Dear Mrs. Casey,

I only remember a few things about Raymond Swann. I knew him in 10th grade. We were in the same Latin and gym class and study hall. He was not what you would call one of the guys.

I remember him in gym class, doing laps. He never broke out of a fast walk. He’d wave his arms around in a parody of running and keep going the same speed.

Matt told me that on his first day of grade school, his father came home with the flu. Not one of the brains either. His father had made him stay home to study. The teacher never asked him to come back.

Matt told me that when he was a baby brother. He used to tell Matt (he could barely speak with that stutter) how he really wanted to have a kid brother and then his mom had this baby boy and it really kind of changed him. He started talking more etc.

One of the great worst moments. Matt invited the whole class to a birthday party for Raymond. One of the great worst moments. Most of the class came. There was only one who showed up.

But something happened. The baby got sick. Maybe. Matt didn’t know for sure what it was. Raymond didn’t come to school for six weeks. Matt Hollander was a pretty good friend of his in grade school. He told me in 5th grade his father once came home with the flu. Not one of the brains either. He used to sneak into the faculty lounge during assembly. He remembered being there in gym class, doing laps. He saw the principal take a lot of laps. He’d try to tell them around to run, running and keeping the same speed.

When I knew him he used to sit way in the back of the class. He spent every study hall cutting up papers out of his books. He’d leave this big mess of cut up papers around his desk that the janitor would have to clean up.

Anyway, I have no idea whatever happened to him.

Sincerely,

D. Reeves

When I knew him he used to sit way in the back of the class. He spent every study hall cutting up papers out of his books. He’d leave this big mess of cut up papers around his desk that the janitor would have to clean up.

Anyway, I have no idea whatever happened to him.

Sincerely,

D. Reeves

The Raymond Swann Collection

A pair of scissors, his text books, the faculty xerox machine, and the confidence he had in his absolute invisibility in high school gave Raymond the tools he needed for his work.

Materials:
glue, text books, scissors, copy machine

Glen M. Taylor

I only remember a few things about Raymond Swann. I knew him in 10th grade. He was the brains of the class. He never broke out of a fast walk. He’d wave his arms around in a parody of running and keep going the same speed.

Not one of the brains either. His father had made him stay home to study. The teacher never asked him to come back. But something happened. The baby got sick. Maybe. Matt didn’t know for sure what it was. Raymond didn’t come to school for six weeks. Matt Hollander was a pretty good friend of his in grade school.

He told me in 5th grade his father once came home with the flu. Not one of the brains either. He used to sneak into the faculty lounge during assembly. He remembered being there in gym class, doing laps. He saw the principal take a lot of laps. He’d try to tell them around to run, running and keeping the same speed.

The Raymond Swann Collection

Materials:
glue, text books, scissors, copy machine

Anyway, I have no idea whatever happened to him.

Sincerely,

D. Reeves

There was something about a baby brother. He needed to be told that he really wanted a kid brother. Finally, his mom had this baby boy and it really kind of changed him. He started talking more etc.

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Not one of the brains either. His father had made him stay home to study. The teacher never asked him to come back.