

# SALLY: THE STRONGEST GIRL IN THE WORLD

(an M.C. story)

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The group of male high school athletes quietly went about their afternoon workout in the weight room, trying to act as casual as possible. But as hard as they tried to pretend that everything was normal, one could sense the apprehension in the air. They were, no doubt, thinking about the upcoming confrontation that they all knew was inevitable. The strong, well built boys - some of them on the football team, a few baseball players, and two wrestlers - thought of themselves as the 'elite' of our school. In fact a few weeks ago they even formed something of a club amongst themselves. They called themselves the 'Jock Club' - but practically everybody else referred to them as the 'Bully Club', because, quite frankly, that's what they were.

These large, athletic boys would walk through the school as if they owned it - pushing the other, weaker, kids out of the way and laughing about it. Any girl that they liked they felt was theirs for the taking, regardless of whether she - or her boyfriend - agreed or not. Since they were the strongest, toughest boys in school, there wasn't much a weaker student could do about it. If you complained to the teachers or the principal, you could expect to receive a good beating after school so, needless to say, most of the students remained silent about them. There was, however, one student who didn't cower before the 'Jock Club'. This student was brave enough to challenge them all, openly and directly. But as amazing as this seems, there was something even more amazing about it...this student was a girl.



But what a girl! Sally Henderson may be only five feet-six inches tall, but she weighs a power packed 220 pounds. The pretty, long haired brunette is so strong that she likes to call herself 'The Strongest Girl in the World', and few who know her would argue the point. Although she has never entered a weight lifting tournament or a 'Strong Woman' competition (her mother says she's too young to participate in those kinds of things) the 17 year-old junior claims to have beaten every woman's weightlifting record in the world in the privacy of her basement. When she flexes her biceps they measure an astounding nineteen inches around and her massive thighs measure twenty-six! The reason I know this is because I live across the street from her and she occasionally asks me to come over and measure them.

Two days ago as Sally and I were walking home from school together (which we've been doing ever since we were kids in elementary school), she turned to me and said, "you know Rick, those guys in the Jock Club have gotten way out of hand. And since none of the other students or teachers seem to be able to reign them in, it looks like it's time for me to take action."



"And just what do you plan to do about them Sally?"

"I haven't decided yet Rick...but I'm working on an idea."

"Sally, those guys are awfully tough. I hope you don't do anything stupid."

My comment was met by a girlish giggle, "Oh Ricky, tee, hee, after all these years of living across the street from me you really don't know very much about me, do you?"

"Well, let's see about that. I know you like to wear yellow ribbons when you put your hair into ponytails. I know you giggle like a little girl whenever you think something is funny; and cry at the sad parts in movies. I know that even though I'm six inches taller than you are, you're probably twice as strong as I"

"Yes, that's right Rick...that's four points for you. And you also know the measurements of both my arms and legs. But what you don't know is what these arms and legs are capable of; but you will in a day or so." When we got to Sally's house, she raised her hand up and gently pinched me on the cheek, "you will in a day or so," she repeated with a smile. "See you tomorrow morning Rick." I watched as the muscular girl went up to the door of her home. She then turned around and flexed her incredible biceps, winked and went inside. I sighed, then walked across the street to my house.





The following morning as Sally and I walked to school she casually said to me, "Rick, I've decided what to do about those bullies of Jock Club. They should be disbanded and all the members will have to apologize to the other students for the bullying they've done. They'll also have to promise never to pick on other students again."

"Sounds like a great idea Sally; but, err...how do you propose to go about seeing that it gets done?"

"Elementary my dear Watson. I'll just inform them that they have to disband, apologise to the students they've bullied and promise never to do it again."

"Just like that?"

"Just like that. Here, have a look at this." She opened her notebook, removed a sheet of paper and handed it to me. "I wrote this last night." The note read: 'To the so called Jock Club. I here-by order your club to be disbanded by tomorrow afternoon; you're nothing but a bunch of bullies. Furthermore, you are to publically apologize to all the students for your rude behavior and promise never to do it again. Yours truly, Sally Henderson'. "I'm going to post this on the school bulletin board this morning so that everyone will see it."

