

Working with Tom this semester has been a reciprocally rewarding experience. It has been a pleasure to travel with Tom on the journey to honing his writing skills and style. It is my belief that Tom's ability to think outside the box is what gives his writing verve, freshness, and a unique perspective.

~ Donnie Carlos King, Master Tutor

Angels and Devils

By Tom Jonas

Here comes my ex. She's wearing the jeans we picked out. I think her ass got bigger. I should tell her that. I should tell her that she's really let herself go. Tell her that she needs to start running or something. Tell her that she was always a little on the hefty side. I should walk right up to her and scream what a bitch she is. How she fucked me over. How she made me feel worse than anyone had ever made me feel before. I should go throw the picture of her that I've got in my wallet right in her face and tell her that it's an ugly picture anyway. I should just smack her and walk away. Leave her hurt and wondering what happened just like she did to me. Leave her standing there confused and alone, with no one to turn to for help. Make her pick up the pieces and figure out where to go from there. Make her lose sleep. Lose weight. Lose trust. I should drop her with one swing. I should drop her and scream what a lying, cheating, whoring, bitch she really is. I should walk right up to her...

"Oh my god! How have you been?"

"Pretty good. Yourself?"

"Oh pretty good. It's been a long time. What have you been up to?"

"Nothing really. Are you still seeing what's-his-name?"

"No, not really. I'm kinda in a hurry but it's been really great seeing you. Maybe we'll run into each other again."

Here comes my ex. God she looks good. I should let her know that. I should tell her that she still looks great. Show her the picture that I still keep in my wallet and say how I look at it all the time. I should tell her that I lie awake at night thinking about her. I should tell her how much I miss her. That she should come back so we can give it another try. Tell her that I'm still crazy about her. So in love with her it hurts. I should just kiss her. I should walk up and grab her by the shoulders and kiss her with all the feeling and the passion I've got. I should kiss her deep and then look into her eyes and show how much I care about her. How I don't care about the past. How I want to work on the future. How we can do it right this time. Without pain. Without lying, or cheating, or fighting. I should tell her that I've changed. Tell her that I...

"Oh my God! How have you been?"

"Pretty good. Yourself?"

Oh pretty good. It's been a long time. What have you been up to?"

"Nothing really. Are you still seeing what's-his-name?"

“No, not really. I’m kinda in a hurry but it’s been really great seeing you. Maybe we’ll run into each other again.”

“I’d like that.”
What a fucking bitch.

“I’d like that.”
God I love you.

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