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Andrea

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Andrea

By Nicoletta Carlone

You wouldn't think she was a bitch if you saw her. Not Andrea, called Andi with a heart dotted I. You wouldn't think that if you saw all 105 pounds of her tucked into a tight pink cardigan and pearls, and one of those hot little skirts just one inch from scandal, the kind of skirt that only college girls and naughty secretaries wear. You would never think she was a bitch. I didn't.

I was once one of the highest paid television anchors in America, but when the kids were grown and moved out of the house, the wife and I downsized to a cute little cottage in a small university town where I took a job as a professor. My first semester there, I met Andrea.

At first she was in one of my classes, but soon she was in all three. She spent too much time around me, and began to wear provocative clothing. Suffice it to say, I was attracted to her. What man my age wouldn't be? Because she was a good writer, I, the journalism advisor, made her the editor of the school paper. It was something that she enjoyed, because now she could spend more time with me than ever.

She was in love with me. As you know, girls that age have raging hormones. She used to write me poems and leave them around my office. She used to suggest that we meet up, off campus, in my car; you know what I'm talking about. Now I must admit, I should take some responsibility, but the whole thing - it was mostly her idea. My wife even thought she was crazy.

Eventually, after about a year or so, I broke it off and Andrea got mad. She went around telling all of her little girlfriends. She even got a new boyfriend after she said she loved me. She told him too.

Then she wrote it. The copy had slipped past my eyes on production night. And the next morning, when the papers arrived, hot off the press, there I saw it. There was my demise in Times New Roman size 72. The editorial. It was a tell-all confession of this little darling's brush with the big bad wolf, married professor who seduced her in class. She had kept the monster's name under wraps, but by then everyone knew it was me. It was obvious.

All I could do was pick up a few issues, go into my office and rip them all apart. Newsprint rips easily, but 3,000 issues of a college newspaper are hard to destroy. Before I could find a gasoline can and an extra lighter, the issues had gone out, all of them, faster than they ever had before. It's amazing how dirty news makes a paper fly off the racks.