

DELETED SCENE -- I-Club

Erin & Rosie

But you don't want to sit here, I wanted to say. Somehow that was my fault, wasn't it? I wanted desperately to talk about the bathroom thing--to thank her for sticking up for me and about the wiggling fingers but I didn't know how. What would I say? Thanks for wiggling your fingers at me, can we be friends again? We spent the next twenty minutes reviewing cut, copy, and paste. After we looked at how to do it with the menu and toolbar, I showed Rosie the keyboard shortcuts.

"Cool," she said, selecting some text and pressing-X to cut. She quickly pasted it at the end of her document using-P .

"You catch on fast," I said.

"It's not that hard." She said it like I'd insulted her or something.

"Let's move on to some formatting techniques," Ms. Moreno said, saving me from having to respond. "Turn to Exercise Five on page seven in your workbook."

Rosie and I were too busy doing the exercise to say anything else. When class was over she gathered her books. "Thanks for the computer help," she said before joining a couple of girls in the front row. I couldn't figure her out. She wasn't especially nice to me, but she wasn't mean either. She talked to me like I was girl she knew in passing, someone who had been in some of her classes but not anyone she really knew. I sighed. But wasn't that true? She didn't really know me anymore. And I didn't know her. And why did I care anyway? She'd made it clear in third grade that she didn't want to be friends with me.

I watched as Mark leaned over and said something to Rosie and she laughed.