Signatures 2009

They Won't Get Me
Written By: Anjali Parasnis-Samar
Illustrated By: Kory Merritt
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Sam woke up on Friday morning and knew there was only one way to solve this situation—with a fight.

Sam dressed and walked out the front door. There was Chris, standing at the corner, cigarette in hand. From the back, Chris looked almost nice, just another person waiting for the bus.

But then Chris turned around and saw Sam, and as always, the insults started.

"Heyyy, it's Kwik-E-Mart dude! Cow-worshipper! Thank you, come again! Huh huh!"

Usually, Sam would walk away from Chris as quickly as possible. Today, though, Sam stalked purposefully toward Chris, until they were exactly the space of a punch apart.

Sam raised a fist. It would be the first time Sam had ever punched anyone. Chris looked startled and raised a fist as well. Sam thought Chris might hit first, but instead Chris stood there staring at Sam the way someone might scrutinize a baffling optical illusion, looking for the timid, silent person hiding inside this astonishing trick of light.
They stayed like that for a minute and then they both lowered their arms to their sides. Sam felt a curious sense of disinterest. Sam didn't need to hit Chris, didn't even want to anymore.

Somehow, the tables had already turned. And it wasn't even that Chris got it—Sam didn't seriously expect Chris to stop the comments.

The thing was that Sam got it—Chris wasn't worth it, wasn't the real problem. The real problem wasn't anything that could be punched.

Sam turned around and walked away. Alex would be waiting, and there was no point in being late.

When Sam reached the coffee shop, Alex was waiting there as usual, holding two hot drinks and looking nervous.

I've decided something, Samir...

SMACK!
Sam was late, of course. Pushing through the crowd of people into the building, Sam rushed to the right classroom.

Sam looked around and felt a little lonely. It was the last day before summer vacation, the last day Sam would see this class.

If only Sam could share with them what had happened that morning... the near-punch, the unexpected kiss.

If only they could understand.

"But my life's just too different from theirs," Sam thought...

"What a day I'm having," thought Sam. "And it's not even 7:30 yet!"

What...? But... I thought you weren't sure... and what about our families??

They'll get beyond it... so will everyone else.
Sam woke up on Friday morning and knew there was only one way to solve this situation—with a fight.

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YO! DYKE! C'MERE! LEMME SHOW YOU WHAT IT'S LIKE WITH A GUY.

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I'VE DECIDED SOMETHING, SAMMY...
"Why?... But... I thought you weren't sure... and what about our families?"

"They'll get beyond it. So will everyone else."

"What a day I'm having," thought Sam. "And it's not even 7:30 yet."

Sam was late, of course. Pushing through the crowd of people into the building, Sam rushed to the right classroom.

Sam looked around and felt a little lonely. It was the last day before summer vacation, the last day Sam would see this class.

"If only I could share with them what had happened that morning... the near-punch, the unexpected kiss."

"If only they could understand."

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But then Chris turned around and saw Sam, and as always, the insults started.

Hey! Sam! You sick perv! I told you to stay away from my mom! Do you seriously like older women?

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I’VE DECIDED SOMETHING, SAMUEL...

MMPH
WHAT? BUT I THOUGHT YOU WEREN'T... SURE. AND WHAT ABOUT OUR FAMILIES?

THEY'LL GET BEYOND IT. SO WILL EVERYONE ELSE.

“What a day I'm having,” thought Sam. “And it's not even 7:30 yet!”

Sam was late, of course. Pushing through the crowd of people into the building, Sam rushed to the right classroom.

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Sam raised a fist. It would be the first time Sam had ever punched anyone. Chris looked startled and raised a fist as well. Sam thought Chris might hit first, but instead Chris stood there staring at Sam the way someone might scrutinize a baffling optical illusion, looking for the tiny silent person hiding inside this astonishing thicket of light.

Oh, hey... Juno. So, do you even know who the father is, or what?
They stayed like that for a minute and then they both lowered their arms to their sides. Sam felt a curious sense of disinterest. She didn’t need to hit Chris, didn’t even want to anymore.

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When Sam reached the coffee shop, Alex was waiting there as usual, holding two hot drinks and looking nervous.

I’VE, UH... DECIDED SOMETHING, SAMANTHA...

SMOCH
WHAT??...BUT...I THOUGHT
YOU....WEREN'T SURE...
AND WHAT ABOUT OUR
FAMILIES?

THEY'LL GET BEYOND
IT. SO WILL EVERYONE
ELSE.

"What a day I'm having," thought
Sam. "And it's not even 7:30 yet."

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of people into the building,
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...They Won't Get Me.