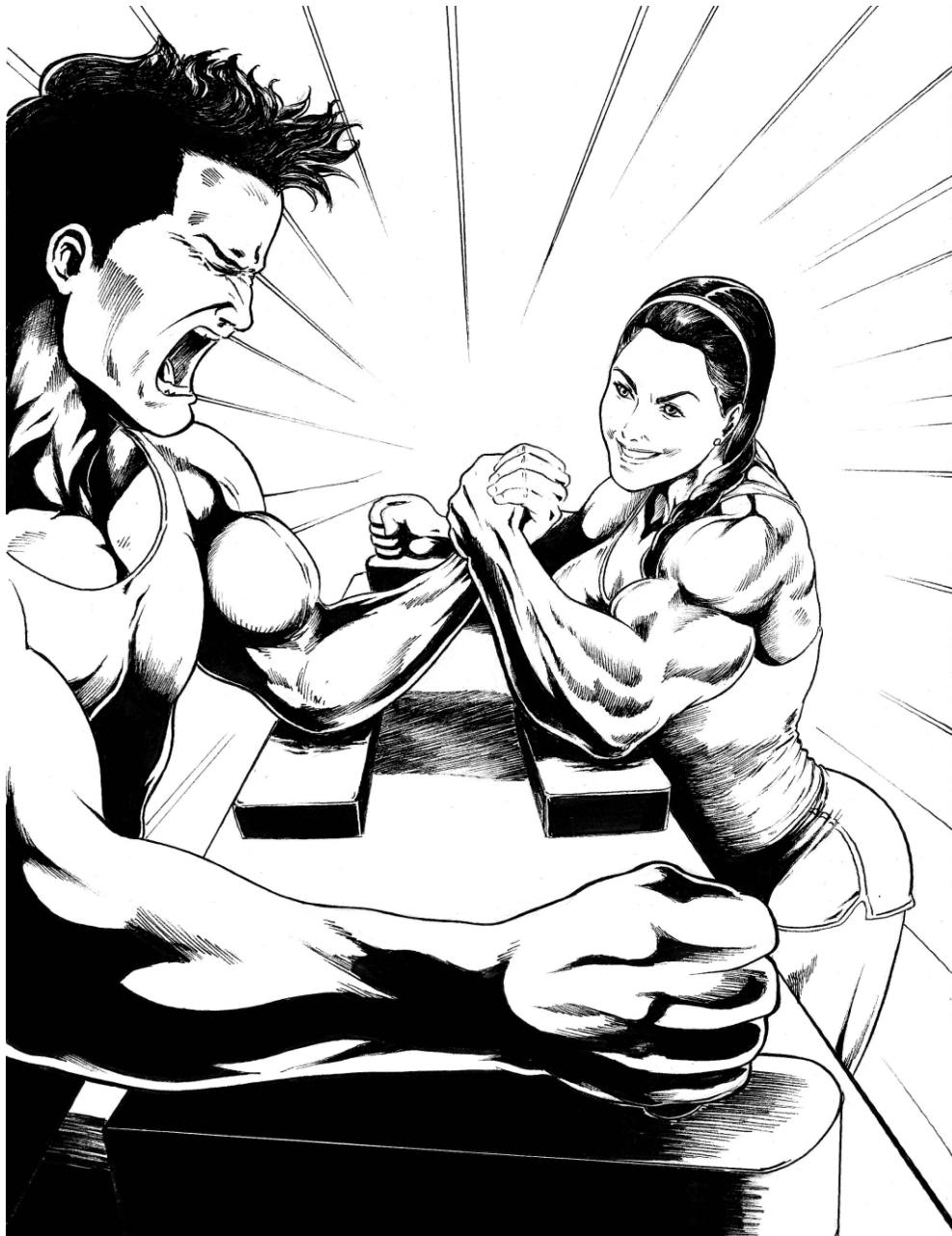


"Sally, these are proud, tough athletes; even the teachers are afraid of them. I'm sure they won't end their club and apologize just because some girl tells them to; however strong she might think she is."

She flashed me her prettiest smile and giggled, "that's what I'm hoping for Rick. In fact, I'd be very disappointed if they did disband. And what did you mean by 'however strong she might think she is' ? Ricky, it seems as if you have a lot to learn about me."

I have known Sally since her family moved into the house across the street ten years ago. I always thought she was a very attractive girl. Her long, beautiful brown hair falls halfway down her back and she has the cutest dimples when she smiles; which is often. People who don't know her are often intimidated by the sheer size of her muscles but I've never felt that way about her. To me, she was always the 'little girl from across the street' who likes to giggle a lot.

