

The Dance

By Jordyn

Hi! I'm Isseballa, and I have three older sisters. Their names are Jessica, Evie, and Vicky, and I'm twelve. My mom only really thinks about my sisters and all the clothes I own are hand me downs. All my sisters have worn them. Even the ones I am wearing right now! My sisters always say I'm over the top, and they even say I have an attitude, but they're the ones with the attitudes. Their worst fears are chipped nails and split ends. How can they get split ends when they have curly hair and mine is straight? I'm the only one who can get split ends!

It was the first day of school and my sisters were wearing dresses and wedges. I was wearing jeans, a t-shirt, and Chuck Taylors. When I came downstairs my sisters laughed and said, "You look like trash." I ran upstairs crying. I started looking through my closet and I found a dress and wedges. I put my hair with a side braid. By the time I came back down they were already at the bus stop and they didn't see me until we got in the school.

When we finally got to school my sister thought all the boys were staring at them, but they were really staring at me. When they finally noticed me, we were going to lunch and a kid said, "There is a big dance on Friday you should go" and my sisters said they were. He said he was talking to me. My sisters looked at me and their jaws dropped and then like normal they started talking about dates, dresses, and shoes. I started thinking how could I get out of going?

Then an idea sparked. I will fake being sick! Then I could stay home in sweat pants, a messy bun, and watch Netflix! But how could I get my mom to be a chaperone? Then I realized my mom didn't go to my dance at all. Maybe she and my dad could go. The next week was the dance and after doing a month worth of chores, I finally convinced my parents to go to the dance without me because I was "sick" now. Hopefully she won't try to take me to the doctor!