

This is a Jixemetri CWP Special Edition (Second Anniversary) entry. Yes, the title is blatantly stolen from Sonny and Cher. Since it was one of the choices for an anniversary song and it has very special meaning to me (plus I listened to it about 15 times while writing this!), I thought this would be a very appropriate title. It's special to me, because my very first memory is about age 2 or so, my mom holding me in her arms and dancing while singing this song to me. I still remember how wonderful that complete acceptance felt and all of you at Jix make me feel the same way—and since Jim makes Trixie feel the same way too, what else could I name this story? :)

## I Got You Babe

by Dana

Honey and Dan smiled at each other as they watched the joyful reunion of two of their best friends. Although it had been a long road trip from their home of Sleepyside-on-Hudson, New York to East Lansing, Michigan and the trio was tired, Trixie had forgotten her exhaustion at the sight of her boyfriend, Jim. And now the petite and spunky blonde was enveloped in the strong arms of her favorite redhead.

"It's wonderful to see you too, Jim," Dan said sarcastically, but with a grin after several minutes had passed and Jim seemed to be aware of no one but Trixie. "I'm fine. Thanks for asking."

Jim laughed and released his grip on Trixie. "You get yourself a long-distance girlfriend, and you'll understand how I feel!" Jim came over to shake Dan's hand and give his sister a hug. He was too happy at his friends' visit to notice the look that passed between Honey and Dan at his words. "Come on in!"

The group entered Jim's dorm room, laughing and filled with happiness at the prospect of the fun-filled week ahead. Although Jim had classes, the three high school students were looking forward to a week free of homework and school. Jim's roommate, Josh, was sitting on the couch in the common room watching television. A blanket was strewn across his lap. He smiled at Trixie, whom he had already met on Trixie's previous visits to Michigan State, and greeted Honey and Dan with friendly hellos as Jim introduced them.

Josh looked a little sheepish as he looked at them from his position on the couch. "I'd stand up and greet you properly, but, umm..." his voiced trailed off and Jim grinned.

"Watching TV in your boxers again, huh?"

Josh nodded and looked apologetically at Trixie and Honey. "I didn't think you guys were going to be here until much later."

Honey laughed good-naturedly. "Sorry we surprised you, but Trixie was just a tad bit eager to see Jim and so we left extra early this morning."

"Plus, I think we shaved an hour off our trip driving through Canada instead of on the turnpikes in Pennsylvania and Ohio," Dan added. "We certainly saved in tolls going that way!"

While the Dan and Honey eagerly told Jim about their eleven-hour road trip, Trixie's eyes wandered around the room and she remembered the bizarre dream she had the last time she was here. She had been staying at MSU for a three-day weekend and had fallen back asleep Monday morning after Jim had left for class. She then dreamt that a blonde woman named Cathy had been looking for Jim because Laura Ramsey had kidnapped him. But instead of just taking Jim, Laura had left a very sex-craved person in his place who looked just like Jim but didn't act anything like him. Then Cathy had disappeared through the mirror in the sleeping area.

*Very weird*, Trixie again thought to herself. *I wonder what it means?*

Jim's voice broke her musing. "Anybody want a Coke?"

"I think we could all use a Coke!" Trixie stated as she headed over to the dorm-size fridge. "I'll get them!" She pulled out Cokes for everyone, including Josh, and noticed the same moldy peach she had seen on her two previous visits. "I can't believe Andy won't throw out that peach!"

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Jim and Josh rolled their eyes at Trixie's words and Josh turned to explain to Honey and Dan. "Our roommate, Andy, bought peaches at the beginning of the year and failed to eat the last one. He forgot about it until it was already rotten, but then he became fascinated with it. He wants to see what it looks like at the end of the year when school is over."

"And you guys let him do that?" Honey asked, her nose wrinkled in distaste.

"We did put our foot down and say he had to put it in some kind of container," Jim explained. "It's in a sealed Tupperware bowl so we no longer have to smell it."

Dan grinned. "Interesting."

"Science majors!" Josh said with clear exasperation in his voice. "He thinks he's Fleming or something, and he's growing the next great antibiotic."

The group chuckled over this and then Jim looked at his friends from home. "I'm taking a survey—who wants dinner?"

