Runt Of the Litter

by Jerry Ratch

I remember so many things … do you remember who *I am* yet? I attached pictures to jog your memory, including the house on Euclid where I lived.

That's my high school graduation photo. I was wearing my hair short that year, blonde and natural, of course. The other one was two years later. You can tell, maybe, I had put on a little weight. That's me sprawled out on the back of a new 1968 Chevy Impala convertible. I can't recall whose car that was. Or whose driveway either. Was that Louie Weaser's house? Did I go back with him again, after you? Don't remember. That was the beginning of the "fuzzy years," as we called them. Who remembers anything from around then?

Or was it that loser Roger Peabody's house, who lived right down the block from Shel? Maybe it was him! Oh my God, I remember how you hated him, after he hit on your first girlfriend, that Linda girl from Lombard. Boy, did I ever get an earful about her! Bet you didn't know that! Probably from Roger.

Ugh! *What a little runt of the litter!* all of us thought. This was what we said about him, without saying it out loud. (You can't see it, but I'm waving my little finger.) And did he ever hate you!

Do you ever hear from any of our old friends? I hear about them occasionally, because Lynn Raderman (who lived next door to Shel) and I are still friends, and she gives me updates about a lot of people. She keeps trying (unsuccessfully) to get me to go the Willowbrook High reunions ... I just never liked anyone enough at school to want to see them again. Nasty I suppose, but true.

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