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## Anthology

With the help of the New Jersey State Council of the Arts and the Playwrights Theatre of NJ, Project S\*O\*A\*R (Student Opportunity for Advanced Research) of Manasquan High School sponsored a Writer-in-the-Schools residency during March 1992.

Novelist Elizabeth Feuer worked with students to heighten their awareness of the craft of writing and to explore the creative process.

This anthology contains examples of writing done by students in response to three assignments that Dr. Feuer gave them.

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Anthology Compiled by the Writing Class  
of

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Art  
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ASSIGNMENT 1:

DESCRIBE A CHARACTER.

THE NARRATOR'S ATTITUDE TOWARD THE CHARACTER  
SHOULD BE IMPLIED RATHER THAN DIRECTLY STATED.

\*

Danny has just arrived at his apartment after a long day's work. His line of business is roofing, which is a dirty and strenuous job. It is an early Friday evening in the month of May as a cool breeze carries the scent of ocean air past the window.

He stands with a medium build, having more of the bulk in his arms than in his chest. There are tar smears covering most of his body. The ragged pants he wore had a large hole in one knee with threads dangling in between where you could faintly see his rough knee. A pouch of nails hung from his hip with a hammer attached to the opposite side. An old bandana was tightly wrapped around the top of his head, revealing flips of hair out of the sides and front. It was sandy brown hair but had been darkened by the particles and soot from the roof he had shortly before been on. A cigarette flopped from the corner of his mouth and a smirk covered the rest of his lips. One eye squinted from the trail of smoke rising above his face. With both hands free, he pulls a beer from the ice box and slouches back into his personally worn-down chair. As a king might yell on his throne before the start of a tournament, Danny exclaims, "Let the weekend begin!"

Shawn Laytham

He walked through the corridor at 2:30. Dressed in a sports jacket and jeans, he walked slowly with a bag draped over his shoulder. As he walked, his thigh muscles trembled like there was an internal earthquake in his legs.

He was tall with thick brown hair. His arms swaying by his sides were like tree trunks, the muscles finely defined. As one of the local reporters approached him, he walked by ignoring his presence like no one was even there.

He walked onto the field, dreaming of the game to come at 7:30.

"I'm nervous," he thought to himself. "I can't wait for the game to start and hear my name announced on the loud speaker. We better win this game."

The all-star third baseman could not wait for the seventh game of the world series to start.

Darryl Clancy



When he walked down the hall, he looked off balance and tilted, as if he was holding all his weight on one side. His head oscillated across his shoulders as if in constant thought about some sort of puzzling equation. His head was his most distinguishing feature. It always stuck out, no matter how oddly dressed he might be. The size of it was enormous. The great melon resting on his neck was hard to perceive as a head: His features were average; in proportion with his face. All the skin on his face could be described as a collection of silly putty, able to be stretched and arranged into every possible combination of facial expressions. Some unreal in their nature, these expressions are basically what defined him, his character.

His humor can be understood at times but generally is above your head. His mind is twisted and his sense of humor warped. Once you understood his teenage mind you could begin to understand his ways. He at first seems like he's one chromosome away from being a baboon but his thoughts run deep. Generally a man in his own category, he lives alone inside his own head.

Rob Zupko

The eyes of my companion were of the gigantic, caring kind. I knew by the tone in his voice that he had been one from a different, perhaps troubled sort of lifestyle. His silence was not only on the outside, but seemingly on the inside too. When he did speak, which was a rare and fascinating experience, it was in a soft voice, just above a whisper. It was almost as if everything he said was of great importance but must, under all circumstances, be kept a secret. He often had an expression on his light brown face that shows deep thought behind those incredibly cold, dark eyes. His limbs were powerful looking and well shaped around his strong body. The aura around him was overwhelmingly mysterious, like a cowboy riding on a white horse at midnight. I knew that this journey would be an experience different from any other through which I had ever lived.

Kerri Danskin

It was the Fourth of July, I wanted to be out with my friends, but my mom and dad decided to take the family to a barbecue. I was so angry I decided that if I couldn't be happy no one else around me would be.

