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The Homecomin' Dance

by Brenda Zohner

Come on into the kitchen and sit with me a spell while I finish up my ironin'. Momma told me that she was expecting you. She had to go down to the corner drug store to get my sister Lizy May some seltzer tablets. Lizy May is still upstairs in bed with a H-A-N-G-O-V-E-R. Here let me get you some coffee while you're waitin'. Lizy May and I went to the homecomin' dance last night. Lizy May and I both decided to go to the dance without a date. Oh, I just know Homer Johnson wanted to go to the dance with me but he just couldn't go. 'Cause I asked him if he had a date to the dance and he said that he was awful sorry that he couldn't go b'cause he had some sick cows that needed tendin'. There's cream and sugar on the table over there next to that paper napkin holder. Momma says that Lizy May is too young jto be riding around in a car with a boy. So we figured that we could dance with some of the boys who also went without a date. You should have seen the stunnin' decorations there at the dance. Our Future Homemakers Club worked on the decorations every day after school for a whole solid week I personally put together the pink and white crepe paper rosettes. There were forty two rosettes in all. They matched my dress. Why, there were pink and white rosettes all over the room, even on the refreshment table. That's where Lizy May spent most of the night you know. Of course that was when she wasn't dancin' and makin' a fool of herself. You should have seen Lizy May with that black hair of hers all curled up and that low cut red frilly dress. You know its only my opinion, but I say that anybody who has green eyes and curly black hair the way Lizy May does is dangerous enough already without puttin' on a low cut red frilly dress ta' boot. Them boys at the dance made such a fuss over Lizy May you'd have thought that she was a flower and those boys at the dance were bees the way they all circled around her. I'd never seen anything like it. When Lizy May wasn't dancin' and she most always was, she'd stand around the refreshment table and pretend that she was thirsty just to watch those boys fight over who was going to get her some punch next. You know I'd rather die than gossip about anybody, but you should have seen who else was standing around near the other side of the refreshment table. Why it was none other than Miss Maryweather and Mr. Thompson. They are both teachers from our high school English department you know. You should have seen the eyes they were making at each other. And him being a widower for less than three years. Why his poor old dead wife must have been rolling over in her grave the way those two were carryin' on. Some fine example of a chaperone they turned out to be. Far be it for me to gossip about anybody but, it must have been during all that googly eyed going on that someone poured come of that corn liquor into the punchbowl and pot near everybody drunk. Hand me that new can of Spray starch there next to you. Thank you. Now where was I? Oh yeah, it was during all googly eyen' that Lizy May got some of that liquored up punch. Serves her right. If she hadn't been wearing that red dress and stringing those boys along the way she did, she wouldn't na' been drinkin' so much punch. Besides, some of the rest of us might ta' gotten ta' dance once in a while if all the boys weren't fussin' over Lizy May. I know if Popa were alive she'd not a been carryin' on like that. Yes sir, Popa sure woulda' put a stop to carryin's on like that. You know it was nearly eleven o'clock when we got home! After drinkin' all that liquored up punch, Lizy May got so durn giddy she was fallin' all over the place and making a spectacle of herself. She sure seemed to be enjoyin' all the attention she was gettin', not thinkin' that she would be the talk of town today. Why, I'd never seen her this way before and to tell you the truth, I didn't know what to do. So I went right up ta' her and I said "Lizy May, come on we're

goin' home." Just like that I said it. Well you know she looked like she hadn't heard a single solitary word I said to her. So I grabbed her arm and said, "Lizy May, come on now we're goin' home." Well I tell you what's the truth, Lizy May swung around and slapped me sa'hard I fell onto the floor. Well, you'd better believe me I got up from there in a hurry. I wasn't going to take that from nobody. Not even my frilly dressed, curly headed, green eyed little sister. So I knocked her into the refreshment table, crumplin' up my pink and white rosettes that were decoratin' the table sa'pretty and spillin' food ever'where. Lizy May grabbed a handful a macaroons off the refreshment table and flung em' at me. And before I knew it everybody was fightin' and throwin' things. Though I never thought i possible, Lizy May finally came to her senses and we crawled to the side door, fancy dresses and all. by the time we made it ouside, the sheriff and his men was drivin' up to the high school. It didn't take us long to figure out that this weren't no place for a lady and we went home. Now you know me, I'd rather die than gossip, but...Oh, I'm sorry you can't stay till Momma gets back from the store. She said she wouldn't be more than a minute. Well, I'll tell Momma that you dropped by. Come back soon and we'll talk some more ya' hear. Bye now.