Girls in the 80s Loved Stephen King

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Clowns will kill you. Vampires will kill you. We learned these lessons, studying our texts between marching band practice and algebra,
in orthodontists’ airless waiting rooms.
We wore acid-washed jeans, danced to Duran Duran, tried to like Springsteen
and Dylan because his characters sang their songs.
The superflu will kill you. Randall Flagg will kill you. We crushed on characters we knew were doomed, the gunslinger, the deaf-mute boy.
Hotels will kill you. Your pets will kill you. Cars will kill you. We felt so clever, recognizing his favorite tropes: alcoholic writer, psychic child. Beneath our posters of Sting and Johnny Depp, we analyzed scenes of blowjobs, handjobs, other unlikely acts.
High school bullies will kill you. Your husband will kill you. We thought we were training ourselves. We thought we knew how bad the world could get. We wrote our stories in notebooks and diaries, turning keys in shining locks that anyone could break.