As the time quickly went by and I sat in a room pouting and playing Nintendo, a young boy around the age of eight or nine walked into this stranded room with a smile from ear to ear. He was a pretty average kid except for the fact he was handicapped. I never really met anyone that was handicapped. So at first I really didn't know how to react. Well he sat down next to me and challenged me to a game of Tetris. I thought I'll let him win because he's handicapped. He didn't have any arms just hands coming from his sockets. His skin was a golden brown from his summer tan, and his hair was blond. He ended up beating me in every game and I even tried. After spending a few hours with him I realized never judge what a person can do from the way they look. Well, what I thought would be the worst day became the best. I realized how selfish I was and to not ever judge a person by the way they look.

Carey Morrow

The gawky boy had just clumsily dropped his books and is now hurriedly dashing to pick up every one. With people watching and laughing, his pale white face immediately shifted to a blushed red. His then, nonmuscular arms and legs worked their hardest in a failing effort to recover the fallen books. His tight slacks, which were pulled well over his waist and supported by red suspenders, made his appendages look even thinner.

He finally managed to pick up all of his belongings. Then he proudly slipped into his varsity chess jacket and slicked back his greasy black hair, but still his calick was popping up like a cat's tail. Harvey pushed back his black framed glasses with inch thick lenses, which were held together by white masking tape, and continued on his way down the hall. Then as he neared his classroom he let out a bellowing laugh that imitated a pig's grunt and high kneed his way into his heaven.

John Delatush



## SOLDIER

He was a soldier all right, but was also human. His light body lay flat on the ground with his weightless legs spread and long hands in a shooting position. The breeze cooled his head for it was a short haircut. The emotional tears that dripped from his face proved that he was only human to cry over such matters. The crispy black skin was decorated with war scars and pools of blood. His bulky muscles tightened as the enemy got closer. The anger and disappointment that this could definately be a no-win situation altered his behavior as a soldier. Sergeant Bookman picked up his radio and said, "Doghouse, do you read me, over."

To get the call through took five minutes, in which Bookman was impatiently waiting. His anger helped him to repeat his call to Doghouse in a more demanding voice, but still no answer. Bookman didn't like waiting in the first place, and this was no time or place to be waiting for a signal.

He was the leader of this crew, and was very good at what he did. He had been a seal for the Navy and knew exactly what was required for this mission to be successful. His team knew he had the qualities and so did his captain.

By  
Jimmy Doll

His blue eyes sparkled like the stars at night. His blond hair shined in the light. His body as perfect as could be. He had a charm that could sweep you off your feet. His laugh gave you a sense of warmth. He is a man of every girl's dreams.

By Kyrene Friedhoff

Everyday I would walk into work, his gleaming eyes would look at me with such dislike that I could not make eye contact frequently because his eyes would stare me down, so I would look away. Then as I would get closer, but trying to maneuver my way around him, he would surprise me everyday with a different saying, you couldn't tell by the tone of voice what type of mood he was in. Sometimes it would be a quick hello, muttered out of his mouth, then off to the office he went. But on those really good days you could actually get a hello, a couple of words of discussion. But most of the time when I would enter the door and see that short man that stares, you could tell if you would get a mean, disgusting stare, or "a good job you're doing" stare.

Erik Mikolajczyk

I was standing at my locker rearranging my pinup of Christy Brinkly when I noticed ...it. I suppose you could call it a she but you couldn't tell by looking at her. She slithered my way, I was trapped! No escape, and I didn't think I could fit in my locker.

As she got closer I could see her thick mustache and the knotted fur on the back of her hands. Her thick thighs swayed and her knuckles dragged on the ground as she sort of oozed my way.

I was going to have to talk to her, I had to face the music, the ugliest girl in the school was going to ask me to the big dance! She was close now, too close and I could smell her breath... but I wished I couldn't. I said to myself "You're gonna have to make a decision, you have to talk to her." She came closer and.... what d'ya know, I really can fit in my locker.

Nick Foster



Alice went to open the basement door, but the knob was too hot for her to handle. Smoke began to rise from beneath the door, and started to fill the room. The scent of decaying body skin burned her nostrils as she stood, paralyzed, watching for what was behind the door.

The walking had stopped on the final step of the basement stairs, and Alice watched as the door knob turned as slow as the minute hand on an old clock. The door creaked open and a figure appeared through the smoke.

