

A Promless Gone Wrong

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The story unfolds when a high school principal allows freshmen and sophomores to attend prom, as well as, the juniors and seniors. A freshman named, Lila, has a weird dream that she never expected. Read more to find out! :)

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CHAPTER 1 - THE BEGINNING

In a small town of Oakwan, Georgia, it was just a normal day for those at Burt R. Wayne High School. All of the students were doing their business when principal, Ms. Joyce Riggs came on the intercom, "Students, as part of this years annual prom, not only will the Juniors and Seniors be able to participate, but also the Freshmen and Sophomores."

For some, that was the best news they had heard in a long time. For the rest, they could care less. I guess I was one of those people who didn't know what to think because I knew I would not find a date. As I looked around the room, I noticed all the freshmen gasping for air as they could not believe their ears.

"It's just prom. I mean, nobody has time for that," I thought to myself, "It's just one night. No one is going to remember it." I turned halfway around before I could say what I wanted to my best friend, John, when I noticed his facial expression. "What's the matter, John?" I asked in deepest concern. "It's just..now I don't have to wait two more years to go to prom. I haven't even thought of anyone to ask and I doubt anyone would want to go with someone like me. I mean look at me! I'd have to be the last guy on this earth before any girl would want to go to the prom with me and I'll still barely be able to get one then." He replied in sorrow. He wasn't being his old self. Usually he would be all full of joy, full of energy, and full of spark that would bring a smile to anyone's face. Today, he just looked gloomy and full of despair. "John, if it makes you feel any better, I have no one to go with either." I replied. "It's not the same, Lila. It's just not the same. You, you are a beautiful, young, and intelligent girl who anybody would die to be with. You're, you're just..perfect." John commented.

"John, I'm far from being perfect!" I greatly responded.

"Class, now that we had our little discussion about prom, let's get back to learning." Ms. Jones said.

Ms. Jones is the type of teacher who doesn't care if you had enjoyment or not. I guess that's one of the reasons she is not happy herself. Ms. Jones was asking the class about what we discussed earlier in class about something over conjunctions and I had no clue what she was talking about so I asked the person setting beside of me. "Aye, do you know she is even talking about?" I whispered.

"Yes, matter of fact I do. Now, turn around before we both get in trouble," said Wilma.

Wilma is also the type of girl who does not show the tiniest bit of excitement. Since Wilma would not tell me what conjunctions were, I had to face only one way of understanding it and that was by asking the teacher. "What if people laugh at me because I don't know the answer?" I thought to myself. No one really liked me much and I could not seem to understand why. Is it my looks? My breathe? These were the questions that puzzled me every time I needed to ask a question. I don't even know how I managed to get John to be my best friend but I'm not complaining.

Ms. Jones announced class dismissed. Thank goodness that was the last class of the day.

School was out for the day and I had to wait on my school bus to come and get us. Little did I know, whenever I was thinking to myself what other students would think of me for asking questions, I never paid any attention to the fact that the principal announced that my school bus was being replaced by another one and I missed my bus.

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"May I borrow your cell phone to call my parents?" I asked Jeanie, a girl I rarely talked to.

"Mom, this is Lila. I missed my bus. Will you come and pick me up?"

"Lila, why in the world did you miss your bus? You know I have to come a long way and get you. Why can't you be more responsible of your actions and pay attention to other people getting on another school bus?" Mom yelled.

"But Mom! I've had a long day today and I just want to get home. Is that too much to ask?" I responded.

"I'll be there shortly, dear!" Mom replied as she said goodbye.

Chapter 2: Arriving at Home

Mom pulled into the schoolhouse parking lot to take me home.

"Lila, what's wrong?" Mom asked.

"It's justâ every time I decide to ask a question in class, I'm afraid everyone will say something mean to me," I replied.

Mom explained, "Is that what has been going on? You do not need to worry about what others think of you. The only person they need to worry about is themselves. I think they are just jealous because they are not as pretty as you, dear. In another two years you'll be able to go to prom and show all those drag queens what you are made of."

"No Mom!! They changed it this year. This year they are letting freshmen and sophomores go to prom." I shouted in tears.

"What are you so worried about then? They are nothing to worry about; it'll all be alright." Mom said to me.

