

Peggy

Peggy, the most popular girl in the class, asked me to a Valentines party she was giving. I accepted with glee.

The day of the party arrived, and as I was headed out of school, I was stopped by my teacher.

"I'd like to see you a moment Kay. I understand you've been invited to Peggys' party."

"Yes?"

"I think it would be wise if you didn't attend. Peggy's reputation isn't the best and you know you are judged by the company you keep. That's all. I just wanted you to know how I felt."

I was confused, I respected my teacher, but I had given my word to Peggy. I consulted my mother, her advice was simple. "You are old enough to choose your own friends. You told Peggy you would attend, but nothing says you have to stay."

I arrived shortly after the party was scheduled to begin. I was greeted by Peggy and her girl friend Jerry. First I was introduced to Peggy grandmother and then I was taken into the dinning room to see the decorations. It was evident that a a lot of effort had been expended making everything perfect.

We sat down to wait for the arrival of the other guest. The clocks ticking took president over our small talk. We waited, and waited, it became evident that no one else was coming. I couldn't help wondering, if all the girls had been warned at school not to attend.

Peggy decided to call the boys and see if they were on their way. The boys were relatives and friends of her family. I thought it unusual that before she started calling them she turned on the record payer, but as her call progressed I could see the wisdom of her decision.

"Your missing a great party," she purred into the receiver. After she hung up she'd explain why this one or that one wasn't coming.

We helped ourselves to refreshments and then Peggy named the throw pillows after different boys and we danced with the pillows. That way she explained we wouldn't be lying when we said we danced with, Harry, Joe, or Tom. No one was going to know her party wasn't a success.

Going home that night I realized I had nothing to fear by being with Peggy she was just another lonely, insecure teenager, atho she was a little more creative than the rest of us.

P.S. All of Peggy's other parties were well attended.