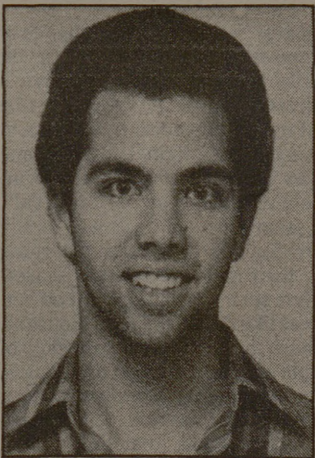


# An open letter to Gail Marie



By Stephen Bonin

**G** Battalion Reporter  
ot a nasty note from Gail Marie the other day. In its entirety, here is the nefarious threat:

"Hey Clown! You owe me a letter! Just thought I'd let you know! That way you can ask me what exciting news I'm not telling you!"

Yep, she wasted an envelope, one sheet of plain stationary (probably 20 others to write and rewrite), and a 15-cent stamp.

To entice my curiosity? Ignite jealousy? This is not what I imagined love to be.

Maybe I should have expected some complications with a long-distance relationship. You be the judge.

January 19, 1981: Exhaustion and frustration from a hectic first day are relieved by the arrival of Gail's first letter of 1981. She bores me with news of her busy schedule, her shock at the "astronomical" cost of textbooks, and her delight with the beauty of snow-covered Northeastern landscape. How I long to be up there with her, skating on ice.

The excitement builds. She tells me her roommate gave her

a Mexican puppet for Christmas and she had fun teaching it the bamba.

THE BAMBA!

**M**y mind wanders back to June 1980 when Gail Marie and I first met on a missionary trip to Mexico. She was a dedicated gringa, poorly attempting broken Spanish. I turned her

less! Whether she bought it pre-sweetened or doused it herself, the fragrance was definitely Gail. I was in Heaven.

But not for long.

The perfume was only a ploy to draw me into her trap. She said so herself.

"Even though you owe me a letter and I really shouldn't write until you write me...W-

*I had to let her know she touched me, so I phoned her after 11 p.m. that night. We had a wonderful conversation. We reminisced and laughed. Thus, our communicative cycle was complete. She wrote me. I called her. Now it was her turn. Not by her book.*

into a bilingual Cinderella. And when the Mexican pubescent princes attacked in droves, I protected her.

Talk about chivalry — I the valiant knight and she the damsel in distress.

I had to let her know she touched me, so I phoned her after 11 p.m. that night. We had a wonderful conversation. We reminisced and laughed.

Thus, our communicative cycle was complete. She wrote me. I called her. Now it was her turn.

Not by her book.

Thursday, January 5, 1981: I braved the inclement weather and followed my nose to the mailbox, where Gail Marie's letter was waiting seductively.

On scented stationary no

RITE BACK THIS TIME!"

Didn't phase me at first. I thought she was being cute. That's how her sense of humor works.

**S**he wasn't kidding around. She was armed and ready for battle.

"I have about eight parties to attend this weekend, plus the Keenan Review. The tickets are hard to come by, but I have connections.

"I've also been invited to three guys' dorms tonight, and I'm going shopping tomorrow afternoon — if I live through the parties tonight!"

She boasted of her newly recovered figure (eight pounds shed) and a body wave in her hair, which everyone admired.

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But this took the cake. "I think I'm going to shut my eyes for awhile and find it's Monday morning!"

That does it, Gail Marie, you've got some nerve.

You didn't even mention my 43-minute phone call, which, incidentally, cost more than all your silly letters combined.

I'm a busy man myself, Miss Popularity. But do I flaunt my social life on scented stationary?

Do I call you just to say you

owe me a phone call, then hang up?

**I** think the verdict is obvious. I am a gentleman and you are an arrogant bitch (I could add an exclamation point if I were cruel).

But I'm not. I am a gentleman. Even though you didn't send the sentiments of the season, I can find forgiveness in my heart.

Happy Valentines Day, Gail — I'll call soon.

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