

Signatures 2009

They Wont 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.



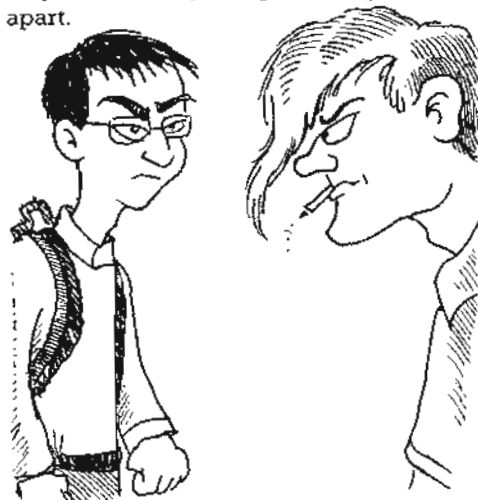
But then Chris turned around and saw Sam, and as always, the insults started.



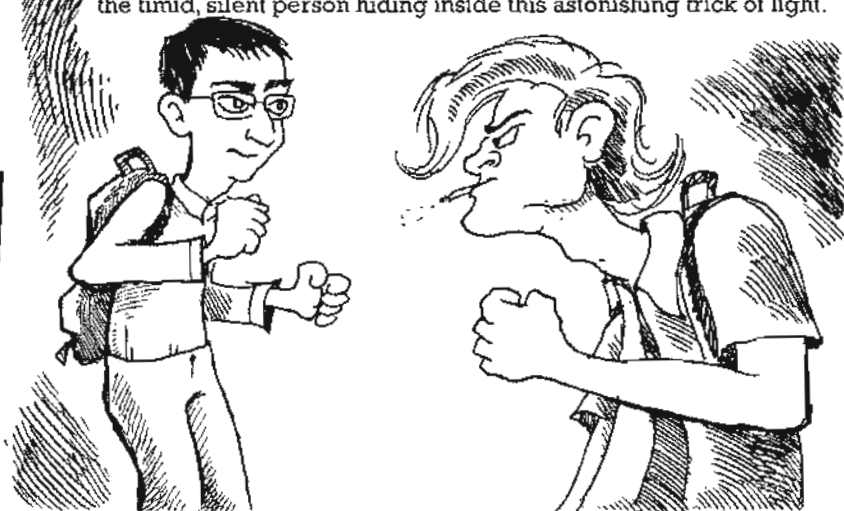
HEYYY, IT'S KWIK-E-MART DUDE! COW-WORSHIPPER! THANK YOU, COME AGAIN!



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.

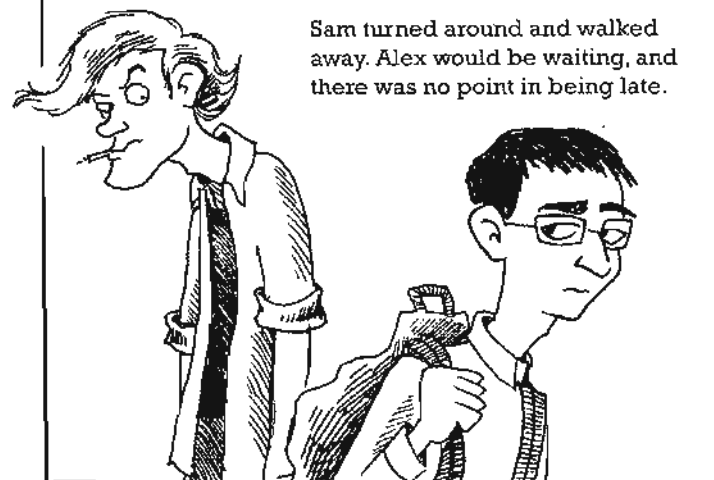


Somehow, the tables had already turned. And it wasn't even that Chris got it—Sam didn't seriously expect Chris to stop the comments.



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...



