

“Seriously? Do I have to? You know high school parties aren’t really my scene,” I anxiously replied.

“Pleaseeee! I don’t want to go alone,” she said, making a puppy dog face.

“You know the puppy face doesn’t work on me.”

“C’mon, do it for me. It’ll be fun, I promise,” She said, trying to convince me.

“Fine, we’ll go, but I’m just gonna sit in the corner okay,” I claimed. I preferred the stay-at-home-and-watch-Netflix approach.

After school, I went over to Sierra’s house, because she wanted me to get ready for the party with her.

“Okay, do you like this dress,” she started, “or do you prefer the skirt with the loose sweater?”

“Go with the skirt. The dress is too... dressy,” I said, followed by a cocked eyebrow, “see what I did there?”

“You’re not funny, Laila,” she said, rolling her eyes and laughing at me. She changed into a floral patterned skirt, followed by a loose grey sweater, and finalizing her look with some basic brown leather sandals. She took out a Maybelline mascara tube, and started coating her lashes, leaving a dark and thick effect. Her dense, dark brown hair settled itself around her shoulders.

“Are you seriously going to wear *that*?” She asked, signaling to my worn NYU sweatshirt.

“What’s wrong with it?”

“You know what’s wrong with it. Wear this,” She said, throwing a purple chiffon camisole at me. Thankfully, we were about the same size, and the shirt fit like a glove. She made me put on lip gloss, and after that, we got in the car, and made our way to Chris Holden’s house. The restless, rambling noises of loud music and teenagers emerged from Chris’s house.

“Can I go home?” I apprehensively asked Sierra.