

As she moves closer to the mirror, she puckers her lips and puts on red lipstick. She rubs them together and just stares at herself.

On her brand new white desk she grabs her phone and takes a picture. Like always she inserts an emotional quote and posts it on Facebook. Ten minutes pass and she already has fourteen likes and no comments, she expected more from her “friends”.

She raises her chin and looking at herself in the mirror. The creases of her lips frown. She looks down she sees pictures of her friends taped to the wooden frame of the mirror. Jane examines each and every face. One, named Lauren, had golden blonde short hair, wearing a pink blouse and long white skinny jeans, she remembers that she betrayed her. She told Jane’s ex that she had something going on with this other guy, which she was cheating.

She grabbed the picture and tore it in half, crumbled it and threw it away. She started to cry. Every time that she has one of her boy problems, she sticks a sticky note to the bottom of her desk, with negative quotes or comments. Some that say, “You are a horrible person.” or “You have nobody.” People always say there are millions down there.

Looking back she sees a picture of her and a couple of other friends at someone’s party. She was holding hands with her ex, Ralph. His sandy-brown hair was always slicked back with gel. He wore a white plaid dress shirt, black pants and dress shoes. Jane always talked about how he was the best kisser.

Behind them, there were two girls, one with dark brown hair, wearing a long elegant navy blue dress with cross straps. Another with black hair, her skin was a little darker, wearing a bit shorter dress, grey instead. They both are still her friends, but they sometimes never have time for Jane.

They took the picture in front of a white house, well mansion, with grey tiles on the roof. One window had a chandelier, with diamond like things hanging from the high ceiling. They probably weren't real. Another window had a cleaning lady, with her brown hair up in a bun, from working hard, whipping down the smudges on the glass.

A garden surrounded a white beautiful fountain. It had daffodils, carnations, and some bushes, but it was gorgeous. It was the most romantic place. They also had a crystal clear pool. Lights appeared on the floor, making the water have various colors. It was the last time she had seen Ralph.

Hearing footsteps, she tried to keep her tears in when her mom walked in.

“What's going on?” She asks

“Nothing mom, I'm just having a memory of something that happened a while ago.” Jane says as she tried to clean up her mascara.

“Are you getting bullied again?”

“No mom, just go away.” Jane demands.

Her mother lifts her eye brow. Her eyes widen, “And what right do you have to talk to me that way?”

“Mom, I just want some time alone. Please leave.”

Her mom turns her back and rolls her eyes. Before she closes the door, she turns back around and says, “Get ready for the dinner, tonight in an hour.” She shuts the door.

Jane looks around her room, trying to find something to do for an hour. She lies on her made pink bed, pulls out a magazine from her old book shelf next to her and starts to read. On the cover it says, “Teen gets pregnant, emotional breakdown.” Her mom would kill her if she

ever got pregnant. She flips through the magazine looking at different pictures of celebrities that broke up, and stuff like that.

After skimming through the whole magazine, she walks over to her dresser. Jane looks through her dresses, blouses, and pants. The first dress is a violet-lace long dress, one of her favorites. The second one, yellow, is a sun dress; she wouldn't want to wear that to a dinner. The third one is a coral pink knee-long dress; it was beautiful, but not appropriate for the dinner. The fourth one she smiles. Its royal blue, with lace on the upper chest, with a soft fabric attached to the lace. She puts it on, but she can't zip it up. She begins to get worried. It's tight around her waist, but loose around her shoulders.

While she pulls harder to zip up the dress, it rips. The grip of her fingers around the zipper begins to loosen up. Her chin raises and her muscles grow less tense. Her cheeks turn red, water fills her eyes, she blinks and it falls down her rosy, pale cheek. Slowly she takes the dress off, and puts it on her bed. She just stands there, ready to cry. But she sucks it up. She hides the dress in her drawer, shuts it, and lies down on her bed for a second.

She then walks over to the bathroom, turns the scale on. It beeps and she steps onto it. She stares at the white wall in front of her. It beeps again. She looks down at the scale, it says, "152.3." Her face turns red with anger. She yells out loud, "How can a 16 year old be so overweight! I'm not supposed to weight this much! It's not right at all. Why can't I just be like any other skinny 16 year old!"

Her mom knocks on the bathroom door. "Are you okay? Let me come in."

Jane didn't reply. Her mom turned the knob, and opened the door and looked straight at her.

"What's going on?" She asks.

"Look-" Jane points at the scale, and her breathing hypes up again.

Jane's mother wraps her arms around her and keeps telling her everything is going to be okay. She lifted her head up and kissed Jane on her fore head. She rocked back and forth in her mother's arms.

"Calm down, honey. Let's go look for a dress." She said as she stood up and grabbed Jane's cold hand.