

“Brent?” I heard a small, frail voice ask. Oh God not her again! Emma just will not leave me alone about the stupid dance! No matter how adorable she looks when she pushes her glass- NO! Brent, she will ruin your reputation. You see Emma is that one girl who blends in with the pale yellow, sick walls and ugly navy blue lockers of our school. When people bump into her they don’t notice they bumped into a human being. She has frizzy brown hair, mud colored eyes and her skin is just a weird shade of ivory. Her short and stocky body doesn’t help much either. Now, I’m Brent. I have cropped blonde hair, pale jade eyes and I guess you can say “sun kissed skin.” I play defense on my high school football team.

“What Emma?” I snapped harshly and slammed my locker shut.

“I was wondering...would you go to the dance with me?” She whispered and tugged on her sleeve nervously.

“Really? Tell me Emma, why would I go with you if I already asked Jennifer?” I said sarcastically.

“Jennifer Clark? The cheerleader?” Tears welled up in her ocean blue eyes, but she quickly wiped them away with the sleeve of her jacket.

“The one and only,” I smirked

“Alright then,” She whispered and ran off to her locker. She sat in front of her locker. I saw kids bump into her and not turn to see what they bumped into. Sometimes I felt sorry for her, but not now. She had annoyed me way too much.

I laughed and closed my locker shut. My muscles tensed when I saw Alexander, the starting quarter back, asking Emma to the dance. Alexander is taller than me, about 6’4”. He had shaggy black hair and electric blue eyes. A lot of girls go for him, it’s rather annoying in my opinion. He’s definitely bigger than me, so going up to him and demanding answer to what he was doing was out of the question. I don’t know how, but he manages to keep his skin really...really pale. I looked on shocked with my mouth agape. Is he an idiot?! Is he stupid?! Does he have any pride...any shame?! Jocks do not mix with the nobodies! I saw Emma nod happily and hug him tightly. Whatever I don’t care. His reputation is being ruined not mine. But, she did just ask me to the dance...I don’t understand that weird girl.

“Who are you taking to the dance?” Alexander asked as he opened his locker. His was three lockers down from mine.

“Me?” I asked

“Yeah you” he said in a mocking voice.

“Jennifer” I smirked, “can’t believe your taking...her”

“So?” He said a bit puzzled. His eyes turned into a glare as soon as he realized what I meant.

“So?! She’s gonna ruin you man.” I scoffed.

“No she’s not!” He defended

“Yes she is dude,” I said

“She is really sweet and cute” he snapped

“Not the point here! She’s...she’s Emma! She’s invisible! We do not mix with ‘invisible people,’” I snapped.

“Brent your pride is so far up your-” He growled and shoved me roughly against his locker.

“Alexander, its fine” Emma said softly and rubbed his arm trying to pull him off me. To be honest, I was a bit scared. Like I mentioned earlier, he’s way bigger than me.

“No Emma! It’s not!” He yelled, his face red with anger.

“Yes Alexander it is”

“No! You don’t deserve this kind of c-” He cried out

“Alexander, I said its fine”

“No! It’s not! You’ll ruin the entire team!” I yelled and glared at her.

“Your ego, ignorance, and pride will get you nowhere Brent.” Emma snapped back at me.

“I’m not ignorant! You are just stupid!”

“I’m far from stupid.” Emma snapped and then gulped when I managed to take a couple steps closer to her, but Alexander slammed me back into the lockers, and hard might I add. No wonder he’s the quarter back. He’s as strong as the hulk himself!

“Says the nobody.” I spat angrily. I glared at both of them and raised my fist ready to punch his face.

Emma looked down sadly and wiped some tears with the sleeve of her worn out, torn and oversized dull red jacket, again! How many tears can this girl shed! There was a small pang of guilt, but I brushed it away as soon as it came. Alexander hugged her and kissed her head. She brushed him off and ran off crying. I rolled my eyes.

“Pathetic” I muttered to myself mostly.

He ran after her and hugged her tightly. He talked to her for a while before walking by me. They walked to class like a lovesick couple, how disgusting. I wouldn't even do that, I have more decency than him.

“Hey, Brent” Jennifer smiled at me. She had long platinum blond hair, bright green mint eyes, and had a slight tan that went perfect with her hair. She had curves in all the perfect places. She curled her lips into a smile, and blinked innocently at me - waiting for me to answer.

“Hey Jennifer” I smiled at her.

“You were so mean to that nobody. Who is she anyways?”

“Emma” I frowned, “do not worry about her”

“You sure? You seem to be in denial of who you *really* like”

“What!? How could you think so low of me?!” I gaped. How could she?! I've only ever dated cheerleaders. I, Brent Michelson, will never date a girl like Emma. Ever.

“Whatever” she snapped and shoved me away. I saw her walk to class. I can get any girl I want, why does Emma have to be different though. Why am I so hung up about her now, though?

Pushing those thoughts aside I closed the ugly navy blue locker door shut before walking to my biology class.

I walked into the school's Winter Wonderland themed dance with my new date, Gina. Her body isn't as curvy as Jennifer's - I'll admit, but she still had a nice body. She had short dark brown hair with fake blond highlights. Instead of pale jade eyes she had dark green eyes. The gym was decorated with stupid light and fake snow. Icicles hung from the ceiling and a disco ball was in the middle.

All the cheerleaders had revealing dresses, especially Jennifer. Perfect. Then my eyes landed on Emma and I completely froze. She had on a long white flowing dress, with a lot of ruffles on her torso. Her caramel curls rested softly on her pale shoulders, and her bangs were straight. She looked like an angel. I wouldn't be surprised if wings spread from her back and she had a glowing halo above her head. I looked back at my date. She had a lime green dress on that was two sizes too small. I looked back at Alexander and Emma. That should be me with her. Not him. I should've said yes. I shouldn't have been so mean. I shouldn't have let my pride and

ignorance get the best of me. I let my pride get in the way and now Alexander had possibly, one of the prettiest girls in our high school.