

# Hello? It's Me!

*by Paul de Denus*

The problem with high school reunions is one expects to reacquaint with the actual teenagers they remember from so many years ago; we all act as if nothings changed. Entering the old gymnasium, it was funny to approach some of my former classmates and strangely they had no recollection of me. Some others approached ready for the big Par-taaay! moment and for the life of me, I couldn't remember ever hearing their names before. But I surely did recognize Rayburn Moon; Rayburn and I dated for about five minutes back then. Unfortunately some Euro trash exchange student from Japan waylaid him and our chance at true love was over. Those high school days were pretty rough especially on the dating scene where you had to be one upper right and bubble gum pop ahead of the next girl vying for any boy's attention.

I must say Rayburn did make my heart skip a beat, but it was only for a second and I passed him by with not so much as a sniff. It was he who offered the - *"Dang... Karee? Karee Quebec?"* and I was not going to be rude and ignore him. I turned with my hubby Boxy in a doh-see-doh and said, *"well, it's Mrs. Boxy Hicklebuck now but yes, it is formally me."* I was happy to see I delivered it with such smooth indifference as I could tell by the confusion on his perfect face. He introduced the fresh out of middle school skinny-kneed skank on his arm as "cheetah" something-or-other, followed by the gut-punch announcement — "my beautiful foreign wife." It didn't take but a few seconds for that 'cheetah' thing to get up in my face and the screaming to begin. Punches were landed and security called and unfortunately all that hair pulling ruined my do, so Boxy and I left.

Back home in the comfy-ness of our doublewide I asked Boxy if he thought I still had it. *"That band-aid cross your cheek is a little distracting but all in all, you did good. You ain't lost nothing since our high school days, girl, ain't nothing at all."*

