

I was finally at the party I wanted so badly to be at. Yet, there I was, sitting on the floor next to the television that was blaring some reality show. I couldn't make out anything that was being said on the show because the stereo was also blasting. All of the sudden I heard a crash. I looked away from the tv just in time to see a kid, I think from my science class, pick himself off the floor.

"Who's next?" he asked. He gestured to the couch. "I am," another guy said and hopped up to stand on the back of the couch, balancing on his toes. "1-2-3" the crowd called. All at once the new kid, who I didn't recognize, jumped off the couch and landed with a thud on the coffee table.

Thinking of another scene: goes into another room only to hear a few people gossiping about one of her friends...mostly trying to be Esmerelda. make up an idea that Esmerelda was sitting there trying to fit into the conversation when the other kids started talking about her friend. I have no idea what, exactly, will happen next, so I'll reread what I just wrote and just let something come to me.

another scene

"I mean, did you see what Tilly wore tonight?" Liz snorted. "No one wears that color anymore."

I just sat quietly on the edge of the chair. I didn't think I even knew what Tilly was wearing. I never paid attention to those sorts of things.

Another girl, I didn't know her name, rolled her eyes, "She's always wearing and saying and doing the wrong things. It's like she doesn't care what people think."

I was shocked. They had to know I was friends with Tilly. We ate lunch together everyday and if she hadn't been late to the party, we would have been sitting together. Why would they talk about my friend in front of me?