She didn't understand. No one did. I was too afraid to tell her that I haven't thought of anyone to go with. If I did, she would go all ballistic and try and hook me up with someone. How embarrassing would it be to have your mother hook you up with a guy?

Mom pulled in the driveway and told me, "If you ever need to talk about anything, just let me know!"

As bad as I wanted to say no, I practically lied and told her, "Okay Mom!"

I had never decided to talk to my mother about everything before and I sure wasn't about to start in first year of high school.

I walked through the door to where mom was finding something to eat from the fridge. I yelled and told her to wake me up from my nap when supper was ready.

I marched up the stairs to my bedroom when I found that my cell phone that I had forgotten had five missed calls and three new messages. I opened my missed calls to find that John had called me. I was starting to wonder if something was wrong. I waited until I opened my text messages and all of them were from John, also. They said:

John: Lila, are you home?

(Sent at 3:24 PM)

John: Are you there?

(Sent at 3:27 PM)

John: When you get these messages, call me ASAP!

(Sent at 3:33 PM)

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I thought to myself, "What could be wrong? Is he just worried about where I might have not had a ride home or anything?"

Chapter 3: The Weird Dream

I decided I'll call John whenever I wake up from my nap. As I lie down and start to doze off, I began smelling my mothers wonderful and sweet cooking. Mmmm, boy! That sure smells delicious. I did not let the smell of my mothers home-cooked meals distract me from the nap I desperately needed.

Although I usually never dream while I sleep, this was one of the weirdest dreams I have ever had, even when I do dream. It felt like it was imaginary, but yet so real. I imagined I was walking down my stairs to watch television with my family for our weekly family night. I saw my mom, my dad, my brother, Mark, and I saw John. I was like, "Uhm, John. What are you doing here for our family night?"

John happily answered and said, "Honey, we come over here every Saturday for our family night."

"W-why are you calling me honey, John?" I stuttered to him.

"Uh, we are married now? We have been for three years. Where have you been all this time, darlin'?" He questioned.

I never would have imagined that I would be married to my best friend. It shocked me to blistery when he had my name tattooed to his right, upper arm. I mean, I never would have thought John would get a tattoo? He does not like pain, but he told me that it meant something to him to have my name on his body. At first, I thought it was crazy, but then I realized it was all so sweet.

The rest of the dream is all a blur; all I remember after that was the sound of Mom shaking me telling me to come get washed up for supper.

"Mom, I just had the weirdest dream ever." I whispered to her as I was turning the faucet on.

"What was it, dear?" she asked.

"All I remember was coming downstairs to enjoy our family night and I noticed John. I asked him what he was doing here and he told me that we were married. Doesn't that sound strange?" I spoke with questioning.

"Yes, that is some dream you had." Mom said.

Mom and I walked downstairs to the dinner table to where she had prepared us a big supper. It consisted of turkey, dressing, mashed potatoes (I didn't care too much for these), rolls, and green beans. It was something out of the ordinary because Mom never makes a big meal.

We all said grace and began to dig in.

"So, Lila, did you have a good day at school?" Dad asked.

"NO! I don't want to talk about it either!" I shouted.

I only ate half of my plate before I asked my parents to excuse me from the table; they did.

I trotted my way up the stairs and continued my dream to the last point I can remember and see where this dream takes me. I never go to bed earlier than 11 PM, but I really wanted to see what would happen to me. I turned my light off and began to slumber.

Chapter 4: The Big Day

The alarm clock went off and that meant it was time for me to get up, get dressed, and get on the bus to go to school. The dream turned out strange, but in a good way, romantic. Aye, at least I had a husband, right? I could remember the dream so clearly now. It was like I couldn't get it out of my head and like I actually wanted it to happen.

I hopped into the shower and started to think about the dream I just had.

Well, after John asking me where I had been, I said to him with a puzzled face, "I have been here all along."

"If you were here all along, wouldn't you have remembered being married to your high school sweetheart?" he happily said.

"High school sweetheart?" I questioned.

"Yes, dear! Don't you remember all the nights we spent on the phone together, laughing and going on? All the times I would tell jokes to you and you would pretend that you liked them. Yes, honey I knew you didn't like them but didn't want to hurt my feelings, but that's okay with me. I never really liked them either. Don't you remember all the times we went to the park together as a child and we pushed each other on the swing set? I sure do; Boy, was it a blast." he greatly said.

