



Lucy loves you, Charlie Brown.

By **sarahsinginrain**, setauket, NY

Lucy propped her head up on her elbow, listening to Charlie Brown go on and on about his problems yet again. She shouldn't really complain, he was the only one who ever came to her physiatrist stand. But still...

"...I mean my sister always tricks me into doing her homework for her. She's 5? How did I get tricked by a 5 year old! I'm a good 3 years older than her. Three and a half!" He started

She stared at the cute little patch of hair on his head. Had it always been this... adorable? And while Charlie brown was a stupid, bubbling, perpetual loser, bland, unathletic, failure face of a small person, she'd always loved that patch of hair.

"And really, sometimes it feels like even SNOOPY doesn't love me. I feed him every day, but he always goes off with those birds." Charlie brown continued.

He is very kind, she thought, kind to all the animals and everyone he met. She liked that.

"I'm nicer than a bird? Aren't I? Oh good grief, maybe I'm not better than a bird. Maybe the birds are more fun than me. I want to be funner than a bird. Oh good grief funner isn't even a WORD. I'm a mess." Charlie Brown started shaking his head mercilessly.

He may be a mess but he really was awfully cute, Lucy thought. And he even gives me a chance every time I pull that football away. Schroeder wouldn't have given me a chance after the first time. Not at all, she thought in dismay.

"No wonder nobody wants to sit with me at lunch!" He sighed. "Nobody wants to sit with someone at lunch who isn't even as fun as a bird! I guess it's for the best..." He retorted

I'll sit with you at lunch! Lucy thought. I will, I will, I will! After all, maybe I should spend my lunch period doing something other than chasing Schroeder. All he does is look at his piano, when he really should look at me. I really am quite lovely, I deserve to be looked at! She shifted her weight.

"Oh Lucy, I'm so depressed. That little red haired girl- she won't even look me! She's something, and I'm nothing. When she looks at me, there's nothing to see! How can she talking to someone who's nothing. I know you've heard this so many times but..." Charlie Brown looked down at his palms, helpless.

All he cares about is that darn piano! Lucy's inner rant continued. I bet he would marry Beethoven if he could. I don't even want to marry him any more.

She stared at Charlie Brown, yet again. The adorable way his cheeks got red when he was talking really intensely about something. He's not a stupid, bubbling, perpetual loser, bland, unathletic, failure face of a small person. Not at all, she thought.

"Lucy, you know trust your opinion, I mean, if you can't trust your own physiatrist, who can you trust? Aww gee I have to many problems to count. What do you think lucy? At least about the Little-Red Haired Girl. What should I do about her?" He looked up now

That Little Red Haired Girl. Lucy grimaced at the thought. Ok, I have to just tell him. Tell him or It will bottle up inside of me and that's the worst thing a physiatrist can ever do, bottle things up inside.

"Charlie Brown, maybe you need to face the fact that the Little Red Haired Girl is out of your league. But... there are plenty of other girls that would love to be your girlfriend.." Lucy started

"Gee thanks Lucy, that made me feel worse! And yea right? Who are these other girls anyway?" Charlie brown retorted in a huff.

"Well, Umm,..." Lucy stuttered.

"That's it, I'm leaving." Charlie brown stood up, and dropped 5 cents in Lucy's hand. "Gee, that didn't help much."

"WAIT JUST ONE MINUTE CHARLIE BROWN!" Lucy stood up and yelled in his face. "THERE IS ONLY ONE GIRL FOR YOU AND ITS ME. NOT THE LITTLE RED HAISED GIRL OR PEPPERMINT PATTY OR ANYONE ELSE. ME ME ME. LOVE ME!"

The author's comments:

☺☺ This is just some cute little Peanuts fanfiction. I always knew Lucy had a crush on Charlie Brown and just had to write about it :) ☺☺

Her cheeks turned red. She stared at the ground, grinding her foot into the dirt. Then she quickly looked up to gauge his reaction.

"Lucy... didyaa really mean that?" Charlie Brown asked her, blushing. "Do you really love me?"

"Well... Yea. YOU GOT A PROBLEM WITH THAT?" She demanded

"no, well, I don't think so, at least, I hope not, erm, what about Schroeder? He stammered

"I'm eternally over musicians. I find them extremely vain and incapable of true love." She explained

"So... are you my girlfriend now?"

"Well, you see Charlie Brown, it's customary for the boy to formally ask the girl to be his girlfriend." Lucy pointed out

"Ok then... Lucy Van Pelt, do you want to be my girlfriend?" He asked

Lucy smiled and nodded, then took his hand. He handed her the 5 cents that she normally charged for her services.

"WHAT?" Lucy cried "IS MY LOVE SOMETHING SO MATERIAL THAT YOU FEEL THE NEED TO PAY FOR IT? DO I LOOK LIKE THE TYPE OF GIRL WHO WOULD SELL THEMSELVES, CHARLIE BROWN?"

He just stood there. "Oh, good grief!"



Free Pets Homepage

Select the Animals You Want to See. On Your Own Homepage - Free!

o o