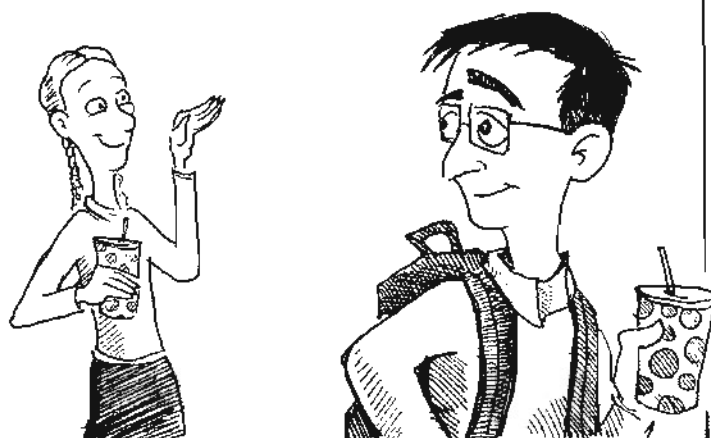
WHAT...? BUT... I THOUGHT
YOU WEREN'T SURE...
AND WHAT ABOUT OUR
FAMILIES ??



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.



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 dif-
ferent from theirs," Sam
thought...



Sam woke up on Friday morning and knew there was only one way to solve this situation—with a fight.



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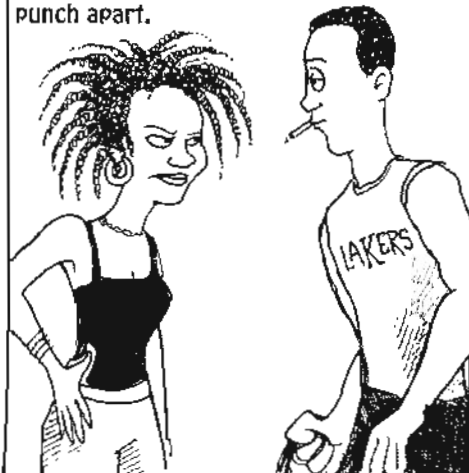
But then Chris turned around and saw Sam, and as always, the insults started.



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



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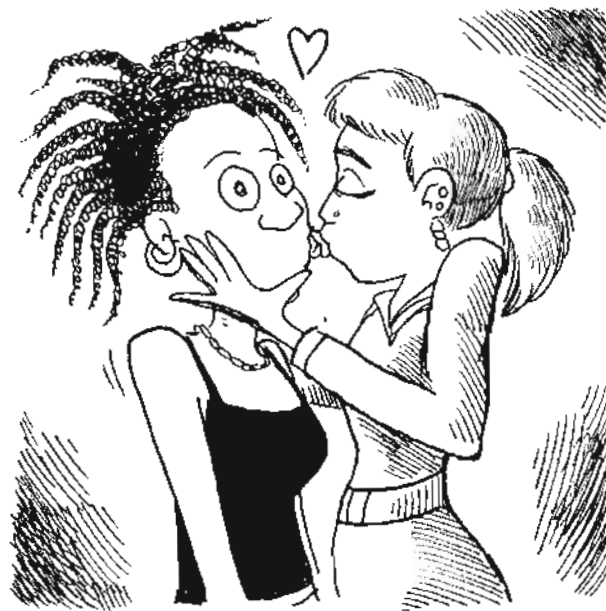
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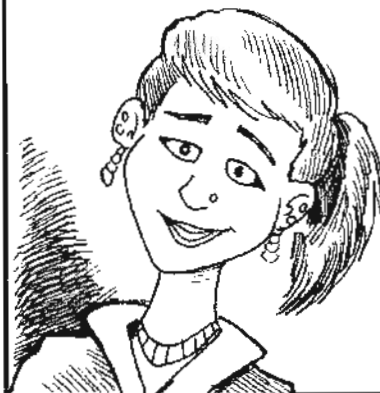
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HEY! SAM! YOU SICK PERV!
I **TOLD** YOU TO STAY
AWAY FROM MY MOM! DO
YOU SERIOUSLY **LIKE**
OLDER
WOMEN?