"I don't, John." I said.

Things were getting strange. I mean, in high school, I never imagined John would turn out to be my husband.

Later on in my dream, as the years went by, I had my first child; we named him after John's favorite uncle, Dale. A sweet, blonde-haired baby boy weighing in at 8 lbs and 7 ounces came into my life. His name was Christopher Dale Walters. I was shocked to think that I was giving birth. No person wants to imagine giving birth, unless they are completely lunatics.

We lived our life perfect...well, not perfect, but it seemed like it.

"Lila, hurry up! You're going to miss your bus." Mom shouted.

"Oh My! I was wasting time thinking about my dream and forgot about getting dressed for school." I thought to myself.

"I'll be out in just a minute." I said to my mom.

I got my clothes on and began to get my shoes on. I started out the door when Mom warned me I'd forgot to put my socks on. What a mistake!

I had to hurry and untie my shoes so I could put my socks on and I heard the bus' horn. I told Mom to yell at the bus driver and tell him it'll only take a minute.

The bus driver was driving his normal bus today, so I know I won't miss it. This bus driver is one of the nicest gentlemen you will ever meet. I guess it's where my mom used to date him in high school before she met Dad.

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I ran outside to get on the bus and climbed up the steps to where the bus driver greets everyone as they get on the bus.

"Good morning, Lila. How are you this morning?" he said.

"I'm mighty fine this morning, sir." I replied.

I took a seat next to Jeanie and we talked on the way to school.

As Jeanie and I were talking, I noticed the bus was approaching John's house. I was too afraid to tell him what my dream was about. John got on the bus and took a seat with one of his buddies.

"When should I tell him?" I thought to myself, "Maybe I'll do it when he's not with his pals."

John didn't live too far from school; Maybe walking distance if you actually decided to walk.

"Well, here we are kids." the bus driver announced.

Everyone was all pepped up because it was Friday. I mean, who doesn't love Friday's? I sure do!

We got off the bus and waited outside until the teachers took their classes inside for breakfast. I noticed John all by himself. He was standing in the corner with no one to talk to.

"John, I don't know how to put this, but I had a dream." I told him.

"You don't say!" he said sarcastically. "Don't we all have them?"

"I usually don't, but I did yesterday for some reason. I got all of your texts and missed calls. I didn't get home until about four something and I was frustrated. I decided to take me a nap and that's when I had that dream." I said.

"What was the dream about, Lila?" he promptly replied.

"You and I." I said.

"You and I?" he said while trying to hold his smile.

"Yes." I replied.

"What was it about? Was it good? Was it bad? I want to know!" he anxiously questioned.

"It was great" I told him. "You and I got married and had a baby named, Christopher Dale Walters. You wanted to have the baby names after your favorite uncle."

John paused for a second before replying, "You and I got married? Boy, I sure wish that dream was real."

I started to think about something.

John told me before that he couldn't find him a girlfriend. I'm starting to think differently now. By the way he acted, I think he's in love with me? Maybe I'm in love with him? I usually never dream of things like that.

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I guess it's where prom is coming up and we both do not have dates to the prom. For the past couple of days, my feelings have started to change. I don't know what's caused it. I guess it's just I see John all depressed a lot and it makes me sad. I wish I could do something to make him happy.

We all walked to the cafeteria and ate breakfast. I got my tray and saw John over there setting by himself. I walked over there and asked John a very important question.

"John, would you like to be my date to the prom?" I asked in honor.

That really brought his spirit to joy when I asked him that.

"Would I!! I would love to, Lila!" he shouted with joy.

I bet John was thinking things would start to look better for him. I sure hope so.

I intentionally went over there to ask him that question because I had started to have feelings for John. I knew it had them for me. I have been single for a while now and John never really had a descent girlfriend worth anything; they would treat him like crap and use him for their devilish ways. I was tired of seeing that happen to him.

I was kinda hoping..maybe, we could..be a thing? I knew John would not treat me badly and I would never, in this whole world, do anything to mistreat John! I wasn't that kinda person.