The figure of a person stood nearly six feet tall but couldn't weigh more than a hundred and fifty. His pants were shredded and what there was of them they were blood stained and dusty. Through the holes in his pants you could see cuts to the bone, and he wasn't wearing any shoes. His belt buckle was a dirty brass color that had lost its shine through the years. He didn't have much of an upper body except for pieces of skin hanging from his bones, you could see right through the rib cage. Running down from his shoulders to his pants was a gray sash, and connected at the bottom of it was a rusty sword. As she continued to look up, past his dirty brown beard and below his ripped blue cap with two swords as a symbol, she fell into his cold stare. He had deep brown eyes that did not move. She could see the age in his eyes.

The smoke began to burn away Alice's flesh and blood, even though she felt the pain she could not move nor scream as she was paralyzed by the devastating stare in his eyes. She know now that it was only a matter of time.

Dan Radel

His name is that of a child's even though he is an adult in years. The look of determination and innocence on his face makes people laugh at him. I know it is wrong to make fun of him, but that doesn't seem to matter to me or anyone else. He tells us he is special and a slow learner, but we call him stupid, dumb, and retarded. The only reason I can think of why we do this is that we are the ones who are mentally handicapped.

Anthony Cameli

As we stepped in, out of the pouring rain, I looked at her. Her long brown hair was dripping wet from the dreary weather we had just journeyed through. She looked up at me, water running down her blushing cheeks, and gave an enchanting smile. Her shining blue eyes sent a magical glance that ran straight through me. I reached to her and took hold of her sift little hands and caressed them as we stared into each other's eyes. This all seemed too good. The combination of her bright smile, her mystical blue eyes, the delicate touch of her; it amazes me, the beauty she possesses.

Steve Jackson

Sally, a young girl of seventeen, was shy and looked as innocent as a leaf falling from a tree. She dressed preppy, with her light brown hair that hung shoulder-length, full of curly bounce. Her blue-green eyes gave her a mysterious look. Her hands held well-manicured nails, red in color. Sally's favorite color was red; she always wore something in it to school or out.

Sally didn't have many friends, but she was content with what she did have, except she had always dreamt of being the popular girl in school. She seemed to have a shyness that half dealt with her 5'1" shortness and half because no popular guys would talk to her except to get homework they hadn't done from the previous night. She hated the feeling of being an outcast as everyone who didn't know her took her to be. She just wanted to be part of a group that she overlooked what might have been some good relationships.

