

Title: The Other Guys
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As my childhood friend Bob would say....So...oh...Who are the people in your neighborhood..in your neighborhood..in your neighborhood... in your neighborhooodood?

Yup, just who are the people in your neighborhood? In our case, who are the people in our classroom. Well, there's this extraordinary brain child, this one popular girl, this rebellious teen, them clown-a-lot kids, them nerds, and who-the-hell-is-he-guy. Sino?!!

The OTHER GUYS. The people whom we pick last in our basketball team, if they ever played basketball. The people whom we cast as extras or propsmen in our acts. If we're in hollywood, they're the people whom we think wouldn't sell tickets.

High school was mean! They pick on kids who are different, who wears fake stuffs, who have funny eyebrows or thick lips or dark skin. And if you're not with the Populars, then you're a Nobody.

The funny thing is, I've grown to like spending time with them. How I wish I noticed that before.

As the day begins in Notre Dame, most of them (the other guys) have already arrived even before Warlito makes his laps round the tracks. Carrying with them a bunch of stuff that who knows what's inside them. Just gathering around each other and pushing pens, cracking assignments, burrowing themselves in things we don't care or consider (what's the word?) "cool".

In class, they just remain prim and proper, cool and calm, sits silent. Just listening to the teach and laughs at each punchline someone throws in. We pick on them, make fun of them, mark a big "L" on their forehead, and still they just laugh and smile along.

When the bell rings for lunch, they get in line just like we were supposed to do so. Yet somehow we manage to ask them to shrug off so that we could get in front of them. And when someone sees that happening, they start to push them behind the line further.

Come dismissal, we just hope they hurry home so that they may be able to do their homeworks and copy from them tomorrow.

And to add damage to insult, we laugh and never care if that hurts them.

Whew! That was high school. So, where are the Other Guys now?

Well, last time I've heard of, some of them are engineers, finishing their law studies, bank officers, while some are happily married. Racking in more money than we ever think is possible. While those who picked on them are just lucky to be employed.

So we were wrong. That's okay. We were wrong most of the time back then.



The Other Guys - Well well well. Look do we have here!