

MY SUMMER VACATION

Topic: My Summer Vacation

Non-fiction by: Billy B

Teacher: Mrs. Dinsdorf

Class: English Remedial Comp. 404 (Dartmouth College scholarship class)

For my summer vacation we went to a neat Irish music festival in the mountains where no one cheated anybody else and the beer was free they said and the music would be really cool and rain never never fell and there were plenty of porta-potties but my Dad said only unisex wokies could use them and well maybe the beer wasn't quite free but it was mostly cold and someone said that some Islamic poet lady was going to come and read us stuff from her book and my Dad asked what the effing hell did that have to do with Irish music and we waited under a leaky tent in the rain which really did fall another bleeping lie Dad said and we all pretended it was a cultural experience and wasn't it great to be there but most of the music was pretty bad and my Dad said he'd drink owl piss before he'd pay nine bucks for a bottle of beer while listening to a bunch of dulcimers and it rained harder and cars were getting stuck in the mud and the Islamic poet lady never showed up and Dad got madder and madder and finally tipped over a porta-potty full of unisex wokies then he cheered up a little but he said next summer we'd all go to the Bowling Hall of Fame wherever that is and to hell with Irish music and nine dollar beer.

The End

PS Mrs. Dinsdorf - if i get like an A on this can i take "Cross-Currents in Celtic Lesbian Literature" next semester?

Thank You

Billy B