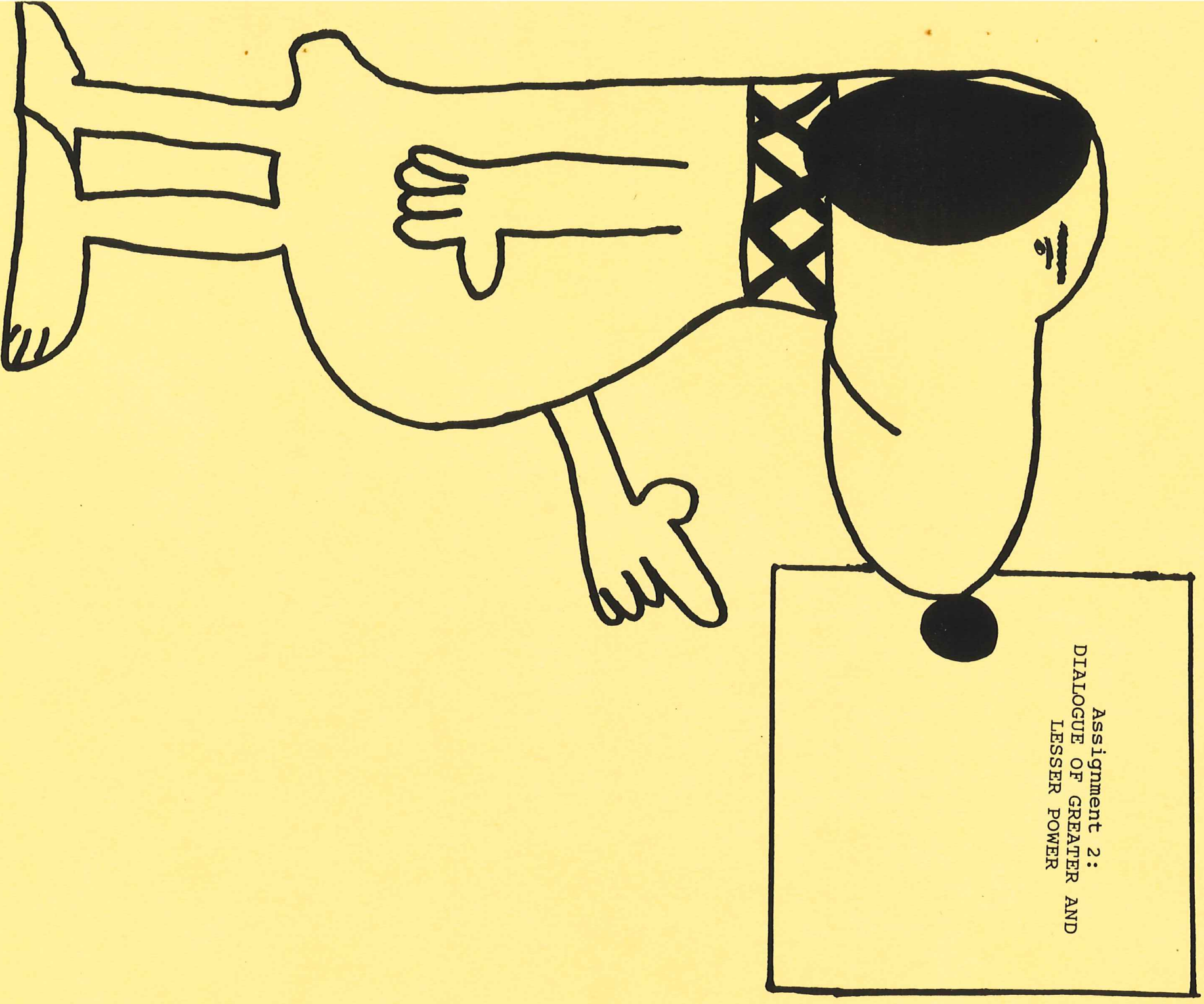
Eleanore Murphy

As he turned the corner, everyone's head turned. There was something about his walked, so casual and confident. His hair was mussed and pushed to the side; however he didn't seem to care. There was a certain attitude that he had that was cocky and overwhelming. But, at the same time he had a distant look in his eyes that seemed to say that he was unsure, not just about the new surroundings, but about himself also.

Kate Hill



Assignment 2:  
DIALOGUE OF GREATER AND  
LESSER POWER



While I was driving along the road, I saw him walking, trying to keep warm. I drove by a little at first, but I shifted into reverse and opened the passenger door.

"Do you want a lift?" I said in an excited voice. He gave no answer but jumped happily into the car. I wasn't expecting him to say much, but I tried to keep him happy on the way home. When we arrived I opened the door for him and we both ran into the house.

"Are you hungry?" I asked. I could tell he was hungry, but I realized he didn't want to say much right now. "I can give you something to eat, but then we have to find where you live? You are lost, aren't you?"

I looked at him and noticed that he was looking around the room, trying to sense something familiar.

"Sit down," I said in a friendly voice, hoping he would get comfortable. Obviously he was too busy looking for something or someone to play with. "What's your name? Where do you live? Who's your father?" I kept repeating these questions until I finally decided I had enough. I picked up the phone to call the police.

"Woofi! Woofi!" He yelped in excitement. Finally, communication.

Written By Karriem Ferreira





the same thing when her kitten died.

A train whistle in the background broke the silence between them.

"This could even be her train now." he told her with much anticipation in his voice.

The train inched its way to a halt and the passengers filed out. There was no sign of a woman his age.

"Maybe next year." he wished out loud with a sigh. "He waits here every year," the conductor explained as I walked on, "I think this makes it the fourteenth year on the selfsame day."

After boarding the train I watch him as he sat on the bench. His head was bowed down and his hands covered the crying eyes.

"Hopefully she will come for you." I told him through the window as the train rolled away. "I miss you, grandfather."

Madeline Mauro



## Failure

I reluctantly returned to his place of dwelling. I had failed in my task and my entire body trembled with the fear of how he was going to react. I had heard tales of others who had failed him and the tortures they experienced. I did not want to meet the same fate that they had.

Slowly and gently I entered his cavern. With each faltering footstep, my terror intensified. I turned down the corridor that led to his sleeping quarters. When I entered the room, he bade me to speak. So, I began to tell the story of my failures, choosing my words carefully so as to make the entire situation seem trivial.