At the trio's enthusiastic response to the prospect of food, he picked up his backpack to put in his sleeping area. He grabbed his jacket and then the foursome left with a final wave at Josh. They stopped at the front desk of Jim's dorm to purchase some bus tickets for the campus bus and were soon standing in front of the bus stop outside of Akers Hall. Jim couldn't stop from grinning as he looked at Trixie.

"God, I missed you," he said as he pulled her into yet another hug.

Jim and Trixie seemed oblivious to them, so Dan turned and gave Honey a covert wink. Dan and Honey had been dating since getting trapped in a thunderstorm together a month ago, but they hadn't told anybody yet. Watching Jim and Trixie be so affectionate with each other, both of them knew they would not be able to keep their "see-crud" much longer. Dan longed to take his honey-haired girlfriend into his arms and kiss her just as Jim was doing with his own girlfriend right at that very moment. A look of understanding passed between dark eyes and hazel ones just as the bus pulled up and Jim and Trixie broke apart.

"This is it, gang," Jim said as he boarded the bus behind Trixie. Each of them gave their tickets to the bus driver and settled into seats in the rear of the bus. "We're going clear across campus, so it'll be a bit of a drive," Jim explained.

As soon as they had settled in for the ride across the largest contiguous campus in the world, Honey's cell phone rang. She checked the caller ID. "It's your mom, Trix. Do you want to answer it?"

Trixie accepted the cell phone from Honey and chatted briefly with her mother until the call dropped. "Darn it!" she said as she looked at the LED display of the phone. "It dropped the call and now you've got no service."

Honey smiled ruefully. "I really need to change providers. I am so sick of dropped calls and broken communications. I mean, what's the point of a cell phone if it never works!" She took the phone from Trixie switched it to analog and started to hand it back to Trixie. "Here, it should work in analog mode."

Trixie shook her head and refused the phone. "She just wanted to make sure we made it here okay. I can call her later when we get back to the dorm room."

Honey shrugged and put the phone back in her purse. She pulled out her make-up mirror while she had the purse open and checked her face briefly before stashing the mirror back in its place. Dan caught her action and gave her arm a surreptitious squeeze, letting her know that he thought she looked great. Honey smiled up at him appreciatively and couldn't help but thinking how great he looked in his black leather jacket. Honey was definitely developing a thing for leather clothing!

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Honey's attention was brought back to her friend when she heard Trixie saying something about freckles.

"I think your freckles are cute, Trix. Especially the ones across the bridge of your nose," Jim said and kissed her on the tip of her pert nose.

Trixie giggled. "I think you're biased, Jim Frayne! I can remember reading my first Lucy Radcliffe book when I was a kid and wishing I had her peaches and cream complexion! Lucky Lucy!"

Before Jim could once again defend Trixie's freckles, Honey broke in. "Hey Trix, do you remember all of the Lucy Radcliffe stories we used to write?"

Trixie shouted with laughter while Jim and Dan exchanged bemused glances.

"Lucy stories?" Dan asked, rather skeptically.

Honey nodded. "We were heartbroken when the Lucy series ended. So Trixie and I started writing our own stories with the characters from the Lucy books."

Jim and Dan joined in Trixie's laughter and even Honey had to smile.

"Where are they now?" Dan wanted to know.

"I'd love to read them," Jim added.

Trixie looked regretful. "We lost them ages ago. Bobby probably used them for kindling or something!"

Honey grinned. "Your brother is lighting fires now?"

Trixie sighed. "No one's ever caught him, but who knows what that boy does when nobody's looking!"

Dan chuckled. "Bobby isn't all that bad and you know it, Trix."

The blonde smiled resignedly. "I suppose now that I don't have to get him ready for school and bed every night that he's not so bad, but I am desperately hoping he outgrows his Britney Spears obsession soon!"

Honey laughed. "It might not be so bad if he wasn't listening to it on headphones so that we can only hear *his* rendition of the songs!"

Dan laughed. "Well, the way I feel about Britney, I'd rather listen to his version than the actual music anytime."

Trixie snorted. "Well, the way I feel about *both* of them, I'd like to see them both shipped off to Siberia!"

