

Teresa Kerensky

“Too much of a good thing is wonderful.”
-Mae West

Tonight's the Sock Hop. This will be great. All you have to do is find a guy to go out dancing with you, let yourself dance to some great rock and roll, and have a wonderful time *possibly followed by getting him to go up to Lover's Lane for a little bit of sight-seeing and nature exploration.*

Oh, God, not another headache. You don't know why you've been getting them lately. But every once in a while your head starts to pound, and your brain feels like it's trying to push its way out of your skull, and it's impossible to think. Then that little voice comes in and starts telling you what to do and suddenly you start turning on the charm, making passes at guys left and right, occasionally getting them to go up with you to Lover's Lane for a bit of hanky-panky. And it's like you have no control over it. You're just a passenger; someone else has her hands on the controls and is driving you to do it.

You have to admit, it's not always a bad thing. I mean, until it first happened, you really didn't give too much thought to going out with guys. Your Mom passed away when you were three, so you were raised by Dad and your older brother Ivan. And you never really thought about the opposite sex in a sex sort of way. They were just different, that was all. And not really that different. You liked nothing more than spending a Saturday helping your father with his garage, and then spending Sunday watching baseball or football on the T.V.

But when that voice first came, you realized that you were missing something. There was something out there, a part of your life that you were just ignoring. And that voice helped you find that part. And it's a really fun part. *That's right, my girl. It's wonderful. I can't believe you went so long without it. Well, now you're going to make up for lost time, my friend. Lots of lost time.*

So you've been going out with a lot of different guys lately. It's kind of strange to think about how many men you've dated since the voice came to you two weeks ago. Still, it's kind of understandable. You're certainly cute, maybe even attractive; and you've certainly got an element of danger on your side. That element of danger being Nick.

Nick, your older brother, is really a sweetheart. He's kind and caring to you, and he doesn't hold any grudges for the fact that he's a year behind because he failed fourth grade math, while you skipped fifth grade. It's sort of cute, you two being in the same class. But one thing that Nick doesn't seem to find cute is the thought of you going out with someone. You can't count the number of guys who you dated once and then saw being beaten to a pulp by Nick, or the number of guys who give you a lot of space because

they're afraid Nick will do the Joe Louis tango with them. It's annoying, honestly. I mean, you're sixteen. Why can't you do the things you want to do? And going out with guys is what you want to do. It's not like you're still a little girl. *Not at all, my dear. You're a very big girl now. And big girls have big needs.*

Of course, Dad would blow his lid if he knew you were going out. I mean, he still thinks of you as kind of a tomboy who has no interest in guys. If he knew what you were up to late some nights, he'd have a heart attack.

And none of the girls at school seem to like your change of heart very much, either. They're probably just jealous because you've added a little competition to their dating games. Take Wendy. Wendy's one of your good friends, and she lets you write the gossip column for the school newspaper (which she is the editor and lead reporter for). She's been threatening to take that away from you because she says you've been causing more gossip than you've been reporting. She's just jealous. After all, she's stuck with Tony Turrelli, who's really cute, but you don't think you could put up with his constant wisecracking for very long without wanting to hit him over the head with a monkeywrench.

Besides, there are so many more handsome guys around. Take Robert Sherman. He's tall and muscular, and he's really charming. He hangs around Nick and Nick's friend J.D. a lot. You'd love to get to know Robert better. I mean, he's so suave. He's definitely one of the top guys in your hit parade.

And then there's Dr. Rourke. Oh, sure, he's not your age, but that doesn't mean you can't dream about him. He is such a hunk. And he's so kind, so conscientious, so dedicated to helping people out. *Wouldn't you love him dedicated to you? Oh, the thought of needing a full-body examination...* Hey, wait. That's not all there is to it. I mean, he's so kind and caring. Wouldn't it be great to spend your life with him, caring for each other, living out your lives together in love? *Bah! There's no such thing as love. Ignore it. It's just a decoy. Now, lust is another matter. You know it's there; you've felt it before. Don't bother with love. It's just an illusion.*

Well, it looks like someone doesn't think it's an illusion. Yesterday evening, while doing the receipts for Dad's gas station, you noticed something scribbled on the back of one of them. You picked it up and read some of the most beautiful love poetry that you had ever seen. It's obvious that someone out there really wants you to know how they feel for you. The receipt was from a lube job done for some out-of-towner, though, so you've got no clue as to who it is. But you'll find them. Maybe even in time for the Sock Hop.