His stern face twisted slowly into a scowl of displeasure. After a long silence, he finally spoke. "You failed, it was a simple task, all that you were responsible for was persuading the girl to return here with you." He turned from me and began to slowly pace back and forth. "Any one of a thousand others could have accomplished the task that I gave you to do." Suddenly he whirled, the back of his hand caught me in the chin and sent me crashing into the wall at the edge of the cavern.

Again he spoke, "I don't enjoy being disappointed, she was...almost ready, yet you suddenly had a change of heart and chose not to complete your task. She was in my grasp then you took pity on her and betrayed me. This type of treachery can not go unpunished. You realize this, don't you?"

"yes master," was the only sound that I was able to squeeze from my throat. "I felt sorry for her, she was so young, so naive...."

"You felt sorry for her," he raged, "What about me, I'm so hungry and she was so fresh and so pure, I could almost feel my teeth sinking into her flesh." Suddenly he stopped talking to me in mid-sentence, his handsome features once again returning to their impassive expression. "Never mind, it doesn't matter, I will compensate for the loss of her soul by tormenting yours."

"No master, please don't...I'm sorry, I truly am, it will never happen again." Now I was begging, crawling on the floor near his feet. "It will never happen again...just this once. Please!"

He turned suddenly and drew back his hand, then it was over. Everything was black. I was floating, suspended in emptiness. Every nerve in my body howled in pain, there was darkness....



"What do you want me to do?" I continued walking- slowly, methodically- searching for a familiar sign. Then my head hit something, I reached up and felt a hot liquid on my fingers and running over my face. I fell to the ground and as I fell I remembered helping the man with his groceries and feeling a similar blow to my head.

"You must help me...help me...help me." The voice got softer and a loud buzzing noise came throughout the room. I turned over and my eyes closed and no longer was the room buzzing. The silence covered the room and I slipped away.

Pia Houseal

*[Handwritten signature]*  
)

"Last summer I encountered a young girl whom I shall never forget," said Bill passionately. "As I was sitting in the warm moist sand near the edge of the calm ocean, I saw her walking gracefully towards the shore. Her legs were long and slim, and her tan body had curves which far exceeded perfection. The hot sun seemed to shine down upon her magnificent body with unusual intensity, like a great spotlight. The many droplets of water which were slowly dripping down her smooth body glistened in the sunlight as she moved. Her face reminded me of a blooming flower when she smiled. Her exquisite blue eyes seemed to sparkle with happiness. To further enhance the awesome pulchritude of this living Goddess, she had thick, wavy blonde hair that reached almost to her waist. As she continued walking up the sloping beach, I suddenly realized that she was coming straight towards me."

"Then what happened?" asked Ralph excitedly.  
"Nothing," Bill replied. "She just kept walking right past me, and I never saw her again."

-Ian Springer

You still have feelings for her don't you? I'm sick of fighting this battle with her!"

"Yes I still care for her, but that's nothing compared to how I feel about you. Please understand, I don't want to lose you." I could see his face getting red and tears starting to fall.

"You should've thought about that before. I'm not going to put up with this anymore. I'm sick of wondering if you really love me or if it's an act."

"Of course I love you." I started to make my way to the door. "Jess don't leave, please JESS!" I ran out the door and into my car. I drove around the corner, stopped the car and cried.

By  
Darcie Plungis



## BEING A TEENAGER

As Theresa softly crept up the winding staircase that led to her room, she couldn't help but wonder if her parents were sitting in bed, waiting for her arrival. She would usually stop into their bedroom to tell them about her night out, but tonight she had a little too much to drink and wasn't in the look for the "you're only sixteen" speech.

She tiptoed down the hallway to the bathroom that she and her twelve year-old sister, Sarah, share. She gazed into the mirror, horrified at her appearance. Suddenly, she heard Sarah's vexing voice say, "I'm telling that you're wasted again!" "Shut up before I pull your hair out piece by piece," Theresa hollered, unaware that her parents were now standing right behind her.

"Theresa Franklin!" her father said, "When are you going to learn that you can have fun with your friends when alcohol is not involved?" "Dad, I'm not in-toxxxxx-ipated," Theresa slurred.

Mrs. Franklin, the stricter of the two, added, "I don't care anymore! If you want to ruin your life, go right ahead! From now on, don't even call me your mother! I want nothing to do with you!"

