

Three point perspective

By Vittoria Hackett

I couldn't believe my ears. He was talking to me. The most popular, most beautiful boy in the whole school was talking to me. I was new to Peak Nelson High School. It was a small school, (or at least small compared to my last school), everyone knew everyone else and nothing was a secret.

One of those things that was not a secret was the fact that this boy, James Isaak Avery. He was loved by all, and fantasised about by every girl at this school. James was tall, buff and good looking with his sea blue eyes and tousled golden brown hair. His family was very well off and he had impeccable taste, so he was always very well dressed. At the first sight of him I had fallen in love, and now he was talking to me. We had to pick a partner for our English assignment, and he was asking me if I wanted to be his one.

I was so excited, I eagerly said yes, this would mean we could spend some quality time together. But then the girl behind me started laughing, and James said, "oh, I was actually talking to Mellissa, sorry" as he tried not to laugh as well.

I felt so embarrassed, but I would've been fine if it hadn't been for...
"You didn't think he was actually talking to you, did you? As if James would want to be partners with some stupid new kid!".

Mellissa's words hurt bad. I quickly left the room and sprinted to the bathroom. I looked at myself in the mirror. I was too short, too skinny and my clothes didn't fit right as they were all second hand. My dull green eyes faded into my pale skin, hidden behind my awful woody coloured hair. I was ugly, and I didn't deserve him, Mellissa was right.

Just then I heard a voice behind me.
"I thought I might find you in here, are you okay?".

Shocked I turned around and said "yea, I'm fine," in a slightly shaky voice.
"Are you sure?" James asked, "Your crying".

I quickly wiped my eyes and repeated my previous comment, I couldn't think of anything else to say.

"what Mellissa said was mean, and untrue. I would've loved to go with you, but I owed her. She helped me out last year".

I couldn't take this anymore, him being so nice to me. It wasn't fair. If I couldn't have him then why couldn't he just leave me alone, instead of teasing me. I turned around again to pick up my bag.

Silently I cursed the fact that the door was on the other side of him. As I passed him he stopped me by putting his hand on my shoulder. He didn't say anything, he just took my bag and lay it on the ground, before wrapping his arms around me.

"the truth is," he whispered, "since you came to this school I haven't been able to keep my mind off you, I cant get you out of my head".

I looked up into his eyes. My breathing became shallow as he lent towards me. Then his lips were touching mine, it was wonderful, incredible. He was everything I had ever wanted, ever needed. But of course this pure beautiful moment could not last forever.

At that moment one of the other guys from our class walked in. He gasped and backed out again. I just stared at James in wonder.

Then the bell rang to signal the end of lunch. As we walked back to class everyone looked at us. We saw a group of girls who had been mean to me since my first day, but then James grabbed my hand and everything was all right again.

Our teacher didn't say anything as we walked in, hand in hand, and sat at the back of the room, he just smiled.