

Dear Scott,

I was talking to my friend one day and she kept trying to tell me how confident and strong I am. "Take boys, Claudia," she said. "When it doesn't work out for me and a guy I blame it on him. I call him an asshole. I will do whatever I need to bolster my threatened self-esteem, even if it's distorting the simple truth that someone doesn't want to be with me. You on the other hand say, 'Well, he doesn't want to be with me and I think he should, because I AM INTERESTING. But he doesn't and that sucks, and that's the end of it.' It's great that you can be that comfortable with yourself."

I like what my friend said about me. It made me feel strong and I like to feel strong and in control. But I'm not always in control of my emotions. And I almost told myself I wasn't worth a whole lot last night.

I liked the looks of this boy, Bryan. He was sort of quirky and a little bit of a mystery. I like to analyze people and I hadn't "pegged" him. So I had this hope that there was something really worth getting to know even though I hadn't seen it yet. Bottom line, I was very attracted to him and that attraction skewed my realistic way of thinking.

We hooked up pretty immediately when we were in the same room. There wasn't a lot of talking.

This happened twice more and I think he was

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finally bored, because he said, "I really want to have sex with you." And I just let it hang in the air. For a second, my rules about sex became relative. I told myself it wasn't a huge deal. It was scary how suddenly everything became relative. I actually felt a little guilty because he had done more sexually for me than I had for him.



I was lying there actually considering what to do when it struck me! We only had a few conversations and every opportunity that I had given him to know more about me, **BECAUSE i AM iNTERESTiNG**, had been ignored. And every opportunity I had given him to tell me about himself had been ignored. I realized then that he wasn't that interesting. I realized that he did not care at all, **AT ALL**, about getting to know me. So I said, "Thank you, but no."

I remember how valuable I felt that day. I think I remember I felt sacred that day. We have to hold to an absolute and holy definition of sacredness. I think we have to remember its absoluteness when moments like this one devalue our sense of self, and threaten to make everything relative and erase our interestingness.

I am Claudia and i **AM iNTERESTiNG**.

- Claudia, age 16