One bright day in Yellowfalls Ohio one menace of a girl will change everything. Is anyone safe?

Cecelia watched quietly out the window of her father's Subaru as they passed the rolling hills of Yellowfalls. With her mother's recent passing and father's inheritance of the family cereal business, Cecelia had to leave London behind and come back home. They pulled up the brick driveway to a familiar yet unknown white house. As she walked in the door, Cecelia was met with the excited yips of her dog Biscuit. Overjoyed to see her dog, Cecelia swiftly picked him up and carried him to her old room on the second floor. Everything was as she left it two years ago when she went to study abroad. *Tomorrow*, she thought, *My one shot at high school.* She spent the rest of the night getting unpacked, falling asleep with Biscuit at her feet. The next morning she awoke to cold pancakes on the counter and a note from her dad saying he had to leave early for business and she would have to drive herself to school. Cecelia sighed, expecting this from him, taking a pancake and grabbing the keys.

Yellowfalls high school was a small red building barely big enough for the teenage population. Cecelia walked in the doors, excitement bubbling in her chest as people laughed around her and the slamming of lockers filled the atmosphere. She took a deep breath and walked around the corner, advancing to her first class. Suddenly, she slammed into something hard. Falling back and dropping her books in the process, anger grew on her face ready to give whoever ran into her a piece of her mind. As she looked up, a hand extended downward greeted her. Attached to it was the most handsome man Cecelia had ever seen. His brown hair effortlessly framed his perfectly symmetrical face, and his emerald eyes sparkled with light straight from heaven. Cecilia's heart skipped a beat as the boy introduced himself, "Didn't see you there. I'm Derek, sorry for bumping into you."

"No worries," Cecelia replied, trying her best to keep her voice level. Derek bent over, picking up the books and handing them to Cecelia.

"Would you like to get milkshakes with me on Sunday?" Derek asked.

"Sure!" Cecelia eagerly replied, her voice going up an octave.

Cecelia and Derek fell happily in love, and they began dating. About two weeks passed.

Cecelia walked out of class scanning the hallways for Derek. He usually walked her to English, but he was nowhere to be found. Cecelia walked around a bit, confused by her boyfriend's sudden disappearance. Eventually she found the janitor's closet and peered inside curiously. Her heart dropped. Derek was… kissing someone. Cecelia watched in anticipation, trying to identify the girl. Suddenly she turned. Summer. She was the mean girl from her grade who constantly bragged about her family's trip to Italy flexing her money. Cecelia felt nauseous. She ran home with tears burning the corners of her eyes. Her mind was filled with the image of Derek and that… other girl. She cried all night before making up her mind. "Fine," She decided, wiping her tears, "If he thinks he can do that to me he is dead wrong.

Cecelia knocked on Derek's door. Derek opened it but was distant, distracted by his phone. "Hi!" Cecelia exclaimed, putting on her usual loving girlfriend mask. Derek grunted in response.

"I heard there's a hot air balloon festival today. I was wondering if we could watch it together on the balcony?" Cecelia questioned innocently.

“Sure,” Derek mumbled, still not looking up. Cecelia led him to the balcony, the fresh air nipping at their noses. She leaned against him watching the birds. “Hey Derek…” Cecelia whispered. She waited until he looked her in the eyes before kissing his cheek and sternly saying, “I’m the love of your life. Not *her.”* Cecelia shoved him and he fell over his balcony ledge barely having enough time to register and scream. He fell into his pool, his new perm a chaotic mess. “NO!” He cried, “MY HAIR! NO ONE WILL EVER LOVE ME IF I LOOK LIKE THIS!” Derek bolted into the neighboring forest. Derek was not seen for the next few months. The shame of his hair caused him to live in solitude, hidden in the forest, only sneaking home for occasional showers and food. His face covered the headlines.

Cecelia sat in her room, brainstorming for the third time that day. She groaned, “Why can’t I think of something? Summer needs to be taught a lesson. If only she would just…” Cecelia stops and whispers with her new realization, “Disappear. That’s it! She needs to disappear!” She invited Summer over the next day. Cecelia politely greeted her and guided her inside. Cecelia struggled to contain her anger as Summer looked around unimpressed at the small house. Cecelia slammed the door after they entered her room. “If you want to be out of the country so bad then so be it.” Cecelia hissed.

Summer awoke outside in Beijing China confused and panicking. She remembered walking into Cecelia’s room and then getting shoved into something… a closet? No. A box. She looked down to see her phone dead. “No!” She panicked frantically, “No! My phone!” Summer was stranded in China. Phone dead. No knowledge of the language and completely defenseless. It took her two weeks to charge her phone and find the police station. She used a translating app to tell them everything. They then contacted the Yellowfalls police.

Cecelia sat at her table eating a bowl of cereal. A knock at the door startles her, and she goes to answer it. ¨Cecelia Mcallister you are under arrest for the assault of Derek and Summer,” A monotone voice says. Dozens of police surround her door. Before disappearing into the night, Cecelia smiles and whispers, “Cheerio.”