Chapter 5: "Pop Goes the Question"

Nothing made me any happier than knowing that I could soon have a boyfriend who would treat me descent. I didn't have to wish for him to be my boyfriend because I knew he would in a heartbeat.

The bell rang for us to head to our first class of the day with mine being Algebra. Algebra was my favorite class and on top of that, John was it in with me. I knew everything that the teacher taught us, but I just wanted to find a way to talk to John.

"John, can you help me? I don't understand this." I said in a flirty voice.

"Sure. What do you need help with?" he replied.

"Everything." I said.

"Everything? Come set beside of me and I'll help you." he promptly told me.

I made it look like I needed help so the teacher would let me talk to him.

"I don't really need help. I just need to talk to you." I whispered to John.

John replied, "About what?"

"I need to talk to you about us," I said in a lowered tone, "I really like you a lot. I'm starting to have feelings for you."

John's facial expression lit up like the morning sun. I knew it made his day. If my dreams actually came true, my life would be almost perfect.

I know I'm just a 15 year old in high school and I have the rest of my life to live yet, but I may never get the chance to try and make my life as wonderful as it is in my dreams. A lot of people set dreams for their future and never fulfill them. Look at my mom. She had her first real crush in 8th grade and they both got together. He was always into science, so he wanted to become a doctor when he grew up. Of course, my mom wanted to impress him so she said she wanted to be a nurse. Did she become one? NO! She became a pole dancer at the local strip bar. I know it's nowhere near her dream, but what do you expect? She had poor grades throughout her high school career and dropped out during the last semester of high school to have a child. When it was time for her to have the baby, the doctors said it was the most healthiest baby they'd ever seen. What they didn't know was the baby had a very rare disease that caused his organs to shut down. The doctors couldn't figure it out. I don't want my life to turn out like my mothers. I actually want to go to college, get a job, and then raise a family.

John finally found the words to say to my statement.

"Lila, you have no idea how much or how long I've waited to hear these words." he said. "I've been waiting for you for God knows how long. I'm so glad you had that dream. Trust me, I'll try my best to make your dream come as real as possible."

"That's what I've always wanted. I've always wanted a guy that will treat me like I'm supposed to be treated and know how to have a good time by doing that. We've been friends for like 'ever' and you've always been so sweet to me." I said in the dearest voice.

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"Lila, will you be my girlfriend?" he shockingly asked.

I never knew I'd hear these words come from my best friend, but now I realize, I never knew I'd hear these from my 'soon-to-be boyfriend.'

"Yes, John, Yes!! I'll be your girlfriend." I replied.

I just knew from the start that this relationship would last.

"Class, the bell will be ringing in about three minutes. Please place your papers in the basket on your way out." the teacher said.

Oh Lord! We were too busy discussing our love and forgot to get back to our Algebra assignment.

Ah, we just had to turn in what we had and hoped for the best.

The next few class periods went by so slow, being as, I didn't have a class with John until 6th period.

Finally, we reached 6th period. I knew I wouldn't get to talk to John this period because his seat was all the way across the room.

"Please let this class go by fast so I can get to talk to John." I thought to myself.

I think I'm really going psycho. I'm going crazy over a guy. I rarely do that, but this wasn't just any boy.

It was still 6th period and we were doing our classwork when something, out of nowhere, told me to look up at John. When I looked over at him, he gave me the cutest smile and wink ever. I could tell I was falling head over heels for him.

The principal came over the intercom and announced school would be letting out thirty minutes earlier due to incoming weather.

I desperately wanted to walk with John to his house so we could talk about things one-on-one, but I had to have my parents permission.

"John, would it be alright if I walked with you home instead of riding the bus?" I asked.

"Sure. I don't mind." he said.

"I'll need to borrow your cell to call Mom and tell her so she won't worry." I told him.

"Mom, this is Lila. I'm using John's cell phone. Guess what? I now have a boyfriend. Remember my dream..yeah, it's him!" I happily said.

"I'm so proud of you, babydoll. Let's hope you made the right decision. I love you, sweetie." she said.

"I love you too, Mom!" I answered.

What could she have meant by 'let's hope you made the right decision?' Ah, she's old. She probably doesn't even know what she's talking about.

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I told John that it was alright by her.

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