I even remember when she first began working out with weights. Sally was around twelve at the time and, quite by accident, she came across her father's old set of barbells that he had stored in the basement. Shortly afterwards she starting working out with them. I was sure she'd give it up after a little while but Sally just kept at it - three, four and sometimes even five hours a day; every day. "What can I say Rick? I'm addicted to it,"she'd tell me whenever I asked her about her weight lifting. "It's such a great sensation to feel myself actually getting stronger day by day."



It wasn't too long before it began to show in her arms and legs. Far from being embarrassed by her muscles however, Sally proudly showed them off by wearing shorts and sleeveless shirts whenever she could. By the time she was 14 years old, the 'little girl from across the street' won the arm wrestling championship of our middle school; easily defeating the defending champion with her right hand; even though she's left handed!

A few days later she got into her first fight, ironically because of me. There were these two large bullies that were always picking on me. One day as Sally and I were at school, they came towards us from the opposite direction. "It's O.K. Rick," Sally said calmly, "these boys have picked on you for the last time." When they were only a few feet away from us, Sally stood in front of me and stretched her arms out to the sides.

She grabbed each of the boys around the waist and held them in mid-air while their bikes continued forward without them. Sally then slammed them together hard, pulled them apart and slammed them together again. After she did it a few more times they both began to cry. "Apologize to Rick now!" she demanded, "or else I'll slam you again." After they did so Sally tossed the crying boys to the sidewalk. "Don't you ever bully my friend again or else you'll have to answer to me," (and they never did - nor did anybody else once word got around). "You see Rick, sometimes it's good to have a strong friend, even if she's \*just\* a little girl; tee, hee, hee," Sally giggled as we resumed walking.



For the rest of the way home she was in a great mood. "I just can't believe how good it felt to put those bullies in their place," Sally laughed. From that day onwards I began to notice something strange happening to the 'tough guys' in our middle school...they began getting black eyes and even the dreaded Bill Morgan had a beautiful one to go with his badly swollen jaw. They were also much better behaved afterwards; there wasn't nearly as much pushing and shoving going on in the halls. In about a week it stopped completely. When I asked Sally about this she simply giggled and said, "what do you think happened Rick?" She then flexed impressive biceps and winked at me, thus confirming my suspicion. In just one week our school was tamed, by a 14 year-old girl!

But Sally didn't stop there. She continued lifting weights for several hours a day; getting even bigger and stronger. By the time she was 15 her arms measured 16 inches around and her thighs 24, and just last week I measured her at 19 and 26! But what was Sally going to do about the Jock Club? Did she really plan on taking them all on at once? Ten of the biggest, strongest, toughest guys in school? Once Sally posts her challenge on the bulletin board what's going to happen? I'm sure their pride would never allow them to back down from the threat of a single girl. "What they decide to do is up to them," Sally replied matter-of-factly when I asked her about this, "but I'm giving them until tomorrow afternoon to disband and apologize."

"And then what?"





"And then the fun starts, (I frowned). Oh don't you give me that look Rick. I'm a big girl (she flexed her awesome muscles in front of me - she really likes to do that), I can take care of myself. You can even come and watch if you like. They work out together in the weight room just about every afternoon and I suspect they'll be there tomorrow too. And I also suspect they won't have their apologies with them either." We reached the school and Sally posted her notice on the bulletin board at the main entrance. "In all probability it looks like I'm going to get a bit of a workout tomorrow afternoon, if you catch my drift. But enough about this for now Rick. We'd better hurry or we'll be late for our math class. You know what a stickler Ms. Johnson is for getting to class on time."

By lunchtime practically all of the students were aware of Sally's challenge to the Jock Club; either by having read it or by word of mouth. Only the most naive student actually expected these big, strong boys to knuckle under to the threat of one single girl. The confrontation now seemed inevitable. But you wouldn't know it by looking at Sally. She went about her day as if nothing unusual had happened. In fact, she didn't even mention it once to me as we walked home. All she seemed to want to talk about was a pretty blue dress that she'd seen at the mall a few days ago and wanted to buy. "It really highlights my muscles beautifully," she said.

