

7th Grade Mixer
by Justin McGonigle

My Father taught me how to shave and tie a tie the night of my 7th Grade Mixer. It was my first big dance and I felt like I was becoming a man. "Would you show me how to shave and tie a tie?" I asked my Father. I fully expected him to say no. He was always busy. "Sure," he said. I was excited.

He stood behind me in front of the bathroom mirror as he tied the tie around my neck. "Take the tie and make it long, with the thicker end towards the bottom," he said. "Now take the skinny side and wrap it around twice and up through the hole it makes at the top." This part confused me but I finally got the idea. "OK?" He said. "OK." I said. "Now I'll show you how to shave."

He took some shaving cream and put it on his face. He took the razor and with the blunt side, ran through a little of the shaving cream making a path like cutting the grass. "Like that," he said. "You try." I took some cream and put it on my face. I then took the razor and did what he did. "Good," he said. I felt like I was well on my way.

Next was the picking out of my outfit and a shower. I chose a green and white checked Wrangler long sleeve dress shirt with snaps for buttons. It was one of my favorite shirts (I was going through a Rhinestone Cowboy phase). For the pants I chose tan chinos and for shoes, brown topsiders. "I was gonna look slick," I thought.

I then took a shower. This time I used both shampoo and conditioner. I couldn't stop thinking about all the new girls I'd see. This was a new school for me. 7th Grade was part of a Regional High School so a bunch of new people from other towns were now in my class. I wanted to make a good impression.

I then got to work on shaving and seeing if I could tie my tie. I shaved this time (or pretended to anyway) with the razor side of the blade. I did cut myself once, but then I got to put a little piece of toilet paper over the cut making it a red dot on my face. I thought it looked cool and manly. I saw it once on T.V..

I then got dressed and was able to tie the tie. I was all set. It was the first time I really ever looked in the mirror. I thought for sure I'd knock 'em dead.

To be honest, I had more fun getting ready for the dance than I did at the actual dance. I remember for most of the night, all the girls stood on one side of the cafeteria and all the boys on the other side. There really wasn't much co-mingling going on. I talked and horsed around most of the night with the kids I already knew. I do remember one of the cooler kids did dance a little but other than that there wasn't much dancing at all.

Later on in High School we had a dance that we needed to ask someone to. That was fun and I definitely did dance at that one! Later still, I attended several proms (I ended up going to three different High Schools) and they were all a blast.