

## FANTASTICKS

By Tom Jones and Harvey Smith

This morning a bird woke me up. It was a lark, or a peacock; something like that. So I said hello. And it vanished, flew away, the very moment I said hello! It was quite mysterious. So do you know what I did? I went to my mirror and brushed my hair two hundred times, without stopping. And as I was brushing it, my hair turned to mauve. No, honestly! Mauve! Then red, then some sort of a deep blue when the sun hit it...I'm sixteen years old, and every day something happens to me. I don't know what to make of it. When I get up in the morning and get dressed, I can tell...something's different. I like to touch my eyelids because they're never quite the same. Oh, oh oh! I hug myself till my arms turn blue, then I close my eyes and cry and cry till the tears come down and I can taste them. I love to taste my tears. I am special, I am special! Please God, don't let me be normal!