Sally was equally non-chalant about the upcoming confrontation as we walked to school the following morning. Then, all she could talk about was a new movie she'd like to see and wanted to know if I was interested in seeing it with her. Although we've known each other for ten years, ours was never what you'd call a girlfriend/boyfriend relationship; we were just friends. As far as I know, Sally had never dated anyone. She was so hung up on her weight lifting and schoolwork (Sally had a 3.5 grade point average) that she probably didn't have time for anything else - and there probably aren't too many guys that wanted to date a 17 year-old girl with 19 inch biceps. She and I did go out together occasionally, but you wouldn't really call it dating; we've never even kissed each other. The pinches she gives me on my cheek are about as intimate as Sally ever gets with me.



"Sally, how can you possibly be so calm and relaxed when you're going to take on some of the toughest boys in school later today?"

"Oh Rick, really. That's not until this afternoon and it isn't even 9 A.M. So tell me, are you interested in going with me to see this movie Friday night? Maybe we could have a little dinner first?" I can't believe it. Sally is going to take on ten strong, tough guys and all she's thinking about is going to a movie? Is she weird? Or am I? "Ricky, you worry way too much," she laughed, "you should really learn to lighten up a bit." Then she reached over and pinched my cheek.

"Ouch!"

"Oooopsie, sorry about that. Sometimes I don't even know my own strength; tee, hee, hee."

Everyone in school seemed to be very anxious about the upcoming confrontation that was going to take place later that day - everyone, that is, except Sally. She went through her day as if nothing out of the ordinary was going to happen. Several of the guys of the Jock Club let it be known that nobody was going to tell them what to do, least of all some musclebound chick. "You're not eating your lunch Rick," Sally smiled at me as we sat in the cafeteria, "something on your mind? (wink)."

"No," I replied softly, "...nothing."

At 2:45 in the afternoon our last class ended. Sally looked at her watch and grinned at me. "Care to take a walk with me to the weight room Rick?" Without saying a word, I followed the massively built girl across the campus towards the men's gym. On the way we passed many students. Most of them smiled at us and some gave Sally the thumbs up. A few of the girls even offered words of encouragement like, "Go get'em Sally!" or simply, "Girlpower!" As we approached, Sally, who hadn't shown even the slightest sign of nervousness all day long, smiled at me and simply said, "well Rick, this is it," then we entered the weight room.



As expected, the large, tough guys of the Jock Club were all there, as were several dozen spectators. Although the teachers were obviously aware of what was about to happen, they all kept clear; hoping for the best while fearing the worst. Sally removed her warm-up jacket and took off her sweatpants, revealing to everyone in attendance just how incredibly muscular she was. "Well boys," she began in a tone that a teacher might use when speaking to her third grade class, "have you all finished writing your apologies yet? If you need more time I could give you a few extra minutes. But remember, spelling counts (giggles)."

"Just who in the hell are you to tell us we have to disband, Miss musclehead?" Robert, the largest and strongest boy in school, as well as the titular leader of the group, angrily blurted out. At six feet-five inches tall, the 265 pound offensive right tackle literally towered over the five-foot six inch, 220 pound girl (in fact all ten members of the group were larger than Sally, if not quite so densely muscled; but that didn't seem to bother her in the least).

"Now, now Robbie, is that any way to talk to a lady? It looks like I'm going to have to give you a good spanking when I'm through with your friends." She then looked at the rest of them and said in a strong, confident voice, "I see you boys want to do this the hard way. Very well then, but don't forget this tough guys, I did warn you didn't I?"

The sight of this one girl, her long beautiful brown hair tied back into a ponytail, calmly standing with her hands on her hips in front of the largest, toughest boys in school without showing a trace of fear, is one that will stay with me for the rest of my life. Not only was Sally not afraid of them, but she was smiling; as if she was actually looking forward to taking them all on. "So, how shall we do this boys? One at a time, or all at once? Either way is O.K. with me."



She didn't have to wait long for her answer as Charles, the school's heavyweight wrestler, charged forward. Sally stood still as the 225 pound grappler prepared to barrel into her. Just before he did, she took step forward and the two of them slammed into each other with a loud "THUD!" I could hear gasps coming from the group of onlookers as we watched Charles stagger backwards. It was as if he'd run into a Sherman Tank; Sally hardly moved at all. "Nice try Charlie, care to try again?" He just stood there, stunned. "Well in that case, I guess it's my turn now." The powerfully built, 220 pound girl took a few running steps before plowing into him. We stared in awe as she sent him flying into two other members of the Jock Club. All three collapsed on the floor, down for the count. "Well, that sure facilitates things," Sally laughed as she looked at the six guys left standing, "who's next?"





