

The Ugliest Girl in The World

By : Alex Kate

Theodore Ferguson believes that he is a sex god. He lives in a world, in which all the girls lust after him, and everybody wants to be his friend. He describes a girl, to whom he denies his attraction, as being the ugliest girl in the world. Written entirely in the form of journal entries.

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CHAPTER ONE

Dear Journal,

Oh my good god. She is so damn ugly. Why the hell, is she so damn ugly? Seriously, what happened? Absolutely vile. Honestly though, according to mother's "Guide to Adolescence" pamphlet, a woman hits her physical prime between the ages 14-19! *Obviously*, this does not apply to her!

Just to give you a vague notion of how positively atrocious this pathetic excuse for a 17 year old high school student actually *is*, we are going to complete a small activity. First, I'd like you picture the most grotesque human being in the world. Go on. Do it. Seriously. Now. Are you doing it?

Now, I would like you to keep this image in mind. Zoom in on one of this creature's many blemishes.

The girl I'm talking about? She is 10 times uglier than that. Legit. I am completely serious. 100% honest. This is NOT an exaggeration.

Pffft. Gross.

Everybody *else* that likes her -not that I like her- is an absolute neanderthal! It's absolutely repulsive! Who likes that much brawn? Not me! I prefer brains. Not that I'm not a muscular guy. I will have you know, that I am very muscular. It's just a sinewy kind of muscle, lean power. I swear.

It could be considered odd, that members of the opposite sex might find this specimen attractive if she is so damn ugly. Well, let me start off by explaining to you, that human attraction is a deeply abstract concept. As everybody who currently lusts after that deformed bigot is all brawn, no brains, they have warped perception of what is attractive. Also, they themselves are bigots, so I guess that they aim low, as to not disappoint themselves, as lusting after a slightly below average to average looking human being, is placing the bar, at a substantially higher level than they are able to achieve.

As you have guessed by now, as I am charismatic even on paper (Knickers up ladies), I'm pretty much a chick magnet. Ladies can't get enough of this hot bod. Yep. Theodore Fergus, a.k.a no. 1 player!!! Can't contain this tiger! Rawr! Watch out ladies. Hah. I'm an attractive guy. My mother told me so. That means it's true. My mother is a very principled individual. She is an avid supporter of the smart-casual look, as am I. It could be said that I am somewhat debauched in this department. I sport a vest to school. And a tie. And a pair of sensible, black loafers. I can pull it off though. Definitely. Pussy 25/7 if you know what I'm sayin'!!!!

Over the years I, and others around me have come to realize that my attire adds an air of sophistication to my "bad boy" persona. Chicks dig it. Ladies just view me as this unapproachable suave superstar. It's both a blessing, and a curse. The ladies that attend my school institution, are far too afraid to be rejected to directly try their luck, but they lust in secret. I know this, because when I walk by large groups of ladies, they giggle. I'm no expert, but I read in one of mother's pamphlets that girls, do in fact giggle whilst in the presence of the male of their dreams, so as to appear nonchalant and approachable. I have analyzed this theory, and I am walking proof of it's vindication because, why else would they giggle?

Where were we? Right, we were having a civilized one sided internal debate, discussing how U-G-L-Y that creature is! Even her name is repulsive. I do not wish to say it. But I will you know, for your sake. Alright. Here it is. It's name. Her name, is Jessica Alexanders. See how damn nice I am?? I said the forbidden words, just to satisfy your curiosity! Ha! Worst decision of her life! Rejecting me, that is. Not that I wanted to court her, or have any obscene romantic relations with the maggot, as that would surely end in me slitting my own throat, just to escape the terrible stench alone that wafts from her mouth. It was just a, well you know, a

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what-if situation, minus the what-if part. Hah. She's disgusting, don't be an idiot.

I have to go to school.

Chapter 2

Dear Journal,

Jessica Alexanders is such a freaking oaf.

So, I was just walking down the crowded hallway at school, on my way to Advanced literature, which used to be my favourite class. Until IT moved here from freaking Oregon. OREGON more like! Ha.

I took the usual route, as I am a man of consistency, passed by my giggling gaggles of female admirers, passed by my laughing football playing "homies" (Possible homosexuals? Not sure if the giggling theory applies to men. Note to self- must look into that), didn't stop for a chat, only waved hello much to their secret dismay, because I didn't want to lead them on, and I walked through the wooden doorframe, into the classroom.

Can you guess what the first THING I saw was? Well, I'll tell you. It was that disgusting, smarmy fat toad. Jessica Alexanders. The bane of my existence. In the damn flesh. Although you could hardly see her flesh beneath all her PIMPLES! This immediately put a damper on my day.

She, or shall I say IT, was lurking in it's assigned destination. Absolutely perfect. Now I was going to have to stare at her face, for the whole class. Not that I wanted to of course, but her face could be compared to a car accident, I just can't look away. No matter how hard I tried.

Of course walking over, I was all sophisticated nonchalance. I slid into my seat in my usual suave fashion, casually knocking a chair over on purpose in the midst of it. I positioned my head so that it was at such an angle that I could spot her out of the corner of my eye. She was inhaling at a volume that would have induced Darth Vader's jealousy, but what else was new? Her haircut was, actually. She'd trimmed it about half an inch.

So I mulled there in my seat, observing the creature, and listening to Mr. Pitchman at the same time. The creature is oblivious to everything, except for her current neanderthal mate, freaking baseball team captain Max Jennings, who has the intelligence quotient of a TURNIP, might I add! Then, Mr. Pitchman asks "Jessica (EW), as you were so obviously paying attention I suppose it would be a vindicated request, if I asked you to recite William Shakespeare's Sonnet No.18?"

It cracked it's jowls open. Then, it spoke. "Shall I compare thee to a summer's day? Thou art more lovely and temperate. Rough winds do shake the darling buds of may.."

HOW ABOUT THIS, JESSICA FREAKING ALEXANDERS???? Shall I compare thee to a summer's day? Methinks not, as a summer's day is not a FRIGGIN' IDIOT! I'm so cheesed off.

I have to find mother's scented oils. I'm running a bath.

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