

Bri and Ly-ly

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Short Story 6th Grade

My name is Delilah, but people call me Ly-ly. Cus who wants to say Delilah every single time. I love flowers, fairy tales, and school. I follow the rules and some people call me a goody two shoes. That's fine. I am a goody two shoes. Sometimes it annoys me, but I remind myself not to let them get to me. My parents can be a bit much at times. Especially my mom. She can be really stressful about my school and my tests. She wants straight A's, perfect 100 percent, and nothing less than that. She also thinks that I shouldn't do things that don't help me become smarter. She doesn't believe in doing things just cus they are fun. She is really strict. Sometimes I wish I could get away from my mom. Anyway, enough about my mom.

There's this girl, Brianna, at my school. She's weird. She moved here a month ago, in the middle of the school year. I don't really know much about her other than that she is super strange. She doesn't participate in class, and she's always staring at this dove on her bracelet.

"Ow!" I shriek as someone plows right into me. Ugh. It's Brianna. Oh! I forgot to say; she hates nicknames. Its Brianna, full name, no nicknames. Again, weird.

"Watch it," she mutters as she picks up her backpack. Black, with some weird keychain of a bird.

"Hey, you're the one who should watch where you're going!" I exclaimed. This is unlike me. I'm a shy girl, the kind who sits in the back and isn't noticed in class, and who eats alone at lunch. Huh, I guess I'm the one being weird now.

"Sorry," I murmur, "I'm a little off my center today."

"Whatever," she says, and shoves past me. Well, that was that. I continue on to my next class. Art. My heart lightened a little and I felt normality sink back in. As I walked into the class, I saw her. Brianna. Ugh, I forgot. Brianna is in my art class. I chose the furthest seat from her and she rolls her eyes at me. Hmph. Why can't she just be nice for once. She manages to ruin art for me, the one subject I thought no one could make bad.

"OK, class, today I am going to partner you all up, and each team will make an art project. This will be your grade." The teacher says. She is giving out the partners. 'Anyone but Brianna, anyone but Brianna' I think in my head. Sure enough I'm partnered with Brianna. Of course. Well, this is just great.

Brianna and I decide to meet up after class in a nearby park to work on our art project. As I walk to my next class my stomach feels all floppy. And this time it's not because art is over. I just hope Brianna isn't too mean to me.

School's over, so I walk to the park with some art supplies in my hand. I see Brianna siting on one of the park tables. I go up and see there are no supplies with her.

“Why didn’t you bring any art supplies?” I question her. My question seems demanding, but my tone was kind. Typical me.

“I don’t have any,” She replies. I didn’t know what to say to that, so we got to work. We decide to make a big paper bird. A dove. I don’t know what it is with Brianna and doves, but she seems to love them. