

The Adventure of Spanky
By Spanky I.
(Seung Cho)

a boy named LOSER

a boy named LOSER
walks off the sidewalk, shudders into his house,
and lays his weary head to sleep and dream.
In his dream, he lives two lives,
because in this world he has no life,
no class, no friends—just a Moron in this world.

During its long hours in the real world,
it's no surprise he is LOSER.
Everyone knows—*too bad*—they say, *only if he had a life*.
Under the bright, cruel sun, he hulls his feet into his house.
Thinks about the two other lives.
Keeps on dreaming. Day dream.

What to do, what to say but dream.
That's what losers do in this world,
where normal guys live their happy lives,
worry-free and be themselves, unlike LOSER.
A normal guy throws parties at his house,
but not LOSER—he has no life.

Be happy, be normal, get a life,
he says to himself; he can only in his dream:
In LOSER's little mind, he brings over a girl to this house.
Only if he could do that in this real world.
LOSER. What can I say, that's what losers do. LOSER!
Only if LOSER could live his lives.

Something LOSER can't ever do!—lives those lives
and be normal and actually have a life.
You know why he can't do it? He's LOSER.
With everything he longs for, all he can do is dream
trapped in this world, in this wronged world.
Nothing to do but drag his heavy feet back into the house.

All alone in his little house
he likes to think he's living his lives,
in his own safe little world.
No one tells him, *LOSER, get a life!*
No one gives him the hand gesture in his dream.
No one calls him LOSER:

Darn straight! This boy really is LOSER—LOSER with no life!
and he knows it. But he (what can he do) likes to live in his pathetic dream
drowning down in his little quirky house anyway—*My Gawd! What a LOSER!*

1

“Good morning, Jelly. Did you have a good night sleep?” Spanky finds himself dully mumbling at this girl, who is laying on a bed looking up at him with her big eyes. Spanky looking back into her glittering eyes isn’t quite sure who this girl is or where he is at or what he is doing here as if he has been sleep-walking for ages and has just woken up and needs refreshing. *Jelly? Who is Jelly?* he thinks. *Did I just say good morning Jelly? Who is she?*

“Good morning, Spanky!” Jelly chirps in a surgery-sweet voice. “I had a great sleep. Last night I wanted to talk with you and hug you and kiss you so badly. I was feeling so lonely, so lonely that I dreamt about you.

“Really?” Spanky asks, his face starting to light up rubbing his pristine eyes, flickering like a faulty electrical line. *She dreamt about me*, he thinks in his head. And for some reason it seems to him that such a pretty girl dreaming about him doesn’t make any sense. He should be the one dreaming about her, not the other way around.

“Don’t you remember,” she asks after studying his perplexed facial expression for a minute. “What we did yesterday—”

“I don’t! I mean, uh...” He wants to ask her who she is, if he is supposed to know her, or if this is a big joke. Maybe this is a big dream...

He pinches himself. No, he is *not* dreaming. “What I meant was...what did we do yesterday?”

“We snuggled! We talked! We smooched all day long! How could you not remember, Spanky. We had so much fun!”

“*You and I did that?*” He searches his brain for this event, and soon, through his foggy memory, there is a vague picture in his head of a pretty girl that looks a lot like the

girl in front of him that he made out with. But it feels more like a dream than reality.

“Saline—I mean Jelly—are you my...my...girlfriend?” he asks.

She laughs. The corners of her lips move towards her ears showing her beautiful teeth and her beautiful smile. “Of course I am, silly. What kind of question is that!”

“Oh,” he mumbles half smiling and scratching his head, not quite sure what to say or what to do. “Of course you are, ha ha ha,” he forces a laughter.

She laughs and stares at him.

“I must not have had a good sleep last night or something. I had so much fun, hugging and kissing you that I couldn’t sleep.” Though he has a hard time believing that this fantasy-event actually happened, he convinces his brain to believe that it did. “I have a headache.”

“Oh you have a headache,” she says in a girly-girly voice, winking at him. “I hope you feel better. If I knew you were up all night long I would have called you and talked to you. You would have spent the night together instead of thinking of each other. I bet that’s why you got a headache. You were longing to be with me.”

“Uh-huh.”

“Now what shall we do about your headache? Do you want some pills, the little grey ones?”

“I took some this morning.” He vaguely recalls taking some pills not too long ago, but his memory is unclear like a brain cloud.”

“You want me to kiss your forehead so you get better quicker?” she asks bringing her lips together and sticking them out. With her eyes closed, she makes a smack noise. “Do you want a great, big smooch, Spanky?”

“Uh...That’s okay.” His eyes lower to the floor. “I took some already. It just started to kick in. I’m starting to feel a little better now,” he says in a quiet voice, rubbing his forehead and changing his posture to stand straight.

“That’s wonderful. I’m gonna get dressed, then you can give me a Good Morning Kiss. A nice kiss to start the day.” She gets out of her bed. She is wearing pink pajamas and pink tank top. “You can watch me get dressed.”

This doesn’t feel right to Spanky—standing in front of a girl who is about to change—and so he says, “I’ll wait outside,” and steps out.

Jelly pushes the blanket aside, gets out of bed, and is about to put on a pink t-shirt and jeans, but changes her mind to keep him waiting for her and decides to not change out of her sleeping clothes. She then spends twenty minute in front of the mirror, brushing her hair. Meanwhile Spanky waits outside the door staring at the closed door wondering what she is doing inside. Jelly opens the door and walks out, almost bumping into Spanky.

“Woe! Sorry Spanky.”

“Does it always take you this long for you to get dressed?” Spanky notices her elegantly-brushed hair.

“My hair. It takes ten seconds to put on my clothes, then I usually spend twenty minutes brushing my hair too. I didn’t change because I didn’t want to keep you waiting, and also I only spent ten minutes on my hair, even though my beautiful hair needs special attention,” Jelly exclaims as she runs her fingers through her pretty, pink, curly hair.

He stares at her hair for half a minute. *Wow, Jelly has nice hair. Her hair is so nice, he thinks, so pink!*

Her hair is smooth, elegant, pink, and curly. Her flowing hair is so graceful and playful that his hand unconsciously reaches for them. However, before he could touch them she asks:

“Okay. What do you want to do today?” Jelly asks. “Oh, Good Morning Kiss!”

The girl places her hands under his jaws to kiss him but he shudders when she closes in.

“What’s wrong?”

Watching the girl in front of him who is about to kiss him—watching her large eyes, her soft delicate skin, and her attractive, moist pink lips that is about to make contact with his lips—makes Spanky’s heart pump and thump as if he has never kissed a girl before. But *no*, he kissed her last night. Didn’t he?

He looks at the floor and makes up an excuse. “I would love to kiss you, but I can’t. I forgot to brush my teeth. My breath is so bad right now. I’m sorry.”

“Boo! Come on, Spanky. You forgot to brush you teeth? Uh! What a let down.”

She slaps him. “No girl likes a guy with bad breath! The disgusting smell and germs in your mouth! I know what we can do! You can brush you teeth with my toothbrush. Then we can have our Good Morning kiss!”

“I can’t...because...uh...” he mumbles for words, trying to find a excuse. “Because my breath is so bad that I use this special toothbrush that helps me have clean breath. Regular toothbrush doesn’t work for me.

“But Spanky! I really wanna kiss you right now! I want to French Kiss you!”

His eyes widen. “French Kiss? Uh, I don’t want to spread my germs into your mouth or anything. Maybe later.

“Fine! You better brush your teeth before noon because I’ll be waiting for Good Afternoon Kiss. I’ll be waiting for you to kiss me Spanky.”

“Sure Jelly. I won’t forget.”

“Promise?” she asks, stepping forward to Spanky, looking directly into his eyes.

“Sure.”

“Say, ‘I promise.’ She raises her right fist in front of him with her pinky sticking out.

“I promise,” he submits, then stares at her pinky. After studying her cute pinky, he hooks his pinky with her pinky. With their pinkies interlocked, she pulls her hand toward her direction, making him lurch forward. Then Spanky does the same and pulls his hand toward his direction lurching her toward him. Now the two are inches apart, close enough for them to kiss each other. They look at each other in the eyes. Then Jelly glances down at their intertwined pinkies and bites them—her pinky and his pinky—mostly Spanky’s pinky, hinting what might happen if he breaks his promise.

“Ow,” he whispers out quickly pulling away his pinky out of the Pinky Lock and grabbing his hurt finger. “Why’d you do that?”

“Gawd, Spanky. I barely bit you. I bit my finger harder than yours,” she lies.
“You don’t see me crying out like a baby.”

“Sorry.” He relaxes his arms, hanging naturally by his side, though he wants to rub his injured finger. Feeling embarrassed, he stares at the floor.

“So, what do you want to do today, Spanky?”

Spanky isn’t quite sure because his mind is still on his hurt pinkie. “I don’t know...What do *you* want to do?”

“NO... What do *yooouu* want to do, Spanky? Anything you want.”

“Anything?”

“Yep.”

“Well! Let me think! Anything, eh? Anything I want...I wanna go to the playground and play.”

“You wanna go where? The playground? How old are we?” She had in her mind something romantic and at this she frowns at him in contempt as if she is talking to a retarded boy.

“Silly Jelly, we’re both nineteen.”

“Well, yea! DUH!” she utters in a sarcastic voice, wagging her head, the way girls do. “You’re nineteen years old and you want to go to the playground? And you want me to go with you and play with you?”

“Yes.”

“What is wrong with you!” she chirps scornfully. I was thinking...” She pauses for a few seconds. “The mall at least” She doesn’t finish the sentence way she wants to. “There are gonna be kids there. Nineteen-year-olds playing on the playground along with little toddlers is just embarrassing!”

“I haven’t played on the playground in ages. It would be nice to play, don’t you think. Don’t you remember playing on the playground during recess when you were a kid?”

“Well...” She does think about when she was a child playing—all the laughter, all the innocence. “Maybe you’re right. Maybe we’re not all that grown up as we think,” she comments taking a few more moments to think. “You know, I haven’t been to the playground in such a long time. Last time I stepped onto the playground was in fifth grade...Oh.” She thinks for a few more moment. “Well, it would be fun to run around the mulch and go down the slides.”

“And run across the bridge and go across the monkey bar,” he adds with a grin.

“And go on the swings and climb up the jungle gym,” she excitedly continues. Spanky gets a vision of himself on the swing with her holding her hair in his hand.

“I remember having so much fun during the short thirty minutes of recess. And when it was time to go inside, we were all whiney and moany. ‘Already! Oh man’. I miss that—I miss forgetting about everything and being lost in the moment,” she yearns.

“It really would be fun to go there and just play. You know what I want to do? I want to go on the swings holding you hands.” She leans into his ears and whispers, becoming seriously interested, “I want to hold your hands and kiss all over your face, Spanky.” Then she straightens back to her former posture. “Do you go to the playground often? Sounds like you go there often,” she states sarcastically.

“No. I haven’t been to the playground in a long time either. I pass by it everyday when I walk to class though. I just got this thought that it would be fun to go there and play.”

“I haven’t seen any playgrounds around here.”
“There’s one down the street behind Superstar Supermarket. It’s kind of hidden by a row of trees.”

“How far is it away from here?”
“It’s a ten minute walk. There really shouldn’t be anybody there this early in the morning.”

“Really. Let’s go, then!” she yelps, jumping onto the tip of her toes, then back down like a ballerina.

As they’re leaving, she flicks on the TV to check the weather in the living room. As she is clicking through channels, a wrestling match appears on the screen.

“Wait. I wanna watch this.”

“I need to check the weather though.”

“Let me just watch for a few minutes, okay?”

The current match is The Boink Brothers versus The Mexicools.

“Woe. I love The Mexicools! They’re cool. They’re not Mexicans, they’re Mexicools!” Spanky mumbles.

Psychosis of The Mexicools is in the ring locked up with D. Boink...

“That’s enough,” Jelly states and turns off the TV. “Let’s go.”

She leads out of her apartment, Spanky following after her. Walking out into the hall, towards the stairs, and before stepping down the staircase, she stops and turns. He stops next to her.

“What?” he asks.

“Rock, paper, scissors. Ready? One, two, three, shoot.”

He shoots paper. “I win. Paper beats rock, Jelly.” He steps down one.

“One, two, three, shoot.”

