



Text Version of Audio Story: Dee

I had never really thought about girls before, at least not the way I had thought about her...

She came to town for the first grade. We had all gathered on the playground that first day of school, nervously wondering what the day might hold for us. About that time, I looked up from staring at my shoes ... and there she was.

Ohhh. She looked like a movie star! I had seen people on television kiss — and my teenage sister had a boyfriend — but to me it had always seemed icky. But at that very first moment that I saw Dee, suddenly what had always seemed so icky now made perfect sense.

All day in school, I would just stare at her and dream about how badly I wanted to carry her tray at lunch. Dee was so pretty. And every bit as pretty as she was, she was just as nice, too.

After about six weeks, one day I finally decided it was time to make my move. I finally had the guts to do it. I got my courage up. I wanted to ask if she'd be my girlfriend. I waited 'til recess. We all went outside. She had on a white coat, and with her dark hair she looked more beautiful than ever. I kept procrastinating, and there was only about five minutes of recess left. I had to ask. This was my last chance. If I didn't ask now, it would probably take another six weeks to get my courage up. Finally, I asked. I asked my buddy Curtis Sieber to go ask her if she would be my girlfriend.

It seemed to take forever. Finally, Curtis came back with the answer. She was in love ... with Troy Sellers.

Troy was my best friend. He was a jock. Good at baseball — always won the punt, pass, and kick contest. Of course she was in love with him. All the girls were in love with him.

Years would pass, and we got to junior high. Her and Troy were on-again, off-again, but I never got my courage back to ask her to be my girlfriend. She was a good friend, though, but I wasn't about to let her know how in love I was with her. My heart wouldn't have been able to take it again.

She became a cheerleader. She was in all the pretty-girl things like May Day and Homecoming. All the older, real cool guys were crazy about her. She and I went

for a walk one day, and she told me about her plans. She wanted to be a flight attendant. I didn't want to see her go away, but I knew Juniata County wasn't big enough to hold her.

We got out of school, and I never saw her again. I had heard that she finished first in her class as a flight attendant. I knew she would.

I found lots of girlfriends. I went on with life okay, but I often wondered about Dee. And of course, I wondered if Dee ever wondered about me.

Every time I got on a jet, I'd look for her. When I didn't see her, I'd wonder. I'd wonder about Dee. And, of course, I wondered if Dee ever wondered about me.

Someone told me she lived down around Philadelphia. I was working in Philly one day, recording my voice for the narration of a documentary film. On my way home that evening, my train stopped at one of those little stations. It was teeming with people. I looked out my window. I was sure I saw her standing there on the platform, but we pulled away so soon, and I don't know if it was her or not.

I came home and well ... I wondered about Dee and, of course ... I wondered if she ever wondered about me.

I'm the American Storyteller.