

Comic Male Youth

I've been practicing my clarinet all morning and I really thought I was gonna get in this time. I know marching band is competitive, especially for the hockey team, but I had a good feeling about it all morning. Fifth time's a charm, my mom said.

Then that guy who wears all the jewelry stole my crutch. My mom said it was okay for me to practice my song outside, since it wasn't raining and I was only playing marches. But he ran up to me from across the street. He was yelling something like, "shut the hell up!" or something. And he knocked my stand over and grabbed one of my crutches. I tried to run after him, but I'm not very fast on one crutch. I didn't let him get my clarinet though! I had to toss it under the picnic table, and I think one of my keys got bent a little, but at least I saved it.

Anyway, now I have to sort of hop and walk to get anywhere. I don't think I can make it to the gym on time with only one crutch. And since you have that crutch you used in fourth grade when you were Tiny Tim, I was wondering if I could maybe borrow it. I know you want it to stay in mint condition, but I won't mess it up. I'd have to bend over a little, since it's a kiddie crutch, but my mom said I have a strong back. I don't mind.

Hey, you're the reason my leg is broken anyway. You're the one who told me to jump off the truck so Lisa would see and fall in love with me!

But Lisa didn't fall in love with me and now I have to hop and walk. So I don't care if you don't want fingerprints on your Tiny Tim crutch. I think you owe me! This is my chance to get in the marching band and show Lisa I'm worth something. So give me your crutch or I'm gonna tell your mom.

**Single Crutch
by Tara Meddaugh**