“Again, I beat you—scissors cuts paper.” He steps down another.

“One, two, three, shoot.”

“Again. Three in a row.” He steps down a third.

“No fair!” she wines. Not wanting to go on with the loosing streak, she zooms down the staircase like thief on the run. “I beat you! I win. Ha ha!”

“You cheated, Jelly! You can’t do that,” he yells, looking down at her from the top of the staircase. “You think you’re Eddie Guerrero¹ or something? Latino Heat? You cheater!”

¹ AKA Latino Heat. A great, professional wrestler of Mexican heritage known for: “I cheat, I lie, I steal!”

“What? Latino Heat?”

“Yea. ‘I cheat, I lie, I steal?’ Now, he is one cool wrestler.

“Okay... You’re just bitter because I beat you.” She sticks out her tongue, red as cherry. Come and get me, Spanky!”

As he watches her run, he sprints down the stairs, but his foot almost slips off the edge of a step and nearly tumbles down all the way. But just in time, he grabs the hand rail and regains balance, then continues to down the staircase chasing her. When he reaches the ground floor and runs out onto the sidewalk, she is way ahead of him so he keeps running after her. But faster he runs, further away she appears to be. Out of breath, he stops and yells out to her, “Jelly! Wait for me!” He thinks that he is going to lose her. Jelly stops running and turns around. Spanky bends over to catch some breath. When he stands back up, she is slowly walking back to by his side.

“Wow. You are fast,” he says breathing calmer.

“Come on, you slowpoke. Which way?”

“This way.” He leads the way, walking. As he catches his breaths and as his head clears with the thought of losing sight of Jelly, he realizes that it’s rather cold out there. He sees, from his point of view, fog coming from below, from his mouth. “It’s kind of chilly out here.” Turning his head he also sees her exhaling foggy breath out from her mouth too. “I should have brought out a jacket,” he comments. He blows a warm stream into the hole of his fist, then rubs his hands together to warm up his freezing fingers.

They walk down two more blocks and turn towards Superstar Supermarket, walking around it and through a group a row of big trees. Slicing through the barricading trees standing tightly side by side, they see the playground.

“Right there,” he points to the playground.

“It’s big, it’s huge, it’s a Fat Poppa of a playground,” she cries looking up onto the hill. “Let’s run. I’ll race you. One, two three, go,” she says in increasing speed, then darts to the playground, ascending the hill at an unusually fast speed, reaching it in what seems to be about five seconds, even before he had the time to get ready.

“I’ll just walk,” thinking he’ll never be able to go up a hill that fast. So he starts taking long strides, then bends forward at the waist as the hill gets steeper, to counter-balance the center of gravity of his body due to the steep. Running out of breath, his strides get shorter and choppier. He looks up to see how far he has to walk, and in doing so catches a glimpse of the sky. In the sky there is a light grey sheet of clouds, a bit depressing but showing signs of lighter mood seen through the fairer parts of the sky. Looking at them more carefully, he sees holes of blue background between the ever-noticeable breaks. A few seconds later, he finds himself he’s finally on top of the hill. He walks onto the mulch and looks around for Jelly.

“Jelly?” he questions turning his head left and right.

“I’m right here,” she sings from the top of the slide above him. She slides down and meets Spanky at the base. “Help me up.”

He takes hold of her arms and pulls her up. As he pulls, she hops forward and hugs him, wrapping her arms around him.

I should hug her back, he thinks after pondering the situation. He raises his arms in front of him, his hands unknowingly curled up towards his elbow, and gives her a rabbit hug, squeezing her sides a few times, as if he doesn’t know how to hug a girl.

She giggles at his hug. “I need a hug to make up for the missed kiss this morning,” she says still hugging him snugly.

“Okay. Do you want to go down the slide again?” he asks, looking around to see if anyone has witnessed the pathetic way he hugged her.

“Only if you want to.”

“I want to,” Spanky says.

They break the hug and climb up the ladder a few feet away. He climbs first, and Jelly behind him. On the platform on top of the ladder, he turns and watches her escalate up to him. With her standing next to him, he looks down at the mulch five feet below him, and his eyes rise up and out to the edge of the playground, down the hill, and straight out. “Ah. You can see everything up from here.” He places open palm over his eye brows as if a pirate looking out across the sea from the deck. “There are the trees and there is Superstar Supermarket. You can see the roof and everything. It looks so different from up here.” He looks near his feet and steps up onto one of the large platform-step leading to the slide. He looks far out. “You get a better view from here.”

“You can see little cars and people on the streets,” she observes.

“I should have brought my binocular. It would be fun to spy on people.”

“Yea, it would. It would be fun to spy on *girls!* Is that what you do on your free time, Spanky?

“No! What makes you think that?” He then thinks of something to change the subject.

“Noticing a building vaguely familiar from the angle he is at, he asks her, “is that your apartment?”

“Where? Oh that? Yea, I think it is...It is my apartment. But you can’t see my window from here.” She hops up a step to the pinnacle of the structure of the slide. She

jumps a few times and stretches her neck to get a better look. “You still can’t see that well. But it’s still really nice up here being able to see everything.”

Holding the railing and sticking his head out the rails, leaning out, he notices how far up he is from the ground and how long the slide is. “Woe, it’s kind of scary up here though. I haven’t been up this high, on top of a playground, in a long time.”

“Don’t fall!” She shoves him lightly in the back.

He pulls back away from the rails, lands back on his feet, turns, and hugs her tightly—not a wimpy bunny hug, but a Real Hug, like a child hugging a teddy bear. He lets her go and stares at her. “Sorry.” Then looks away. What if he did fall? What would have happened then?

“Come on, Spanky. Don’t be a sissy,” she ridicule him with a smile. “Do you want to go first?”

“What? Oh, down the slide.” Looking into the entrance-hole of the spiral-tunnel slide, he is daunted—about to spiral down into the unknown into that dark, black hole. Although he was excited about going down the slide a minute ago, he is starting to have second thoughts, after consciously becoming aware of elevation of his current location.

“I don’t know. Maybe going down the slide isn’t such a good idea.”

“What! It was your idea! You’re the one who wanted to come here!”

“But—”

She gives him an angry, bully look, looking like as if she might hit him. To avoid the tentative violence, he gives in.

“Okay. I’ll go down the slide.”

“Good. You go down first. No, I’ll go first because I’m a lady. Is that okay with you?”

“Yes.”

She changes her mind. “No, let’s go together.”

“Jelly, the slide isn’t wide enough for both of us to go down together.”

“Okay. I’ll go first then you follow right after me, okay?”

“Okay.”

“Ready?”

“Ready.”

“Set?”

“Set.”

“Go!” Jelly slides down, screeching “wee!” in laughter arms raised in the air.

“Go!” Spanky slides right after, after closing his eyes and taking a big swallow, squawking “woo!” half scared and half in enjoyment. Then, *plop*, followed by another *plop*. Sliding down so fast that when they reach the bottom, they fall on their butts—Jelly first, then Spanky. Spanky, on his butt right behind her, gets up and walks over in front of her and pulls her arms to help her up. Unable to lift her using one arm, he pulls her with both arms, leaning back to use his body weight for aid.

“That was fun,” she says enthusiastically. “Let’s do it again,” she brushes her butt to get the mulch off.

He exhales in relief, having gotten rid of the anxious feeling. But he isn’t quite sure he wants to do it again. “I almost landed on top of you. It’s very dangerous.”

“It’s very dangerous,” she mocks him.

“Come on. Don’t be a loser, man.”

“Hey, what did you call me! I am *not* a”

“Let’s go across the monkey bar.”

“Okay.”

They run across to the other side of the playground where the monkey bars are located. They are stand at the start of the monkey bars.

“I’ll go first this time. I’m good at monkey bar.” Bar by bar, he monkies across the monkey bars like a monkey. While doing so, he feels muscles around his armpits stretching, occasionally hanging on one for a second and breathing deeper, bringing refreshing feeling to his head. And she effortlessly follows behind him to the other end, occasionally kicking his butt. “What are you doing? Don’t kick my tushy,” he complains.

“Sorry. It was an accident,” she says innocently.

“Okay, fine,” unable to counter her innocence. When they finish the monkey bars, he tells her they’re going on the seesaw next. But she wants to do the monkey bar again. “No!” he utters not wanting to get kicked again. “We’re going on the seesaw!”

“Fine! We’ll go on the seesaw.”

She sit on one side and waits for him to get on.

He tries to pull down the seat on the other side so he can get on. “I’m gonna need some help Jelly.”

She straightens out her legs so his side is lower. Spanky jumps up and tries to place his chest on the seat to weigh it down. He tries to kick up a foot on the seat to launch himself up. He hangs on the edge in pull-up position with his leg in squatting position beneath but to no avail. “I can’t do this.” He puts his hands around his waist and faces Jelly.

“Oh. You need some help? How about this—when I jump, you hop on. Okay.”

“Okay.”

She launches off from the ground with her feet real hard. As the seesaw tips to Spanky's side, she yells to him to hop on. "Now, now!"

He swiftly sits on the seat as it hits the tire implanted on the ground. The seesaw tips back over to the other side. The two kids are taking turns bouncing back and forth on the seesaw.

"Jelly?"

"Yea."

"You better not dive off while I'm in the air."

"And if I do?"

"Don't. I don't want to bonk down on my..."

"Tushy?"

"...Yea, and hurt myself."

"I won't do that to you. Will you dive off, Spanky, and make *me* bonk down on *my* tushy?"

"Uh..." he lets seesaw tip back and froth a few more times before answering. "Yes," and before she pulls a quick one on him, he jumps off and she begins to descend. "No!" she shrieks as her side falls down with great force. But with quick thinking, she dives off before her seat hits the tire landing on her sides.

Having witnessed this amazing event, he runs over to her. "Woe, Jelly. That's was amazing. How'd you tumble off like that? You should be a stunt woman or something. Wow. You are something, Jelly."

"Why'd you do that!" She gets in his face and pushes him back.

"I didn't wanna get screwed over. Nobody like getting screwed over..."

"But you said..."

“You said you wouldn’t jump off. But I never did.”

“You!” she shakes her fist at him with an angry face.

“I’m sorry. Did you get hurt? Do you want to punch me? Since I made you get hurt, I’ll let you punch me anywhere on my body. Pick a body part and punch me as hard as you can.”

“What? You’re letting me punch you?”

“It’s only fair that you punch me.”

“A free punch!” She thinks about where to hit him—his nose, his eye, his chin, his stomach...or maybe give him a low-blow, but she changes her mind. “No. I can’t punch you, Spanky. I won’t. I didn’t get hurt.”

“But the way you dived off was so awesome. You must have gotten hurt. Really. Hit me. I want you to.”

“It’s not like I jumped off five feet from the air. I just tipped myself over right before it hit the ground. I’m not hurt at all.”

“Are you sure?”

“Yes.” Half laughing and twittling her thumbs, she asserts, “But there is this one thing.”

“What?” he gasps. “What’s wrong?”

“You’re it!” She tags his arm and runs away from him, laughing.

He mumbles to himself as he starts to chase her. He runs, in pursuit of her, across the mulch, around the slide, up the ladder, across the bridge, down the steps, and under the monkey bars. He drops to the ground. “Ow. Jelly, I’m hurt. I’m hurt!”

She stops and turns. “You think I was born yesterday,” the girl yells. “I’m not gonna fall for that trick.”

“Ugh!” he breaths out hard. “Does Jelly think she’s smart or something?” he talks to himself sitting on his butt playing with his fingernails. “Oh my Gawd. It’s gonna take forever to tag her. Oh my.” He sighs with his shoulders sagged. He was never good at playing tag or good at anything for that matter.

“Come on now! Let’s go. Let’s go, boy!”

“Okay. I’m coming,” the boy mumbles. Getting up, he chases her down again.

As she runs between the swings, she grabs the ropes of the swings on both sides of her, pulls on them and lets them go, causing them to swing back and forth in a squiggly way. Spanky slows down and stops the swings so he doesn’t run into them and get tangled up. Knowing she’s too quick for him, he gives up—He just stands there, grabs a rope of a swing, and hangs on them leaning back like a lame duck. Casually wandering the playground with his eyeballs, he observes Jelly standing on a circular platform that spins. He walks toward her. “Is that what you call merry-go-round?” He steps onto it.