"Fuck this shit!" Robert screamed out, "let's all get her!" As the remaining athletes all closed in, the large musclegirl seemed unconcerned. Sally met the closest of her attackers - a six- foot three inch 215 pound left fielder on the baseball team - with a powerful left hook that spun him completely around and sent him into dreamland. The center fielder did manage to nail her with a solid punch on her right shoulder. We all heard a loud "WHACK!" but then he held his hand in pain as if he just hit a slab of concrete. "Gee Jerry," Sally said with a smile, "you call that a punch? Let me show you what a punch is." SOCK! With one mighty blow, Sally added Jerry's name to the growing list of battered athletes that now littered the weight room floor.

As I watched this incredible display of raw female power, I couldn't help but feel a tremendous sense of pride in what the 'little girl from across the street' was doing. Not only was Sally taking on the toughest boys in our school, she was beating them easily. I had to admit that there was also an erotic attraction in this for me too. For as I stared at this incredible girl, I felt a sexual attraction to her; it was the first time I ever felt this way about Sally. The more I watched, the more aroused I became. Sally was, in a word, AWESOME!...and watching her beat these guys up gave me an erection.

Steve, the leading rusher on the football team, circled around Sally in an attempt to attack her from the rear. She either didn't notice him or pay much attention if she did. Her attention was focused on Robert and Gary - the two largest boys in school who must have weighed over 500 pounds between them. They slowly approached in front of her while Steve came in from behind. But before I had a chance to warn Sally about Steve's approach, this magnificent girl stepped back and jammed her right elbow hard into his gut. Then, without even turning around, she whacked him with the back of her right hand, knocking him half-way across the room where he slammed against a wall and collapsed, holding his stomach and bleeding from the nose.

Eight guys! Sally had flattened eight big, strong guys in two minutes! "Well boys, it looks like it's just the three of us now, how intimate; tee, hee, hee." Sally looked over at me and smiled. But when she glanced down and saw the large bulge in my pants, she shook her finger at me with mock sternness...then winked.



"Come on Gary!" Robert yelled, "we can't let one girl beat us all. Let's attack her from different sides simultaneously." Over 500 pounds of muscular fury decended on Sally from opposite directions while she stood in-between them and waited. When they came within range, she struck. With cat-like quickness the powerful girl turned towards Gary and wrapped her large, muscular right arm around his waist. Then, with amazing ease, she lifted his 245 pounds off the floor. Holding Gary up as if he were nothing more than a small child, this magnificent Amazon then turned around and wrapped her left arm around Robert's waist and raised him up also. Over 500 pounds! This incredible girl was supporting over 500 pounds! Nobody who witnessed this event could believe it; nor would they ever forget it.

In desperation, both boys began to pound on Sally's back with their fists; but she hardly seemed to feel it. Sally held them there for a few seconds and let them pound away, then she began to squeeze. We all watched spellbound as Robert and Gary tried to break the python- like grip Sally had them in. But their attempts were useless, she was simply too strong for them. Their faces began to turn red and their grunts turned to pathetic screams as the super strong girl continued to squeeze; all the while holding their 500 plus pounds off the floor.

Finally, both Robert and Gary's arms fell to their sides; they were beaten. As incredible as it seems, this one girl had taken on the entire group of athletes singlehandedly...and won. In fact she creamed them. Sally gently laid the two nearly unconscious boys to the floor. She looked around at the scene before her. Ten large, strong boys lay battered and beaten on the weight room floor. She then put her right foot on top of Robert's chest and flexed her massive 19 inch biceps for all to see (it was the classic victory pose which would grace the cover of our local newspaper the next day). All the spectators spontaneously broke out in cheers while I came in my pants. The despised and feared Jock Club had been completely wiped out...by one girl.



Sally smiled at her newfound fans; never again would they consider her a \*freak\*. She walked over to me and gave me a kiss on the cheek (she had never done that before), then reached down and gently rubbed the soiled part of my pants. "It seems that you and I need to have a little talk, you stud you," she whispered, "but first I have some unfinished business to attend to with the Jock Club." She kissed me again, on the lips this time, before turning around and walking back to where the gasping Robert lay.

