11. Worst Best Friend Ever

(Guy)

Take my advice. Never, ever be best friends with the hottest guy in school. Every day it's *Brian this* and *Brian that*. And "Hey, have you seen Brian?" Like I'm supposed to keep track of him twenty-four-seven. I'm so sick of everything being all about him! Hello?! What about me? I may not be the school stud, but I'm definitely not chopped liver. I feel like the guy's shadow.

8 It didn't used to be this way. In fact, in sixth grade, no 9, one even paid attention to Brian. He was overweight, wore 10 glasses, and was shorter than half the girls in class. I had 11 more girlfriends that year than he did. Actually, I don't even 12 remember Brian having a girlfriend at all. No one would go 13 out with him!

22 24 that we've been friends since we were altar boys at church 19 15 and, wouldn't you know, the guy can play. Well enough to be could easily hate him. (Pause) To be totally honest, I would a starter his first year on the team. If I wasn't his friend, I school. And of course, he suddenly discovered basketbal right places. And he got some really cool blue contacts. Al got to take what you can get. Maybe one day I'll morph into hate him if he wasn't so nice. And if it weren't for the fact of a sudden, he's morphed into the most popular guy in benefits to the position. Like when he can't decide which of the guy has seriously slimmed down and bulked up in all the like, a couple of feet! His zits are almost entirely gone, and one my way. Pity dates, I know, but hey, sometimes you've two girls to take to the monthly school dance, so he throws But something happened over the summer. He shot up And - I'm not going to lie - there are some fringe

3. I'm Not a Blonde

(CIII

Wait a minute. That's four words. So, OK, like, I have four words for you: I'm not blonde. (Pause) OK. Now wait ... does a contraction count as one word or two? 'Cause it's like two words in one, isn't it? But then when it has that little comma thing then it's like one word, right? 'Cause it doesn't have any space or anything ... (Counts.)

8 So then I really do have three words for you. I'm not a 9 blonde. (Counts while saying this and ends up with four 10 fingers.) Now, wait a minute. How did that happen? (Looks 11 confused, then sheepish.) Oh, duh, I added an "a" didn't I? 12 (Pause) But does that really count? 'Cause it's like one of 13 those non-words, isn't it? I mean, like, they don't even 14 capitalize it, do they? So maybe I shouldn't count it either.

So, (Counts again) I am not blonde. (Ends up with four 16 again.) Now hold on just a second. I know I only had three 17 words for you! It's like my words just keep multiplying or 18 something. This is really weird. I wonder what will happen if 19 I say it again. I am not a blonde. (Counts to five.) There! Did 20 you see that! Five words! I had four and now I've got five! 21 Omigosh. This is, like, amazing!

22 I'm like a human typewriter spitting out words. If I keep 23 talking, I bet a whole paragraph will come out!

Mr. Stud Man.