

THIRD PLACE

There was a girl.

BY

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There was a girl,
With eyes of green,
And dancing hair of blonde.
The girl laughed at every joke,
Even if she was the joke,
The girl had no mother,
an unloved father,
And a witch of a stepmother,
Then the girl noticed a person,
A boy in fact,
A boy who wouldn't notice her,
And probably would never see her,
She had started talking to the boy,
And the boy and girl became friends,
They were the best of friends,
And told each other secrets,
Until a day happened.
The boy and girl went to the lake,
To see the falling sun,
The boy walked her home,
And surprised her with something,
A peck on the cheek,
The girl giggled and walked inside
To meet her furious father.
The father screamed at her,
And threatened her to never see him again.
She stormed to her room,
She thought a thought that was never meant to be a thought.
She went to her room,
And grabbed a couple of things.
There WAS a girl. . . .