Sally grabbed him firmly by the collar of his sweatsuit and dragged the 265 pound boy over to where Charles and the two others she sent him slamming into still lay. They were piled neatly on top of one another, "a perfect seat," she giggled. Sitting down on Charles' chest, the mighty girl yanked Robert across her knee. "I told you I'd give you a good spanking after I finished with your friends; well, here it is." Sally then pulled down his training pants, exposing his bare bottom, and began giving the largest, toughest \*boy\* (as opposed to girl) in school a good, hard spanking in front of dozens of students. It was a humiliation I'm sure he'll never forget.

After she had reduced the once proud boy to nothing more than a whimpering child, Sally told him to stand against one of the walls. She then ordered the rest of the battered group to stand alongside him. When they had done so, the powerful girl stood in front of them with her hands on her hips and gave them all a stern lecture. "You will disband the Jock Club immediately! You will all write apologies to the students you bullied and promise to behave yourselves from now on! If I ever hear of any of you picking on another student, I'll take you across my knee; is that clear? " One-by-one, Sally made each of her beaten foes agree to her terms. "You have until tomorrow to apologize, so I suggest you get busy." While the humiliated members of the now defunct Jock Club filed out of the weight room - their heads bowed in shame - all of us who were privileged to have witnessed this amazing event broke out in cheers again. "Sally! Sally Sally!..."



As we made our way home from school that afternoon, Sally turned to me and asked, "Rick, do you remember when I beat up those two bullies that were bothering you when we were in middle school?"

"Yes, how could I ever forget that?"

"How did you feel about it?...that I, a girl, saved you from them?"

"It...it was difficult Sally; masculine pride you know."

"And how do you feel now; after watching me beat up ten of the toughest guys in our school all by myself?"

"I feel...well, rather strange. I mean...you were awesome Sally, totally awesome. Watching you batter them around like they were children was indeed a very erotic experience for me. But I...well, you're a girl Sally...and I guess I have a lot of ambivalence about it."

She looked down and noticed I had another bulge in my pants and began to giggle. "Oh Rick, this male pride thing of yours is so hard to figure out; tee, hee, hee. You and I have known each other for ten years, and yet you still can't tell me that my strength turns you on - even when the evidence (she pointed down to the bulge in my pants) is obvious to both of us." Caught redhanded for the second time, I began to blush. I started to speak but Sally put her index finger up against my lips and silenced me.





"Let me save you the trouble. I'm strong, we both know that; you just didn't know how strong I was. Now you do. I just beat up the ten toughest guys in our school and it really wasn't even all that difficult. When I say I'm the strongest girl in the world, I mean it. I've already surpassed every woman's weight lifting record; and someday I may even be the strongest \*person\* in the world - male or female. That has been my goal ever since that first day when I began to lift weights in my basement.

"Ever since I moved in across the street from you, you've been my best friend Rick. We've been walking to and from school together for ten years and I've told you things that I'd never dream of telling anyone else. And while it's true that we've never dated \*officially\*, we have gone out together many times and I feel that I know you better than anybody I've ever met. (She paused for a minute and seemed to be weighing very carefully what she was about to say next). I think what I'm try to say here Rick...is that I'm in love with you. And judging by the size of that erection you have there, I believe the feeling is mutual."

We reached her home. But this time instead of just watching Sally from the sidewalk as she entered her house, we went in together; hand-in-hand. Since both of her parents were still at work, we went directly into her bedroom; no explanations were required."Nor are any necessary," she said with a wide grin."Let me tell you a little story Rick...



"When I was around 15 years old, I invited several of my girlfriends over for a slumber party. My mom was away visiting her parents but my dad was here. You know how big he is (Sally's dad was a former Marine, stands six-feet two and must weigh at least 200 pounds). Well anyway, being 15 year-old girls we stayed up very late talking about 'girlie' things and laughing a lot. Then, around two in the morning, my father came barging into my room and said we were making too much noise and my friends would have to go home. Well, this really pissed me off as it was during the summer vacation and none of us had to get up early the next day. Also, my father embarrassed me in front of my friends. So I told him he had no right to come into my bedroom without my permission and that my friends were staying for the whole night. 'Like hell they are!' he said angrily, 'they're to gather up their things and go to their homes immediately!'

"That's when I lost my temper and beat the crap out of him. Then I took him over my knees and gave him a good, hard spanking, right in front of my friends. By the time I was through with him he was crying."