The group was still laughing as they exited the bus and headed toward Crunchy's, one of Jim's favorite hangouts. "The burgers are incredible," he promised, and he did not lie.

The four friends laughed and talked through their meal, but Trixie was definitely sensing an undercurrent of romance between Honey and Dan. She watched them carefully, wondering why she had never noticed back in Sleepyside.

*Did Honey and Dan know it? She wondered. Is it possible that they've... She allowed her thought to dangle. Her mind searched through memories of the last few months. She knew that Honey had been disappointed by Brian around Christmas, but her friend had quickly returned to her usual high spirits. Could that reason have been Dan? Trixie speculated. After all, he did give her that amazing Christmas gift.*

Trixie knew she had been occupied this last year, trying to get her grades up before she started applying to colleges at the end of the summer. She was going to try to apply early since her guidance counselor

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said she had a better chance of getting into colleges with a rolling application system if she applied early, but that meant that her junior year grades were going to have to carry her. She also knew that when she wasn't studying, she was usually IM'ing Jim. She felt a momentary pang of guilt as she realized that she had neglected her best friend over the last few months. But Honey didn't seem neglected. She seemed...vibrant, happy, almost glowing. Much like Di did after she started dating Mart. And much like Trixie herself had been told she looked and acted after she got together with Jim.

She let out a little squeal as the weight of this realization cascaded upon her. She was about to say something when two cute girls approached their table.

"Hey Jim!" an attractive brunette chirped while the tall, slender redhead smiled. "What are you up to?"

"Hey, Monica, Joelle!" Jim greeted the newcomers and Trixie tried to tell herself that the tiny stab of jealousy she was feeling was irrational. "These are my friends from home. My friend Dan, my sister Honey, and my girlfriend Trixie."

Monica, the brunette, smiled brightly. "Wow! It's good to finally meet you guys! Jim talks about you lots."

Joelle laughed. "You all sounded too good to be true, so we wondered if he just made you guys up!"

Honey smiled easily. "Actually, he did. We're just actors he hired to pretend for him."

Everyone laughed and Trixie thought about how that sounded like something Dan would say—not shy and tactful Honey! Something was definitely afoot!

"We just went to Splash of Color and got tattoos!" Monica was saying.

Joelle offered her ankle up for display. "I went the Sesame Street character route and got Grover." She motioned to her friend. "Monica went the cartoon character route and got Calvin and Hobbes."

"It's my tribute to the greatest comic strip artist who ever lived, Bill Waterston," Monica announced.

"So let's see it, Monica," Jim commanded.

Monica smiled saucily. "It's not in a place for your eyes, Jim Frayne."

The group laughed, but Trixie was a little stung by the ease with which these two older, sophisticated girls flirted with her boyfriend. As if sensing her insecurities, Jim put his arm around her.

Well, I have only eyes for Trixie anyway so that's just fine by me," he retorted. Trixie basked in the feel of Jim's love and approval.

The two girls stayed and chatted a while longer before waving good-bye and disappearing. Trixie refused to admit how relieved she was when the two cute women left. Logically she knew that Jim loved her – hadn't he made that perfectly clear? – but she felt like what she was – a high school junior. Her emotions, as irrational as she knew they were, had the better of her, and that in turn made her feel worse. Before she could stop herself she blurted out, "Well, if we ever break up I guess you won't need that dating service solicitation I saw in your room."

Jim looked surprised. "Trixie, you must know how I feel about you by now," the hurt look in Jim's green eyes pierced Trixie, and she immediately felt ashamed.

"Oh Jim!" she cried. "I know that and I trust you completely! I'm just being a stupid high schooler again!"

Jim kissed her softly. "Trix, you are not some stupid high schooler." He said gently and then grinned mischievously. "You're *my* stupid high schooler." Jim's words had their desired effect and everyone broke out laughing, including Trixie.

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“Okay, Jim, I see what you mean!” she said good-naturedly. Then her blue eyes took on a decided gleam and she turned to Honey and Dan. “So, am I too assume you’re *Dan’s* stupid high schooler, Honey?” Trixie asked matter-of-factly and couldn’t hide her smile at the deer-in-headlights look that both Honey and Dan displayed at her words. “Out with it, Wheeler!”

