

YUP, MELISSA

by Laura Logan

"So, John—got it—did you talk to—*crack*—Jill today? Oh—I don't believe you got that!" *Smack. Plop.*

"Yeah—*grunt*—ouch, we ate together." *Thud-ka-thonk.* "We're going to McD's—darn—at lunch tomorrow." *Crack.*

Squeak. Thud-thud-slap.

"Got it—did you ask her about—*spat*—Liz? Does she think—*thonng*—yeah, I got that one. give it here. *Smack* Does she think Liz'll go?" *Squish. Fomp.* "Ow—wait a sec—okay. *Slap-pong.* The dance, I mean."

Boi-ing. Smack. "I didn't ask—shit—got it! The timing was—oh, damn! The timing, like mine now, wasn't right. She was in—yeah, start again—a bad mood. *Squeak-bonk-slap.* She got a C on Franklin's test. *Boom.* "Uh-oh, the window—is it broken?"

"Naw, it's okay. *Slap-pang-pang-pang.* Wow, a triple ricochet! Good shot. So when can—*click-scursh*—you ask her? I have to get tickets by Friday." *Squea-ick. Smack.*

"Look, Pete, I shouldn't—*crack-splat*—have to do your dirty work. *Bump.* Oh—that hit my wrist, sorry. Here. *Ceak-plop.* Call her tonight."

"She's got—*pop, shroo*—to study. And we have a Spanish — —test Thursday."

"Ask her some questions about Spanish. At least get it—good shot—at least talk to her." *Squeak-thud-splat.*

"No, John, the ball not the wall. I can't ask her—*smack*—on the phone. The first thing she'll do—*squeak, grunt*—after gagging anyway,—*snap-crack*—is call Melissa"

"Melissa is going to—*plop, plop, bang*—find out anyway. Life goes on. *Bonk!* Are you okay? Right in the head. Pete? You okay?"

Tip, tip, tip, tip.

"Yeah. But I landed on my knee. Here, I'll start. *Ugh. Squeak, squeak, squeak, squeak.* Ready? *Snort. Slap.* See, I want Melissa to find out—*sprack*—when we walk in together."

Squig-crack-poohpoo. Bong!

"Oh, the window again. What are you—*snup, kunk*—trying to do? Kill—*erick-thud. Slap*—each other? Don't use Liz to—*smack. Bumbum*—hurt Melissa. That's mean."

Thump. Thump. Errrrrrrrrr.

"Do you really think I would do that? I'm not that much of a jerk. Let's quit. My knee's swelling."

"I'll get the ball." *Squeak, squeak, squeak, squeak, squeak, squeak, squeak, squeak.*

"Catch! *Foop.* Let's go get a soda. *Squeak, squeak, squeak, squeak, squeak, squeak, squeak, squeak, squeak, squeak, squeak, squeak, squeak, squeak.* Cri-il. G 'head." *Bang.*

Clack-ak. Thunk. Thunk.

"What exactly happened to you guys anyway? I'm gonna take a shower since we're going out. Do you have an extra towel?" *Ffflop.*

"Uoh. Pull my shoe off. It hurts to bend that knee. What happened to who? Me and Melissa?" *Thunk. Hu-uck. Thunk.*

"Yeah. Hey-don't forget to take your socks off. I know you're not talking to her, but why?" *puh puh puh puh puh puh puh puh puh puh puh puh . . . We-eek sh-k sh-k-khhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhh . . .*

"Nothing. Well, everything. It was stupid. But it's over. Hand me some soap." *hu hu hu hu huh. . . sh-khhhhh.*

"So that's that, and now you're going to date Liz. Frankly, Pete, I think she might go out with the barnyard animals. Raise your standards." *sh-khhhhhhhhhhwe-eek.*

"I'm done, too. Could you toss me a towel? *We-eek. Pupuh. Pupuh. Pupuh. Pupuh. Pupuh.* Liz's fun. And she does my typing assignments for me. But if the teacher finds out, I'm dead meat. That guy's a carnivore!"

"Didn't you just say that you aren't a jerk? The main reason you want to go out with Liz is that Melissa doesn't like her. Right? Right, limp-o-leg?" *Snap. Zzzzzzip.*

"Don't call me that. It hurts. Here have a towel.

Fwoop. "Hey, that stings! Let's go. I'm thirsty."

"You go on. I'm going to stick my leg in the whirlpool. And I have some. . . some stuff to do."

Clak click jing. . . jing. "Well, see you tomorrow. Uh, ask Melissa if she wants to double with Jill and me." *Clon, clon, clon, clong. . .*

"John!"

. . . *clongg.* "Huh?"

"Melissa?"

"Yes! 'Bye!" *Clon, clon, clon, clon, clong-bangk.*

"Yup, Melissa. Eight-four-nine-seven-four-three." *Clonclung, clon-clung clonclung clonclung. . . bangk!*