As they stormed away, Theresa sat crouched over the toilet bowl, staring at a seemingly satisfied Sarah. "You are so dead, you little brat! I'm going to strangle you!" Theresa threatened. As she attempted to pick herself up from the floor, Sarah teased, "There you go! You're pretty sober, aren't you?"

Finally, Theresa passed out on the floor. She woke up the next morning in her bed with a warm comforter over her. Her mother was standing beside her with a smile on her face. "Theresa, honey, if you can remember the things that I said to you last night, well, it was just anger coming out. I love you." "I love you, too, Mommy." Theresa thought she was home free.

"Oh, by the way, you won't be seeing sunlight until you're forty-five. Breakfast is ready!" Mrs. Franklin sang as she left Theresa's room.

Eileen Russoniello



As the tall dark image approached me, I knew that I was headed for trouble. Thoughts rushed through my mind as to what was to become of me.

"Hey you!" said a deep frightening voice. "You standing by that locker!"

I looked around and no one was in sight and I said, "Me! Are you talking to me!" as my voice cracked.

"Well, who else would I be talking to?" As the image grew closer and closer I felt like running, but my bony legs wouldn't move.

"So, where's my money?" as he threw me up against the locker.

"What money? I don't know what you're talking about!" I said in a trembling voice.

"You know the money that I collect every Friday, or maybe you just don't remember!"

I wanted to yell for HELP but my lips didn't move. I reached down into my pockets and gave it to him, losing my pride and dignity.

Mary Chu

I walked into the dining room, and immediately saw my father's angry face.

"Sit down," he said.

"What's the matter Daddy?" I asked, forcing every bit of innocence I had into the question.

"I thought we asked you to stop."

"Stop, stop what? I don't understand," I said, although I totally understood.

"I thought so much higher of you, you're my daughter, you obey me, and you just don't do this." He looked so hurt, yet he sounded so angry.

"You don't own me, I'll do as I please, there's nothing wrong with it, I'm not hurting anyone, why do you care?" These words flew out of my mouth as if I did not know what I was saying.

"Fine," he replied, "I don't care to see you, you've ruined everything."

-Ailene McGuirk

She darted in with power and respect. You could feel it. Almost simultaneously as she came in she yelled, "Jim, take that hat off!"

I took my hat off as quickly as if my life depended on it. I sat down and soon began a mindless conversation with Rob.

"So, how do you think I can get a Popemobile, so I can stand up while being driven?"

But Rob was cut off before he could answer, "OK, class, take out your homework!"

"What homework?" I asked innocently.

"Don't you remember, Jim, you were supposed to read the rest of the book and answer all of the questions."

I realized I had to think fast. "I think it's in my locker. No, No! It's at home." Begging for mercy, I asked, "Could I bring it in tomorrow?"

"No, Jim, everyone in the class did it but you! You are getting a major grade for this assignment."

"I'll see if I can find it," I said running through my book bag.

As I searched hopelessly through my bag, Rob said, "Cheer up, Jim. The test is tomorrow!"

Written By Jim Tichenor



The teacher called Peter up to the desk and asked him why he didn't turn his homework in.

"I did too turn it in!" Peter explained.

"Then why didn't I see it last night when I was grading the papers," she said softly.

"You must have lost it then, because I know I turned it in," he replied.

"I did not lose it, I kept all of the papers in this folder," she stated.

"It must have fallen out then because I remember turning it in," he responded.

"You may do it over tonight and get half credit," she told Peter.

"I don't want to do it again!"

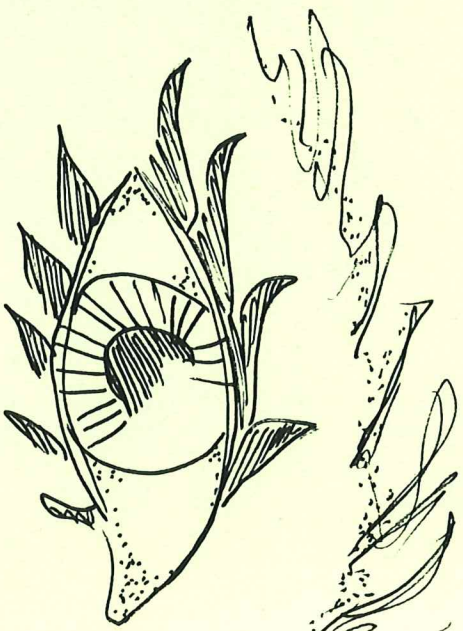
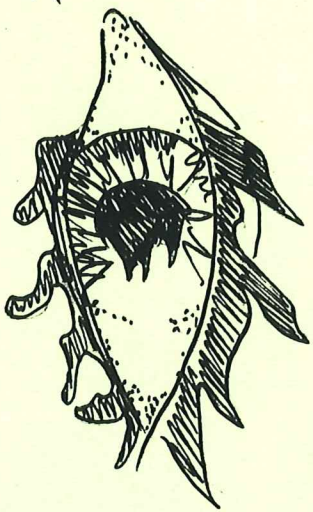
"If you don't do it you'll get a zero," she said.

