

# Chapter 1

**“Your so ugly..”**

**“Your so fat”**

**“Go to the gym”**

**“Yeah you have no chance with him”**

These are the comments I get everyday. Honestly I’m used to it, walking into Belle-Berry View High School and getting insulted. The stupid thing is, I always let it get to me.

# Chapter 2

Oh, I was so caught up in telling you about my school I forgot to introduce myself! I’m Evelyn , and I’m in 10th grade. I just turned 16 a week ago, and well that wasn’t the best.

So, since it was my Sweet 16 I thought of having a *huge* party. When I meant *huge* I’m talking like the *entire* Belle-Berry high school! Keep in mind though this was my moms idea. I had out invitations in everyone’s lockers, goodie bags too. So the night of the party I was getting ready, I had on a dress, it was pretty short, but it was cute. It was strapless, hot pink with glitter

everywhere. I had a sash around me that had said: **“Sweet 16 Queen Evelyn!”**

I was just finished putting it on when my mom walked in. “Hey Eve, I have something for you,” she said with a grin plastered on her face. My mom was perfect. Body, face, personality, everything. She has everything you could ever imagine. Meanwhile me.. huge thighs, wide torso, curves.

I look at her wondering what surprise she got for me this time. She took out two boxes, they were both hot pink. I smiled widely, “What is it?” my mom nodded at the boxes and I grabbed them. I’m in awe when I open the first box, there they are. My dream shoes. Nike Air Jordan 1’s, hot pink with with diamonds on the Nike sign. The next box is really small. Inside is a Kendra Scott necklace, it was my birthstone. A bright red ruby necklace, it gleams in the sunlight. There’s matching rings, bracelets, earrings, and anklets.

I put them on and I looked amazing! After finishing my hair and makeup we leave an hour early to set up the club. Bannisters, cakes, cupcakes, LED lighting, light up dance floor, and even a VIP room! I couldn’t believe I was 16...after we finish setting up we start some music and wait for guests.

# Chapter 3

It was the *worst* feeling ever. Mascara running, frizzy hair, ripped sash, shoes thrown on floor. I was crying in my room, tissues were everywhere and there was my mom, As always there for me patting my back. “Eve, it’s okay. Maybe they... forgot” she said hesitantly. I guess I spoke some type of gibberish because she looked at me like I had 10 heads. That made me laugh. That night I had slept in my moms bed. I know it sounds childish, but man. I was just so mad—

# Chapter 4

So yeah, that was my Sweet 16. If you haven’t realized I get treated like garbage at my school. I’m not what you would call royalty or their cup of tea.

4:30AM

UGHHH!!! This alarm is *sooo* annoying. I’m debating on whether I should press snooze or wake up. I’ll wake up. As I get up I rub my

eyes, and make my bed. I change from my pajamas into workout clothes. A long-sleeve blue shirt and some lululemon pants. I look over at my sports bra and shorts. If only. I grab my house keys, and put on my sneakers.

I run around the block for about 25 minutes enjoying the quietness and animals. I find my favorite hill and sit down. The reason why I go running is because it's the one time I can get away from the real world, I can say anything and nature will listen to me. I won't get judged, that's what I like.

## Chapter 5

Today, I decided to wear a white button up and a brown and white checkered crop. I would take off the button up, but I'm already humiliated enough. I literally hate waiting for my bus, I'm always late to school by like 30 minutes which isn't the best for my school records! I'm checking my grades and my phone gets smacked to the ground. "Heyyyy Evelyn, how was your party last Saturday?" I gasp and instantly recognized her voice. Bratty and raspy. "Are you kidding me!?" I look up and there she is. I was right. Taylor Evergreen. She's like top tier, queen bee in school, minions and everything. I grind my teeth trying not to go off. Luckily, our

bus comes. I pick up my phone and shove Taylor **right** in her *bad* *shoulder*.