

Venus Fly-Trap
August 19

I go downstairs alone, not knowing anyone but only where I am going. Others of my species are gathered around the pool table. I introduce myself and say hello. All return the expression except for one male who ignores me and pretends to be engrossed in the game. How rude to ignore me. He must be a snob. What a jerk. I hope he doesn't live on my floor, that we don't have to make contact ever again. My feelings sore, I sit on the couch in a sulk until another male introduces himself and asks if I want to be on his team for the next game of pool. I decline, he scares me.

When do people make the most and the least of one another? First impressions are the most important.

Shopping
August 20

My father comes to town, takes me to the store for hundreds of dollars worth of supplies we missed when we went shopping yesterday. Adding to the cart, I study the other shoppers. It is a favorite pastime in our family. I notice the rude male from the pool table last night. Look, I tell my father. That boy over there, the tall one with the prominent nose? He lives in my dorm. Then I remember; he snubbed me. We walk on and I smolder anew. My father points out a chair that my roommate has. I choose the pink one and we move on.

Why do humans pay attention to their relationships to one another? People come into the lives of one another for a purpose.

Inter-species Mingling
August 22

There is a meeting in the lobby, to encourage males and the females of the floor to exchange words with one another. There are many attractive males. In my mind I am shopping again---not for chairs. After the mingling has ended, my roommate and I return to our room. A herd of males wanders boldly down the hall, laughing and conversing. There is one who catches my eye. He has long hair, tan pants and a long-sleeved shirt, his buttons half-done up. He is tan, sparkling blue stare.

I had said I would not go out with the herd, but now I choose to go. A cute male with black hair, a big meaty sandwich in his hands, sits next to me. We talk and I am flattered. The male I came for, with the blue stare, is across from me but talks to my roommate. The male from the pool table and the store is there. He sits next to the cute one beside me and is with a brown-haired female. I curse him in my head until he asks a question and we begin to talk. I asked his name a few minutes ago in line and he blushed like a schoolgirl. Now he seeks me out.

When are the two sexes most vulnerable? They are in the company of one another.

Playing Games
August 25

So many males, so little time. They are everywhere and I am shopping, vulnerable to each sparkling stare. I see pool-table boy when I go to get the mail. He asks if I'd like to play a game of pool. I accept and am flattered. We play and he comes to my room afterwards, to talk for hours until I am smitten. The females who live across the hall gush at me, telling me of the nuances they noticed when they happened upon the two of us. "He is so into you!" "He likes you so much!?" "You should totally go for him!?"

I see the male with the sparkling blue stare again, but I don't forget pool-table boy. In my head I curse the sparkling blue stare for his indifference and thank pool-table boy for smiting me with good feelings. A rose by any other name, is still a rose.

Dinner with Friends
August 26

Dinner with female friends and pool-table boy. My nerves are scattered but I don't want to give anything away. Got to be cool. He is cool. The others are cool. We sit on the grass in the dark after the meal. I lay on my stomach on the grass, taking in conversation. The males are loud, the laughter of the females is louder. Pool-table boy lays his head on my back, and I wish the night would never end. The brown-haired female he was with the other day stays behind once the others have left. I want her to leave and curse her silently. Keep your friends close and your enemies closer.

Cat Meeting
August 28

They come to visit, fellow alumnae I haven't seen in two months. We dine, share stories and gossip as violently as females can. We drink coffee on the grass after dinner, continuing our gossip. The brown-haired female and pool-table boy walk by us and we take notice. They can't see our catty looks in the dark, so we indulge ourselves.

We gossip about the brown-haired female. "She is ugly." "Her clothes are horrendous." "Did you know she is only 16? She finished high school early." Unanimous: "Bitch!"

What is it that makes females act out most violently in many circumstances? The green-eyed monster should know.

Waffles
August 30

There is a male in our residence who shops. I am not selling but he still tries to buy. Pool-table boy has been up to visit me, has redeemed himself and we have spoken fluently on many matters. He holds my hand and I blush as there is

a rapping at the door. I look through the peephole and say, 'It's him!
Let's just pretend there's nobody here,' when I see the male who shops.
Pool-table boy shakes his head, is angry and stands up to answer the door. I
jump in front of him, fearing confrontation. He scolds me and speaks of
togetherness as I take on an expression of confusion. 'We're a couple? Oh!
Of course we are! I knew that!' I have waffled myself this time. The male who
shops has gone, so pool-table boy and I go for a walk. We find through
conversation that our birthdays are just over a month apart and we were born in
the same year. He calls me a beautiful woman. Woman? I am not a woman. I am a
girl! I am a female, eighteen, a woman. A girl! 'And you? You are a
handsome man.' 'Why thank you,' he says. He knows what he is.
When are members of the same species most different? They are male and female.

Arc de Triumph
August 31

Pool-table boy holds me in his arms and I find myself warm and comfortable. We
are silent and I ask him about the brown-haired female. 'She's just a
friend, and only sixteen? a man has to be careful of statutory rape,' he
says. I worry and fret; it feels natural to do so. He tells me I have no reason
to worry and wants to know why I fret. He is a man. My man, though I didn't
want him when I met him. He condones his rudeness at first meeting by saying he
was shy, nervous of pretty girls. 'You are such a boy,' I say. A boy, not a
man, not eighteen, not an adult. I am wrong, but he smiles because he is
smitten; I win the game.
When do humans know one another the most? They have known each other as people
the least.