

Paris walked into school like any other day but realized something was different. A new poster was put up and everyone was crowding around it. There were shouts of excitement and people whispering nervously. Paris pushed her way to the front of the crowd and gasped. The school was hosting their own play! Acting had been Paris's dream since elementary. The fact that she could finally express this would be amazing for her.

"Okay what's the new talk all about?" a sassy voice declared. "Did someone die or something?"

Ugh. "Nichole, the school is hosting a play in two months!" Paris replied with fake cheeriness.

"And why do I care?" Nicole asked, still say.

"Ummm..." Paris trailed off. "It could be fun, right?"

"A play? Fun? I don't think so. You want me to have fun? Well, take me to the mall with my best friends and leave me there for a couple of hours, and then that's fun," Nicole spat out.

"Oh," Paris said quietly. Nichole used to be Paris's best friend, but after Nichole became popular, she started being rude and not fun to be around. Paris sat in the shadows and usually only got noticed if Nichole said something specific to her. This play meant a lot to Paris, but not for Nichole. This was finally a chance for Paris to express herself, but if it meant crossing Nichole's bad side...

"Hey, Paris, what's this play gonna do you for you, huh? You gonna suddenly become amazing or something?" Nichole broke Paris out of her thoughts. The crowd suddenly broke into laughter. Only this laughter wasn't nice.

"Oh, haha, Nichole. Very funny. Now could I – "

"That's enough student! Get to class!" the principal said, cutting Paris off.

Well at least Paris tried. "I don't think she'll ever listen to me," Paris thought. "Should I go try out for the play anyway?"

After school Paris snuck into the auditorium without getting noticed by Nichole. She tried out and thought the part she wanted to play wasn't too hard. It had multiple lines, but they weren't too long or hard. Most people didn't try out for her part so she had a good chance at making the cast.

"So you thought you could get away with trying out without me noticing?" Nichole asked. "Well, turns out, I found out. Whoops! And guess who's gonna pay?"

Paris saw the exit clear and ran for it. Being the unathletic princess Nichole was, she didn't even try catching her. Paris knew she messed up though. Tomorrow and every day after that was going to be an onslaught of bullying and trash talking. Nichole found out what Paris did, and now Paris was going to get chewed out not just by her, but by every person in the school because Nichole was their queen. If only she listened to her head and not her heart for advice.

The next day was terrible, as expected. Everyone now knew her name, what she did, and how to make her miserable. Paris just wanted to go to 4th period, her theater class. But even there people gave her dirty looks. No one knew how much this meant to her so she made her mind up then and there. She didn't care anymore. She was going to stick to practicing her lines, even if there weren't that many. She was going to walk with her head held high, and her spirits lifted. Even if everyone found a problem about her, she would keep walking proudly. After theater, she checked for a cast poster about the play. Paris spotted one and walked over towards it. She skimmed over the parts until she found her. She took a deep breath and read it slowly.

Best friend "Marie: Paris Wilson

The auditorium was quiet as the play began. Paris could hear the lead actor saying her lines with pride. Then the spotlight flew onto Paris as her part came up. She forced herself to stay calm and recited her lines with pleasure and intensity. Just as fast as the play started, it ended with a standing ovation. Paris beamed and bowed with the rest of her theater group. This had been one of their most successful plays in a long time.

After her performance, the theatre teacher came up to Paris and requested her to take the leading role in the next play they hosted. Flustered, Paris agreed. She knew her practice had paid off. Now she had a lead role and her dream was slowly coming true. If she kept this up, she could snag a role in a Hollywood movie someday! Paris sighed with contentment and began her walk home.

Dreams stay dreams unless you actually try to achieve them. Paris wanted something, and she got it through hard work. Her hard work made her one step closer to becoming an actress. Now her dream is coming true, slowly but surely, one piece at a time.