

DAILY MEDITATIONS

a short story by an Boston

Illustrated by Mac Haynes

DAY I

He's a prick. That's what we call him, cause that's what he is - a prick. He's stupid. You wouldn't believe how stupid he is. He sits in class with his big thick glasses and sits up straight too, slammed straight against the back of his chair so he pushes through in little bumps where there aren't any boards going across. He sits with his hands neatly folded on his neat desk and now and then pokes his glasses back on his nose cos they keep falling off they're so big and heavy.

My mother says we should tolerate him. She thinks he's a genius, she says all geniuses are like that.

You know what he did today? He went right up to Marilyn, (Marilyn: that's my girl.) and he says, "Marilyn, what do you think of the expulsion of the Acadians?" and Marilyn tells him to get lost. The girls all think he's a prick too. But he doesn't care about it, he goes around asking his questions to girls mostly and they always tell him to get lost. "Get lost Alfred" they say. But he doesn't care. I suppose he's got used to it but you'd think he'd give up before now.



He even asked the teacher the same question, "What do you think of the expulsion of the Acadians?" and the teacher thought that it was a stupid question, too, so it must have been a stupid question and it made us all feel good that we knew it. The teacher just snapped back with the same question, "What do you think, Alfred?" And Alfred said, "I think it was a terrible thing." He looked really mad. He had to keep shoving his glasses on his face and every now and then he unfolded his hands and thumped on his desk like when he run for class president. That just proves he's a prick. We all voted for him cos it was fun to watch his speeches. He'd stand at the head of the class during home-room and say, "If I'm elected I'll end racial discrimination." We all cheered and thumped and stamped and yelled, "Atta boy, Alfred." and "Go get 'em Alfred." He always tried to end his speeches with a joke, too. Whenever he did that we'd stare at each other for a minute and then force ourselves to laugh so that he'd know we were forcing ourselves to laugh. Sometimes he didn't though and we'd have to yell, "Sick sick." But we always voted for him. We'd have to nominate Alfred for president of every committee whenever one came up, just so we could hear one of his speeches.

Anyway Alfred was almost in tears explaining why he thought the expulsion was terrible and we were all holding our guts and blowing snot all over the place cause we aren't allowed to make any noise in class. All the time Alfred was talking or blubbing I should say, the teacher was rolling his tongue all over the place and gritting his teeth. At the end of it he walked back and forth behind his desk until he could talk and then he said, "But don't you think the

British had their reasons?" Alfred really got worked up then, "But they were ignoble reasons, sir." That was it, we just gutted ourselves laughing. Eddy was holding back so hard he farted a whole string of farts where there should've been ha ha's, and Louise gave herself a nose bleed. We had to stay in all through break and write an essay on the expulsion of the Acadians for next week. That wasn't too bad until Johnson told us we had to do it using Alfred's views for or against, and if we didn't get them right we'd have to explain to the principal why we were laughing. So we had to ask Alfred what he thought about the expulsion and he just smirked while he told us. He makes me sick. He's a real prick. He said he'd give Marilyn a private lecture at his place and help her write it. She told us later that she had to say yes or he wouldn't have told any of the rest of us. And that sounds just like him, too. He better not lay one finger on her or I'll get the boys together and we'll fix him up like a Christmas turkey.

He's always trying to get a girlfriend. He asks them to go over to his place and talk about the exams, or asks them to go to a movie or something like that. Jenny went over once to get help with her math and she said that he kept bringing her kool aid and cookies. That sounds like his style, doesn't it. He tried to kiss her without her knowing it but she caught him. She was going to lay a really juicy french kiss on him, just to see what he'd do, she said, but she said he had chewed up cookie all through his teeth and it made her feel sick. A couple of the girls planned to get dressed up in real sexy clothes and go over to his place to get him all sexed up but they didn't do it yet cause exams haven't come around, even Alfred isn't studying for them. But when he starts they're gonna go over. That's gonna be really good. They promised to tell us all about it.

Marilyn said she's gonna take a knife in case he tries something. I told her if he does she better leave some of him for me. She looked at me with her eyes narrowed and her lips puckered and said why should she leave some of Alfred for me. I said that he better not try anything anyway.

He almost got killed once before for asking Joan, (that's Lumpy's girl) to go to the Halloween party. Lumpy had his fist all ready to smash Alfred's stupid glasses but the prick screamed that he didn't know she was Lumpy's girl cos he never saw them together. (That's true: Lumpy doesn't see Joan much during school cause he's in the senior wing and he has to stay in a lot anyway. She's a bus student too she can't leave at noon.) Lumpy believed him so he didn't hit him, but he said that if Alfred even looked at Joan again, he'd punch him so hard that they'd have to go over to the Fina and get a crow-bar so he could get his fist out. Then he called Alfred a fruit and threw him down on the sidewalk.

Stupid Alfred just about cried when we all started laughing at him, and when he got up to go home the seat of his pants was all ripped out so he had to run all the way holding his ass like he'd just shit himself or something. But he didn't tell his father who'd done it cos if he had Lumpy would've been taken to court. Alfred's old man is like that: he tried to take a teacher to court once for strapping Alfred - I mean the punishing kind with the leather on the hands. Only time Alfred ever got the strap and that just about killed him. She only hit him once on one of his hands and he got down on the floor and howled saying his hand was bleeding. Miss Mercury, that's the teacher, got scared when he said that and she said, "Show me your hand, Alfred." in a real soft voice. But he wouldn't let her, he just screamed, "But its bleeding. Miss Mercury, its bleeding." So Miss Mercury got a bit mad and said, "Show me your hand, Alfred." in a mad voice. Alfred wouldn't though. He just rocked on his behind and blubbed he was sure his hand was bleeding. Miss Mercury was real mad then and said, "Show me your hand, young man." Alfred jumped he was so scared and held out his hand. We all hoped it was bleeding but it wasn't so the tea-

cher strapped him while he sat on the floor for lying to a teacher. He wriggled all over the place and Miss Mercury kept missing his hands and hitting herself. Alfred cried all the rest of the period and the rest of the day he started crying every once in a while. He almost got the strap from Mr. Gallop for crying in phys-ed but he had to do twenty laps instead. Jesus that was funny - it took him the whole period and he was sick at the end of it and he had to go home. That made us kinda mad because we were gonna get him after school for being such a cry baby.

The girls really laughed at him after that. They used to tell him that the principal was after him for something. He'd almost start crying. But he never learned. He thought they were teasing him because they liked him, but they don't, they hate him. They must. How could any girl like anybody like that.

That's why I don't care about Marilyn going to see him tonight. If he tries anything



it'll be the last thing he ever tries. Even if he wouldn't get anywhere. He wouldn't even know how to try. Feed her kool-aid and cookies and try to kiss her with chewed up cookie between his teeth. I've got nothing to worry about if he tries anything the little punk, I'll shove his snotty nose right through his head.

He'll probably try something; he thinks Marilyn likes him, but she doesn't though. She hates him; all the girls do.

DAY II

That's done it for Alfred. He's signed his death warrant. Starting tomorrow Alfred's going to be headless. We're going to execute him right after school. He's passed his last pass, cookie-kissed his last kiss, boiled himself in Kool-Aid.

"It didn't work Alfred. Marilyn told me all about it. I'm sorry about this..." no that's not good enough its gotta be really mean. "Hey, Alfred I want to talk to ya." Pow - right in the glasses. I can't wait. Lumpy and Eddy are going to help me, Lumpy's still kinda pissed off about Alfred trying to get onto Joan and he was almost happy to hear about last night. He