

The Vanity

By: Lilliana A.

The day was September 16, 1850. A long time ago, there was a girl named Clair Willows. She was a beautiful girl but she wanted more. She wanted to be almost like the fairest of them all. She did have a beautiful vanity as well; it was a color of dark auburn, with drawers that had makeup inside and lots and lots of perfume.

One day she was saying how beautiful she looked and saying how this other poor girl was hideous. "Don't I look gorgeous, ew but that poor girl is so hideous."

That girl's name was Lizabeth James. She was even more beautiful than Clair, but Clair did not want to admit it so she decided to pick on her. The next day Clair took it too far and decided to have her own friends take care of Lizabeth. When she got home, she was crying and sobbing in her bed and thought to herself, "I have had enough. She had crossed the line." She sniffled and walked to her vanity and stared into the mirror, then went to the kitchen and grabbed a knife.

She hand washed it and put it in her handbag. Lizabeth found out where Clair lived and walked her way there.

Clair had just washed up and again was sitting at her vanity saying, "Vanity, I have done my part, now who is the most beautiful girl in town?" Then she chuckled and said to herself, "Of course, I am."

Then out of nowhere, Lizabeth comes with her knife so shiny and sharp in her hand. Lizabeth sighed and said to Clair, "No, I am the fairest of them all!" She stabbed Clair in the back and front, then walked off with the bloody knife, leaving all but Clair's blood on her vanity!

The End