With the Wind, she could have named you Rhett."

"I've thought of that. Or Cyrano, from Cyrano de Bergerac."

"Or Count Vronsky, from Anna Karenina?"

We played this game all the way home. I should have realized that we were picking only ill-fated lovers.

Lancelot Mark Compton never said a word when the "Shelby Sez" column appeared. It began with a question: "Guess what a fantastic three-letter athletic hero's first initial, L., stands for? Not love-though you'd think so, from the lineup of girls at the locker room—but for Lancelot! Please tell us, Lancelot Mark Compton: Could it be that Mark is really for Mark Antony, as in Antony and Cleopatra?"

He never said a word when he stood on the foul line that night and missed because the opponent's crowd was hooting "Lancelot, Lancelot, trot back home to Camelot...."

He never said a word when his locker was decorated with big red paper kisses and sign saying, "To Lancelot, love from Guinny and all the other maids-in-waiting." As a matter of fact, he never said a word about it because Lancelot Mark Compton apparently had decided never to speak to me again.

I resumed my Friday nights at the TV movies with Larry, but it wasn't the same. First of all, Larry's kisses were getting a little too demanding. And frankly, they were boring. Kissing Larry had never been boring before. But of course I hadn't had L. Mark's kisses to compare them with. Larry couldn't help but notice. I tried to kiss him good-night with a little enthusiasm, but I couldn't manage it.

"What's up, Shelby? Is it still Mark Compton? I thought that Lancelot column meant your crush was all over."

"There's nothing to be over 'cause there was never anything to begin with. Right now I'm just interested in becoming editor-in-chief and doing a good job for the paper."

"Okay by me." He zipped up his jacket.

I leaned over and kissed him on the cheek. Larry really was a nice guy, and I didn't want him to be mad.

"You know, Larry, I'll tell you something if you promise not to laugh. Ever since I was a little girl, I've just wanted to be another Brenda Starr."

"Brenda Starr... like in the comics?"

"I know it's silly, but I always thought she was a real person and I wanted to be just like her, writing fabulous stories, being a famous reporter, traveling, wearing glamorous clothes, meeting mysterious men—the whole bit."

He opened the door. "Just think," he said. "When I was a little kid, I only wanted to be a fireman."

The next week, besides my column—in which I got in a dig about all the expensive student cars in the parking lot—I had to write a long, boring story about the guidance department. Larry excused me from putting the paper to bed, since I was already swamped with all the data from my research.

On Friday morning, when the paper came out, I didn't get to pick up my copy because I was busy making