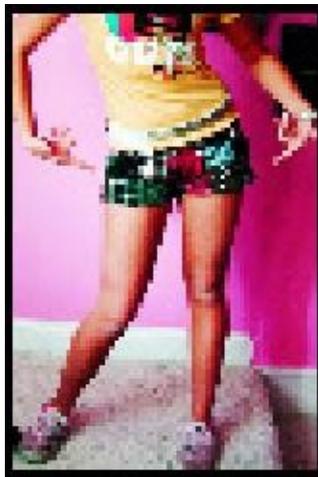


Novel Ideas: Survey

By : [cantlive4evr](#)

I've come up with three novel ideas so far. It's a survey. I'm sorry Sam if you think I've stolen your idea on having people choose the story!!!!



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Bring Me An Angel

Rated: PG-13, maybe

Description: She's broken, lonely, and tired of waiting for a miracle to happen. She meets a boy, and he loves her. But she won't give him the time of day!

Eventually, she says that if he brings her an angel, then she'll be with him. Only if she knew how easy her request was...



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Porcelain Pandora

Rated: PG, I think

Description: Pandora is like a porcelain doll: So clumsy, that she's fragile. But she sees things in her dreams...Horrible nightmares that come true. She wants them to go away very badly. She's tired of seeing death and famine in her dreams, and she grows weary.

Then that boy finds her...and saves her from her own death.



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School Of Perfection

Rated: PG

Description: Lori is different. She wears tons of eyeliner, dresses in mostly black, and has an odd personality. She moves to a new state, and goes to a new school. A school where everyone is exactly the same: Blonde and beautiful. Lori looks everywhere for someone that's like her. Someone that's different.

Will she stay the same, or change into another zombie of perfection?

Okay, so, I've decided to intertwine all of the stories together! "Bring Me An Angel" will be the most dominant, though, because everyone seems to like it best. Charletta is the main character in it, and also from "Bring Me An Angel". She goes to a school like the one in School Of Perfection, but she doesn't move there. And it's not new. Then, for Porcelain Pandora, Charletta has the nightmares that Pandora would have had. And people sometimes call Charletta, Pandora, for reasons that will be explained later. Then...there's the boy...

HERE'S A SNEAK PEEK OF MY NEW NOVEL, "BRING ME AN ANGEL":

Chapter 1 (THIS IS ONLY HALF OF THE CHAPTER)

My life's never been that great. One moment, I'm having a great time, then it all falls down hill.

I look at my reflection in the mirror. That horrible reflection that I hate so much. My long, dark red hair flows down past my shoulders and just above my waist. The eyes that stare back at me are empty, other than the deep blue occupying the space.

Snip. One piece gone. I hold the scissors up to my hair again. Snip snip. The sound is refreshing for some reason. It's my new start.

Although I can't restart everything.

"Please, no." I cry. But he won't listen. His bright green eyes stay locked on mine, the ends up his lips twitching up into a mischievous grin.

I block out the memories. It's too much. Snip snip snip. My head already feels lighter. My thoughts seem more clearer. Snip.

It repeats. Over and over. My hair falls to the ground in small clumps. The hair finds itself on the dirty floor, looking even prettier when it's not on my head. Who knew it would be so simple?

I make myself stay calm as I cut the rest of my hair. If I let myself get angry, I would end up bald.

But instead, I end up with a pixie cut. I think it looks good. I ruffle it with my fingers, no longer able to play with the ends of my hair because of the length. I smile at my reflection, satisfied.

It all started with my dad. My mom had divorced him, and he was all alone. My mom didn't want me, so I got

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stuck with my dad.

Which I didn't exactly want to be.

You know the story of Cinderella? Well, turns out my the woman my dad's dating is the evil step mom, and the two dweeby boys she brought with her are the evil stepsisters.

But I'm no Cinderella. And I'm positive that there will be no fairy godmother to help me go to my ball. Or in other words, the prom.

I walk down the wooden stairs, and to the living room. Sherry, the evil stepmom, is sitting on the cherry colored couch, which, councidentally, is the same color as her lipstick. Her blond curls frame her face, and she's in her twenties.

As soon as she sees me, she gasps. Her water-colored eyes tear up.

"Oh, Charletta! What's happened to your hair?" She squeals. I smile in satisfaction.

"I cut it." Short and sweet, just like my hair.

"Charlie, darling?!" She yells out into the air. Of course she's calling my dad in. That's all she ever does. She's such a big baby.

"Yes, honey?" He says, walking out into the living room to join us.

"Look at her hair!" She says, and my father stops looking at Sherry for one whole minute to look at my head. Then he turns back to her.

"It looks nice, Charletta." My father says, his eyes grazing the area on Sherry's chest that's barely covered. I roll my eyes, but mutter out a thank you anyways. There's a horrified expression on Sherry's face that makes me smile.

"Chaarrliieeee! Look at it!" She whines. He sighs.

"What do you want me to do about it?" He asks annoyed.

"Make her go to a salon and get it fixed!" She says, pouting. He rolls his eyes, and pulls out his wallet, handing fifty dollars to me.

"Go get it fixed, Charletta." He says. I don't do anything but take the money.

"Thanks." I mumble, and go through the front door. But it's not like I plan on getting it 'fixed' or anything. I think it's perfect the way it is.

I have fifty dollars, and it's a Saturday night. Where do you go when you're alone?

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