

Happenings

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Photo of the Week

Photo by: Debble Coley



Together

And

Good

Times

The Chartreuse Silk

"Not this time. I can't fail. This year's gonna be different." So reasoned Suzy Spaz. It was her first year of college and things certainly were different. Suzy loved it. She loved being in a brand new place full of brand new faces. These people didn't know her. She could start all over again, begin a whole new life. No one knew the self she'd decided to leave behind. Terrible, embarrassing memories of her past flooded into her mind. "NO!" she told herself firmly. "You won't think about those things. Live your life as though you had just been born."

Suzy skipped down the sidewalk gaily. Suddenly her heart skipped, too. There he was—the sole interest in her life since she'd set eyes on him. Yep—the heart-throb of the school—Steve Stud. You know him, all right—there's one in every school. Tall, dark, handsome and athletic—the kind that holds the heart of every girl on campus in his large, tanned, and calloused palm. Suzy had absolutely flipped over him, just like everyone else had. She knew exactly who he reminded her of—Mike Macho. She'd had a crush on him all four years of high school. He'd been so cute and adorable. The memories began to flood her mind again, and they overthrew her other thoughts. How could she ever forget...? The time when Mike had asked her to dance and she'd crushed his little toe with her 3 and a half-inch spike heel. (Stop it, Suzy, said her mind.) Or the time when she had spilled tutti-frutti punch all over his white tux at the Beta Club initiation dinner. (Suzy, she said to herself, just remember what your first-grade busdriver always used to say: "Look where you're goin' and not where you been.") OK, OK...here I go...uh, here he comes. Is my hair OK? What about that zit a quarter of an inch above the center of my left eyebrow? I guess it's all right. No time to...Darn it! There he went! Suzy, you idiot, YOU MISSED HIM!!!!... I'll bet he didn't say hi because he saw that patch of freckles on your

nose. Well, you can fix that...Next time you're gonna look perfect.

Suzy didn't have a class the next morning until 11:00, so she didn't have to get up until 6:00. "Just want to be sure I have enough time to get ready," she told herself. The next morning she crawled sluggishly from bed at the sound of her alarm. "What girls have to go through sometimes!" She spent a leisurely 45 minutes in the shower, scrubbing her hair until it squeaked and conditioning it to a silky texture. She sprinkled baby powder, sprayed perfume, and lathered on lotion. Next came the hair dryer, 20 minutes in hot curlers, and bouncin' and behavin' hair. She slipped into her favorite skirt and emerged from her room singing "I Feel Pretty". She sat down on the library steps with her homework, waiting, much like a cat perched in from of a mousehole.

She didn't have to wait long. Steve Stud came strutting towards the library, books in one hand and Frisbee in the other. Suzy worshiped in silence, gazing intently at him all the while. It was no wonder that the guy said hi to her as he walked up the library steps. Even a stud can't gracefully ignore a pair of eyes that are boring straight through him...Of course Steve wasn't going in the library to study. He merely sat in the Magazine section, reading the latest edition of GQ and thinking about a maroon Monza.

What was Suzy doing in the meantime: Turning flips, of course. She was so ecstatically happy that she couldn't contain herself. She didn't know that her classmates were regarding her strangely or that the grass was green or that it was beginning to rain. And she didn't care, either. All she knew was that HE had spoken to her. Surely she meant something special to him. Suddenly a daring thought entered her mind. "No," she said. Then her self-confidence rose. "Why not?" she demanded of her pessimistic (or at least realistic) self, and ran back to her dorm room, forgetting all about her 11:00 class.

Now you and I both know exactly what was on her mind. What else was every girl thinking about at this particular time? Grades? Nope. Lunch? Certainly not. It was, of course, the homecoming dance, and it was only a week and a half away. Suzy sat down and began writing in a flurry of excitement:

Dear Mom,

I've finally found the man of my dreams. Please send me my chartreuse silk evening dress. I'm going to homecoming.

The chartreuse silk was Suzy's favorite. It had seen her through thick and thin, but mostly thin. She had been wearing it when the tutti-frutti punch and the toe-crushing incidents had occurred, but she vowed to herself that someday that dress would see the most exciting evening of her life, and the night of this dance would surely be it.

Well, Suzy waited for Steve to ask her, and waited, and waited...He never made any move to do so, however, even though she continually planted herself demurely wherever she thought he might be. She knew one thing for certain, though—he hadn't asked anyone else, either. That she would've heard about by now. "He must be shy," she thought to herself.

Her mother promptly sent the dress, and Suzy tried it on. She was so pleased with herself and was getting very excited about the dance, which was only four days away. Her roommate came in just then with a mystical air about her, but she decided to share her secret.

"Guess what?" she said to Suzy. "Steve Stud is going to the dance. He was in front of his dorm with a beautiful gray suit in his hand and I overheard him telling some guy that it was for the dance. I can't imagine who he's going to ask, but he'd better do it soon."

Suzy smiled to herself. So her life was going to be different this year after all. She thought, "I knew I couldn't go anywhere but up, but I didn't know I'd be going to heaven this quickly!"

So along came the night of the dance. So what if Steve hadn't directly asked her? He must realize that it was their understood secret. She'd just go and he'd be alone and she'd be alone and...- Butterflies floated in her stomach as she pictured the situation and its outcome. Finally she decided it was time to get ready. She went through her usual ritual, and one from which she always emerged singing "I Feel Pretty". Her roommate thought she was crazy for going stag, but she didn't care. She'd see who thought she was crazy when everyone saw her at the dance with Steve Stud.

When she was ready, Suzy began the walk down to the gym, where the dance was being held. She could hardly wait to get there. As she was crossing the street, a car stopped her—a maroon Monza—and a girl's beautiful head popped out the window. "Hi," she said. "Would you please tell me where I can find Steve Stud?"

"Steve?" Suzy gulped but quickly regained her composure and managed a weak smile. "Do you know him?"

"Why, yes," smiled the girl, "at least I ought to. We've been dating for two years now. I came up here from my school to go with him to the dance."

"That's nice," said Suzy listlessly. She gave the girl directions to Steve's dorm, then returned to her room. Her roommate had already gone. She slowly removed the chartreuse silk and methodically folded it. She looked at the dress and ran her fingers over its softness.

"Well, old dress," she said, "you and I have come a long way together and we still have a long way to go. Don't get discouraged, though. There's always the Christmas dance."

She put the dress in its special plastic bag, zipped it up, and put it away in the back of her bottom drawer. The she sat on her bed, opened her history book, and began to study.