Thank you waiter," Lemon smiled. "Yes, I'm famished, you're so sweet Neil, you didn't have to though. I like the sea cuz of the tide."

Neil grinned, he was anxious to see how she would devour the surprise. "*Exotic, seafood, and different. What possibly could go wrong.*" he thought.

"OH MY BLOODY CRAP!!!" Lemon bellowed as she leapt up from her chair and screamed. A fully cooked and season lobster stared back at her silently. He was the only one who didn't flinch at Lemon's outburst.

"WHAT THE BLOODY HELL IS THIS NEIL?" she screamed jumping up and down. "A TANKING SIEGE ROACH???"

"Lemon!! Lemon!! Baby! I can explain sit down please!?!?!!" Neil cried trying to grab her.

"SIT DOWN? IN FRONT OF THIS? AND DO WHAT?" Lemon yelled. Clutching her handbag, Lemon picked up the lobster by its tail and ran into the kitchens furiously. Camera's and phones snapped away as people watched the restaurant keel before Lemon's wrath.

"PEOPLE?" she screamed. "YOU JUST SELL THESE HARD ASS BUGS? LIKE ITS NORMAL? WHY? WHY YOU DO THIS THING?!?! TAKE YOUR NASTY BUNYAN BUGS!!!!"

Lemon sailed the innocent lobster into the busy kitchens with fury. It clash into someone who bellowed: "GET OUT!" in response.

Without hesitation, the livid young lady turned around and ran for the doors of the roaring restaurant, not even remembering Neil. She spun around and stared at all the customers in disbelief. Her eyes were huge as she just gaped; unable to fathom why people were still eating their food after seeing what she had on her plate.

Then without another word, She just raised her middle finger and slowly showed the entire audience that she no long gave a shit. With that she left the restaurant and a shaking Neil in a hurried rush to go home...



"Siiiiighh Dahn." Lemon sighed. "I'm hated, aren't I?"

Dahn rubbed his chin. "I would say evenly matched." He grinned happily as he walked outside to start the grill.