"Why should I get a zero just because you lost it?" Peter asked.

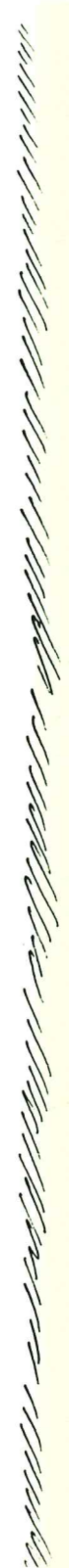
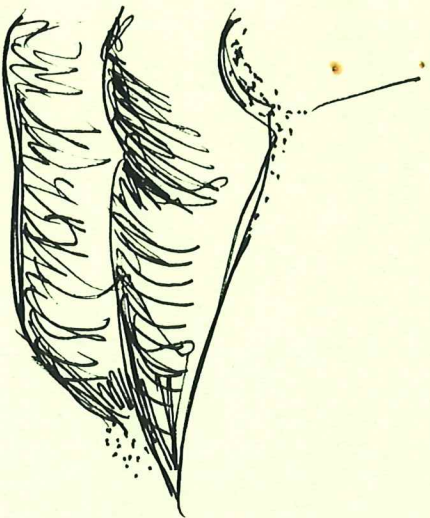
"I told you, I did not lose it; you just didn't hand it in," she quickly replied."

Kevin Turner





inner  
soul



I can't believe he's here again,  
at the same party as me.  
It's kind of weird how I'm always seeing him.  
I wonder if he even notices me.

There's that girl again,  
always staring at me when I see her.  
I wonder what she's thinking,  
she looks so mysterious.

I knew he sees me staring at him.  
I try to turn away, but his eye seems to catch mine.  
He's so cute though,  
especially that dark hair and green eyes.

I've wanted to talk to her,  
but she's always gabbing with people.  
My friends told me her name,  
but they knew nothing about her.

He's four years older than me,  
and he would never give me the time of day.  
I always see him flirting around with girls,  
maybe I'll be one of them soon.

I love her smile.  
I can see her across the room  
and her smile just brightens up.  
I think I'm going to go over and talk to her,  
I have nothing to lose.

He's probably even got a girl friend,  
all the hot guys usually do.  
Oh God, he's walking this way!  
I'll just smile at him as he walks by,  
and maybe he'll say hi.

"Hi! I....."

By Lori Rozental



have been placed in him through years of love, understanding, and caring. I only hope he will hold on to them now, for this is the most important time to have them. When he is out in the real world on his own.

Son:

After long tender moments of recapping my youth, I suddenly realize that I'm not alone, and I never will be. Dad has been gentle to me when I was a baby, funny enough when I was a toddler, the hero during my adolescent years, and now during my adult years he is the wisdom and experience I will need to stand on my own and to feel life for the very first time. Not with my parents nor with my friends, but on my own to breathe it in and honestly experience the wonderful things it has to offer.

As I begin to take those anxious steps down the stairs, with my baggage in my hands and memories in my heart, I see my father staring at me. Not just glaring, but seeing right through me and knowing how I feel.

And I too see through him and see a heart full of pride that is almost about to burst with glazey, glassy eyes full of tears that are about to flow. And naturally it sends tingles down my spine and a reassurance that my future holds no limits.

Father:

I see my son now taking the steps to a prosperous life and I wish I will be there to share it with him.

I have held onto him now for eighteen years, now it's time to unclip his wings and let him fly. Not just fly but soar, knowing that I love him. And, by holding onto those precious values we have bestowed on him, there is not telling what he can do.

