

The Prom Date

by Emily Elizabeth J.

Hello, my name is Jennifer Span. I'm eighteen, and I go to Harper High. I have three class periods with my best friend, Emily Ann Smith. Unfortunately, I spend the other four with my enemy, Samantha Grant.

I am a Senior, now and in a couple of weeks, it will be Prom. I don't have a date for Prom, though. Totally unexceptionable!

OK, do not tell anyone about my crush, Noah Grant. Yes, he is Samantha's brother, and if the coolest girl in Harper High knew that I liked her brother, I would be the laughing stock of, like, forever! Heck no!

Today, at seventh period, Emily Ann tosses me a note: *Jen, I'm going to Prom with Johnny*. I gave her a fake grin and a thumbs up. As the bell rang, I built up my courage to ask Noah. When I started to get closer to him and his locker, I panicked and turned the other way. I got to my locker and scolded myself. *You should have asked him!* Well, another day lost and I still do not have a date!

When my brother, Tommy, picks me up, I sigh and he asks me what's wrong. "Nothing, Tommy," I reply looking out the pickup window. Tommy is in the same grade I am, and has dark blonde hair, deep, concerning green eyes, like mine, and a delicate tone (not like mine). Our family is the richest in New Jersey. When I walk in the house, Laurie, our maid, takes my backpack. I march up three flights of stairs to the door of my room and I hear little patters of paws, and know that London is waiting for me.

I open the door and my Golden Retriever puppy jumps on me. I laugh as she licks all over my face. I gently push her off and stand up. My big room is painted a pretty sky blue. In one corner, a huge closet covers almost all of an enormous wall. In another corner, a desk sits, cluttered with book ideas (What? I like to write!). In the third corner, there are books, including *The Laura Line* and *Distant Waves* (Surprise! I like to read, to). Finally, in the last corner, there is a mirror and a table with scattered cosmetics on it.

I get onto my bed. I'm looking at the pictures on the ceiling. I sigh for a third time, and get up to grab my cellphone from the charger.

I call Emily Ann. "Hi, Emily Ann. I was wondering if you would like to go to the mall. Yep. At four thirty? OK, pick me up at four thirty. Thanks!" I hang up, and go to my closet. When I open it, I have my judgment face on. I settle on a pink tank top, faded skinny jeans that are cropped just below the knees, and my cute dark blue boots that go just above my ankles.

I quickly go down stairs and bolt for the front door. Emily Ann is already waiting in her black Mustang. I grin at her and open the passenger door. She grins back and turns on the radio. My favorite song is on and Emily Ann and I sing along. When we get to the mall, we go straight to the clothing department. I buy a new outfit. I get a dangling pair of heart earrings, a sky blue sleeveless shirt, light blue skinny jeans, and black wedges.

On the drive back home, Emily Ann doesn't ask me why I needed to go to the mall. Emily Ann is the best friend anyone could have. She doesn't ask too many questions, and she listens politely until I'm finished speaking before she responds. I tell her. "Emily Ann, I need to tell you something," I stated bluntly. "Go on, Jen," she replied. "I have a secret crush. It's Noah Grant." She looked unfazed. "I figured as much. You're always looking at him." I was surprised Emily Ann knew about him.

I took a deep breath and got out of the Mustang, bags in hand. I waved goodbye to Emily Ann, and padded into the house and upstairs. I flop onto my bed and fall into a deep sleep.

The next day, Friday, I wear the new outfit. I look absolutely gorgeous. I apply the necessary cosmetics, and meet Tommy in his truck. As we drive to school, I check myself many times. Each time is the same result. When I get to seventh period, I see Noah. I look for an opening to talk to him. I finally see one right after class. I walk up to him nervously and ask him. He seems just as startled as I am, and says he'll get back to me tomorrow.

The next day, he awkwardly comes up to me and tells me he wants to go to Prom with me. I hug myself happily as I walk to Tommy's truck.

A week later, it is Prom. I can't wait for my date to come and pick me up. He pulls up in his 2014 Lamborghini. I say goodbye to Mother, and dash out of my front door. I crawl into the tiny sports car, and we drive to the school. We arrive to the cafe, and meet up with Emily Ann and Samantha. I'm nervous, because Samantha might criticize me. As I get closer to her, I notice something strange: She actually looks happy for us! I was worried for nothing!

As Noah and I dance, I wonder if this could be a shot of a new, perfect relationship for me. However, most of all, I wonder if I can support this new chance with all of my compassion for him. I'm really sure I can.