

I ran my high school's literary magazine, *KHS Transcriptions*, practically single-handedly for three years. Or four, if you count my freshman year, when I was the only staff member working under the old chief editor, a guy named Matt Royce who went into a serious senior slump halfway through January but still managed to talk his way into having his name on the magazine anyway—but don't get me started on that. The point is, I ran that show for basically my entire high school career, and through it I got to know a lot about the character of high school students in general, both through reading their submissions to the magazine and through working with them on my staff. I could write a dissertation on the subject of teenagers based on the stuff I've read and seen over the years—but none of the studies I could do would be nearly as puzzling as the case of Shy. I don't know anything about her, practically—I didn't even know what her last name was until after our acquaintance was over. Her first name was *Bonnie*, of all things, but very few people knew it, and nobody used it. Ours was the kind of high school where everybody had a nickname assigned to them by their peers based on their most obvious trait. Even the other kids who were on the staff while she was with us called her Shy.