--Kate Kennedy





Carol walks into the room hesitating, looking self conscious, then quickly scurries upstairs to the hall bathroom.

Mother: I wonder if she's alright? She didn't even say hello. Something is wrong. Where are you?"

"Carol....are you alright? I should have stood my ground; she's late. And I ask her if she's alright?"

Carol: Oh, that was too suspicious. I can't believe how dumb I am. If my mom knew that I was smoking, or people I was with were smoking, she'd undoubtedly throw a fit. It was fun though, I have to admit. I was so happy Brian smiled at me. He is so cute!

Mother: She's been up there awhile. Remember, stand your ground. Be firm.

"Honey....what's wrong?" she sounded concerned. Why did I do that?

Carol: REALITY! What should I say? Nothing; I won't say anything. I just didn't hear her. But what if she comes up here? She'll smell all this, and I'll be dead for sure! Oh, why won't this soap work? Come on God, pull me through, find me an answer.

Mother: I wonder why she hasn't said anything? If she's afraid of me...come on, I'm not that bad, am I? We'll just have to talk. I'm probably worried over nothing.

"Come here, dear, when you're done."

Carol: Darnit! They said I had nothing to worry about. Oh, what am I going to do? "Be right there," she calls back in a shaky voice. Here goes nothing.

Terry Rigney

Female

Oh Great, I cannot believe I am actually using public transportation. Well at least I have the seat to myself.  
Oh no, keep walking...go right past... why me?

Male

Hello...are we conscious? Could she possibly move her coat off of the seat?

Female

Oh! He's about to sit on my coat! Great! I'll have to send it to the cleaners now.

Male

What did this chick bathe in this morning? A vat of Chanel #5? Good thing I don't have allergies.

Female

My shopping bag is on his side! I'd better take it before he steals it!

Male

Lady, I don't want your Clinique Bonus. People are so paranoid in this city.

Female

Oh God, He's staring at me! I'm sitting next to a rapist.

Male

Are those earrings or dental tools?

By Jessica Renk

### The Older Woman

They are going on a date tonight and they are both wondering how the other feels.

boy: I love her but she thinks of me as an inexperienced little boy. She has so much experience with guys, why has she chosen me?

girl: I think he is so cute the way he acts when he's around me. When we are together I feel as though I'm a little girl in love for the first time. I love the way he makes me feel.

boy: Tonight I'm going to act real mature like the guys she normally goes out with.

girl: I am really excited to go out with him because at least I'll be able to be myself and we won't have to be all serious tonight.

It is night time and they've been on the date about a half an hour.

boy: I can tell she is really impressed how mature I'm acting. I'm sure she'll want to go out with me again.

girl: Why in the hell is he acting like this! He is acting totally different than he does in school. He is trying to be like all those jocks I usually go out with.

boy: I don't know what's going on but she doesn't look like she is having fun, maybe I'll try being myself because this is going no where.

girl: Now there is the guy I wanted to go out with. I hope he'll ask me on another date because he is really fun to be with when he lightens up. He didn't have to try and impress me because I wouldn't have asked him out if I didn't like who he really is.

-Patrick J. Keeley





# INNER THOUGHTS OF A FIRST DATE

Adam and Sharon just arrived at Sharon's house from their first date together. They are sitting on the porch steps looking anywhere but at each other...

Sharon

I had such a great time tonight. I wonder if Adam did, maybe I just bored him by talking to much...

Adam

Sharon is so fun to be with she always has funny things to say...

Sharon

Or maybe I embarrassed him when the waiter dropped the plates...

Adam

Especially when the waiter dropped the dishes, she seems to say the right things at the right time to make a situation less stressed...

Sharon

Oh, I'd wish he'd say something, or try to kiss me at least. He is so cute sitting there, very awkward, yet handsome, Twisting and ringing his hands, chewing on his lower lip as if in thought...

Adam

She looks so pretty sitting there, starrng up at the stars. Her eyes are beautiful, I could stare into them forever. I wish I could kiss her, but I don't want to seem to forward, maybe she doesn't even like me...

Sharon

He knows what I am thinking I think, at least he's smiling back...

Adam

She is looking at me smiling, why is she looking at me?

Sharon

Oh, God yes! He is going to kiss...

Adam

I wonder if she is thinking what I'm thinking...

...and with that no more thoughts were known, just light sounds of hearts beating together, blowing through the night air.

Shannon Field



