



EASY A by Bert V. Royal

OLIVE: The rumors of my promiscuity have been greatly exaggerated. I used to be anonymous. A nothing. A nonentity. Google Earth couldn't find me if I was dressed up as a ten story building. I know, pretty cutting edge stuff, huh? A high school girl feeling anonymous. Who am I? Why am I here? Do I matter? Blah blah snore. Don't worry, this isn't one of those tales. But it sure started off that way.

Let the record show that I, Olive Penderghast, being of sound mind, ample breast size and the occasional corny knock knock joke, do enter this into evidence in the case against me. Because I'm being judged by a jury of my peers, I will attempt to insert 'like' and 'totally' into my confession as much as possible. I will also end statements with a question mark?

So here it goes... I confess I'm, in no small part, to blame for all the gossip that has turned my varsity letter scarlet. But -- for any guy hoping that the sizzling details of my sordid past will inspire you to lock the bathroom door and 'do it to it' with your sister's moisturizing lotion - you'll be gravely disappointed. Not to mention unsatisfied. And smelling like hibiscus.