

Rosemary Lane
English 104
Ratcliffe
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"Shouts and Murmurs"

DearDiary.com

OMG x 3. I just got back from Marian's Autumn Affair and I danced with a boy! And not just any dance. We freaked. My first freak dance! And I haven't even slow danced with a boy yet (or kissed one Shh!) But that's ok, because Michael Torriglia was the best grinder evvver. He just bounced up and down, and I could smell the Hot Pocket he just ate all over me. Omg! And I was wearing my new jean skirt from Forever 21, the one that's higher than "pop can length from the knee" as Sister Lenore says. Michael said he really liked it. It kept getting hiked up, I don't know why. Then I wore my tight Hollister shirt that says "Brunettes do it Better," because of course they do!! Freaking, I mean.

At first me and Christina and Rachel and Kat and Sarah just stood in a circle getting really sweaty and practicing moves from Carmen Electra's Aerobic Striptease DVD that we did at Xtina's mom's house. It's a hot mess. You raise both arms up, spread your legs in a V, and gyrate your hip to one side like you're in a Beyonce video or having a seizure or something. It totally worked. One boy asked for my number, but he was sweaty and fat so I just gave him my AIM, supafine69.

But the rest of the dance was sooo fun. Michael T. and I grinded to "Make Love in this Club," all night (it was almost like we did!!!) And even though I was freaking him, I could STILL talk to my friends. Actually I didn't talk to any of the guys I danced with. They just came up behind me and thrust their hips on my butt. Sister Kathy showed us yesterday the proper way to dance with your arms like five bazillion feet away from the guy. She said freaking was bad and we

should “leave room for Jesus.” We of course didn’t!!! I don’t know if there was even room for the Holy Spirit.

I love freaking so much I think we should do it everywhere. Who wants to do the YMCA or Cotton Eyed Joe anymore? Not me. And why grind only at dances? I think we should freak on our way to class, in line for Wendy’s after school, even when we play soccer. It’d totally be fun. Everyone could carry iPod speakers around, playing “I’m Too Sexy,” as you booty shake your way up the mall elevator. You could walk to school, bumpin’ and grindin,’ wigglin’ and sweatin’. You’d have a permanent boyfriend attached to your behind—like a kangaroo and its baby.

Seriously, you could do it all the time. Then we’d lose tons of calories, we wouldn’t have to work out 24/7 and there wouldn’t be so many obese people in the world. It would be like a big laxative, except not. I could go on MTV’s “True Life: I’m a Freaker” and tell everyone how this will save the world. Then I could visit President Bush and show him and Laura how to grind on each other in the Oval Office. Maybe I could even show Osama Bin Laden and he’d be so happy he wouldn’t want to blow up everything. I could teach at prisons, kindergartens, nursing homes—maybe even old people would live longer with all that extra exercise. Except I don’t think Sister Kathy should do it cuz that’s gross. Maybe set an age limit. But animals could—dogs, mice, giraffes—they could all dance together and hump. It would spread love just the way Mother Theresa wanted to.

Anyhoo, I’m gonna go plan out my next outfit for U of D’s Hawaiian luau party!!! I bet my metallic bikini will get me lots of freak dance action all night and Christina nothing!!! Ha!

XOXO Grinder girl ☺ ☺