“Yea. I think so.” She grabs the rail and with one foot on the merry-go-round, pushes it off with her other foot, causing it to spin. He does the same.

“Faster,” she tells Spanky.

“Faster,” he replies.

They spin faster and faster until the world they see with their eyes turns to a blur. She starts laughing. He starts laughing too.

“Woe, I’m getting dizzy,” they both wonder at the same time. But they lift up their heads and let one arm out to the side, enjoying the air blowing in their face and through their finger and the dizzy feeling they haven’t felt since childhood.

“I can’t take it any more,” he hollers out.

“What?” she asks having missed what he just said.

“I’m getting dizzy!” he yells as he lets go of the rail and jumps off the merry-go-round, landing on his back on the mulch.

Jelly, seeing him laying on the ground, gasps in surprise—her jaws drop and her hand goes up to her mouth—then does the same. She jumps off except, unlike Spanky, she lands on her feet. She walks up to him and asks, “Are you okay?”

“I’m fine,” he says calmly, trying to get up but not being able to because he’s so dizzy. His hands dance all around in front of him in attempt to grab something and balance himself back on his feet, but his hand not finding anything to grasp anything. As he’s about half way up, he keeps plunking down on his butt.

She helps him up after a few seconds, after finding him acting that way amusing. But unable to keep balance, he leans left, then right, then backwards taking stuttering steps with his knees bent and his arms flying everywhere, like a drunk person. He almost trips down on the ground.

“Whew. I am so dizzy.” He rests his hand on his forehead. He then feels heat, like sitting next to a fireplace, on the side of his head from the breaking of the clouds in the sky. “I feel a bit muggy,” he says, pulling collar down to get some air in his shirt and cool down the nervous sweat.

“Sit down,” she commands tired of seeing him act foolish, and like a bully, she pushes him, causing him to land on his butt. On the ground, he lays down on his back. She lays down right next to him in the middle of the playground.

“I haven’t done this in such a long time,” he mutters, looking at the sky.

“Me neither.”

“It’s like when we were little, we used to spin around and around in place until we got dizzy to our tummy and fell down on the floor. I used to do that a lot. Did you do that when you were little?”

“No, I have never done that,” she tells him. “But I went on the merry-go-round everyday during recess.” Jelly turns her head to look at Spanky, and her fingers creep toward his hand like a spider then lays her hand on top of his.

He gasps surprised and looks down at his hand then at Jelly. He looks back up at the sky and turns his hand around with his palm touching her hand. Their hands squeeze in unison. Just about the very second, the grey clouds break away and rays of sunshine breaks through. There are white, puffy, cumulus clouds right above him high in the sky.

“The sun’s getting in my eyes,” he complains and lifts up his hand. “Let’s go on the swings now.”

Spanky and Jelly get up on their feet, brushing off pieces of wood off their backs. “Let me help you, Spanky.” She sweeps her hand on his back starting on his shoulders and down to his lower back and even lower. She spanks his butt.

He jumps up in the air, with his knees raised up in front of him and his left hand dropping behind his butt area, almost losing balance and fall back down on his butt.

“Jelly! What are you doing?”

“I’m helping you get all that stuff off your back and on your tushy. What? You didn’t like me slapping your tushy? LET’S SPANK SPANKY!”

“That was such an inappropriate thing to do! Oh my Gawd!”

“But you have a dirty tushy. I’m just trying to help you out,” she defends. “You can slap my tushy. Would you like that?” asks Jelly while smiling at him.

“Uh-huh. Time for pay back,” he says bitterly.

She turns around. Standing behind her, he winds his hand back. But as he's about to do what both he and Jelly think is gonna do, his hand stops an inch from her butt, and instead he shakes her hair to get the mulch off of them. "You have a lot of mulch in your hair," he says picking out the big pieces, slowly taking his time, caressing her beautiful hair.

Jelly coughs and clears her throat as if trying to tell him something.

"Okay, you're clean now. Now, onto the swings," he says changing the subject. He walks over to the swings and sits on one avoiding looking at her in the eye. She follows him and sits on the swing next to him.

"Let's hold hands now since you didn't spank me like I wanted you to," she says looking at him with her back straight, eyes even with his.

"Okay."

He hangs his arm by his side and she clutches his hand in hers. They hold hands. "Do you like holding hands? Do you think this is romantic?" she questions and looks up at the sky like Spanky. "I like holding hands and KISSING in the morning at the break of dawn."

"It is. I think so—holding hands while sitting on swings on the playground. I have never done this before. It feels really weird. My tummy feels funny. I think it's because..." His head slants downward.

He has never done this before? He supposedly made out with her all day long yesterday and so holding her hands should be nothing, one would think.

Jelly and Spanky gaze at the scenery—In the predawn lights, there are little red birds flying across the sky then taking residence on a tree. There are sunflowers on few feet away from the tree with bees flying around it. The morning sun, rising from the east

begins to shine down on the two romantic youths. In the atmosphere, they see between the diverging curtains of the grey sheet of cloud, streaks of white lines formed from jets ripping through the sky on a light on a sea-blue background. Far east on the corner of the horizon, hauling itself up out of its bed, the dazzling sun, like crystal emerald, blinds their sights. They see trees around them, top half lit up and the other half still dim due to the sun's angle. The bright colored flowers near them look pure and unadulterated, and Spanky and Jelly sit there in the innocent, unfallen paradise.

They hold hands for what seems to be twenty minutes during which he attempts to get his hand on her gorgeous hair, but can't get himself to actually do it because he doesn't know what her reaction would be. However, just to see what she might do, he moves his free hand nearer and nearer her head.

"It's starting to get real sunny," she says, and places her hand on her forehead.

He scratches his head. "Okay. Yea. Let's go in. We might get skin cancer." They release their hands and get up. Newly-forming flocks of bulgy, bouncy clouds cover the sun and the intensity of the heat decrease.

"Wait. I wanna go down the slide one more time. One last time before we go," Spanky says.

"But we did that already...Okay. I'll stand right here and watch you."

Spanky goes up to the top of the slide up the ladder and the steps all the way up to the top to the spiral slide. Looking into the tunnel of the slide scares him like the first time. So he goes steps down a few to the straight slide that is half the length of the other one.

"Don't slide down that one. That's not fun. Go back up."

“But I like this one.” He slides down the short, straight slide, his arms up in the air like a toddler. Having slid down the slide, he says, “Okay. Let’s go home, Jelly.”

“Was that fun, Spanky? The short, *boring* slide?”

“Yep. A lot of fun.”

They walk back to her apartment. In her apartment, Spanky sits on the couch. Jelly says, “I’m sweaty. I’m going to take a shower,” and starts to take off her shoes and her socks while he’s looking on.

He realizes what cute, pink socks she has on. She then gets ready to take off more articles of clothing. He stands up and says, “I’m gonna go to home and take a shower too. I’ll be back in thirty minutes.”

“Okay. Bye bye, Spanky.”

“Bye.”

Spanky, instead of taking a shower, dives onto his bed. Laying on his bed and staring at the ceiling, he thinks to himself. And as he thinks, he remembers that Jelly is a girl from his class that he has a crush on. He doesn't remember how he got her to be his girlfriend...but nevertheless he continues to think:

Wow, that was a lot of fun—running around with her, chasing her, laying on the ground with her, going on the swing with her and holding her hand. But most of all, I loved brushing mulch off her hair. I love her hair! Her hair is so curly and fluffy. I wish I could just grab them and play with them. I want to grasp some of her hair my left hand and twirl them around with my right index finger. I see her do that all the time, and sometimes it's annoying, but it looks so fun. She's always touching her hair—either pushing them up, twirling them around and around, or chewing on them. That's what I want to do too—chew on her hair. I don't know what hair tastes like, but she seems to enjoy it so much. I'm sure it tastes good. I bet it's chewy too. She does that whenever she gets bored in class when the teacher lectures.

I always come in late to class and there aren't any seats left except in the back which is where I sit. When I look up at the board, her head is right there in front of my sight and she's constantly playing with her hair. It's so distracting. I can't even pay attention to the teacher because her hair is so fluffy and curly, and she always fidgeting with them. I want to yell at her, 'Jelly! Stop it!' or throw a crumpled piece of paper at her head. Sometimes, I think she does that on purpose to gain attention as if she doesn't get enough already. In class, she's always raising her hand and answering questions and getting good grades and always liked by all her teachers. When we have a class

discussion, she's always leading the class, incessantly talking, diverting attention away from everyone else. She's like a champion student. Teachers like champion students.

But what if she doesn't let me touch her hair? What if I ask her, 'Jelly, could I play with your hair' and she says 'no.' She'll probably think that I'm a jerk for trying to touch her hair. Oh well. Let's write a poem about her hair.

He gets up out of bed, sits at his desk and diligently writes:

Hair Poem

I wish I could touch Jelly's hair—

So perfect and pretty.

I just want to grab them and play—

Her hair and me right here.

I want to get to know her—

Her irresistible hair.

Her hair is so divine and beautiful—

Like the Greek Goddess of Hair.

Seung Cho
12484
Story 1

Half way across the bridge, he slowly let the beat up car come to a halt. It was early morning hours before the crack of dawn, with no human being within sight, no sight of visible movements. He parked the car where it was standing in idle, dully drags his feet out of the door, and approaches the ledge of the bridge to where when looked down saw black, puddley waves of the water. And as he raised his head to look out into the horizon he perceives a vast sheet of rolling spikes like a grand, eternal torture device. For whatever reason wanting to feel the icy-cold sea, he hopped over the rails and with one hand on the rail leaned forward to touch the water. *What if I just let go*, he thought. *What if I wasn't stupid enough to always fail. What if...* Still reaching out to the sea, he let his eyelids droop and rested his chin on his chest. *Mmmm...Mommy mommy mommy*, he thought as the other hand slowly but undoubtedly loosened. But all the sudden, a loud horn boomed which compelled him instantly jump back over the rails and land on his chest. He looks up and there is a car with four obnoxious and angry teenagers waiting for him to move his car. So he gasps and quickly gets up, runs to his car, and floors it. The car with a bunch of teenagers switched lane and passed him by yelling at him. With a sigh he stops on the side of the road, deep in thought. *May I should drive my crappy car and my crappy self into the sea. Deep, black, wonderful sea. Swim with the fishes, play with sea turtles, laugh with mermaids. I don't know.* Undecided, he got out of the car and walked in circles faster and faster. Then ran in circles faster and faster. Minutes passed, hours passed until a cars sports car passed by swerving onto the left shoulder of the road, the driver screaming, "PSYCHO!!!" He quickly dived in his car and floored it just to get

away from the place he was at. *I'm not a psycho! I wish I was a psycho, though. It would be so much easier.* He pulled his car over again a few minutes later for no reason and thinks, and not much later jumps on the top of his car. With his arms spread out, he looked up at the sky and spun in circles like a lunatic. He spun and spun and spun. Spun some more. He spun until the world he perceived through his two eyes morphed into a blur. As doing so his legs tangled, tumbled over, and flips off the car. His head bounced off the black road but didn't pass out, even though he wanted to. He bounced his head hard on the asphalt but he was still conscious. *I don't want to live. I want to die. Kill me...Save me the agony and torment...* With these musings he closed his eyes and played dead.

Seung Cho
12484
Story 2

It's dark outside. A somber, morbid morning.

He gets out of bed unusually early, and instead of eating breakfast and brushing his teeth as he always does, his puts on his black jeans, a strappy black vest with many pockets, a black hat, a large dark sunglasses, and a flimsy jacket, and heads out without his backpack.

His mom is in the kitchen packing lunch for him, her, and his father. She notices her son leaving. "Bud, it's only six. Where you going?"

"Need to finish up a project."

"Oh. But why aren't you taking your backpack with you?"

"Left it in my locker."

"Oh. Hold on for five minutes. I'm almost done packing your lunch."

"I'll buy my lunch."

"Bud, you know how early I woke up to do this for you..."

"Mom!" he yells and slams the door and runs. "Damn it, why is she always so bitchy! God damn it! I hate her."

