

Her Revenge

By Gabriella M.

This is a story about a girl and her name is Emily. She was a girl who was nobody in her school full of somebodies. She was a nerd with curly hair, but she never styled it; she also never had the time. She had glasses that kept falling because her nose was always down in a book.

She loved reading and writing. She always had a book in her bag and read whenever she could. She didn't have any friends until one day, near prom, it was 2 days until the day. Everyone had a date for prom, except Emily.

A popular boy, Camren, came up to her one day at lunch and, out of the blue, asked her to the prom. "Hey, umm, Emily? Right?" he asked, scratching the back of his head, trying to remember her name. Emily looked up from her lunch and said, "Hi, yes. That's me."

"Oh, good." he said, remembering it. "Hey, would you like to go to the prom with me?" he said as she looked at him in amazement.

"Me? Are you sure? I think you got the wrong person," she said, fixing her glasses and looking up at his face, excited and nervous. His face is what you would picture in a movie as a star. A face you would love forever is if he married you. She was fascinated by it, but often kept it to herself.

"Ya, so... is that a yes?" he said, actually going through with his bet his friends set for him. If he went through with it, then he would get \$1000. If he didn't, then he would be embarrassed for life. Emily never knew about the bet. But he did.

"Yes. It's a yes," she said, standing with a big smile that is touching her ears.

"Ok. I guess I'll see you then," he said, then slightly waved at her and left to go back to his table on the other side of the cafe.

She sat back down in bewilderment, amazed by what he said to her. She smiled and chuckled to herself, opened her notebook, and finished lunch.

She was happy the rest of the day, always dreaming off in the distance as she waited for class to end, and she could go home. The bell rang as she quietly packed up.

One of the mean girls, Katie, who liked Carmen, went up to her and said, "So, I heard you actually got asked to the prom. by Carmen," she said, rolling her eyes and not believing the rumors.

"Yes, that is true," Emily said, putting her sketch book away.

Katie eyes the sketch book, saying, "Oh, you actually did?"

"Yes. I'm surprised too," she said, slightly blushing. Katie ripped the sketch book out of her hands and threw it on the floor, screaming, "He was supposed to ask me to the prom!!" Papers were scattered everywhere with mythical creature drawings on them.

"My sketch book! Katie!" she screamed in horror.

Emily ran out crying, leaving her bag open as she ran with it. She walked home that day. She cried on her bed as she tried planning her revenge.

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The next day, everything just smashed together when she went shopping alone. She picked out her favorite dress and some makeup for the dance tomorrow. She was quiet on the day of the prom at school.

Everyone stared at her during the school day. But once she went home, she was ready for a complete makeover! She got ready in her room, putting makeup on and her dress on, while for once in her lifetime, she finally did her hair properly. She was ready to make everyone jealous.

She walked into her car and drove to her school. Her red mermaid dress flowed perfectly behind her as she walked. Her heels clicked and clacked, and she made her way to the entrance.

Everyone was staring at her. She was beautiful. No one recognised her at all. The first time someone welcomed her, she never felt this confident. Never.

"Umm, hi. You must be new. I can walk you in." Katie said, not recognizing her. "No thanks, Katie," Emily said, her pride not wavering one bit as she strode up the stairs.

Katie gasped in recognition and stopped in her tracks. Emily smirked as she glanced back at Katie. Emily strode ahead, looking for Carmen.

Camren was at the drink table talking with his friends. He looked over at Emily and mouthed "wow." he tapped his friends on the shoulder and said, "Hey, look at her." His eyes never left her as she walked past the dance floor.

His friends followed her every movement, moved by how beautiful she was. Camren walked up to her and said, "Hey, beautiful." he winked at her, then gave her an air kiss.

"Stop being such a gullible Camren," she said casually as she turned to look at him.

Her dress swayed with her as she turned to look at him. Her hair landed perfectly next to her face, framing it. "Emily?" he said in surprise, now recognizing her.

"Yup," she said, flashing her beautiful smile at him. It was effortless. And beautiful. "This is impossible. You can't be this beautiful. It's impossible!" he said, gesturing to everything about her.

"You're saying I look beautiful and that you don't think this is possible? Well, hate to break your fragile little heart, but... here I am. And I'm not impossible," she said, patting the side of his face with a smile.

Camren looked at her in shock as she patted him on the face. He quickly composed himself and said, "Well, umm, would you like to dance?" He extended his hand quickly towards her.

"I'd love to," she said, showing him her effortless smile, and took his hand. They danced the rest of the night peacefully. And no one ever doubted her again.

The end! And happily ever after!! yay!!