

“GIRLS”

by Annabelle Irwin

I've decided there are some things in life that a fella has just got to accept, like mothers ... and fathers ... and GIRLS!

Now, of course, there isn't much you can do about mothers and fathers. A fella's just born with them. And, of course, sisters don't really count either, 'cause you're born with them, too, if you're unlucky, like me!

But GIRLS! Just plain girls – the kind that the teacher always surrounds you with in school. The kind that always know the answers to every question the teacher asks.

GIRLS! I just can't understand them, and that's all there is to it.

Now there was this time down in grade school. This girl sat ahead of me. She was all scooped over her desk, studying like mad. It was a beautiful day, the kind of day that only a GIRL could study.

Well, I just happened to have a few loose BB's rolling around in my pocket. I'd just got a new BB-gun for my birthday, and I guess I had forgotten to empty out my pockets the night before. So, just for fun, I took out a couple of those teeny, weeny BB's and dropped them down inside the back of her blouse. YELL? Why, you'd think I'd killed her! Such a racket over two lousy little BB's!

Of course, I spent the rest of the afternoon sitting in the principal's office ... trying to figure out GIRLS.

And the way girls dress! Some of them wear those slinky shifts. You know. And they have to sashay down the hall. And when they see some of their girl friends, they “HOO-hoo!” and wave: “Hi, Marge!” Then they gather around in a little huddle and start whispering and gossiping. “Did you hear about ...” “And he said ...” “You should have been with us last night. Boy! Did we have a blast!” And all that stuff. Gosh!

And did you ever see a girl alone? Never! A girl always has to have a whole herd of other girls tagging after her, like a general or something with a bodyguard. And they gallop down to the drug store for a coke and there they perch themselves up on the counter stool and sit there looking blankly around, sucking on a straw. (Make a face, sucking) I tell you, it's like something straight out of a Dracula nightmare.

And as for anything mechanical, a girl has just about as much brains as an amoeba. Why, a girl can't even empty a pencil sharpener. And as for trying to drive a car. Golly! It's too horrible to even think about.

But you know, I found out one thing about girls, though. If a girl likes you ... really likes you ... she won't talk to you. No sir! But if a girl doesn't care much about you, she'll just act natural and talk to you like anybody else.

Last week a funny thing happened. I haven't quite figured it out yet. There's this girl who sits beside me in algebra class. She's not like the rest of the girls. SHE'S DIFFERENT! She's got the prettiest, softest blond hair that comes down to her shoulders. And her eyes ... well ... they're blue ... as blue as our lake on a hot July day. She's sort of tiny ... and helpless-looking, as if she'd break if she were to try to run a race or climb a tree.

And one day, after algebra class, she just sort of sidled up to me and said, "Gosh, you're smart. How can you get all the answers so fast?" And she MEANT it! She REALLY DID! I could tell. And then she walked down the hall with me to her locker, and she said, "I like a boy that's smart and still isn't a sissy." You know, real confidential like.

Then she turned her head, and her hair spun around her face like a halo. She must have been using some real expensive perfume, 'cause all around it suddenly smelled good. Sort of like our kitchen when Mom's been baking pumpkin pie. Then the bell rang, and I had to go to another class. But do you know, I walked down the hall feeling just like I was 10 feet tall! And I found out that her locker is only three doors down from mine. And her name is "Mary". And she's been in my division of algebra all year, and I never even noticed her before.

I've come to the conclusion that there's girls in this here world, and then there's GIRLS! Mary promised to save me a place in hot lunch line tomorrow noon. And she says she never misses a JV ball game. Sometimes I get to play on the JV team. And she says she tinks most boys are just too uncouth. I'm not too sure what "uncouth" means, but if all the other guys are too Uncouth, I'm sure glad Mary thinks I'm COUTH.

Oh, gosh! There's Mary now. I've gotta go!