A few blocks down the sidewalk, he sees a sports coupe in idle. He passes by it but doesn't see anyone inside. After long moments of thinking and taking a deep breath, he jerks his head left and right and runs around the car into the driver's seat and shoots down the road, nervously laughing. He turns on the radio, lowers the windows, and opens the sunroof, feeling the myriad sparks of wind to his face. But he keeps the speed limit to avoid confrontations with cops. On this soon-to-be special day he can't afford to ruin it

with carelessness. Because of the expected early arrival to the school due to his newfound car, he decides to do drive around the town.

On the empty parking lot of a grocery store, he turns the steering wheel all the way sending the car skidding in circles. Then he parks the car crooked on two spaces. Inside the store, he strolls around looking for nothing in particular. In the snack section he sees some gummy bears that catches his eyes. After long moments and looking around he quickly and slyly sticks a pack in his vest. Then he finds himself in the liquor section. Again, looking around he sticks a bottle of beer in his vest and speedwalks out.

He drives toward the school eating gummy bears and drinking beer which is something new for him. On finishing them he throws the wrapper and the bottle out the window after checking all angles and parks the car on the side of the road. He walks deep in the woods and searches for the tree with a mark on it. Next to the tree he digs with both hands and uncovers the box. The secret place where he hides his only friends—his guns. The 9mm, .357 Magnum, and 12-inch sawed off shotgun. He tactfully hides his guns on his vest—the 9mm in the shoulder holster, the magnum on his waist, and the shotgun strapped on the left side of his body.

Back in the car he drives to school, then passes time waiting, thinking about his life up until the current moment—All the emotional and mental abuse he has endured, feelings of invisibility, inadequacy, unworthiness, the bombardment and the thrashing of scornful derisions that he wants to demolish and sabotage his physical idleness and paralysis in a dramatic fashion before he loses sanity. He wants no more of the hellish torment of his intrinsically tragic life.

He punches the steering wheel. He kicks the flooring of the car. He swings his fists and stomps his feet in a flurry of tantrum, then sinks the top of his head on the steering wheel. Hours pass. Students unload from buses or is dropped off. Many park their cars and strut inside smiling, laughing, embracing each other—Oversized football players acting, talking, and walking like rappers making obnoxious commotions and comments that they should keep to themselves. Cheerleaders in showy uniforms gossiping in high-pitched tone with their noses slightly pointed to the sky and severe makeup on their faces. Nerd-types carrying stacks of books, wearing obscene pink wrinkle-free shirts, and talking about the upcoming state chess championship.

A few eyes glance at Bud but without the glint of recognition.

“I hate this! I hate all these frauds! I hate my life! I hate this car! I hate this school! I hate—I hate—I hate—! Errrgh!”

This mortifying frenzy of episode all too repetitious passes. The clock turns eight.

“This is it...This is when you damn people die with me...”

Once everyone has entered school, he gets out of the car, zips his jacket, readjusts his sunglasses and hat, and enters. The halls are nearly empty, only a few shutting their lockers and running to class. The bell rings, the hall completely empty. Bud stands in the middle of the empty hall. He stands there for a moment and turns and goes to an arbitrary classroom, and stands in front of the door. Looking in, a fun-natured teacher ecstatically lectures making social and political jokes occasionally. The class laughs. Everyone is smiling and laughing as if they’re in heaven-on-earth, something magical and enchanting about all the people’s intrinsic nature that Bud will never experience. Everyone is smiling and laughing except a null girl with gothic makeups and clothes sitting in the back staring

) at Bud. Her stoned facial expression turns to concerned frown. Scanning the happy faces of the class, Bud's eyes lay on the gothic girl. And for a few seconds their eyes interlock, but he breaks away and runs to the bathroom.

He has his head resting on the wall in a stall, pondering on all the happy faces, wondering what their such happy lives, how they could be so happy and have so much fun, their loving family and friends, and the beautiful lives they'll live. *I can't do this...I have no moral right...* When he is about to walk out, his thought lands on the unhappy-faced girl. He sighs, shakes his head, and decides to go home.

But right out the door of the bathroom he runs into the somber-fashioned girl.

"What are you doing?" she demands.

"Wh—what?"

) She snatches the glasses off his face and flicks his hat off. "What. You're gonna shoot us all? Huh?" She jerks his jacket open and uncovers his guns. "Sawed off shotgun? A 9mm—"

"Shut up!" he urgently whispers and covers up his guns. "Stop it!"

She pushes him into the bathroom and whispers, "You gonna shoot me now? Shoot me! You think you're such a tough guy, don't you. All your guns. Come on, blow my head off with you're freaking shotgun."

"Shut up, shut up! You don't understand. I—I was—"

"You were what?"

"I chickened out. I was about to go home. I'm just a—a—"

"You're a what?"

"I'm nothing. I'm a loser. I can't do anything. I was *going* to kill every god damn person in this damn school, swear to god I was, but I...couldn't. I just couldn't. Damn it I hate myself! Just leave me alone." Utter depressed and disappointed at himself, he runs out down the hall, out of the school to the car, and was about to shoot away, but the girl jumps on the hood. He stops. She rolls down onto the ground and jumps into the passenger seat.

"What is wrong with you?"

"That's the same question I would like to ask myself...I wish I knew. I don't think you should be here. This car is stolen. If I get stopped by a cop my life will be forever over. A stolen car, two hand guns, and a sawed off shotgun."

Neither of them say anything for awhile.

"Turn here. Pull into the driveway," she commands and he obeys. This is my house." She gets out of the car, into the house, and opens the garage. She beckons him to drive into the garage.

"Well be safe here."

Grabbing onto his wrist she leads him into her room upstairs. From the closet she undigs a large chest. She opens—a .8 caliber automatic rifle and a M16 machine gun.
"You and me. We can fight to claim our deserving throne."

Seung Cho
12484
Story 3

A sparkling, red sports car parked into the lot of the school. A tall, handsome, muscular teenager popped open the door. Before walking into the building, he sleazily moonwalked a few feet in front his car, kneeled on one knee, and gave a two-thumbs-up at the car. He winked and blew a kiss, then proceeded to strut arrogantly—shifting his shoulders dramatically forwards and back—into the school.

“Woe! Look at that guy. He’s a total hottie!” Jen said.

“Like, yeah! I know!” Maggie squealed perkishly.

“He is *so* confident and cocky. Just look at the way he walks. And look at his muscles!

Oh my god! He is such a hunk!”

“Like, yeah! I know!”

The two girls grabbed each others’ hands and laughed and jumped up and down.

“Let’s find out who he is,” Jen suggested.

They ran to and through the entrance and tailed behind the guy, occasionally hiding behind lockers and trash cans when he turned his head toward them. Their excitement of the guy couldn’t leave them of squeaks and yelps. The guy turned and stepped into a classroom.

“There he goes!”

Jen and Maggie sprinted to the door of the class and pressed their noses on the narrow window. Jen licked the window beaming dreamily at the guy while Maggie unknowingly bloated her cheeks, staring. The guy drifted his eyes onto the girls and wrinkled his forehead. Instantly, the girls ducked under the window—and giggled.

Jen yelped, “Oh my god! He looked right at us!”

"Like, yeah! I know! He is *so* handsome! He's like a greek god!"

"Did you make out his chest under his shirt! Oh my god! He has so much muscles! He's a total hottie!"

"Like, yeah! I know!"

The door opened and an aged male teacher shot them a look of annoyance and concern.

"Hi," Maggie said.

"Oops. I think we're disrupting his class, Maggie." Stretching the necks, the two girls took a peeking look at the guy they were infatuated with. They gasped and ran arm-in-arm toward the exit to the parking lot, giggling.

"Oh god!"

They were still giggling. Their eyes landed on the sports car, and walked to it, a bit intimidatingly. They circled around the car: It's long, red hood; the smooth, luscious curves of the fender line; melon-like wheels; lascivious upturned rear-end.

Behind the car, Maggie sneered and slapped the trunk, and sharply remarked, "She has a pretty nice ass, but my ass beats her's any day!" Then she protruded out her hips, licked her finger, and laid it on her buttocks intonating a sizzling noise. Starting at her head, she seductively glided her hands down her hair, over her bosoms, and to her hips and below. "She thinks she's all that; she's just a piece of trashy tramp! You ho! You think you're real hot, don't you, but I'm way hotter than you!" She kicked the car.

Stepping in between Maggie and the car, Jen recede her. "It's not worth it. Be a bigger woman and let it go."

Even with Jen hugging her midsection with much effort to restrain her, Maggie grew more destructive; she struggled and kicked, and screamed pungently, "You ho! I'LL KILL YOU! I'LL KILL YOU, DAMN IT! HO! AHHHH!"

Seung Cho
12484
Story 3

With a cafeteria fork, she punctures a soda can multiple times. There is a severe frown on her face, and her lips are in the shape of an upside-down *U*.

"I hate him!"

"Calm down, Jen—"

"All he ever talks about is his stupid car. He spends all his time with it. How can he dump me like that over that damn car! Argh!" Jen fiercely stabs with the fork which shoots out the other side. "I wish this was him...Or better yet, his damn car! I'm always like, Let's go out tonight. He goes, Can't, need to wash my car. How about tomorrow night? I say. Can't, need to change her break pads...and change her oil...and rotate her tires. My car needs me," Jen, completely absorbed in her exclusive conversation, bobs her head sideways all while continuing to viciously thrusting the fork. "He and his stupid car. I hope she gets run over by a trailer tractor."

Maggie, sitting across from her, with much concern and distress, grabs the soda can and leads Jen away from the environment to help her to appease her anger.

All of the sudden, a sparkling red sports car screeches and parks in the school lot. A tall, handsome, muscular teenager pops open the door. Before walking into the building, he moonwalks a few feet in front his car, kneels on one knee, and gives a two-thumbs-up at the car. He winks and blows a kiss, then proceeds to strut arrogantly—shifting his shoulders dramatically forwards and back—into the school.

The girls stop moving and hold their breaths.

"Woe! Look at that guy. He's a total hottie!" Jen whispers. Her frown has been wiped clean and is replaced by an expression of admiration and joy.

"Like, yeah! I know!" Maggie squeals.

"He is *so* confident and cocky. Just look at the way he walks. And look at his muscles! Oh my god! He is such a hunk!"

"Like, yeah! I know!"

The two girls grab each others' hands and laugh and jump up and down.

"Let's find out who he is," Jen suggests.

They run in the entrance and tail behind the guy, occasionally hiding behind lockers and hall trash cans, like a spy mission.

The guy steps into a classroom.

"There he goes!"

Jen clumsily runs over a trash can; as a result she becomes mad and kicks the trash can.

"Get out of our way! We're trying to stalk a guy here, do you mind?" She picks it up and throws it against the wall. Then the girls face each other and laugh. The excitement for the guy leave them squeaking and yelping. Jen and Maggie sprint to the door of the class and press their noses on the narrow window. Jen licks the window beaming a dreamy expression at the guy while Maggie bloats her cheeks, staring. The guy drifts his eyes on the girls and wrinkles his forehead. Instantly, the girls duck under the window—and giggle.

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Above their heads, an aged male teacher shoots them a look of annoyance and concern.

"Hi," Maggie greets.

"Oops. I think we're disrupting his class, Maggie," Jen says. Stretching their necks, the two girls take a peeking through the ajar door to look at the guy they are utterly infatuated with. They gasp and run arm-in-arm toward the exit to the parking lot, giggling.

"Oh god!"

They are still giggling, standing under a tree. The guy speeds out to the lot and check his car, the girls unaware of his presence. He detects the girls under a tree and walks to them. The girls perceive him approaching them. Jen gasps, places her hand on her chest, and quickly brushes her hair with her hand. With a great smile she greets him.

"Hiiiiii!"

The guy responds by asking them if they touched his car. He remarks in impersonal tone, "It's a brand new car. There better not be any scratches on it," before going back into the school.

Jen's face turns back to an overwhelming frown. After having time to swallow the guy's cold talk, their eyes land on the sports car, and scuffle to it, a bit intimidated. They circle around the car: It's long red hood, the smooth luscious curves of the fender line, melon-like wheels, lascivious upturned rear-end.

Seung Cho
12484
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They are still giggling, standing under a tree. The guy speeds out to the lot, ignoring the teacher’s command to keep sit, to check his car.

