

By: Corey C.

Mrs. Allen's contest

Ms. Pretty Girl

First day of 6th grade at McMeans Junior High, I could not wait for 5th period. It was a class I was really excited about. Finally it was time. I was expecting to be the only boy in the class because normally only girls take Theater; however, I was wrong, there were four boys all spread out at different tables.

Once the class started, our teacher, Mrs. Collins, set up a rule chart so we could make appropriate rules for the class. She called on one of the students to make a rule; I looked at the person. It was a beautiful girl. My heart sank when I saw her. I was about to go up to her and say, "Oh my gosh I'm in love with you," but, of course, people just don't do that. Then the teacher said, "Okay class put everything away." The bell rang. I held the door for everyone just to see one last glimpse of her. When she finally passed by me she said, "Thank you Corey." I thought to myself, "she knows my name, she actually knows my name!"

Later, I finished the day, hoping she would be in my other three classes or advisory, but no, only Theater. When I got home I just had to tell someone about my new crush. I have already learned you cannot tell your friends. I made this mistake last year. My friend told the girl I liked last year and on the bus she and her friends were chanting, "Rachel hates Corey, Rachel hates Corey." This would make most people feel bad but not me. Now that I know she doesn't like me, I move on. I am a man, you know. I knew the one person in the entire world I could trust with this secret was my mom. Of course, my mom just laughed when I told her, like she has done with every other secret I have ever told her.

A few weeks go by and I am drained from school. This school gives a bunch of tests in all subjects at the same time every third and sixth week. It is crazy. Therefore, I asked my mom if I could stay home. She said not if you want to see Ms. Pretty Girl. It was true I wanted to see her again so I told my mom, "Fine but you have to bring me to school." She said, "Sure, but you're probably only going to have a minute left to get to class." She was right. I ran out of the car and guess who was walking ahead of me, Ms. Pretty Girl. She smiled; I smiled. I was scared and continued running to Ms. Robertson's room. Everyone noticed I was huffing and puffing.

Later at lunch I had to think of a way to ask "her" to be my girlfriend. But how? What do I say? So what does a guy do, he googles how to get a girl to like you? This is what I did. The article said to make sure you dress and smell good. I told my mom for picture day I wanted to wear my navy blue suit. It drives my women relatives crazy so I thought it could work on "her." I also saw the best commercial ever where this guy put on Axe Body Spray and women were attacking him everywhere. I went straight to Walgreens and bought me some. On picture day I received a lot of compliments from other girls but "she" was absent. I was sad. The next day I showed up wearing my Axe Body Spray to Theater. "She" was there and started sneezing heavily as I walked by. Her friend said that she must be allergic to Corey. I wanted to die. Mrs. Collins sent me to the bathroom to wash it off.

My last chance to break the ice with "her" was to see her at Monster Mash, a Halloween party hosted by the PTA. I told my mom that when I win a bunch of cokes at the coke toss game, I would give some

to “her.” This way she would know I like her without her actually knowing for sure. You see the article said you have to keep the girl guessing. McMeans Junior High is bad for my love life. I was unable to win a coke because they rigged the game with very small rings. One of my friends, who was able to win, gave me one. I hurriedly found “her.” She was standing last in the haunted hallway line. This was my chance. I quickly ran into the line. She spoke to me and said, “Do you think this is going to be scary.” I was unable to respond because I was so nervous. I just said, “Do you want this drink?” She said, “No, but thank you.” I told her that the haunted hallway was not scary at all. We went in together. She was a little shaky but I kept talking her through it. The haunted hallway ended in the cafeteria where the drinks, food, and dance were taking place. I bought her a slice of pizza and we talked. Later we decided to go into the inflatables. We jumped and laughed. It was the best day a guy could ever have.

I am not sure if we are considered boyfriend and girlfriend, after all, we are only 11 years old. But whatever we are, we talk, we hangout during lunch, and we hope Mrs. Collins finally picks us to be in the play.