

# Ryan

(Male Dramatic)

They say that when you're in an accident like that, it's like you're in a dream. Everything just becomes all hazy. You know, like slow motion. That's what they say anyway. Well, I don't know about that. My experience was a little different. For me, it wasn't dreamlike and it sure as hell wasn't hazy. It was real. It was as real as it could possibly be. It was like every sensation was heightened. The fall air felt more like... fall air. The gasoline smelt more like gasoline and the pain I was feeling felt more unbearable.

I was also completely aware of the time. They always say "it felt like an eternity" before help arrived. I think it took them about ten minutes to get to us... because it felt like about ten minutes. Ten minutes is a long time in a situation like that though. It gave me a lot of time to think. Think about everything. Life and death, heaven and hell. Think about how I got into this mess in the first place. I found myself thinking about random stuff, like which movie was coming out on DVD this Tuesday. I thought about my credit card and whether or not I paid the bill this month. Like I said... random.

I remember them carrying me out of the wreckage. It was at that moment that I remembered that I wasn't in the car alone. There was someone in there with me, but in my scattered mind, I couldn't remember who. But there was someone with me. But who was it? Just let me think for a minute. Come on, Ryan... think! It was someone I know. I think it was a woman. Come on, Ryan, just think! It's on the tip of your tongue, just say it! Who was sitting in the car next to you! My mind raced. I could think of absolutely nothing. Then my mind cleared. I saw her face. Oh god. Not her. Anyone but her.

# Trent

(Male Comedic)

Look man! You gotta get over this whole "respect" thing. Listen, women don't always want to talk about puppy dogs and ice cream. They're not into the sensitive crap anymore. You don't want to be the guy in the PG-13 movies. You know, the guy who everyone likes and you hope is going to make it all work. No! You want to be the guy in the rated R movies. The guy that you're not so sure about. The one who is impossible to miss because you're not sure where he's coming from yet.

Now, you see the way the ladies dress and act? They want you to notice them. By saying something to them, all you're doing is letting them know that it's working. Take that one, for instance. Business uniform, hair in a bun, comfortable shoes, conservative looking eyeglasses... From the outside, she'd look no different than most of the women in here. But I don't believe her. There's something else there all together. There's something more to her than meets the eye! I know that somewhere deep down in her soul, there is a very special dream. And I know that it's up to me to make that dream come true. Nothing wrong with letting a girl know that she's looking good and you want to party. So watch the Jedi master at work! Take notes if you wish.

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*(to Girl)* Hey gorgeous girl. I am going to make you an offer you can't refuse. If you get my friend and I a little more mustard, this shiny new silver dollar is in your future. Now, don't lollygag on me now. I'm going to be keeping track of time. One, two, three, four...

What can I say? I am the master. Gets 'em every time.

# Leslie

(Female Dramatic)

Why do I do it? You want to know why? You really want to know? I suppose I could list off all of the cliché reasons that everyone says from time to time. But you caught me in a mood where I am feeling a little more honest <sup>than</sup> ~~that~~ usual. See, a lot of times the correct answer is the most obvious answer. Don't read into my problem more than you need to. If you overanalyze things, they can often get a lot more complicated. The answer is simple. Control! I do it because it makes me feel like I am in control, no matter what else is going on in my life. My mom can yell at me and call me worthless. My dad can take away my car keys and my cell phone (again). My grades can be crap and my teachers can hate me. But when I am in that moment, that brief few seconds, nothing else really seems to matter. I just forget about all of it. Sometimes it hurts. Sometimes it feels good. Sometimes it scares the hell out of me. Sometimes I even have regrets. But in the end, good or bad, right or wrong, the choice was mine and I made it. I was in control!

Don't look at me like that. Don't think what you're thinking. You don't know what this is. You don't know anything about me. You are totally clueless, yet you sit there judging me! You know that difference between you and I? You want to know? You are going to love this. The difference between you and I is about one week. Live a week in my shoes. I dare you. I double dare you! Live my life for one week and see if you aren't making the same choices, the same "mistakes" as I've made. You walk in my shoes before you judge me! You see what I see before you judge me! You feel what I feel before you judge me! But you see, you can't. Because to you, I am simply a ghost. I was never here. I never will be.

# Angie

(Female Comedic)

There's this song that I've been singing in my head a lot the past few weeks. You know that old one? "Breaking Up Is Hard To Do." I know that it's a classic song. Maybe one of America's best. I also know that it is completely true. I've been trying to break up with my current boyfriend for about the past six months now. We've been going out for about eight months, so you do the math. Not exactly the greatest relationship I've ever had. He's a nice enough guy, I suppose, but he's just not the one for me.

But there is one little problem. See, I have real issues with rejecting people. It's always been my "Achilles' heel." I can never just... say no. This, of course, has posed a major problem with all of my past boyfriends. I have never been able to just "dump" anyone. I don't have it in me. I just can't live with the guilt I guess. So instead, I have become an expert in encouraging boys to break up with me. I have to admit, I am quite good at it. It's not as easy as it might seem and I consider myself an artist. I have one major rule though. I never cheat on a guy. That is the easy way out and it's a huge waste of my skill and talent. In fact, I have never really had a challenge... until now.

Darren, my current boyfriend, is a real different character. No matter what I do, he just doesn't seem to want to go through with it. I hate to admit it, but I am at a total loss. In the past six months, I have managed to crash his truck, accidentally set fire to his baseball card collection, mistakenly sell all of his paintball stuff at a garage sale (and lose the money), cause him to break his leg and run a riding lawn mower into his bedroom. Those are just things I can remember... I am sure I am leaving a lot out. Like I said, it's becoming a real problem. Any suggestions?