

Lexi T.

Dream Boy

It was a floating sensation, a bubbly feeling. I had this sensation because I was so excited for the winter dance at school. Even though I knew that no one would ever ask me to the dance; even the ugliest, most disgusting boys in the school (and there are plenty of those). I have always had this humungous crush on one of the most popular boys in school, but I know that he would never ever ask me to the dance. Just as I thought that, my bubbly feeling popped, and I just stood there staring at my shoes.

The next morning, I was just as happy as when the teachers announced that the winter ball was taking place. I got out of my bed, put on some of my cutest clothes and hurried down to the kitchen to eat breakfast. My mom was already at the counter making sandwiches for my lunch.

My first period was identical to any other day, my teacher droning on and on about history, boys getting bored and making spitballs, and then, finally, the bell rang, and I hurriedly packed up my things and headed out the door. Then something very unusual happened; someone stuck their foot out in front of me and I tripped over it, and of course dropped all my things, and to my great surprise my crush, Justin came over and helped me pick up my things, I could feel heat crawling up my neck and felt myself turn bright red. I bent low so Justin couldn't see my face. When I stood back up, he asked if I was alright, but all I could get out was "um" at this awkward moment. Then very abruptly, Justin asked me something I thought he would never ask me, "Do you want to go to the dance with me?" I was at loss for words, so I just stood there looking dumbstruck with my mouth hanging open.

I thought about that question, I thought about what I said, what I would wear to the dance, and if Justin even liked me or if he just thought I was pathetic. These thoughts swirled in my head all day. When I got home, I told my mom what happened, and asked her to help me shop for a dress. She said we could go

shopping the following afternoon and I could pick out whichever dress I liked. (I thought this was a great idea on her part.)

Today, I finally get to pick out my dress, I already know what color I want it to be; white with a swirl of turquoise. I just can't wait until this afternoon. In school I saw Justin a couple of times, and each time heat crawled up my neck to my face so that I looked like a very bright red tomato. The bell rang to signal the end of school. I gathered up my things and went to my locker to get my backpack when my friends came up to me and asked, "Did Justin actually ask you to the dance?" "Yes," I replied. "OMG, we are so happy for you!!" they screamed. "Group hug." We shouted, then we all squeezed each other as tight as we could.

I went home and made my mom promise that she would buy the white dress with the turquoise swirl. When we went to the mall, we found the shop where the dress was sold, and I showed it to my mom. "Oh, my goodness, this dress is expensive," my mom said. "But you promised mom," I pleaded. "Oh, alright, but just because it is a very special occasion." "Thank you, Mom," I shout, and I give my mom a bone crushing hug. Tomorrow was the dance and I had a perfect dress, and a perfect date.

This morning, I woke up with a smile on my face. I just wanted school to be over even though it hadn't even started. I was hoping that I could see Justin one more time before the dance. First period took forever, but I was motivated throughout the day knowing Justin was in my fifth period, and that I could talk to him then. When fifth period started, I saw Justin and my heart leapt. I walked over to him and tapped him on the shoulder.

"Are you excited for the dance?" I asked.

"Yes, how about you?" he responded.

"I am more than excited," I replied.

"Good." He said.

When the bell rang, I went to my locker to find that my friends were already there waiting for me.

"Are you excited for the dance?" they asked.

"Of course, I am," I responded.

“Good,” they replied. The rest of school went by quickly.

I headed home with my mom to get ready for the dance. It took hours to get ready with makeup, hair, and getting the dress on. When we were finally done, I took a picture of myself and sent it to my friends. I got in the car and my mom drove me to the dance (aka the school gym.) When I got there I saw Justin waiting for me. When he saw me, he blushed.

When the music began, he asked me to dance, so we went onto the dance floor and started to dance to a slow waltz. Then unexpectedly he said, “You look beautiful.” “Oh, thank you,” I replied, slightly shocked. Then, he was leaning towards me...we were almost face to face...

“Jessica, wake up sleepy head, you had a long night but now it is time to get ready for school,” mom said, and I groaned. I almost had a happily ever after with the boy of my dreams, but I was woken up by my mom.

I realized that my whole happily ever after was just a dream.

Maybe I can finish it tomorrow night,

Maybe I will have the happily ever after I was about to have in that dream,

But for now, I must deal with reality.