

And right away Darla Craig's hand is up. It's up a lot. She doesn't know any more English than the rest of us, but she likes to talk. "Hey, Mrs. Tibbetts, how come they get to go and we don't?"

She means the first-period people, the Advanced English class. Mrs. Tibbetts looks like Darla's caught her off base. We never hear what a teacher tells us, but we know this. At least Darla does.

"I hadn't thought." Mrs. Tibbetts rubs her hand down the small of her back, which may have something to do with being pregnant. So now we're listening, even here in the back row. "For those of you who haven't heard," she says, "I'm taking some members of the—other English class over to the college tonight, for a program."

The college is Bascomb College, a thirty-mile trip over an undivided highway.

"We're going to hear a poet read from his works."

Somebody says, "Is he living?" And we all get a big bang out of this.

But Mrs. Tibbetts just smiles. "Oh yes, he's very much alive." She reaches for her attendance book, but this sudden thought strikes her. "Would anyone in this class like to go too?" She looks up at us, and you see she's being fair, and nice.

It's only the second period of the day, so we're all feeling pretty good. Also it's a Tuesday, a terrible TV night. Everybody in class puts up their hands. Everybody. Even Marty Crawshaw, who's already married. And Pink Hohenfeld,

I Go Along

Richard Peck

Anyway, Mrs. Tibbetts comes into the room for second period, so we all see she's still in school. She's pregnant, and the smart money says she'll make it to Easter. After that we'll have a substitute teaching us. Not that we're too particular about who's up there at the front of the room, not in this class.

Being juniors, we also figure we know all there is to know about sex. We know things no adult ever heard of. Still, the sight of a pregnant English teacher slows us down some. But she's married to Roy Tibbetts, a plumber who was in the service and went to jump school, so that's okay. We see him around town in his truck.

who's in class today for the first time this month. I put up mine. I go along.

Mrs. Tibbetts has never seen this many hands up in our class. She's never seen anybody's hand except Darla's. Her eyes get wide. Mrs. Tibbetts has great eyes, and she doesn't put anything on them. Which is something Darla could learn from.

But then she sees we have to be putting her on. So she just says, "Anyone who would like to go, be in the parking lot at five-thirty. And eat first. No eating on the bus."

Mrs. Tibbetts can drive the school bus. Whenever she's taking the advanced class anywhere, she can use the bus anytime she wants to, unless the coach needs it.

Then she opens her attendance book, and we tune out. And at five-thirty that night I'm in the parking lot. I have no idea why. Needless to say, I'm the only one here from second period. Marty Crawshaw and Pink Hohenfield will be out in the parking lot of Taco Bell about now, sitting on their hoods. Darla couldn't make it either. Right offhand I can't think of anybody who wants to ride a school bus thirty miles to see a poet. Including me.

The Advanced-English juniors mill around behind school. I'm still in my car, and it's almost dark, so no one sees me.

Then Mrs. Tibbetts wheels the school bus in, amber fogs flashing. She hits the brakes, and the doors fly open. The advanced class starts to climb aboard. They're more orderly than us, but they've got their groups too. And a couple of smokers.

I'm settling behind my dashboard. The last kid climbs on the bus.

And I seem to be sprinting across the asphalt. I'm on the bus, and the door's hissing shut behind me. I don't look at Mrs. Tibbetts, and she doesn't say anything. I wonder where I'm supposed to sit.

There are plenty of seats. I find an empty double and settle by the window, pulling my ball cap down in front. When we go past Taco Bell, I'm way down in the seat with my hand shielding my face on the window side. Right about then somebody sits down next to me. I flinch.

"Okay?" she says, and I look up, and it's Sharon Willis.

I've got my knees jammed up on the back of the seat ahead of me. I'm bent double, and my hand's over half my face. I'm cool, and it's Sharon Willis. "Whatever," I say.

"How are you doing, Gene?"

I'm trying to be invisible, and she's calling me by name.

"How do you know me?" I ask her.

She shifts around. "I'm a junior, you're a junior. There are about fifty-three people in our whole year. How could I not?"

Easy, I think, but don't say it. She's got a notebook on her lap. Everybody seems to, except me.

"Do you have to take notes?" I say, because I feel like I'm getting into something here.

"Not really," Sharon says, "but we have to write about it in class tomorrow. Our impressions."

I'm glad I'm not in her class, because I'm not going to have

any impressions. Here I am on the school bus for the Gifted with the major goddess girl in school, who knows my name. I'm going to be clean out of impressions because my circuits are already starting to fail.