"Wow! You beat up and spanked your father when you were just 15 years old?"

"That's right Rick. I never told you about it but it's true. Then I told him that he was never to enter my room again without knocking first and had to ask my permission, and that he was to respect my privacy. From then on we haven't had any problems. Understand Rick, I love my father, I really do; but I had to teach him to respect me...just like Robert and his friends. Now don't look at me like that Rick; I'd never hurt you. You're the nicest, sweetest boy I've ever known. I'd never lay a hand on you...in anger that is (wink)."

"But what if I also barge into your room without permission Sally?"

"Try it someday and you'll find out Rick; tee, hee."

"Err...perhaps I'll pass on that. Did you have anymore confrontations with your father after that incident?"





"Well...there was one more. About a year ago he went out drinking with some of his friends after work. That's O.K. only he neglected to tell my mom about it. Mom and I were both so worried when two hours went by and he hadn't come home. When he finally arrived - around 9 P.M. - he had the smell of beer on his breath. So, not only did he not call us, but he drove home intoxicated; thereby endangering not only himself but other innocent people he might have crashed into on the road."

"So what did you do?"

"I slapped him around for awhile and then gave him another good spanking. I also grounded him for a month. My father had no right to endanger himself as well as others; to make my mother a widow and leave me without a father. He could have called and my mom would have driven over to the bar and picked him up. But my father's silly masculine pride wouldn't allow him to do that...so I had to teach him another lesson."

"He never goes out drinking anymore?"

"He does on occasion, but now he makes sure to call us beforehand so we know about it and one of us can pick him up if he needs it. I'm not a bully Rick; I just think that this 'macho pride' thing that you guys have is all a bunch of bullshit. I mean, why can't you cry at the sad parts of movies like I do? I'm a lot tougher than you are. And how many wives have been beaten by their husbands? Or girls by their boyfriends? How many wars have been fought throughout history because of inflated egos and pride? How many people have suffered because of it?"

"But what can you do about it Sally? You're just one girl."

"I know that Rick, and there probably isn't much I can do about it now. But if I become the strongest \*person\* in the world - as I hope to someday - then maybe men will feel less secure about themselves; more humble perhaps. Look at Robert and his friends. Do you think they'll be bullying anybody in school again after what I did to them today? I doubt it. Maybe I can encourage other girls to get strong too. Who knows, maybe I can be the start of a revolution. Anyway, that's my goal."



Suddenly Sally bent down and grabbed one of my thighs with her strong right hand and, with her left, grabbed me by the shirt. Effortlessly, she lifted my 190 pounds off the floor and raised me high above her head in her outstretched arms. "Come honey, let's continue this conversation over there." My superstrong girlfriend then hurled me clear across the room onto her queen-sized bed, then she leaped on top of me. "Or, we can do \*other\* things (wink)." We decided to do \*other\* things...

#### Epilogue: Friday Night

Sally giggled like a little girl as she and I shared our dessert - a hot fudge sundae - at a restaurant in the mall. I have to admit, she certainly looks stunning in her new blue dress. It cost me almost a week's wages but it was worth every single cent. Actually, it was the smile on her beautiful face when she opened the package that made it worthwhile (although the hug she gave me when she opened the package nearly broke me in two). "Gee Ricky, you're going to have to start working out with me, you're way too delicate; tee, hee, hee."

"We'd better get in line for the movie if we want to see it from the beginning Sally. I noticed the line was already beginning to form when we walked by." We left the restaurant and walked over to the cinema. As we approached the long line waiting to purchase tickets, a strange thing began to happen; the people in line all began to move to the side allowing us to go right up to the front. I wondered about this for a few moments and then it occurred to me - most of the people in line were students from our high school and they all knew about what Sally did to the Jock Club earlier this week.



As I bought our tickets, someone from behind us shouted, "hey Sally, can we see you flex?" My super girlfriend turned around and struck an awesome pose of her mighty biceps, the biceps that she used to ground the Jock Club to dust. Many of those in the line began to cheer when she did so.



I bought our tickets."Gee, that went quickly," I mentioned under my breath.

Sally grinned as she took me by the hand and led me to the entrance of the theater. "Like I told you the first time I saved your sorry ass honeybunch, sometimes it's good to have a strong friend; even if she's \*just\* a little girl."

## THE END

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