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fender line, melon-like wheels, lascivious upturned rear-end. "Stupid car!" Behind the car, Maggie sneers, slaps the trunk, and continues to study the car. She sharply remarks to the car, "A Corvette. You think you're pretty hot stuff, don't you. I bet you're used to getting all the attention. I bet you like it. Despite what you think, you not hot! You suck! And you're fat! You need to lose like ten pounds from your ass right away, slut! Do yourself the favor! It's for your own good!" Jen slaps the trunk again, then turns to her friend. "She has a pretty nice ass, but my ass beats her's any day!"

"Like totally! No question about that!" Maggie agrees. She shakes her head vigorously.

Then Jen points her hips, licks her finger, and lays it on her buttocks intonating a sizzling noise. Starting at her head, she seductively glides her hands down her hair, over her bosoms, and to her hips and below. "She thinks she's all that; she's just a piece of trashy tramp! You ho! You think you're real hot, don't you, but I'm way hotter than you!" She kicks the car.

Stepping in between Maggie and the car, Jen restrains her. "It's not worth it, Jen. Be a bigger woman and let it go."

Even with Jen hugging her midsection in an effort to restrain her, Maggie grows more destructive—she struggles and kicks, and screams with fierce, "You ho! I'LL KILL YOU! I'LL KILL YOU, DAMN IT! HO! AHHHH!"

"Stop Jen! Please!" She lays kicking and screaming Jen on the ground. Maggie smushes her by laying on top of her.

In time, Jen's anger subsides. "Okay, Okay."

"Let's skip and do something fun today. That stupid car totally ruined our moods for the day."

"Yeah. That slut of a car!" Jen beams a loathing look at it. "Let's get outta here."

Maggie's parents' have gone to work. They have the whole house to themselves. On TV, there are shows for kids which don't interest the girls. So they stroll around the house looking for something to do. In the basement, they rummage through boxes of old toys such as jump ropes, dried clays, artificial makeup, and Barbie dolls with pink and yellow sports cars.

"Oh God! Yuck!" Jen shouts.

Maggie quickly pushes the cars down to the bottom of the box, but on second thought takes them out and comments that they can smash it up with a hammer.

In the back yard, they lay the two plastic cars on the grass. Jen goes first. With a hammer in her hand, she swings it high over her head, then she swings it down on the car with a massive force. The plastics break and splinter all over. After dropping the hammer, she violently stomps on the same car until the entire car nearly flattens as Maggie encourages her on.

"Yeah! Kill it. Kill it. Kill the damn car! Yeah!"

"Now it's your turn to kill the other car, Maggie."

She picks up the hammer and is about to smash it, but she stops. She gets a bright thought. "How about if we burned this one." She brings out a grill from the garage. They

squirt excessive gasoline on it. They stand back a few feet and throw a lighted match into it. With a big boom, the car gloriously explodes like a small bomb.

"Yey!" the girls cheer and applauds splayed on the grass as they sit up. They laugh and continue to cheer.

They go back inside and look for more cars that they can destroy. They look through all the boxes and Maggie's closet but there are no more. Bummed, they walk outside to find something to do and find themselves back at the school. Jen spots the red sports car parked in the same place in the middle of the parking lot. In Jen's mind, she sees and hears the car peering at her and giving her a taunting laughter. She perceives it as a transcendence of a gorgeous but superficial woman. Jen immediately frowns at the sight of it.

"That damn car!" There are small pebbles on the ground. She picks one up and angrily throws it at the car. "You know what we should do, Maggie. We should kill her. We should teach who the boss is."

Maggie gives her a look. "Are you sure we wanna do that? We might get in a lot of trouble. That's a pretty expensive car."

"We won't get caught. Come on, Maggie. Just look at that ho! Look at the way she's laughing at us! She thinks she all that! Look at those headlights, wheels, the way she's sticking out her ass like that! What is she doing here anyway. Why doesn't she just work as a cheap prostitute in some abandoned alley!"

"Well..."

"Well nothing!" She grabs Maggie's arm and runs behind a large tree on the edge of the compound. "We need to think up a plan."

Behind the tree, they discuss how to cause most damage on the car without causing excessive commotion. Many of Jen's ideas they decide is too risky, and she proposes more. She incessantly thinks out loud about the pros and cons of each plans. She finally settles on one.

They casually stroll to the car checking over their shoulders and the surroundings. As they approach the car, a man emerges from a white sedan. The girls swerves the direction they're headed away from the Corvette and hides behind a large SUV until the man disappears from their sights. They try again. They calmly walk to the Corvette, but when they're within a few yards, a woman driving a Jeep right across from the Corvette. Jen and Maggie walk past the Corvette and hides behind a truck.

"Oh god! Move it woman!"

When the woman heads indoors, Jen and Maggie speedwalks to the targeted vehicle. Maggie leans on the front of the hood on the lookout while Jen clumsily but quickly deflates the tires. Maggie notices a few people heading towards their direction. She hopes that they make a turn. She starts to sweat and her heart pounds. Jen, after finishing with the tires, takes out the hammer in her purse. First, she damages the wheels with the back end of the hammer, then smashes the tail lights with a powerful and cathartic force. Maggie sorts the consequences of this crime in her head. She bites her nail still looking keenly at the group as Jen is about to begin smashing the windows. Fortunately for the girls, the group of people turn and move out of sight.

Jen has already destroyed the rear glass and the two windows on the side.

"Oh. Let me!" Maggie cries.

Jen hands her the hammer and smashes the rest.

Jen places the hammer back in her purse, and they're about to run, but they hear a yell behind them.

"Hey! What's going on down there!"

The girls freeze in motion for a split second, unable to move. With her back still turned to the voice, Jen hollers, "Stop right there, you! You criminal!" Jen turns to the school security guard and hollers at him, "He ran into the woods! Did you see him? Go get him! Go!"

The guard radios for help and runs into the wood.

While they are alone, before the second school security guard arrives. Jen hurriedly whispers to Maggie to leave her to do all the talking. In no time, the second guard arrives. Jen tells him that a boy tried to annihilate the Corvette, but thankfully, for Jen and Maggie, they repelled him into the woods and a guard went chasing after him.

The cops are called. When the sirens can be heard, the owner of the Corvette rushes out just as the girls expected. When he sees his damaged sports car, his expression turns to immense distraught. A few drops of tears run down his cheeks.

"AHHHH! Who did this! Why! My baby! What have they done to you!" He madly stomps the ground and pulls his hair!

Jen comes to his side and informs him, "It was this boy—We tried to grab him—He ran in the woods!"

He runs into the woods. He and the guard come back empty-handed.

Jen wraps her arms around him, and comforts and assures him that everything will be okay. He hugs her back. There is a toothy smile on Jen's face.

She reluctantly shuffles her feet into the enormous living room where her mother slouches on the couch, flipping through her daughter's Seventeen magazine while crunching on potato chips, low fat.

"Hey mom..."

"Yes dear," she responds after a gulp of ice tea.

"Uh...never mind."

"What is it? Something you want to tell me?" Her mother lifts her droopy eyes from the magazine and peers at her daughter. After a few moments of study, she lays the magazine, pages down, on the coffee table. She stuffs her mouth with one more chip, sits up, dusts her silk pajamas, and turns her body towards the girl.

"Yes...well, I just wanted to tell you, uh," she frets, looking around the living room while twittling her fingers, "that uh, uh, I like what you did with the room. Oh. Are those new curtains? Very eloquent."

"Huh?" The mother replies while shooting a look of daze and concern. "You know I don't clean or redecorate. None of us have done anything with the place for five years. You know that."

"Oh. Really. Yea. Well, anyway, I have to go to school now."

"You're speaking nonsense. It's eight at night. What's wrong with you, girl!"

Before the seventeen year old could flee, her mother bolts to her and grasps her wrist. "Are you feeling okay?" She lays her hand on the girl's forehead "Are you drunk?" She sniffs at the girls lips. "Do you do drugs?" She lifts the girl's eyelids and examines them. "Are you pregnant...Are you—"

Right then and there the girl gasps and her hand uncontrollably fly to her mouth.

The mother shouts, "WHAT! YOU'RE PREGANT?"

"How did you...Uh mom. You hear that? The dog is calling me. I gotta go." She tries to pull away but her mother refuses to let go.

"Tell me Jen. Are you PREGNATE? or not"

"Oh. oh, okaaaayy. It's true. I am pregnant. But just a little. Please don't get mad mom."

"Just a little pregnant? Is this a joke to you? What is *wrong* with you, Jen? Did I raise you like this? Did I raise you to be a—" The mother abruptly stops speaking and tries to summon up the right word.

"I know mom. I am a SLUT. I'm sorry. You asked me if you raised me this way a second ago...Uh, but didn't you say you had me when you were eighteen and that you had to drop out six months before graduation? But hey, look on the bright side, I beat you by a full year!" Then Jen laughs hysterically to herself. "I couldn't help it, mom. He was so hot! Just like dad. You can't yell at me, mom, because you did the same thing! You did it with dad when you were eighteen because you had uncontrollable hots for him!"

The thirty-five years old woman stands there sternly, utterly stunned watching her daughter speak and laugh of teenage pregnancy as a sort of a joke or a prestigious achievement. She opens her mouth to yell at the teen, but Jen silenced her mother:

"You know, I've been thinking, alone in my room," Jen boldly tells her, "I've been blaming myself for weeks now. I said to myself, 'it's all my fault, what am I going to do now.' But you know what, it's not completely my fault. If you mom, weren't such a slut yourself, I would not have turned out like you. What I'm trying to say is that, my

Seung Cho
12484
Exercise #2

She reluctantly shuffled her feet into the enormous living room where her mother slouched on the couch flipping through her daughter's Seventeen magazine and crunching down on potato chips, low fat.

"Hey mom..."

"Yes dear," she responded after a gulp of ice tea.

"Uh...never mind."

"What is it? Something you want to tell me?" The mother lifted her droopy eyes off of the magazine and peered at her daughter. After a few moments of study, she laid the magazine, pages down, on the coffee table. She stuffed her mouth with one more chip, sat up, dusted her silk pajamas, and turned her body towards the girl.

"Yes...well, I just wanted to tell you, uh," she fretted, looking around the living room while twittling with her fingers, "that uh, I like what you did with the room. Oh. Are those new curtains? Very eloquent."

"Huh?" The mother replied while shooting a look of daze and concern. "You know I don't clean or redecorate. None of us have done anything with the place for five years. You know that."

"Oh. Really. Yea. Well, anyway I have to go to school now."

"You're speaking nonsense. It's eight at night. What is wrong with you!"

Before the seventeen year old could flee, her mother bolted to her and grasped her wrist. "Are you feeling okay?" She laid her hand on the girl's forehead "Are you drunk?" She sniffed at the girls lips. "Do you do drugs?" She lifted the girl's eyelids and examined them. "Are you pregnant...Are you..."

Right then and there the girl gasped and her hand uncontrollably flew to her mouth.

The mother shouted, "WHAT! YOU'RE PREGANT?"

"How did you...Uh mom. You hear that? The dog is calling me. I gotta go." She tried to pull away but the mother refused to let go.

"Tell me Daphne. Are you PRENATE? or not?"

"Oh, oh, okaaaayy. It's true. I am pregnant. But just a little. Please don't get mad mom."

"Just a little pregnant? Is this a joke to you? What is *wrong* with you, Daphne. Did I raise you like this? Did I raise you to be a ..." The mother abruptly stopped speaking and tried to summon up the right word. But instead Daphne filled the slit of empty gap instead:

"I know mom. I am a SLUT. I'm sorry. You asked me if you raised me this way a minute ago... Uh, but didn't you say you had me when you were eighteen and that you had to drop out six months before graduation? But hey, look on the bright side, I beat you by a full year!" Then Daphne laughed hysterically to herself.

The thirty-five years old woman stood there sternly, utterly stunned watching her daughter speak and laugh of teenage pregnancy as a sort of a joke or a prestigious achievement and a sense of attempt to transfer blame. She opened her mouth to yell at the teen, but the teen silenced her mother:

"You know, I've been thinking, alone in my room," Daphne tells her untimidly. I've been blaming myself for weeks now. I said to myself, 'it's all my fault, what am I going to do now.' But you know what, it's not completely my fault. If you mom, weren't such a slut yourself, I would not have turned out like you. What I'm trying to say is that, my pregnancy is entirely your fault! I inherited the slut genes from you! Like mother like daughter! If I hadn't possessed your traits, I would never have gotten pregnant! How can you do this to me mom! All your fault..."

