

**Jessica:**

I have always loved him. From the first time I saw him, I knew he was the guy for me. I love everything about him, from his sexy brown hair to the dimples in his cheeks. It is not just his looks though; it is everything about him. He is brilliant, the smartest person I know. The way he articulates his thoughts is out of this world. He is not the kind of guy who is going to date the quiet girl. I am well, the quiet girl. I'm not the girl that the hero gets at the end an action movie. I'm not a trophy wife to be. I am the girl hoping for that one guy to love me back, but too scared and insecure to go out and make him love me back.

The first day of high school at ninth grade orientation I was confident that people would like me. I could never have been more wrong. It was the same as middle school. I would go up to talk to someone and they would just look at me in disgust. No one liked me. I have pondered this and cannot come to any sort of conclusion as to why no one does. I'm no beauty queen, but I'm not ugly. I dress in fairly normal attire, I have a normal name, Jessica, and even if somehow everyone I meet is prejudice I highly doubt they will be prejudice against a Caucasian catholic. At this point I was sick of everyone being so mean. I decided to give it one more try before I gave up reinventing myself. So I went over and sat down next to him and I said hi I'm Jessica expecting that look of disgust I'd come to know. He was different though. He was nice to me. He said, "Hi, my name is Jake." We then made small talk for a while, but that is beside the point. The point is he was nice to me and that we really connected.

**Jacob:**

If anyone was ready for high school it was me. That morning before my first big day I looked in the mirror and tried to motivate myself to be able to walk out the door. I said, "I am ready for high school." I'll admit I was nervous. Though in retrospect, I don't know why. I was popular in middle school. I'm handsome and charismatic, or at least according to the results of the election for class president I am. I have quite a big flaw though; I am overconfident. At times I believe I am full of myself, even perhaps arrogant. My first day of high school was the first time I realized this. The first day at ninth grade orientation, I was completely oblivious until I saw that girl who looked so sad as she

walked up to me. I just had to be nice. We talked for a while., She seemed nice, not exactly my type, but nice. After this conversation, some weight seemed to lift off my chest. From that day forward I promised myself to be confident, but not too confident. Later that day I made a lot of new friends and reacquainted myself with old ones. Reassuring me that even the supposed surreal world of high school could be a place I could survive in.

### **Jessica:**

As a twelfth grader, I am at the top of the food chain. I don't feel like it though. With every passing day I become more and more depressed. My parents are oblivious to my situation, which at first angered me, but I then came to the realization that it didn't matter. I couldn't blame them though; my dad has just been laid off for a third time and my mother was just diagnosed with lung cancer. The diagnosis came as a shock to me, because my mother had always been such a healthy person. Being a personal trainer she exercises constantly, but it did not make up for all the smoking. She has approximately a year to live, which has probably made me just that much more depressed. The idea of my mom having a year to live destroyed my dad, which is probably why he keeps telling us he is going to get fired from yet another job. My mother, on the other hand, has decided to live life to the fullest and try to enjoy the rest of her unfortunately short life. She is planning to travel across Europe and learn to play the guitar. In my hopelessly insignificant life Mr. Skiesky my slowly balding English teacher has been making sexual comments towards me. It's subtle, but very creepy the way he looks at me or when he "accidentally" brushes against my breasts. This frightened me at first but I have decided it is quite harmless. I have been trying to win Jacob, but I now believe it is a lost cause. We don't talk much and when we do it's usually in class and he tries not to make eye contact. In the hallways, I have tried to establish a relationship by giving my salutations, but when he can, he tries to avoid me. This saddens me, but I am determined to make him love me back. I have decided to go for the gold and confront him, ask him to be my date for the upcoming Sadie Hawkins Dance. If he says yes, I will be content. Maybe even content enough to make it through the rest of high school. If he says no it will destroy me. As a fairly reasonable person I have never believed in suicide, but if he

says no I see no point in living. It is not just this though, with all the debacles in my life I just can't seem to gather the self esteem to get out of bed in the morning. He said no.

**Jacob:**

It was all over the news. In some way I feel as if it is my fault. She confronted me in the hallway, in public, in front of all my friends. "Jacob will you go to Sadie Hawkins with me?" I said, "No of course not. You actually think that someone like you could go to a dance with someone like me? You stupid little b\*\*\*h." My friends laughed, I laughed. She turned and walked away. She has been missing for three days.

**Jessica:**

Thanks to the Republican Party, it was not hard to obtain the gun. The difficulty was bringing myself to shoot, to pull the trigger, to be ending a life. I walked into school as if it was a normal day. I saw the teachers planning their upcoming classes and I saw the kids mingling among each other. I went to my locker to retrieve my materials for my next class, which just so happened to be English. I walked in. I was not sure if I was going to do it at first, but then after seeing that look in Mr. Skiesky's eyes I knew, I had to do it. I shot him.

Oh my god! I shot Mr. Skiesky. I know he was not my favorite teacher, but this seemed harsh. After shooting him, I pushed him against the wall, the blood seeping down, trickling onto the floor. One of the kids screamed, a scream of pure terror. I did not hesitate. I turned, picking them off one by one. I was astounded at my comfort with killing people, almost as if I knew what I was doing. With clean shot after clean shot to the head I was slowly killing everyone in the room. Jacob who was sitting in the back of the classroom, was watching the event unfold with a shocked face. Some tried to resist. Others tried to hide under their desks, but this did not stop me. I just kept shooting. At one point, I had to reload which gave Jake's friend, Dale, who was sitting right by the door in the front left a chance to escape. I finished reloading turned and shot him as well. I was astounded that I was causing these unspeakable horrors. I finally finished off the last of them and walked up to Jake. I looked at him knowing that I had saved the best for last. He saw it in my eyes. I really wanted to savor this moment as much as possible. I

pulled out a knife.

I woke up in a cold sweat shocked that I could imagine something so horrific and I'm glad it was just a dream.

**Jacob:**

I felt terrible about humiliating her in public like that. Saying no to her was one of the hardest things I have ever done, because the truth is I love her. She loves me too just the way she looks at me and talks to me, I know.

I actually really do want to go to Sadie Hawkins with her. I can't though; I'm too embarrassed. I know this makes me a terrible person, I really do hate myself for this. I have decided to get her a present, confess my feelings to her, and apologize for being so mean and too embarrassed to act otherwise.

**Jessica:**

I cannot believe he thought that a present would make me any less hurt. I am furious at him, this is ridiculous, he could not have said yes in front of his "popular" friends because I am too much of an "embarrassment."

He approached me then, handed me the present saying, "I am sorry I said no in front of my friends. I like you too."

I just lost it, screaming at him in the middle of the hallway.

"You like me? If you like me then why were you so embarrassed to say so in front of your friends?"

"I, I umm don't know"

"Yeah see, you don't even like me you just feel bad cause you were such a jerk to me. You called me a 'b\*\*\*h' at my most vulnerable moment, when I was expressing my feelings to you. When I was telling you how I felt, and not only did you destroy my dream of going to the dance with you, you did it in public in front of your so-called 'popular' friends. You knew that was hard for me to do and you had to destroy my one true hope in life."

He said, "No, no I really do like you. I'm sorry, I was just too embarrassed to say yes in public. I just didn't want my friends to think badly of me. I was just scared."

“Anyway, it’s too late.” I said. I threw the box under a passing car as I turned and walked away.