to settle our differences. By the time we did connect on a higher spiritual level, I'd be ninety and probably die two minutes later of old age.

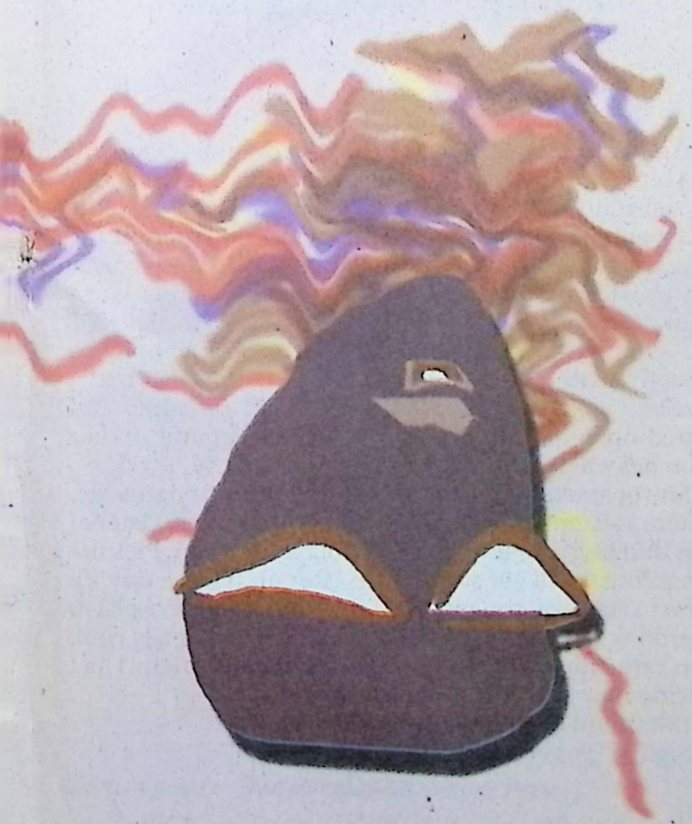
Mom nodded in agreement, positioning herself into what she calls the 'flying fish'. 'It's wonderful how close you girls are getting.'

Hmph. A little too close, I grumbled to myself. Every time I turn around, there she is. I go to school, she's there. I go to the mall, she's there. The phone rings, it's her. I try to spend some alone time and walk home from school, she's right there beside me. And when I do manage to sneak out and run home... oh yeah, she's already there.

'Oh, by the way Sarah said she's coming by later. She wanted to help you with your science project. Isn't that sweet?'

'Yes, yes. She's very sweet.' Die, bi-atch!

Later that evening, as I sat cross-legged on my bed, forced to look at Sarah's latest photo album, I marveled at my level of tolerance. Not only did she insist on helping my quite-capable-self with the science project, she somehow managed to invite her oh-so-annoying-self to dinner. I've always believed that everyday is made up of little tests and so far my biggest challenge has been being in the same room with Sarah and not strangling her.



'Here's a great one of Daddy cleaning the garage,' Sarah said excitedly. She paused to smile at me and asked, 'Isn't this fun?'

Sure. This will make a great memory, I thought sarcastically. Another thing you should know about Sarah is that she's a dedicated photographer and takes about a dozen pictures a day. I've lost count of how many times she's jumped up from behind bushes and trees and blinded me with her flashbulb. She likes her 'work' to be spontaneous.

This is why you should never try to do good for others... it will only blow up in your face.

Pushing away thoughts of violence, I turned my attention back to the pictures. Reaching into her backpack, Sarah pulled out some more. 'I just had these developed this afternoon.'

Gasp. Oh, no! As I flipped through the pictures, my earlier boredom was rapidly replaced with sheer panic. These were all pictures of me.

Embarrassing pictures.

I stared in horror at pictures of me making funny faces while cooking... me wearing my avocado face mask with rollers in my hair... me in my pink pajamas and fuzzy bunny slippers, dancing around and lip-syncing with my hair brush... Aaargh!

Sarah continued to ramble, quite oblivious to the sound of my head exploding.

'What did you... how did you... when?' I finally managed to splutter, outraged by this blatant invasion of my privacy. Taking deep breaths, I forced myself to calm down. Chillax, girl. It's not like anybody will ever know. All I have to do is burn these pictures and the negatives. Whew! Problem solved.

'Aren't they great?' Sarah gushed. 'So natural. Everyone really liked them.'

(Long pause)

Wait... what? 'Umm, who is everyone?' I listened in disbelief as Sarah recounted running into some girls from school before coming over to my house and (of course) proudly showing them her latest handiwork.

I wonder how many years I'll have to serve if I shoot Sarah with my Dad's gun. Then again, they might let me go if I plead 'justifiable homicide'.

Life is like a bird it's pretty, until it shits on your head. Sarah has managed to bring me crashing down from a source of enigma, the epitome of popularity and coolness to a lowly laughingstock. All day in school I could hear people snickering as I passed by. Some geek who works in a pet store gave me a bunny rabbit. Sigh. I miss being unapproachable.

A damaged ego is a frightening thing. I never realised before what a lovely word 'revenge' is. Notice how smoothly it rolls of the tongue. R-E-V-E-N-G-E!

Excuse me while I do my evil genius laugh, mwahahahah!