Seung Cho
Sept 20, 2006
Story 1

Roald Dahl
Matilda

"Exhibit D"

Oct 26
Due Date

meet
at 2pm Oct 30

good
beginning
conflict

"I don't like baloney," she whines to herself. "Baloney are what they give us for lunch every single day, these cheap low-grade pink things." Suzie opens the sandwich,

peels the meat off, and holds the flimsy meat in the air. "I'm simply sick and tired of it.

No more baloney for me. I hate baloney!" She lays it on the table. With her fist closed tight, she hammers the round piece of meat, compressing and separating it into pieces.

Pink juices squirt and spray in her eyes. "Ow." She rubs her eyes with the back of her hands. Pounding her fist on the meat even harder, she sobs and yells loudly, "I hate

baloney, I HATE BALONEYS! Hmmm..." When she ceases crying and looks up, there

are expressionless faces of children in the cafeteria staring at her. A few minutes of silence ensues. There is a tap on Suzie's shoulder. She looks up.

"You better come with me, young lady," a cafeteria personnel says. "Gather your things."

Suzie looks up at her with her pink eyes, puts her lunch on the tray, and follows her. As they head for the door, the children stare at Suzie with peculiar and dazed faces. She notices their expressions and hangs her head low.

"This is the third time you made a scene in the cafeteria this week. I have no choice but to send you to the principle's office," the woman tells Suzie outside the cafeteria.

Suzie hangs her head again and pouts her lips.

"This way."

Outside the principle's door, Suzie waits while the woman whispers something to the principle.

"Come on in and have a seat," the forty-year-old woman says as the cafeteria personnel leaves.

Suzie hops onto a cushioned chair and places the tray on her lap.

"What happened, ummm..." *who is speaking?*

"Suzie," she whispers.

"Yes. Tell me what happened in the cafeteria, Suzie."

Suzie lays her eye *[looks at]* on the sandwich, but doesn't say anything.

"Something about your lunch? Sandwich? Baloney?"

Suddenly, a frown appears on Suzie's face and she pounds the sandwich, yelling,

"I just don't like baloneys!"

As an instinctive reaction, the principle bellies *[? flop]* on her desk, reaches and grabs the tray, and yanks it away from Suzie. She gently places it on the corner furthest away from her.

(She still has the lunch tray? Hard to visualize this.)
"I'm sorry, Mrs. Johnson," Suzie cries. "I just can't help it. They always serve the same old thing in the cafeteria. I always get sick when I eat those stupid baloney sandwich!"

"Is that why you're so angry?"

"When I take a bite of it and realize that it's a baloney again, I get mad and want to hurt the sandwich."

"Oh." The principle responds and stares at her desk and tries to repress a ~~laugh~~ *laugh*.
She doesn't know what to say. "You want to *hurt* the sandwich? As in kill?"

"I just wanna smush it into tiny pieces like this." She goes for the tray, but Mrs. Johnson quickly moves it under her desk.

"Hold it, Suzie. Sit back down."

"Okay. I'm sorry, Mrs. Johnson."

"It makes you sick? Do you throw up?"

"When it goes in my mouth and I start to chew, I get this bad taste of the baloney and I spit it out."

"So you don't eat it?"

"How can I?"

"But you never threw up or got a stomachache?"

"No."

"Okay. What is it about it that you hate?"

"Everything. It makes me sad that they only serve the baloney, and it makes me mad that I have to eat. It's so sad."

The bell rings signifying that the lunch period has ended. She shifts in her chair, but the principle tells her she'll give her a pass.

"Can you bring your lunch from home, Suzie? Is that a possibility?"

"That's even worse. The baloney my stepmom packs is yuckier. My stepmom hates me. She always packs cheap baloney sandwich in my lunch box."

The principle has her chin resting on her knuckles, stumped what to do. Then she covers her mouth, physically suppressing an explosion of laughter.

"It's okay, Mrs. Johnson. I can pack my own lunch or something," she responds after perceiving that this aging woman can do absolutely nothing to solve her problem, just mock her. "I think I should go now. It's reading time."

The principle asks if doesn't want to talk some more which Suzie says reassures it isn't necessary. After receiving a pass, Suzie exits.

Suzie heads for her class. As she nears the door, she gets a feeling that the kids will stare at her and call her the baloney girl the way they have past few days. So, before anyone can catch her, she runs out the back exit. She wonders where she should go. She decides to go to the grocery store.

In a large grocery store, she roams around the aisles looking at different items. Now and again when she finds something she likes such as candies, she rips it open and stuffs them in her mouth. In thirty minutes, she has eaten a chocolate cake, cookies, chips, and ice cream which fill up her stomach fully. She is especially satisfied since she didn't have much of lunch. At the end of one aisle, she reaches the meat section. She sees a pack of baloneys.

"Ewww. Baloneys. Nooo!" Instinctively, she rips open packs after packs of it with her teeth and throws them on the floor. Ten packs later, she stomps on the pile of baloney meats like jumping on a trampoline.

From one side of the store she hears a voice yelling, "Hey, stop!" She sees a man in green running towards her. Suzie, who is three-foot-tall gasps and runs to towards the other end zigzagging and zooming between peoples legs like a race car. Once she is outside, she sprints to her the farm she lives in. After running two miles nonstop, she is home. First, she goes into the barn to catch her breath. She peeks out a crack and to her

relief
alleviation no one is there. The cows moo in the barn. She goes to them and seeing that they need milking, she gets a canister and spends twenty minutes milking the cows. Then she goes inside. Her stepmother is watching daytime soap opera.

Details?
Setting?
Sensory details?
Setting?

"What are you doing home this early?" she roars.

Setting
"I got in trou—"

Before she can finish, the stepmother yells, "Did you milk the cows?"

Suzie responds yes.

"Did you feed the animals?"

She languidly shakes her head no.

"Then get to work!" the stepmother yells. "When you're done go to the machine room and get to work. No play, no dinner, no sleep until you do fifty pounds! Get out of here!" As her stepdaughter heads out, she turns up the volume of the TV.

weight lifting?

Out in the back, she feeds the turkeys and the pigs. When she is done, she heads into the machine room. She opens the refrigerator, takes out many pounds of turkey, pork, and beef she can manage and dumps it into an enormous grinder. She turns on the button. She covers her ears with her palms. Ten minutes later the meats are a large blob. She pushes the button to swivel the gigantic bowl in order to move the meat into the mixer but gets stuck. So she has to push it to help get unstuck. After the meat goes into the mixer, she drains out the blood into a container and discards it; then she pours flavoring into the meat. The mixed meat flows on into a large square machine where it is molded into a long cylinder shape. When it comes out and pushed onto the conveyer belt, the meat undergoes chopping and packaging. Ah ha! No wonder she doesn't like bacon

Seung Cho
10/25/06
Story 2

The added cuts keep "transitions"
but still require a lot of paging "Exhibit
back + forth. You might be able to
convey the time shifts differently so
Man-Bitches They're less jarringly,
This is no problem
Cruelty

Sept. 25, 1995

The bell screeches, the sirens yell, and the chiming sound of coins pervades throughout the casino. People look towards at the machine making commotions. Ax has won the lottery.

"You won? You won, Ax! You won!" Jen exclaims.

There is a stoned and dazed look on his face. "I won?" He gasps and a wide smile appears on his face. "Ah!"

A crowd of people gather around Ax and Jen. There are shuffling murmurs, and a few people pat him on the shoulder and say, "Wow. Ten thousand dollars. Good job, man. You're gonna share with us, right?"

"Yeah right. He gonna share it with me only." Grabbing Ax's face, she stamps a warm kiss on his lips and gently rubs the black patch beneath his eyes. He pulls away.

"Let get the money and run before someone steals it or something." He takes the ticket from the slot and makes way to the service desk. At the desk, the man gives him papers to sign and asks him for his ID. He doesn't have a valid ID so he offers to give the guy five hundred dollars. He takes it.

"That's a nice jacket," a man tells Ax about the torn leather jacket.

Another says, "Can I buy you a drink?"

"God damn it Ax, three hundred. I bust my ass to give you a lavish home and enormous allowance and this is what you do with my hard earned money. Do you know how hard it is to be laying bricks ten hours a day?"

"I was gonna say I used my own money," Ax whimpers quickly, shoulders hunched. And even quieter, he adds, "Besides, you only give me a dollar a week and this one and a half bedroom apartment isn't exactly what one would call lavish."

His father's eyes grow red and his stature expands. "You fucking son of a bitch! You're just like your mother. Unappreciative, ungrateful, coke-snorting fuck bitch your mother was! Now you act just like her!"

Ax's fingers turn into a hard fist and his teeth clench, and with furrowed brows full of anger, he looks up at his dad who is a neck taller than him. "Don't talk about her like that!"

"What the fuck!" The father punches his son that sends him crashing into the bookcase and on the floor. He finds himself corners of pages of a book in his mouth and sees an ant crawling in front of his eyes. "You think you can do better out there on your own. I provide you a roof over your head and food on the table and this is the respect you give me! Then get out. Get out of my house, you ungrateful piece of shit!"

After throwing a pillow from the bed and books from the bookcase at his son, the father stomps into his master bedroom and with the bag of cocaine in his hand and slams the door shut.

Slowly and painfully, Ax manages to haul himself on the bed. Soon, he places the books back on the shelf and returns the pillow on the bed. Carefully rubbing below his eye with the tip of his fingers, he takes a cursory look around his undersized room. The

"Whoa Ax. You've come a long way man. You used to drink cough syrup and allergy med for shit! Now you're buying in pounds. Must be getting pretty good at the 'cino," the prominent drug dealer says.

After a few more chats, he hands over ten thousand dollars and places the two packs of cocaine in his jacket pocket.

Back out on the streets, Ax and Jen find the Ritz-Carlton and get the most expensive room. Expensive furniture fills the hotel room with Italian leather couch, bright French lamps, and a large bed with a white mink fur blanket. Jen jumps on it and caresses the soft fur.

"Come on. Let's snort some coke. I've never done expensive coke before."

Ax slashes the pack with a switchblade and lays some on the nightstand table. He splits the blob of the powder into rows. With a rolled hundred dollar bill, he places one end up his nostril and the other end on a row of the drug. He snorts the row.

"Oh god!" he pushes on the side of the nostril that he snorted with. "It's so pure and so good that it hurts! Oh shit, that's so good," he cries. With his palm stuffed against his nostril, he swoons back and forth.

Hopping up from the bed, she moves to the table and quickly does a row. A half a second later, she scrunches up her face, winces, and rolls herself in the fur blanket. Ax looks at her.

"What are you supposed to be? A sushi?" He jumps on her and unrolls her. He trembles his arms and hands and rubs his forehead on her long straight hair and moans unable to control himself. He starts to chew on her hair which she soon realizes.

"Fuck you, dad! You and your fucking prostitute!" He takes a hard swing at his dad, but his Jim effortlessly catches the fist with his left hand and twists it.

"Is this how you treat your father? Is this how you talk to your father?" he roars as he backs Ax into the corner. "Shut the door, Candy, and turn on the TV."

"Okay Jim," the woman obeys.

In the corner of the kitchen, the man takes off his belt and whips it across his son's face.

"Fuck you, dad! Fuck you, dad!" he taunts.

"Is this how you talk to your father who raised you, you son of a bitch? I'm trying to teach you discipline, *son*."

With the leather belt around Ax's neck, he slowly tightens and smacks his face. Ax's face turns red, and the veins around his neck engorge. "Is this what it takes for me to treat me with respect you little fucking turd! Fuck you!" He hawks and spit a big blob on his son's face, then he releases the tension on the belt and lays him on his side, pushing his head with the bottom of his cowboy boots. "Until you turn eighteen and get the hell outta here, you're mine! I have the legal right to discipline you even if I need to fuck you when you're under my roof!" He spits again and barges out with the prostitute and the drugs.

Ax slowly sits up from on the cold floor and stares aimlessly out the window and sighs, wondering how much more he can take. Slowly getting up, he heads outside, gets on his beat-up bicycle, and peddles with no destination in mind. The evening slowly turns to dark, and cars driving along the narrow road cover with leaves honk at him. Soon, he finds himself at the graveyard where his mother was buried. Leaning against the

Sept. 10, 1995

Monday morning, first period class of Mr. Jackson's tenth-grade history class at a small high school in New York City. Ax and Jen are snoozing.

