

Dyana DeVore

I've known Dyana DeVore my whole life. She is my god-sister and a family friend, yet I don't really know her. Dyana is the second child of Rick and Leanne DeVore. She was born on November 30, 1993 exactly one month after I was born. Our parents were close friends in college and while they were all enlisted in the Navy. Twenty years have passed since then and we're still close to the Devores. Even so, I have very few memories with Dyana before high school and even then we didn't hang out unless our families were together.

Dyana is fairly tall and quite lean. She has long red hair, freckles, and pale skin with dark blue eyes. I can count the number of times I've seen her on both my hands. When I did see her, she was usually dressed in athletic wear or baggy/comfortable clothes. Her style of dress makes sense considering she is very athletic—most of her life she has acted and dressed like a tomboy. From stories her father and my mother have told me, Dyana has been playing sports since she was old enough to hold a bat. For three of her high school years, she played varsity for both the Girls' Volleyball and Softball teams and she was outstanding. My mother was her coach on both teams for two years and she would come home after every game and tell us how it went. If they won, which they did often, you can bet she would bring up Dyana at least three or four times. I know Dyana specifically is a great athlete because multiple colleges offered her athlete scholarships to go to their schools. In the end, she took up an offer with a college in Huston Texas. Her scholarship covers the majority of her \$30,000/year tuition.

One might wonder why I chose Dyana as the subject of this essay given that I know so much about her. The thing is, I do know a lot of facts about her, but they are merely that—just facts. What I don't know is Dyana the individual. I don't really know her on a personal level.

Anyone can know facts about another person, but that doesn't mean you *know* them. Not really. I find Dyana both an intriguing and a puzzling individual because although our families are so close, I barely know the real her. Who is she really?

It only happened once, but I got to see who Dyana really was two years ago. It was New Year's Eve and the DeVores had invited my family over to their place. We had been to their house for New Year's a couple of times before, but unlike before, Dyana was actually there that year. In the past, Dyana had gone to a friend's party or spent the night at someone's house. That year, she had no plans for once. We had a great time—playing games, eating dinner, drinking, and even some dancing. I personally suck at dancing, but it was fun nevertheless. It was around the time we were dancing that Dyana left the room. Someone was calling her and she said she had to take it. Her dad wasn't happy about that. He chastised her, saying "It's the first time you're here while the Dunn's are over for New Year's. Your *friend* can wait till tomorrow." He was not at all pleased with whom Dyana's current "friend with benefits" was at the time. She told her father it would only take a minute.

A few minutes later the doorbell rang. It wasn't Dyana's "friend" but one of the DeVore's neighbors. He came over to ask us if we wanted to watch some fireworks that he had bought while on travel. Of course our answer was yes. We went out and watched the fireworks for a couple minutes. Dyana joined us half way through. After they were done, our parents stayed outside and hung out with the neighbors, while Dyana and I went back inside.

Dyana put on a movie and asked me if I wanted any ice cream. I sat down in the middle of her couch and said sure. In all honesty, I don't remember what movie she put on because we barely watched it. After she got our ice cream, she threw a pillow on my lap and laid down on the couch with her head in my lap. I was a bit uncomfortable at first because I had a girlfriend at

the time, but I think she noticed and said “Don’t worry, you’re not my type.” Amused, I responded, “What, scrawny and geeky not your thing?” She answered, “No, I’ve dated a geek or two. I’m just not into guys who have long hair or girlfriends is all.” I laughed at that, and we ended up talking like that for the next hour or so while we waited for the ball drop.

Before that night, I didn’t really care if I got to know Dyana or not. She was just the daughter of some close friends of my parents. Now, thinking back upon that time, I kind of wish we had grown up together, or at least become friends. Time creates as many opportunities as it does missed ones.