

A Modern Day Cliché

By Kristen Chilek

BEEP BEEP BEEP! I sighed and slid the alarm on my glittery, bright pink, super expensive iPhone that my rich parents who are never at home bought for me. It was the first day of school back from spring break of my senior year, and I SERIOUSLY did not want to go. I reluctantly got up and went to the bathroom to take a shower and get ready. As I gazed into the mirror, I studied my appearance. I had hideous bleach-blond hair that hung down my back, awful bright blue eyes, and a face marred with a freckle under my right eye. I couldn't even stand to look at myself!

After getting ready, I drove to school and met Julian by his car. He was my gay best friend, but not so gay that he was a walking rainbow that shone over all of the rest of the dowdy population, but gay enough that he would be a great gay friend for me to tell all of my secrets and gush about the guys I thought were hot. We sat and talked in the parking lot until the bell rang and were forced to part ways to go to our classes. I treaded slowly towards my government class, thinking of how much I didn't want to sit through one of Mr. Crabby's lessons again. However, as I walked through the door, those thoughts vanished.

It was as if I had died and gone to Heaven because sitting next to my desk was an angel! He was tall, dark, handsome, and had an eight pack (which I noticed due to the fact that he was shirtless and spritzing water on his abs with a spray bottle). This magnificent creature turned his head and met my eyes, and at that exact moment, I knew he was my soul mate. My love grew for him like a spiteful pimple on a girl's forehead right before the night of prom. It grew like a

massive tidal wave rising above a city, preparing to crash down around it and leave nothing in its wake but the remnants of what was once there. It grew like the stench of an unwanted fart in the middle of a room full of people. It grew and grew until the only thing I could think of was him.

I spent the rest of class staring in his direction and not paying a bit of attention to Mr. Crabby's lecture. We made eye contact a few times, but all he would do was smirk at me, which meant that he was obviously in love with me as well. Once the bell rang, he made his way over to me. He walked slowly, as if it was in slow motion. Really, really slowly. When he finally reached me, he said in a deep voice, "I'm a werewolf."

I nodded my head because this was no shock to me. Obviously, I should not be surprised that the hot new student in my class, who was also my soul mate, was a mythical creature. This happened all the time in my books. After declaring my undying love for him, I gave him my number and told him to meet me after school. I walked on a cloud through the rest of the day, thinking about the love of my life and planning our wedding. Sadly, this was all interrupted when I went to gym and Samantha (my arch nemesis, and the head cheerleader of our school) met me with a grimace.

"Who do you think you are, thinking you can talk to the hot new guy? He is all mine, so you better back off!" She screeched at me, getting up in my face as if wanting to fight. So, I gave her what she wanted. I pulled my fist back and punched her square in the face. Her head jerked back and she fell to the floor, clutching her nose.

"You brat! I'm going to get you back for this!" Samantha threatened.

“Hot New Guy is MY soul mate, and you need to back off,” I quipped. Looking enraged, she quickly walked away, probably to develop a plan to either blackmail me, start rumors about me, attack me, steal Hot New Guy, or just generally ruin my life. Oh well. I can probably handle whatever happens.