"Manson! The answer please."

"What?" he slurs and rubs his eyes.

"Answer to number three... What, you high again last night with your prostitute or something?"

The class laughs at him. "His prostitute is sitting right next to him," someone says.

Jen frowns.

"Get up to the board," the teacher orders.

"But I don't know the answer."

"Want me to give you a detention?"

Ax stands in front of the class. "That's a nice jacket you got on there, Manson," Mr. Jackson comments. A student yells out, "where'd you get that, the dumpster?" Another asks, "when was the last time you washed your hair, buddy?" Another asks, "how many pounds of coke do you do a day, you crackhead?" The whole class laughs at him. Standing in front of him, Mr. Jackson pulls Ax's eyelids up and looks carefully into them and smells Ax. The teacher laughs at him.

"Don't touch me, man," Ax roars.

Wanting to get away from the volatile situation, Ax want to run back to his hotel room, but Jen holds his hand and waits for the wicked adults to come to tell them to stop harassing Ax.

"Guess what? Ax doesn't need you guys anymore. He won the jackpot. Ten thousand dollars!"

"That's right," Ax speaks boldly with Jen holding his hand on the sidewalk. "I'm dropping out of school, Tom, and I'm moving out of the apartment, Jim. I don't need all the shit anymore. So you guys can fuck off!"

The two men stare at Ax for a moment. "Ten thousand dollars," they whisper. The wicked look on their faces suddenly turn into a sycophantic smiles.

"You know, Ax, my lovely dovey son, all the beatings I gave was for your own good. You know how much it hurt me to beat you like that. It hurt me more than it hurt you. You wait until you have your own kids, Ax, then you'll understand. Physical pain goes away in a few days, but emotional pain which I got from hurting my own child is far greater. I did it for you, son."

"I think your father is exactly right, Ax, my lovely student. Why don't we go back in the club and have drink. On me. I buy you some top notch lap dances. How about it, Ax?"

With his eyes open in disbelief, Ax yells, "You two-faced duplicitous motherfuckers! Fuck you. All the shit you've given me. Fuck you, teacher. Fuck you, dad! You see this?" He holds the ten thousand dollar check in the air. You want a piece of the pie, you bitches? You're getting none! Absolutely none!

I added physical descriptions and sensory details where they were needed like at the casino. I added dates to beginning of each paragraph because it was confusing. The story goes back and forth between present and flashbacks, so to be able to keep track I added dates. There were no transitions between paragraphs because they flashbacks and coming out of them. I gave Jen's character a purpose which was that she just used Ax.

"Exhibit F"

Seung Cho
10/25/06
Story 2

Man-Bitches

The bell screeches, the sirens yell, and the chiming sound of coins pervades throughout the casino. People look towards at the machine making commotions. Ax Manson has won the lottery.

"You won? You won, Ax! You won!" Jen exclaims.

There is a stoned and dazed look on his face. "I won?" He gasps and a wide smile appears on his face. "Ah!"

A crowd of people gather around Ax and Jen. There are shuffling murmurs, and a few people pat him on the shoulder and say, "Wow. Ten million dollars. Good job, man. You're gonna share with us, right?"

"Yea right. He gonna share it with me only. His super-hot girlfriend!" Grabbing Ax's face, she stamps a warm kiss on his lips and gently rubs the black patch beneath his eyes. He pulls away.

"Let get the money and before someone steals it or something." He takes the ticket from the slot and makes way to the service desk. At the desk, they give him papers to sign and give him the check. He and Jen leave the casino to get away from all the sycophantic people fawning up to him because they used to frown at him at his black eye, torn leather jacket, faded jeans, but now they smile at him.

Ax takes a deep breath walking down the neon-lighted and clattering streets of the midnight hour. In the middle of the sidewalk, he suddenly stops and stares out

what does she/he smell like? You can't tell me you touch smell. You can't tell me you touch smell.

catatonically. Mixture of bliss, shock, and disbelief fills his heart and is almost paralyzed by it. His lips are apart and his face is pasty.

"Hello?" Jen laughs waving her hand in front of his face. "Let's go. What are you doing? Come on. Now that you're rich, take me to a Ritz-Carlton hotel where we can stay the night."

"Huh? Oh. Okay," he responds after a delay, still a bit bemused.

"But before we do that, let's go get some high quality snow. Maybe some H? You got ten grand in cash you won earlier." *What does she look like? More characterization, please.* Jen smacks Ax's chest. "Come on! Get over it. You're a millionaire now, damn it! You can do anything and everything you want now."

"Oh." Ax smiles at her. "Snow. Yeah." He finally shakes himself out of the *good +* trance. But he says the word *snow* again.

Where are we?
"Damn it Ax, what the hell is this! Cocaine! I told you I'll turn you over to the cops if I find catch you with this shit!" Ax's father slaps him on the back of the head. "How much was this? Damn it, how much?" Holding the bag in one hand in the air, the tall and heavy forty-five year old father hits his son again, but this time harder.

"Three hundred but—"

"God damn it Ax, three hundred. I bust my ass to give you a lavish home and enormous allowance and this is what you do with my hard earned money. Do you know how hard it is to be laying bricks ten hours a day?"

"I was gonna say I used my own money," Ax whimpers quickly, shoulders hunched. And even quieter, he adds, "Besides, you only give me a dollar a week and this one and a half bedroom apartment isn't exactly what one would call lavish." *he sounds intellectual here - do more, perhaps, to let us know how smart he is*

His father's eyes grow red and his stature expands. "You fucking son of a bitch! You're just like your mother. Unappreciative, ungrateful, coke-snorting fuck bitch your mother was! Now you act just like her!"

Ax's fingers turn into a hard fist and his teeth clench, and with furrowed brows full of anger, he looks up at his dad, *what is the difference in height? Don't tell me in numbers show me as Ax would feel it.* who is six foot four. "Don't talk about her like that!" *how does he know? Tell me how it feels from his pov*

"What the fuck!" The father punches his son that sends him crashing into the bookcase and on the floor. *He is nearly knocked out.* "You think you can do better out there on your own. I provide you a roof over your head and food on the table and this is the respect you give me! Then get out. Get out of my house, you ungrateful piece of shit!"

After throwing a pillow from the bed and books from the bookcase at his son splayed on the floor, the father stomps into his master bedroom and with the bag of cocaine in his hand and slams the door shut.

Slowly and painfully, Ax manages to haul himself on the bed. Soon, he places the books back on the shelf and returns the pillow on the bed. Carefully rubbing below his eye with the tip of his fingers, he takes a cursory look around his undersized room. The walls are stained with rain leaks, *the walls are grubby with smudges and rips,* and the with the small bed, desk, and bookcase there are barely extra room left. Sitting on the edge of his bed emotionally and physically hurt, Ax thinks about his mother who died five year ago when he was twelve. She succumbed to the evils of drugs *when she could*

die

not handle the excessive abuse at the hands of her husband. One day she found a bag of cocaine laying on the escort service page of open phone book. As days went by she found more drugs in the room—heroin under the bed, ecstasy and valium in the Advil bottle in the cabinet. Well knowing that her husband was with his call girls when out, the beating she'll take when he is in, and no one else to turn to, she eventually overdosed.

Ax slowly falls asleep.

) scene?
how old was he
how did he
find out?

details of setting
They stride slowly through the streets of New York City looking for dealers he befriended over past few years. There is a familiar face in the crowd at the entrance of a night club.

"Hey Ax. What's up." *who is this? might we see him?*

"What's up, Duff." They exchange a shake and head into the club.

In a private room, Ax says, "I got some major dough. Give me two pounds of your best."

"Whoa Ax. You've come a long way man. You used to scrap on toilet seats for shit now you're buying in pounds. Must be getting pretty good at the 'cino.'

After a few more chats, he hands over ten thousand dollars and places the two packs of cocaine in his jacket pocket.

Ax + Duff?

Back out on the streets, *they* find the Ritz-Carlton and get the most expensive room. Expensive furniture fills the hotel room with Italian leather couch, bright French lamps, and a large bed with a white mink fur blanket. Jen jumps on it and caresses the soft fur.

Where'd she come from? I need to see her arrive - or else you can use o going out to a new place a new person in 5(1)

"Come on. Let's snore some coke. I've never done expensive coke before."

Ax slashes the pack with a switchblade and lays some on the nightstand table. He splits the blob of the powder into rows. With a rolled hundred dollar bill, he places one end up his nostril and the other end on a row of the drug. He snorts the row.

"Oh god!" he pushes on the side of the nostril that he snorted with. "It's so pure and so good that it hurts! Oh shit, that's so good," he cries.

Hopping up from the bed, she moves to the table and quickly does a row. A half a second later, she scrunches up her face, winces, and rolls herself in the fur blanket. Ax looks at her.

"What are you supposed to be? A sushi?" He jumps on her and unrolls her. Being extremely high, he rubs his forehead on her long straight hair and moans. He starts to chew on her hair which she soon realizes.

"Hey. Stop that." She gently pushes him away. "Chew on the blanket or something."

Minutes after the effect wears out, they go for some more. When he is about to inhale another row, he reveries. ?

this is not normally used as a verb
• "reverie" is a noun

so this work?
or a glass work?

After a long day at school and work, Ax throws open the door of the apartment where he sees his dad and a woman shuffling covering themselves up and the drugs.
in what way? Are they shuffling papers? drugs?

"What the—"

are they
naked?

l Why?

"Get the hell outta here, Ax!"

I'm
not
guilty

) good - for
use dialogue
to convey
feelings -
but you
could also
use several
details to
give us
a sense
of how
high

In disbelief, he is about to close the door and go hang out by the dumpster, but he catches a glimpse of the rainbow colored bag and syringe. "Hey, isn't that my needle. That's mine. Those are my drugs! I just got that yesterday."

"Shut the fuck up and get out of my apartment!"

He usually yields but this time he decides to stand up to his father. "No dad, I won't shut up. You search my room and yell at me when you find drugs. But what about you? You take my drugs that I work hard to buy and you do it yourself, you fucking hypocrite. Some father you are!"

"Fuck you, Ax!" He strides to him and slaps him with a thud. "How dare you talk to your father like that you little fucker! I'm trying to avoid the same fate as your bitchy mother! You got the genes of that cocksucking whore—"

"Fuck you, dad! You and your fucking prostitute!" He takes a hard swing at his dad, but his Jim effortlessly catches the fist with his left hand and twists it.

"Is this how you treat ~~to~~ your father, Is this how you talk to your father?" he roars as he backs Ax into the corner. "Shut the door, Candy, and turn on the TV." "Okay Jim," the woman obeys. In the corner of the kitchen, the man takes off his belt and whips it across his son's face. "Fuck you, dad? Fuck you, dad?" he taunts. Is this how you talk to your father who raised you, you son of a bitch? I'm trying to teach you discipline, son."

With the leather belt around Ax's neck, he slowly tightens and smacks his face. "Is this what it takes for me to treat me with respect you little fucking turd! Fuck you!" He hawks and spit a big blob on his son's face, And before he passes out, he releases the tension on the belt and lays him on his side by pushing his head with the bottom of his cowboy boots. "Until you turn eighteen and get the hell outta here, you're mine! I have the legal

When this?
Before or
After the scene
Where does
the beat begin?

Vivid
+
horrible

right to discipline you even if I need to fuck you when you're under my roof!" He spits again and barges out with the prostitute and the drugs.

Ax slowly sits up from on the cold floor and stares aimlessly out the window and sighs, wondering how much more he can take. Slowly getting up, he heads outside, gets on his beat up bicycle, and peddles with no destination in mind. Soon, he finds himself at the graveyard where his mother was buried. Leaning against the tombstone, he lights up a joint of marijuana and slowly smokes it to relax and escape from the reality.

Interesting
+ heart -
rendering
responsible
really has
nowhere + of
for comfort

Where are we now? Back in the world room?

"Hey? What are you doing? You okay?" Jen asks staring at him with a concerned look.

"Yea." He shakes his head and snorts a dose of cocaine. He snorts some more,
then moans in pleasure and pain. Jen does the same.