And after the Sock Hop, who knows what will happen?

Stock Quote: "Hi there. Could you help me with this?"

Mannerisms: Teresa used to be quite the tomboy, but now she's gotten into dating in a serious way. Of course, she's still sort of new at it, and she's not exactly really subtle or suave at trying to get guys to ask her out. Normally, this wouldn't be a problem, but with Nick hanging around, it makes it a lot harder to find dates. She's looking for love, but that voice in her head keeps making her go for sex.

People You Know:

J.D. Koln: One of your brother's friends, and leader of the gang The Killers. He looks really cute in the leather jacket he wears, but he's going out with Mary Jenkins, and she'd probably kill you if you made a pass at him. Besides, he's a bit violent at times. *Though that may be fun.*

Robert Sherman: J.D.'s right-hand man in The Killers. He's extremely cute and really, really cool. You'd love for a chance to go out with him.

Nick Kerensky: Your older brother. He's far too over-protective. You're going to have to convince him that you're a big girl now.

James Daniels: Hunk extraordinaire of Edwood High. Class president, quarterback, captain of the football team, and valedictorian. The biggest catch in all of Edwood High. But he's going out with Laura Fetner, who is considered the same thing by most of the guys in school, so you'd have to put up a big fight to win him from her. Still, something to think about.

Timmy Carroll: Class science geek. Doesn't go anywhere without at least three textbooks on science. You bet he still wears rocketship pajamas, too. Definitely a last resort as someone to go out with.

Tony Turrelli: Class clown. Really irritating at times. Ranks only slightly above Timmy Carroll in guys you'd like to date. Besides, Wendy would kill you.

Mark Sturvin: Quiet and shy, as well as the son of the richest man in town. You really never noticed him much until the voice started. He's a definite maybe.

Mary Jenkins: J.D.'s girlfriend. Comes across as a sweet girl, but you know there's a tough as nails interior to her that you don't want to fool with.

Catherine Thomas: A really non-descript girl. She seems to have no interest in dating, although you saw her and Tony going up to the mesas late one night a couple weeks ago. That's a piece of gossip you're not going to talk to Wendy about. She'd kill Tony, then Catherine, and then maybe you for giving her the news.

Margaret Smith: You really envy her. She's always had all of the boys drooling over her. You wish you were as attractive as she was. Although, if you had to be as stupid as she is in order to be as attractive, you don't think you'd do it.

Laura Fetner: Cheerleader captain, and generally the most popular girl in the school. Needless to say, she's going out with James. You'd like to take her down a few notches.

Wendy Mitchell: Your best friend at Edwood High, apart from your brother. You help her out with the school paper occasionally. She's a bit nosy, but that's only because she's always searching for a good story.

Ivan Kerensky: Your Dad. You love him more than anything else in the world, and would do anything for him. *Except stop dating.*

Dr. Randall Rourke: An incredible hunk. Your dream god. The man you want nothing more than to go up to Lover's Lane for an eternity with.

Goals:

1. Go out with any guy you can. *Make passes at everyone, unless it would result in certain death (such as Tony) or boredom (such as Timmy). Try to get up to Lover's Lane with someone as often as you can.*

2. Find out who wrote you the love poem. I mean, love is more important than sex, right? I mean, sex is fun, sure, but shouldn't you be looking for a lasting commitment? Something that means more than a hot night? Isn't that more important? *No, no, no! Not at all! Sex is all there is! Don't worry about love! It's just a hassle, designed to keep you from having fun!*