

***A Feminine Ending* by Sarah Treem**

AMANDA

Hey Billy? If you brought me up here to catalogue my dreams deferred, don't bother. I know what they are. I'm the one that let them go-I mean-put them on hold. Why? Because I didn't want to be a bitch, Billy. Nobody sees a girl alone with an oboe and thinks "she must be brilliant". They think "she must be weird or maladjusted or stuck up". I wanted people to like me. You get all these perks when you're a girl and people like you. You can open doors with a smile. Eventually I realized that those doors don't open very far at all, and besides that, they're the wrong doors and besides that, I didn't even know what doors I should be looking for. I began thinking recently...I have a few years now-I could really get something done. But when I look around for the doors I've been meaning to open...There used to be doors everywhere. But-it's like, I've forgotten what a door looks like.