After a few minutes, they decide to rent a car and go for a drive to get some fresh air. Driving a Mercedes convertible down the street, they feel the feathery wind blowing by them. Pulling over at the nightclub where his friends work, they go inside, sit at the bar, and order vodka. Looking around there are stripper all around and aging males. In the crowd, there is a familiar face—His teacher. "Oh shit." Ax covers his face.

good sensory
detail
setting?
what else do
they see?

"What? You have that many enemies Ax?" Jen quips.

"Teacher," he whispers. "Teacher, right there."

Jen gasps and also covers her face. "What is he doing?"

The forty-five year old teacher slips a hundred dollar bills in the stripper lingerie.
show his age -
by appearance,
not numbers.
What is Ax's relationship
to her? Can you
say more?

"I wish I had a camera right now. I would love to bust his ass," she whispers.

gives us the setting -
Monday morning, first period class. Ax and Jen are snoozing. *in class? Where are they?*

"Manson! The answer please."

"What?" he slurs and rubs his eyes.

"Answer to number three... What, you high again last night with your prostitute or something?"

The class laughs at him. "His prostitute is sitting right next to him," someone says.

Jen frowns.

"Get up to the board," the teacher orders.

"But I don't know the answer."

"Want me to give you a detention?"

Ax stands in front of the class. "That's a nice jacket you got on there, Manson,"

Mr. Jackson comments. A student yells out, "where'd you get that, the dumpster?"

Another asks, "when was the last time you washed your hair, buddy?" Another asks, "how many pounds of coke do you do a day, you crackhead?" The whole class laughs at him. Standing in front of him, Mr. Jackson pulls Ax's eyelids up and looks carefully into them and smells Ax. The teacher laughs at him.

"Don't touch me, man," Ax roars.

"What are you gonna do? Cut me with your switchblade?" He shakes his head.

Ax runs out.

student Now where are we? Jen?

→ Mr. Jackson recognizes Ax by his clothes and approaches him. "Hey Ax, what are you doing here?" He rests his hand on Ax's shoulder. "Does your whore work here?" he asks looking at Jen.

"Fuck you, Jackson."

"Ooooh. Little hostile there, Manson. You know, I can have you kicked out of here since your ^{le} underaged."

Let's get outta here, Jen." Ax and Jen start to leave, but they run into a large man. They look up and it is Ax's dad. "Oh shit." They run around him and head out the door, but they hear, "Hey Jim..." "Hey Tom." Ax and Jen stop to turn and look. Ax's father and teacher are embracing each other.

"Your son, is he still doing drug?"

"Yea. That little turd. I just can't discipline him."

Ax and Jen run out, but Jim and Tom follow them out.

"Hey Ax, wait up there. Don't you wanna socialize with your father and teacher?" - Who is speaking?

Wanting to get away from the volatile situation, Ax wants to run back to his hotel room, but Jen holds his hand and waits for the wicked adults to come.

"Guess what, Ax doesn't need you guys anymore. He won the jackpot. Ten million dollars!" Not too smart, eh?

"That's right," Ax speaks boldly with Jen holding his hand. "I'm dropping out of school, Tom, and I'm moving out of the apartment, Jim. I don't need all the shit anymore. So you guys can fuck off!"

The two men stare at Ax for a moment. "Ten million dollars," they whisper. The wicked look on their faces suddenly turn into a sycophantic smile.

Where are they?

) how does he feel when he feels this? What are his perceptions? His mental/physical state?

"You know, Ax, my lovely dovely son, all the beatings I gave was for your own good. You know how much it hurt me to beat you like that. It hurt me more than it hurt you. You wait until you have your own kids, Ax, then you'll understand. Physical pains goes away in a few days, but emotional pain which was a backlash of me hurting you is

infinitely greater." *Sounds like he's saying: The pain I inflicted on you in an emotional way will continue. Why is he saying this?*

"I think you're father is exactly right, Ax, my lovely student. Why don't we go back in the club and have drink. On me. I buy you some top notch lap dances. How about it, Ax?" *He wants Ax to cooperate*

With his eyes open in disbelief, Ax yells, "You two-faced duplicitous motherfuckers! Fuck you. All the shit you've given me. Fuck you, teacher. Fuck you, dad! You see this?" He holds the ten million dollar check in the air. You want a piece of the pie, you bitches? You're getting none! Absolutely none!

Walking like two gay men, they slowly come near Ax. "But come on Ax," Mr. Johnson says seductively like a prostitute. "Hum, Ax. That's a nice name. You know what an axe turned on its side looks like? A big dick! Which is I'm sure what you have. No wonder you have such a hot girlfriend."

Jen standing next to him, bursts into laughter. *- some girlfriend!
I need to know more about what motivates her*
"What the fuck..." Ax mumbles.

"Ooo. Can I see the ticket," he father asks and takes it. He looks at it and he is confirmed that it is a ten million dollar check. Quickly, his father lunges his hand in his son's jacket pocket and takes out the switchblade. He press the button opening it, and with a swift swing slices Ax's throat. Jim and Tom run into the darkness and precariousness of the night.

← →
comments on back

Seung Cho
11/4/06
Story 3

Interesting + add notes -
Names some referents +
especially those referring to me & my
life + culture + growing up in developing
Asia - but sometimes it's hard to believe from children.
Octopus is hard to believe from children.
Moe - coming "Exhibit G"

"What do you wanna do now, Moe?"

"I don't know? What do you wanna do?"

"Let's go try to catch an octopus and play with it."

"Okay, Mary. Let's go."

Moe and Mary, holding hands, skipped to the dock past the titanic mansions flanking the field of green grass with summer wind blowing against their faces. There were rows of large, luxurious yachts aligned neatly on either side of the dock, and they slowly walked by them, admiring the flashy ships. At the end of the dock, a small row boat was nearly hidden by the massive double deck, sport cruiser. They untied the rope and jumped in the row boat. Mary and Moe sat side-by-side each rowing a paddle.

"Let's go all the way down there beyond the buoy this time," Mary said.

"Okay."

They started to row faster, and continued to talk. The cool water danced and splashed into the boat onto their tattered shirts and dungarees and faces giving them tingly sensation. The smell of salt made them feel hungry.

"When we get to the deep waters, there'll be lots and lots of octopuses. We can pick one out that you like and we can play with its long squiggly legs," Moe said.

"What if we can't find any? There are less and less octopuses as the days go by. I don't know if there'll be any."

"Oh. Not even a squid. Not even a sea horse. Where have all you sea creatures gone?"

"Nothing. Absolutely nothing... What do you wanna do now, Moe?"

"I'm not sure. There's nothing to do out here if there aren't any octopuses."

The two children sat and scanned their surroundings for possible activities. A ship appeared in the horizon, headed toward Moe and Mary. When the ship neared, a man and a woman waved at the children and asked them if they wanted to come onboard. Moe and Mary, decided, have had nothing to do, so they tie the row boat in the back of the ship and climb onboard. They noticed that the named of the yacht was Octopus as printed in big letters on the side and back of the yacht.

The adults were a thirty-year-old couple who loved kids and were trying to conceive children. They didn't work because the woman's family was so immensely rich that they gave the two lots of money. So they spent all their time traveling meeting children so they can learn about kids in order to become good parents when they have kids of their own.

"How are you kids?"

"Not too good," Moe responded.

"We were trying to find some octopus to play with, but we couldn't find any. Too bad."

The blonde woman wearing pink lipsticks, sparkly earrings, and a summer dress smiled. "Octopus? Really. We love octopuses too! What a coincidence!"

"Come on into the kitchen, kids," the man dressed in polo shirt and khaki shorts said.

"Let's sit down and eat," said the woman and led everyone to the upper deck patio table where they got a good view of the horizon. The adults left the box in front of the two children, and they started to eat.

"I'm Joey and this is my wife, Ann."

"Hi," Ann said. Joey and Ann smiled at them. She had bleached alabaster-white teeth, curly and bouncy hair, and was pretty. Joey had side-combed hair, and was good-looking.

"Octopus," Mary said staring at Ann.

"Octopus," Moe repeated staring at Joey. The two kids stopped eating and the expression on their faces turned morose.

"Oh, we can explain. We have never eaten octopuses. We were fishing and it caught in our hook. We didn't know what we should do with it so we decided to cook it to see what it tastes like."

"Are you gonna eat it?" Moe asked.

"No. Of course not," assured Ann.

"Oh. That's good," whispered Mary.

"Can we play with it? It may be dead, but at least we can play with it."

Joey and Ann agreed. Back in the kitchen they surround the table with and stared at it for a few minutes. The octopus was still intact. It laid lifeless on the large silver plate with gold rim around it. The kids moved their heads right on top of it and sniffed it. Then, with their index finger pointed straight out, they slowly reach in but at the last second, they pull back.

"Eww. A dead octopus," Mary squealed.

"He's a Popozao," Ann whispers to the kids and chuckles. "You kids can travel with us any time if you'd like. We got everything money can buy. Do you guys like operas?"

"Do you catch octopus?" Mary inquired.

Joey came down with a box of cookies. Ann look at him. "Sure. We can do that."

"Do you want to try now?" Joey asked them.

The faces of Moe and Mary brightened, but transformed into a quizzical look. They become suspicious of the intentions of these nice people. "Wait a minute. Why are you guys so nice to us? Are you guys one of those rich people who are so rich that they go around looking for poor kids to buy like Angelina Jolie? Are you guys trying to adopt us?" Moe asked.

"Oh no. We just like kids, that's all. You see, we want kids of our own."

"Okay. But you're not Mark Foley or John Mark Karr, are you?"

The adults gave a laugh of absurdity at the question. "Of course not!"
"Okay, then. Just making sure you guys weren't weirdos from somewhere. Let's catch an octopus then."

"Trust us. We're gonna have kids of our own. We spent ten grands on fertility doctors. We bought a five hundred dollar bottle of French wine to celebrate when I get pregnant," Ann reassured them.

"You guys really are ~~shebs~~^{brats}," Moe commented.

From the storage in the basement, Joey took out the two fishing poles and a fishing net. He pushed a button, and a platform slid out at the tail of the yacht nearly level with the water. Four of them went down the ladder and sat on the platform. Moe and

"Oh my god," she screamed, nearly in tears as the gruesome creature advanced towards them looking at them with golden eyes.

Scared, Moe and Mary hugged each other tight.

With swift jabs, Joey stabbed out its eyes, and poked through other parts of its body. It started to spray black ink out of its mouth.

"Ahhh," they screamed and ran away and around it. Moe and Mary were shocked and shivering by the behavior of wicked creature. From behind it, Joey thrust the rod straight into and through the head of the octopus and killed it.

"You killed it! That bad octopus!" said Moe frowning.

"That damn octopus!" squealed Mary.

Moe and Mary went near it and kicked it because they were angry that it try to attack it.

"Damn you. You try to hurt us, you big octopus!" They kick some more.

"We always play with small octopuses and they're nice to us, but this big old one is a meanie," Moe yelled. "Uf. Take that you old meanie!" He and Mary kicked its head and legs some more. The more they thought about its horrific behavior, they got angrier.

On the floor the black ink that it expelled spread further on the deck. Ann said, "Damn it. That filthy liquid is spreading." With a frown on her face, she got a mop and attempted to wipe the stains clean, but it became apparent that it wasn't working. She too, when up to the octopus and started to kick it. "Look what you did to my boat! Aghh! Damn it!" She kicked it some more.

Joey too kicked the octopus. He couldn't help himself. After a few minutes, they stopped kicking the creature.

Ann took a large bite on its leg and the severed piece squirm wildly in her mouth. She chewed on it ferociously. The rubbery chewiness of it mixed with the raw sea smell and the squirming of it gave her a pleasure to her tongue.

"Mm. The squirming," said Ann and smiled continuing to chew.

"So good," exclaimed Mary.

"Maybe we can open up a octopus restaurant and serve raw octopuses to customers, Joey. And the kids can be the spokespeople of it. People love children. If they see children eating live octopuses like candy, they'll be allured by it. How about it kids. We'll pay you. And all the octopuses you can eat."

These innocent, nature-loving kids were soon corrupted by the snobby adult with way too much money.

"Okay," said Moe and Mary. They took more bite out of the sea creature. "I never knew how yummy octopuses, especially live ones, are."