

I smiled to myself as I brushed my straight brunette hair on the first day of senior year, staring at my face in the mirror. You see, my face is pretty much perfect. As I stared into the mirror I saw my rounded cheekbones, a proportionally slim nose, high trimmed brows, soft pouty pink lips, and rounded chin, complimented by my easy, charming smile. My eyes were wondrous oceans of blue, which gaze out in playful curiosity whenever I smile. I was the definition of beauty and believe me, everyone knew it.

“Amelia, hurry up, you’re going to be late!” My mother shouted from the other room, interrupting my train of thought.

I exited the bathroom and rolled my eyes, “Mom, you know that I’ve never been late, right? Despite the fact that you tell me that I will be every morning.” I walked out to the living room where I knew she was, and I saw my already prepared backpack waiting on the floor where I’d put it last night.

“No honey,” she said, rushing by me with suitcases in hand. “It’s because I tell you that you’ll be late every morning that you never are.”

I rolled my eyes again, “Okay, mom.” I grabbed my backpack from the floor, picked up the keys from the coffee table and started towards the front door.

“Oh honey, don’t forget, I’m going to the spa with the girls for a few days and your dad got backed-up in Chicago so he won’t be home until tomorrow. So that means – ”

“That I’ll be on my own for tonight, I know, Mom,” I finished for her, as I began stepping out the front door.

Mom chuckled. “Sorry dear, I keep forgetting that you can take care of yourself now. Just don’t throw any wild parties!”

“Don’t worry, I won’t!” I shouted over my shoulder as the front door slammed shut. Exasperated, I unlocked my car, threw my bag in the passenger seat, and headed for school.

Mom thinking I need to be babied happened all the time. She blamed it on the fact that she still looks at me as her little girl. But I knew better. If that was all it is, then why did other people treat me the same way? My teachers, my coaches, even my so-called “friends” at school.

No, the real reason was because when people look at me, all they see is a pretty face. They think that just because I’m beautiful, I’m incapable of doing anything. Although it gets a little annoying at times, I did my best to take advantage of people’s perceptions of me. I

was a three-sport varsity athlete even though I'm not athletic and an Honor Roll student despite the fact that I never do my homework. Why work hard when you could look hot?

My thoughts were interrupted as I pulled into a space in the student parking lot, and a boy in a jeep whizzed by me, honking his horn. I giggled to myself, recognizing Justin. Every school has a guy like him. Blond hair, blue eyes, chiseled abs and captain of the football team, Justin and I were the proverbial "it" duo of Westchester High School. Technically, we weren't boyfriend and girlfriend; we'd never really put a label on it. But everyone knew that we were together in a way.

Deciding not to wait for him, I entered the building and started heading towards my first class. While traveling through the hallways, I'm subjected to the same reaction I had been for the past three years. Whenever I walked by a group of students, conversation stops. Instead, they started whispering amongst themselves, whispering about me. Like what happened to subtlety?

It comes with the territory I guess, people staring at you and talking about you. But the last thing I wanted was a pimply, snot-nosed freshman checking out my ass as I walk by. Perverts.

The girls, however, were another matter. I know for a fact what they hiss when I strut by. Slut. Whore. Bitch. I didn't care though, they're all just jealous. And ugly, of course.

I finally made it through all the whispers and stares to my first class of the day, Psychology, just as the bell rang, sending everyone running to their classroom. I quickly took a seat in the back corner of the classroom before anyone else could claim it. As people started trickling in the room, someone caught my eye, someone I'd never seen before. Her long blond hair hung down over her shoulders front and back. She had amazing blue eyes that were pools of blue water, calm and quiet. Kind of like mine. She smiled when she saw me looking at her; perfectly placed teeth that were as white as new fallen snow. Everything about her was gorgeous, right down to her outfit, faded jeans and a denim shirt, tied in a knot at the bottom. I did a quick scan around the room and my heart quickly sunk. I wasn't the only one observing the new girl. All the boys were checking her out, mouths agape. They were looking at her the same way they looked at me. That's when it hit me: I had competition.

I was so lost in thought, that I hadn't noticed the new girl approach me. "Hi," she smiled at me, gesturing to the empty desk beside me. "Is this seat taken?"

I quickly gathered myself and adopted my best fake friendly voice. "Nope! It's all yours."

"Thanks! I'm Sarah, by the way," she chirped, holding out her hand for me to shake. Seriously? What teenage girl shakes hands?

"Oh, um, I'm Amelia. Nice to meet you!" I gushed as I took her hand and shook it.

"It's great to meet you too!" she enthused. "I was really nervous about coming here, but everyone seems super nice."

