

Lovely Girl

By : cuckooxstory

Mika meets a celebrity named Akira. She always thought that she was one of the ugliest girls on earth, because of Sayuri. She would constantly remind her that she was unattractive and that guys didn't like her. Mika realizes that's not the case.



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Author's Note: Keep in mind this is set in Japan. The language should be Japanese, but it is a translation:) If it was, none of you would probably be able to read.

Chapter 1

A yawn escaped my mouth as I waited inside the underground subway. This was probably the worst time of day in Tokyo. It was way too crowded and I hardly had any space to breathe. I was just the typical girl that had only the subway for transportation. The elderly lady next to me had her cane pressed to the ground and her bundled up stuff in her lap. She was sound asleep. I wondered if she had any children or if she was alone. I knew that I didn't have much friends and I was alone. I only had Sayuri. She had been my friend since elementary school. No one else dared to be my friend. It was probably because I was unattractive in their eyes.

To my left, was a group of girls that were extremely loud. They had their phones in hand with their favorite idol's picture displayed.

"OH MY GOD! AKIRA IS SO HOT!"

"I KNOW RIGHT?"

"I HEARD HE WAS GOING TO A HIGH SCHOOL NEAR US. I DON'T KNOW WHICH ONE!"

"IT'S PROBABLY SAKURA HIGH SCHOOL. THERE'S NO OTHER SCHOOL'S NEAR HERE EXCEPT THAT SCHOOL."

I thought about it and that was my school. So he was going to my school. That would definitely cause a ruckus all around. Sayuri would definitely want to be his girlfriend. She dumped her boyfriend recently and she was always looking for the hottest guys. I personally had no one. Even Sayuri told me that I wasn't attractive enough for guys. I remembered the times that I tried to improve my appearance. I would wear contacts and do my hair everyday. She would tell me that it was a waste of effort. So I continued to tie my hair up in ponytails and wear thick-rimmed glasses. She was right. There was a guy that confessed to me for the purpose of being close to Sayuri. It became obvious after she told me that. I let him be with her because I knew they liked each other.

As the subway arrived to its destination a women's voice announced, "We are now at Sakura High School. If this is not your stop, please allow the other passengers to go through. The doors will be closing shortly." I grabbed my bag and hurriedly headed out the doors. The doors shut behind me and relief washed over me. I was finally able to get some fresh air. I felt my glasses slip down my face as I continued up the stairs. Sakura High School was just ahead with its grandiose gates in front.

People were already surrounding the entrance. People were desperate to see what class they were in this year. I hoped I was in the same class as Sayuri. I shoved through the crowd to get to the bulletin board. I looked through the junior classroom chart and found my name in Class B. I searched for Sayuri's name, but she wasn't in it. I looked through Class C and D, but her name wasn't there either. Before I was able to find her name, I heard her call my name.

"Mika! I'm right behind you!" I turned around and there she was. She had medium length black hair that was perfectly straightened to look as if she was a celebrity herself. She wore dark eyeliner with pink lip-gloss. Her eyelashes were curled up beautifully. It was obvious that all the boys would fall for her. Her skirt was pulled

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up to make it look shorter. She wore heels with her uniform. Our school wasn't so strict about the uniform requirements and so girls wore heels and pulled their skirts up. I was the only one that didn't do that. My skirt went down to my knees and my socks went up above my ankles. My hair was tied back and I wore no makeup.

"Hi. Sayuri. You look pretty today."

She flipped her hair over her shoulders, "Of course. Why wouldn't I look pretty?"

I reassured her, "Yeah. That's right."

She asked, "Did you do my homework?"

I nodded, "Yeah. I got it right here." I pulled out the essay from my bag and handed it to her. It's done perfectly. You'll definitely get an A+."

"Thanks. By the way, did you hear about Akira? He's coming to our school."

"I just heard it today."

"It shouldn't matter to you though since he won't even look at you. He'll come to me. All guys do." Most people would be hurt by that sentence, but I wasn't. I knew that she was just being honest. Instead of saying it behind my face, she told me the truth. I wasn't even that pretty and I knew that guys didn't like me.

"Mika. I'm in class E, what about you?" I was disappointed in the class scheduling this year. I wasn't in the same class as her.

"I'm in class B."

"That sucks. I wanted to be in the same class as you."

I frowned, "I know. It was fun last year and I wanted to be in the same class as you." Just as I finished the sentence, girls started screaming and sticking to the windows. Sayuri joined them. I took a peek and saw that there was a black van parked outside. There were two buff security guards in the front. It was probably the celebrity that was going to our school. I didn't bother to look any longer. What was the point? He's just a celebrity that everyone wants. I won't get anything out of becoming a fan.

While the celebrity distracted everyone, I went to my classroom. The classroom was empty and it was obvious that I was the first person to go to class. Even the teacher wasn't in the classroom yet. I walked over to the window and peeked out. From upstairs, I could see the celebrity stepping out of the van with his sunglasses on and his light brown hair flowing with the wind. His perfect teeth gleamed when he smiled at all the heart-struck girls. He was handsome and I knew that if he took off those sunglasses, girls would probably faint.

Suddenly, I heard chirping sounds and I looked up to find a bird that had its wings stuck on the branch. It was bleeding and I wanted to help it. I forced the window open and reached for the bird. I put most of my weight on the window sill and reached further for the injured bird. I began whistling so that it could get closer to me, but it wouldn't listen. I grabbed the branch and pulled myself a little further up. My legs lifted off the ground and half of my body was out the window. I barely grabbed the bird by its tail. I clasped it into my right hand. As I caught it, my eyes went down to the ground. I was about 10 feet from the ground and fear came over me. I lost balance and fell out the window. I caught the branch with my left hand. I only had one hand supporting

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me. I didn't know how long I'd last since my strength was probably the worst. I had the bird in my right hand.

All the students that were crowded around the celebrity were now watching me. There were gasps all around the crowd. Even the celebrity was looking up at me. I was glad that I wore shorts underneath. If I didn't, I would've embarrassed myself today. The branch couldn't support my weight and so it snapped. I felt the air beneath me as I fell towards my death. I felt the world spin and my vision going blurry. Everything turned black.

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