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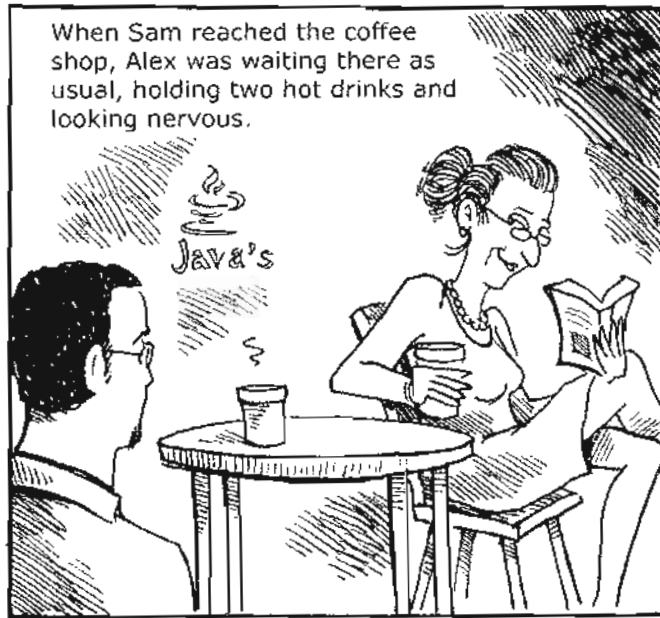
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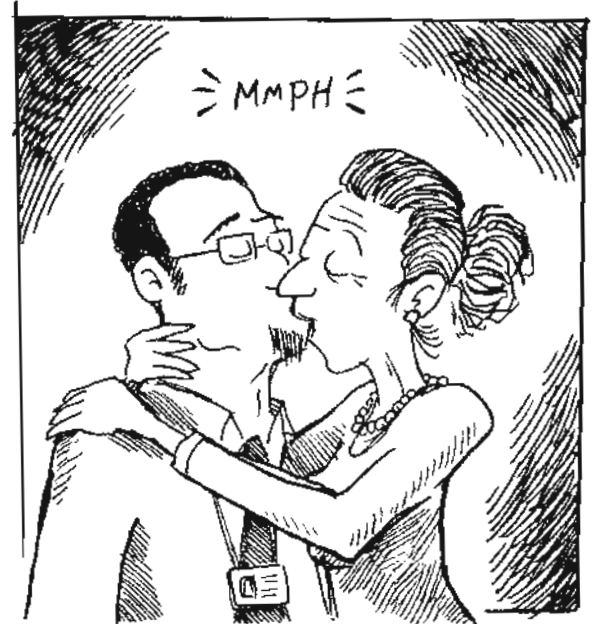
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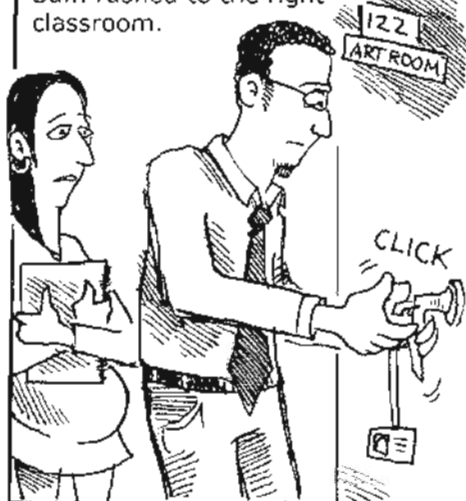
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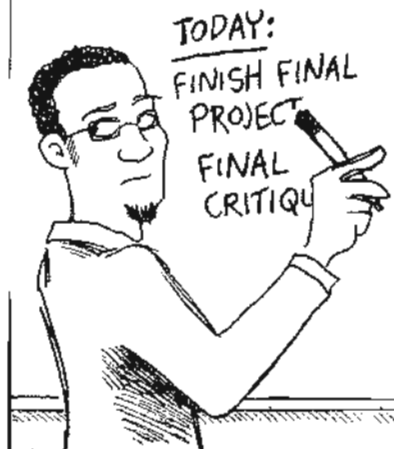
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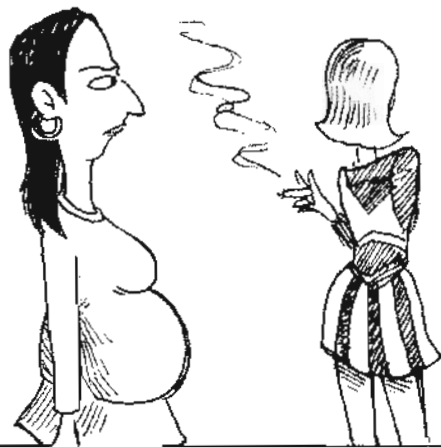
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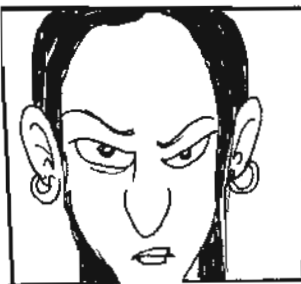
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OH, HEY... JUNO. SO, DO YOU EVEN KNOW WHO THE FATHER IS, OR WHAT?



