

once again Hanna comes downstairs. She was wearing a loose, white shirt with lace detailing (I guess she finally found it), skinny jeans, and some ankle boots. Her brunette locks were loosely curled and her simple yet flattering makeup complemented her face and green eyes.

"You look nice," I said.

"Thanks. You don't," She replied. I stuck my tongue out at her, and then we laughed in unison. I threw a FiberOne granola bar at her, knowing those were her typical breakfast. It was 7:48, and school started promptly at 8:00.

"Dude, it's late, we need to go," I told her.

"Crap, let's go," she hastily replied. We rushed to the garage, and we got into Hanna's car, an old Volvo. I got in shotgun as she revved up the engine, and started the ten minute drive to Caribou High School. Elementary school kids who (lucky for them) had the day off were playing outside, and our neighbor, Mrs. Norberry, an old lady, was coaxing her cat to come inside.

Arriving at Caribou High was always a commotion. Girls taking pictures with their friends, posing and pretending to have more fun than they really were, jocks passing around a football with their CHS Vikings sweatshirts on, and then, there's me – walking along in the hallway trying to not get too bruised up before I make it my locker.

"Hiiii Laaaaaila!" The uber-chirpiness of the voice told me exactly who it was standing behind me – my best friend – Sierra Galmacci, a 16-year old American girl of Italian descent, hence the last name.

"Hey Si," I said, calling her by her nickname.

"Okay, so there's a party at Chris Holden's tonight, and you need to come with."