Honey finally managed a laugh. This wasn’t how she planned on telling her brother about Dan! “You know, we were going to tell you tonight after dinner. I suppose we should have known better than to try to keep a secret from you!”

Jim looked shell-shocked. “What were you going to tell us? What on earth is Trixie talking about? You and Dan...you’re...you’re not...”

Honey positively glowed when she looked up at Dan. Trixie could not miss the tender look that passed across Dan’s face as he looked down at Honey and she felt as if she would burst with happiness for her best friend. Honey was so sweet and kind that she deserved a little happiness in her life, and Dan certainly looked as though he was willing and able to give her that happiness.

“Dan and I have been dating for about a month now,” Honey said, looking into Jim’s eyes and willing him not to go all honorable-big-brother on her.

Jim was about to say something when Trixie broke in. “I think it’s great, you guys. I can tell how happy you are.” She winked at Honey. “And don’t worry about Jim overreacting, Honey, because he knows how I felt when *my* brother overreacted about *our* relationship.” She looked at her boyfriend, a glint in her sapphire eyes. “And Jim would never want to make you feel that way. Would you Jim?” she finished sweetly.

Dan and Honey looked at Jim, both afraid of how he might react, and willing him to please accept their relationship. Jim slowly exhaled and then burst out laughing, much to the amazement of everyone at the table.

“Trixie, you know me too well!” He finally managed to gasp. “*Of course* I wanted to overreact! And of course you made me see what a bad idea that would be.” He smiled down at his girlfriend and then looked over at his sister and his friend. “It is a surprise to me, but I’d be a hypocrite if I got upset. You certainly look happy, Honey, and that makes me happy.” He looked at Dan and his green eyes hardened, ever so slightly. “But if you hurt her, Mangan, you know there’s going to be hell to pay, right?”

Dan nodded solemnly. Honey’s happiness meant everything to him, and protecting her was not a duty he took lightly. “I understand, Jim. The last thing I want to do is hurt your sister.” He smiled down at Honey. “She means the world to me.”

Honey looked so happy that she might float away as Dan leaned over to give her a soft kiss. Trixie and Jim grinned at each other.

Just then “I Got You Babe” by Sonny and Cher started playing on the ancient jukebox. Crunchy’s wasn’t really a dance kind of place, but suddenly Jim wanted to take Trixie into arms and dance with her.

“Wanna dance, Trix?”

Trixie looked around the crowded bar doubtfully. “Where?”

“Anywhere, by the table, wherever.” He held his hand out to her. “Come on, this is a short song.”

Trixie reluctantly followed him, aware that they would be the only ones dancing, but when Jim pulled her into his arms and started singing along to Sonny’s part, she found she no longer minded who was watching them.

“I got flowers in the spring...I got you to wear my ring,” he sang as he held her in his strong embrace.

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Trixie smiled and decided to play along. "And when I'm sad, you're a clown...And if I get scared, you're always around. So let them say you're hair's too long, 'cuz I don't care with you I can't go wrong."

"Then put your little hand in mine, there ain't no hill or mountain we can't climb."

The two looked into each other's eyes as they both sang the chorus. "Babe, I got you, babe. I got you babe."

"I got you to hold my hand," Jim sang.

"I got you to understand," Trixie returned.

"I got you to walk with me."

"I got you to talk with me."

"I got you to kiss goodnight."

"I got you to hold me tight."

"I got you, I won't let go."

"I got you to love me so."

They both took deep breaths and finished the song together. "I got you babe."

Trixie and Jim hugged each other, oblivious to the cheers and catcalls directed at them. At that moment nobody else in the world existed. "You've got me forever, you know," Trixie whispered.

"So do you," Jim smiled down at the girl he had fallen so hopelessly in love with three years before. "I love you, my sapphire girl."

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A note about the name of Trixie's hometown. Julie Campbell named the town "Sleepyside-on-Hudson." It was only in the late 70s oval paperbacks that the name got changed to "Sleepyside-on-the-Hudson." In homage to Julie Campbell, I have called it "Sleepyside-on-Hudson."

My carryover items include: Sesame Street character (#1), make-up mirror (#2), moldy fruit (#3), dating solicitation (#4), see-crud (#5), a survey (SA#1).

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