"Well I'd be happy to show you around, I love making new friends," I said, plastering my sweetest smile on my face.

I was saved from hearing her response when the teacher came in the room. "Alright, alright settle down. We're starting class."

I didn't get another chance to talk to Sarah during class, but I met up with her in the hallway afterwards.

"So, let me see your schedule!" She handed it to me, and I looked over it, comparing it to mine. "Oh," I frowned. "We don't have any other classes together."

"Aw man!" she groused, looking over my shoulder at the two pieces of paper. "We really don't. That sucks, I was hoping I'd have at least one friend in my classes."

"Don't worry," I grin at her as I hand her back her schedule. "You're awesome, you'll make other friends in no time. I have to go to my class now, catch you later."

During the rest of the day, I noticed a gradual change. The more the day went on, the less people stared at me in the hallways, the less they started whispering to each other as I walked by. At first, I'm glad. As I said, the stares and whispers can be really annoying. I mean, I know I look good; you don't have to make a big scene about it. Other than that, I didn't really lend much thought to it. That is, until I was putting my books away in my locker before lunch, and I overheard a snippet of conversation from a group of sophomore boys a few lockers down from me.

"...see that new blond senior? She's definitely the hottest girl in school."

I slammed my locker and walked away, causing them to jump. So that was why people had stopped reacting when I walked by. Because they thought there was a new hot

girl. Like, I knew Sarah would be some competition. But the whole school was willing to bestow upon her the crown of hottest girl in the school within a day of her walking in the door? Bullshit. It's just because she's new, I told myself, They'll get bored with her within a week.

The rest of the day passed without incident, until the bell rang releasing us from our final class. As I exited the room, I noticed Sarah emerging from the class right across the hallway.

"Amelia!" she squealed, running and giving me a big hug.

"Oh, hi Sarah!" I feigned excitement, halfheartedly returning her hug.

"So," she said as we pulled apart, "you were right!"

I raised my eyebrows, "About what?"

"That I would make new friends! I met a great guy in my French class today. His name is Justin and he asked me out to dinner tomorrow. I think it might be a date, can you believe that?"

"Wait a second," I took a step back from her and cocked my head. "You said Justin? Like, blond hair, blue eyes, movie-star good looks Justin?"

She nodded her head enthusiastically, "Isn't he so hot?"

Thoughts ran through my head a mile per minute. Sarah said it might be a date, but I knew better. The only girls Justin talked to were ones he was interested in hooking up with. But why was Justin, my Justin, interested in getting with Sarah? He had me! The prettiest, hottest, most beautiful girl in school. What would he want her for? I felt something bubbling in my stomach, something I'd never felt before. It was jealousy. I'd never had a need to be jealous before. After all, what was there to be jealous of? Other people were the ones jealous of me! I had to do something. Maybe I could convince Sarah that Justin wasn't a good guy, that people in the school were only being nice to her because she was hot.

I smiled warmly at her, "He definitely is. But, Sarah..."

"Shit!" she cursed, cutting me off. "I have to go, I'm supposed to pick my little brother up from kindergarten. Sorry Amelia"

"Wait!" I shouted, thinking fast. "You said you weren't seeing Justin until tomorrow. Why don't you come over my place tonight? Maybe around seven?"

"Um, sure!" Sarah exclaimed, as I quickly got out my pen and wrote my address on her arm. "Can't wait!" she turned away.

"Okay, see you later!" I called to her as she ran towards the student parking lot. As soon as she was out of my sight, I took out my cell phone and dialed Justin's number.

"Hello," came a voice from the other end.

"Justin," I greeted him, my voice dripping with false sweetness. "Could you please explain to me why the hell you're going on a date with that new Sarah girl tomorrow night?"

I was answered by silence on the other end.

"Justin!" I demanded.

"Ah, I'm sorry Amelia this is awkward. But, I thought it was obvious, you know?"

"That what was obvious, exactly?"

Justin cleared his throat, "Look, Amelia, we were never exactly boyfriend and girlfriend, right? I mean, come on. We hooked up a few times, went to prom together, kept us appearances because we were the best looking people in school right?"

My throat constricted and my eyes began burning, right on the edge of tears. "Yeah?" I muttered through clenched teeth. "That doesn't answer my question. Why are you going on a date with Sarah?"

He sighed, "Come on, Amelia, don't make me say it."

"Say what?" I practically growled.

Justin's voice hardened. "Fine. You're not the hottest girl in school anymore. Sarah is. So from now on, it's gonna be her and me. Not me and you. Sorry, Amelia." He hung up.

