

Sasha

By Riya Devgan

Hi my name is Sasha, I love make up and modeling, mainly because makeup makes me pretty and well let's just make it clear the only reason I wake up in the morning is to look pretty, go to school and make people love me. Some say I have a huge ego, but please it's not my fault I am popular and have thousands of friends. Well at least I spend my whole life trying to be. I love running and golf but hate swimming and can't swim to save my life. I can sing like an angel, well at least I think I can, but I dance with my two left feet.

When people look at my blond curly hair, emerald shining eyes, glossey pink lips, and sparkling pink justice clothes, they find it hard to believe I love reading investment books and checking the stock markets and Bollywood music. I would say I'm really considerate and kind to my fellow classmates, I mean how else can everyone adore me, how else can I be so popular. But when it comes to following the rules like "don't talk in class, respect the teachers, do your homework" I say no! I never respect the teachers; I talk back and argue with them, I never do the homework unless it's to look pretty. But you can't expect me to be my nice, normal, pretty self all the time; I have to show my real backstabber, gossip side once in a while. No please don't get me wrong when I say I am a backstabber or gossipier it's just that I have to tell my friends secrets to everyone else so I can well move up a level in popularity. Just to clarify being the best is a war, a war I'm live to win. Weather its leaving and backstabbing my friends, I will do it!

Most people say I have a huge ego and reputation that if it gets ruined, my life will be ruined. But it's just so hard to pretend I love wearing H n M designed glittery, pink, ruffled dresses, whereas I much rather wear Brooke Brother Polo Shirts and baggy shorts. Just to be clear, the social pyramid includes the jocks, the cheerleader, and the geeks. Geeks are the "know it all" and the "I can fix that" or the "I can help you with that computer, teacher" basically the guide to fixing electronics. Now I wouldn't say I love fixing electronics and experimenting with the latest gadgets, but it's a hobby. I have desires to you know! I want to be the boss of a leading hedge fund, to get a business scholarship to Harvard, to graduate with an MBA in investment banking. I would eventually like to settle down in a vineyard in Napa Valley, own a midnight blue BMW convertible, and travel to many exotic countries.

But my desires can wait, right now my main priority is to be the best, to be the the most popular girl in school. I am the kind of go with the flow, charismatic, listen to me, stubborn type of person. But in order to win, I must show that no one can hurt/destroy/manipulate me. I must prove to the world that you can't beat me, because if someone's going to be destroyed in this war it's not going to be me!

Pink Paradise

By Riya Devgan

I strutted down the road, every shop monotonous to me. Dull polo shirts from Broke Brothers NY, black gowns from GUCCI, it just didn't surprise me."Mom, I need a new dress for my birthday party and all I'm seeing is black ugly gowns and brown horrifying polo shirts. I NEED PINK, PINK, PINK, AND PINK!' I exclaimed with anger. Suddenly a pink bright light blinded my caramel melting eyes, it shined like a shooting star reflecting against the moonlight, the sky glimmered with pink sparkles. I dashed to the store clutching to my mom's hand. There I stood, staring into a pink paradise called "Think Pink" I held the door knob in approval as I barged the door open. It was pandemonium in the shop, little sassy girls like me plucking all the dresses as if it were ripe purple grapes plucked out of its vines to eat. "Mom I want that dress, and that one, oh and that one, and wow that one two" eventually in my hands lay a pink glittery pyramid of dresses and stacked them inside my changing room. Hours passed and none of them suited me, like a dazzling painting missing that one perfect color. "This is hopeless. Buy me a Gucci bag instead "I cried to my mom. Her eyes sinked with disappointment and guilt "Honey it's okay I will get you a dress no matter-" "Um Hello, like I care what you're saying just get me a dress" "But what about your other dresses at home" "Well those 150 thousand dresses can wait understood" I yelled. All of a sudden my lays gazed at a pink ruffled dress, the pink squeals layered across the border line of my waist, its ruffles flowed like a river, its pink velvet streamed like a river of silk, and I think I was in love. I seized the dress and tossed it to my mom. "15,600" my mom yelled in shock. She crumpled it and fed it to the "I don't want pill". I glared at her in hatred, my face turned into a ripe tomato, smoke streamed out of my eyes. "I WANT IT NOW" I screamed. All the other parents and children's eyes widen in surprise, a crowd of adults peered at my mom. Suddenly this shop was a gossip show; parents whispered and mumbled comments about my mom and me. My mom's embarrassment scale shattered into pieces, she grabbed the dress and tossed it onto the cashier. "Thought so" I replied in pride. "Lesson

learned give me what I want, I'll give you what you want a non-tantrum child" I lectured. As I walked out the store my pride shadowed behind me "Capuche" "Capuche" my mom whispered.