Sharon and I don't turn this into anything. When the bus gets out on the route and Mrs. Tibbetts puts the pedal to the metal, we settle back. Sharon's more or less in with the top group of girls around school. They're not even cheerleaders. They're a notch above that. The rest of them are up and down the aisle, but she stays put. Michelle Burkholder sticks her face down by Sharon's ear and says, "We've got a seat for you back here."

But Sharon just says, "I'll stay here with Gene." Like it happens every day.

I look out the window a lot. When we get close to the campus of Bascomb College, I think about staying on the bus. "Do you want to sit together," Sharon says, "at the program?"

I clear my throat. "You go ahead and sit with your people." "I sit with them all day long," she says.

At Bascomb College we're up on bleachers in a curtained-off part of the gym. Mrs. Tibbetts says we can sit anywhere, so we get very groupy. I look around, and here I am in these bleachers, like we've gone to State in the play-offs. And I'm just naturally here with Sharon Willis.

We're surrounded mainly by college students. Sharon has her notebook open. I figure it's going to be like a class, so I'm tuning out when the poet comes on.

First of all, he's probably only in his twenties. Not even a beard, and he's not dressed like a poet. In fact, he's dressed like me: Levi's and Levi's jacket. Big heavy-duty belt buckle. Boots, even. A tall guy, about a hundred and eighty pounds. It's weird, like there could be poets around and you wouldn't realize they were there.

But he's got something. Every girl leans forward. College girls, even. Michelle Burkholder bobs up to zap him with her digital camera. He's got a few loose-leaf pages in front of him. But he just begins.

"I've written a poem for my wife," he says, "about her."

Then he tells us this poem. I'm waiting for the rhyme, but it's more like talking, about how he wakes up and the sun's bright on the bed and his wife's still asleep. He watches her.

"Alone," he says, "I watch you sleep

Before the morning steals you from me.

Before you stir and disappear

Into the day and leave me here

to turn and kiss the warm space

You leave beside me."

He looks up and people clap. I thought what he said was a little too personal, but I could follow it. Next to me Sharon's made a note. I look down at her page and see it's just an exclamation point.

He tells us a lot of poems, one after another. I mean, he's got poems on everything. He even has one about his truck:

"Old Buck-toothed, slow-to-start mama,"

something like that. People laugh, which I guess is okay. He just keeps at it, and he really jerks us around with his poems. I mean, you don't know what the next one's going to be about. They bring him a glass of water, and he takes a break, but mainly he keeps going.

He ends up with one called "High School."

"On my worst nights," he says, "I dream myself back.

I'm the hostage in the row by the radiator, boxed in,

Zit-blasted, and they're popping quizzes at me.

I'm locked in there, looking for words

To talk myself out of being this young

While every girl in the galaxy

Is looking over my head, spotting for a senior.

On my really worst nights it's last period

On a Friday and somebody's fixed the bell

So it won't ring:

And I've been cut from the team,

And I've forgotten my locker combination,

And I'm waiting for something damn it to hell

To happen."

And the crowd goes wild, especially the college people. The poet just gives us a wave and walks over to sit down on the bot-

tom bleacher. People swarm him to sign their programs. Except Sharon and I stay where we are.

"That last one wasn't a poem," I tell her. "The others were, but not that one."

She turns to me and smiles. I've never been close enough to see the color of her eyes before. "Then write a better one," she says.

We're still sitting together on the ride home.

"No, I'm serious," I say. "You can't write poems about zits and your locker combinations."

"Maybe nobody told the poet that," Sharon says.

"So what are you going to write about him tomorrow?" I'm really curious about this.

"I don't know," she says. "I've never heard a poet in person. Mrs. Tibbetts shows us tapes of poets reading."

"She doesn't show them to our class."

"What would you do if she did?" Sharon asks.

"Laugh a lot."

The bus settles down on the return trip. I picture these people going home to do algebra homework, or whatever. When Sharon speaks again, I almost don't hear her.

"You ought to be in this class," she says.

I jerk my cap down to my nose and lace my fingers behind my head and kick back in the seat. Which should be answer enough.

"You're as bright as anybody on this bus. Brighter than some."

We're rolling through the night, and I can't believe I'm

hearing this. It's dark, so I chance a glance at her. Just the outline of her nose and her chin, maybe a little stubborn.

"How do you know I am?"

"How do you know you're not?" she says. "How will you ever know?"

But then we're quiet because what else is there to say? And anyway, the evening's over. Mrs. Tibbetts is braking for the turnoff, and we're about to get back to normal. And I get this quick flash of tomorrow, in second period with Marty and Pink and Darla, and frankly it doesn't look that good.

