

The Coed

Priscilla Thomas

"U^M . . . could I please borrow another cigarette," Felicia asked gingerly.

"Oh . . . sure!" remarked the tall girl to her left as she pushed the bright package across the shiny table top.

"I must owe you a pack by now," Felicia smiled as she spoke, "but day after tomorrow when I get my allowance, you'll be rich . . . I mean \$16.50 worth!"

"Yea," answered the tall girl.

"I don't know what they expect me to exist on . . . \$25.00 every two weeks . . . it's ridiculous. Some weeks I spend that much on things I run out of like soap and hair spray and fingernail polish." She ignored the boy to her right as he held forth a shiny object and lit her cigarette.

"Anyway," she rattled on, "I am just going to call them collect tonight and tell them that I have got to have a little more money!"

"What for now?" asked the tall girl.

"Oh, Jan . . . so I can finish paying you back the \$70.00 I borrowed for my green dress . . . and so I can buy some stuff to go with those three dresses Mother sent out for warm weather . . . they are really darling . . . God knows how she picked them out."

"When did she send . . .," Jan started to ask, but Felicia interrupted.

"My parents are so middle class . . . I don't know how they can be so naive. And I can't even wear that dress until I get those gold pumps in the French Shoppe window."

"I loaned you my pale green linen pumps," Jan remarked casually.

"I know that! But the gold shoes are what the dress needs. You can't just wear any shoes with *that* dress," Felicia added.

"On you," Jan remarked just as casually as before, "any dress with any heels would look good."

Another girl approached the table. "Well, hello, there," Felicia mused, "I thought you were dead."

"No, just busy," the newcomer laughingly answered.

"Well, you and Jan are always so busy . . . you can't even talk to me . . . Anyway, did you ask your mother about if I could stay with you Saturday night, so I don't have one o'clock hours?" she queried.

"Well . . ." the girl's voice dropped.

"Forget it," Felicia snapped, letting her eyes turn away. Then she examined the pack of cigarettes.

"Take it," the tall girl suggested.

"Are you sure you have enough?" Felicia asked.

"Oh, of course," Jan replied.

"Okay." Felicia paused only a moment. "Jan, can I use your car tomorrow for my hair appointment?"

"What time?" Jan asked.

"At 3:30," she answered.

"Well, I have to be downtown at work at 12:30," Jan warned peacefully.

"I know," Felicia continued, "but I could drive you down and then use the car."

"Okay," Jan said, "I'll see you here at 12:00 tomorrow."

"Okay," Felicia remarked as she turned and pushed herself away from the table. Over her shoulder she spoke in a brittle tone as she picked up her books.

"Please do something quick about Saturday night," she spoke bitterly to the newcomer, who had just sat down. "And call me when you get in later . . . Okay? I don't care where I have to sleep, but I have to get out of this hole this weekend," Felicia called over the din of the room.

Party Girl

Linda Oklitz

GLANCING across the room crowded with noisy, drinking people, Chris noticed a pale young man sitting alone in a corner. He was extremely thin and his cigarette smoke floating toward the lamp gave his complexion a bluish tinge. He seemed almost unreal. He sat there so quietly taking all in, but not sharing in the group's hilarity.

Chris had never seen him before. Something about this strange young man appealed to her, so she made her way through the boisterous company to the chair where the blue gentleman was calmly reclining.

"You must be new around here?"

The young stranger turned his head toward her.

"Did you know that you've got green eyes! Beautiful! I don't believe I've ever seen eyes that green—why they're the shade of a cool, foamy grasshopper."

"I really don't know whether to thank you or to compliment you on your line," he countered with a sly smile.

"Well, I didn't mean to trespass on your privacy!"

"And who said anything about privacy? I didn't say a word about privacy or trespassing or anything of the kind. Now, let's get down to something important—like what's your name?"

"Chris Thompson. And yours, honey?"

"Joe Burns. I'm a 'would-be' writer. What's your line?"

"Fortune-hunter."

"Beg-your-pardon?"

"Fortune-hunter. In other words, I'm on my own safari, sweetie, with big game in mind. Care to be my guide?"