"Justin?" I screamed into the phone. "JUSTIN!" Howling in frustration, I ran outside to the student parking lot and threw my phone against the gravel as hard I could. Sarah was not hotter than me! She was not prettier than me! She was not more beautiful than I was! How could this happen? Everything I'd worked for, my whole identity, had been erased in one day by the arrival of one new girl.

I drove home and entered my house in a blind rage, running to my room and slamming the door shut. I closed my blinds, turned off the lights, and hid under the covers on my bed. It was as though something deep within me had snapped. I was supposed to be the pretty one, the it girl, the one that all the girls wanted to be and the one that all the boys

wanted to be with. I was perfect. And then, this Sarah girl came and ruined everything! Justin's words just kept playing over and over again in my head.

*You're not the hottest girl in school anymore. Sarah is.*

*You're not the hottest girl in school anymore. Sarah is.*

*You're not the hottest girl in school anymore. Sarah is.*

*You're not the hottest girl in school anymore. Sarah is.*

*You're not the hottest girl in school anymore. Sarah is.*

I don't know how long I sat there, brooding, sobbing, and cursing. It must have been hours, because the next thing I knew the doorbell was ringing. It was Sarah.

Muttering every bad word I knew under my breath, I dragged myself out of my bed and out of my room to answer the bell.

"Hey, Amelia!" Sarah beamed at me as I opened the door.

"Hi, Sarah" I said, my voice hollow. "Come in." I turned around and walked back up towards the kitchen, and she followed right behind me.

"I'm gonna cut myself a bagel," I told her. "Do you want one?"

"Um, no thanks," she said, sitting herself at the kitchen table while I busied myself at the counter. "Oh my God, Amelia, you will not believe how cute my little brother is. I was pushing him on the swings earlier, and he was happy as could be and he said..."

I wasn't listening to whatever it was Sarah was saying. I just cut, cut, and cut my bagel with the twelve inch long serrated knife. Even when it was cut all the way through, I still continued pretending that the bagel was Sarah's head.

"...he's just the most precious thing." Sarah had finished her story. I didn't say anything and for a few minutes we sat in silence. Behind me, I could hear her shifting around uncomfortably. "Are you okay, Amelia?" she asked.

I didn't answer. Instead, I asked my own question. "Do you think that you're prettier than me?" I whispered.

"Sorry?" she said from behind me. "I didn't quite catch that."

"I asked," my voice raising, "if you think that you're prettier than I am?"

"What?" I could hear Sarah stand up in shock and move behind me, as if prepared to give me a comforting hug. "Of course not, why would you think..."

My vision suddenly turned red. I turned around, quickly and drove the knife I had used to cut the bagel right through Sarah's eye.

"WELL YOU'RE NOT PRETTIER THAN ME NOW, ARE YOU, BITCH?" I shrieked.

There was just enough time for a look of shock to form on Sarah's face before she crumpled to the ground. Tears began to pour out of my eyes as I kneeled down next to her and put my fingers on her pulse checking for signs of life. There were none.

"You think that you're so pretty?" I bawled. "You think that you're better than me?" I stood up and kicked at the bloody corpse that now lay on my kitchen floor. "I am the prettiest! I will always be the prettiest! Now no one will ever, EVER, choose you over me! I'm going on that date with Justin tomorrow, not you!"

All common sense had left me. I was now nothing but a device of pure jealousy, pure rage, and pure ego, ruled by my emotions.

"What's that?" I hissed. "You still think you're prettier than me? When I'm done with you, people won't even recognize your corpse!"

Snarling with rage, I knelt down and pulled the serrated knife out of Sarah's skull, taking her eyeball with it. Slowly, methodically, I ran the knife up and down her arm like I was peeling an orange, until all that remained was bone. I spent the rest of the night painstakingly repeating the process over the rest of her body, until I was sure that there were no parts of her that could be recognized.

When I was done, blood, guts, and flaps of skin covered the entire kitchen floor. All that remained of Sarah, the so-called "hottest girl in school," Justin's new hook-up, my replacement, was a skeleton, completely unrecognizable.

Tears continued to maniacally pour out of my eyes, as I realized what I had done. But they weren't tears of regret for my actions. Nor were they tears of fear for the consequences that were sure to come. They were tears of happiness, because I knew I had done the right thing. It wasn't fair for this girl to come in and take everything I had worked so hard for in less than one day. It wasn't fair for her to parade around, flaunting her good looks and calling me ugly. She was a bitch to me from the moment I met her, just because she knew I was better looking than she was. Sarah was just an evil person who didn't care about anyone else. I did the entire world a favor by getting rid of her.

Finally, I stood up and looked at my reflection in the kitchen window. I was literally covered in blood, sweat and tears, and I looked like a total mess. But the important thing is that my face is still perfect. I am still beautiful. And that is all that matters.