

IT'S
NOT ME,
IT'S

YOU

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Point

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For the Strohberries. Today, I've got a story.

A MERE SEVENTEEN YEARS AGO, A BEAUTIFUL blond baby was born in sunny San Anselmo, California. That baby was named Avery Dennis, and over the next seventeen years, she proceeded to date more hotties than most people date in a lifetime, to run the Prom Committee like it was her job, and to pretty much crush it, generally speaking. However, an unfortunate incident in the spring of her senior year changed everything, sending the formerly formidable Avery Dennis tumbling into a pit of doubt and despair.

This is the story of how Avery Dennis overcame adversity, decided she was done with dating, and against all the odds, changed the landscape of San Anselmo Prep's senior prom forever.

Now that the legendary prom night of Avery Dennis has come to a close, the girls and boys—*especially the boys*—who bore witness to this historic event have come together to discuss the long and winding path that led Avery Dennis to her moment of greatness. Here, for the first time ever, is the complete and authoritative oral history of Avery Dennis's dating life. I present to you, Ms. Segerson, "It's Not Me, It's You: An Oral History of Boys."

—*Avery Dennis*

Avery, you clearly misunderstood the assignment. Please see me after class.

—*Ms. Segerson*

THE BEGINNING

AVERY DENNIS, *me*: I had an epiphany in the place one is least likely to have an epiphany: American history class.

MS. SEGERSON, *surprisingly stylish history teacher*: To be honest, Avery is not always completely engaged in class. She takes copious notes, but they seem to be more of an excuse to use an entire rainbow spectrum of pens than to actually record the lecture. But there was something different about the day we first discussed oral history.

AVERY: Oral history is basically talking. It's like when you interview people about events they witnessed, and then you learn about the events from lots of different perspectives. See? I do take copious notes.

MS. SEGERSON: The assignment was to interview several adults about an event in American history that they had lived through.

AVERY: But the assignment was the least important thing. Especially because we're seniors. It's spring semester. Like, who cares?

MS. SEGERSON: Oh, I cared *very* much about the assignment. And Avery's final GPA cared about the assignment. And I bet the Admissions Committee at Pepperdine would care, too, if I happened to give them a call.

AVERY: I cared *very* much about the assignment. Especially when Ms. Segerson said that oral histories could help us understand *why* certain events had happened. And that there's no time limit on history. Like, even if something just happened, it can still be history. Especially if what had just happened was an event of such horrible and epic proportions, it could barely be spoken of aloud.

MS. SEGERSON: At least Avery was keeping things in perspective. Imagine if she'd overreacted.

Editor's Note: Ms. Segerson hadn't been this sarcastic in September.—AD

AVERY: I had aged years in only a matter of days, and it was all because of . . . the incident.