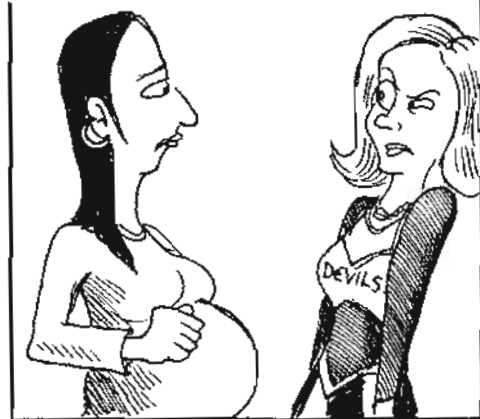
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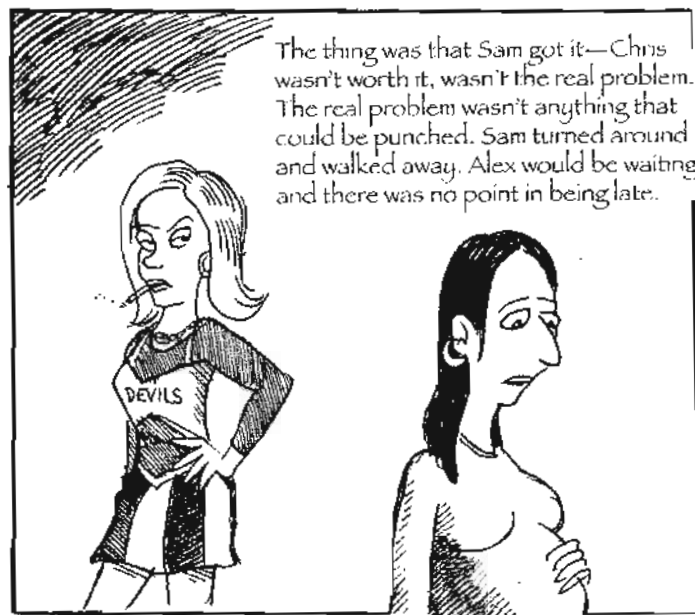
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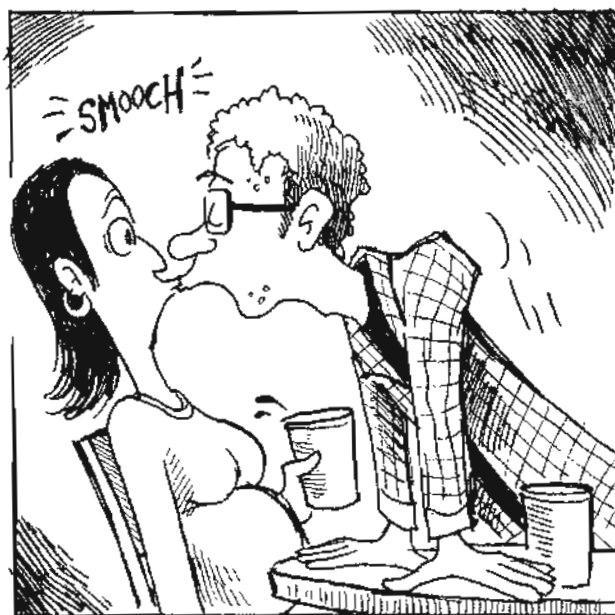
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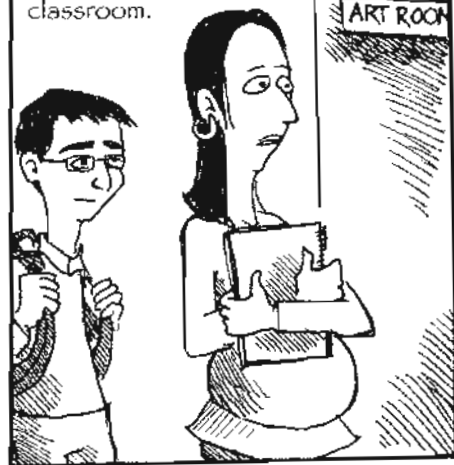
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