



## FOR THE RECORD

I'm not stuck up.  
I'm confident.  
There's a big difference.

If I was stuck up  
I'd be one of those  
"Oh look at me, I'm so pretty"  
girls  
instead of just appreciating the fact that  
my cinnamon skin looks good year-round  
and I can hop in the shower after soccer or lacrosse  
throw on a clean sweatshirt,  
sweep on some mascara,  
let my hair loose from its pony,  
and give any girl  
a serious run for her money.

And while I totally deserve my spot in AP English  
I'm happy to take my proper place  
in Algebra I, suffering alongside the rest of the  
mediocre math heads.

So,  
as far as high school boys go,  
I'm not so floundering in self-esteem issues  
that I need  
someone's arm to hang on or  
someone's jersey number to cheer for  
to be a legitimate person,  
like some people I know.

Man, to listen to Kim and Caroline  
chatter away all summer  
you'd think we've been waiting our whole pathetic lives

just to graduate middle school  
and get to Point Beach High  
so we could date high school boys.

As if high school boys  
hold some kind of magical key  
to who we  
all  
really  
are.



### **POWER PLAY**

It didn't take a genius to see it.  
All the girls at my school  
were always just  
*waiting*.

Waiting  
for some guy to call,  
waiting  
for some guy to say she was  
pretty, or  
nice, or  
smart.

Waiting for some  
*guy*  
to make the first move.

Uh-uh. Not me.  
Why should I sit around and wait?  
It's all about the power.  
Who's got it  
and who doesn't.

If I say who

and I say when  
and I say what  
then *I*  
have it.  
Simple as that.

Let's just leave the rest of the  
love-dovey crap  
out of it,  
okay?



### **CRISS-CROSS**

I'm what you call a Criss-Crosser.  
That's a kid who doesn't belong to any one group in particular,  
but is by no means a loser.  
I've got friends in pretty much all the cliques.  
I criss-cross my way through the school.

I think it's because I'm pretty, but not cheerleader pretty,  
and smart, but not brainiac smart,  
and artsy but not freak-show artsy.  
I play the guitar,  
which people think is pretty cool—as opposed to, I don't know,  
the bassoon or something,  
which they'd probably think was geeky.

And I'm kind of funny, too.  
My Dad likes to say I'm good at  
finding the funny.

Anyway, somehow I get away with being  
a Criss-Crosser.  
And I get the feeling it's a hard thing to get away with in high school,  
even though I've been doing it all four years.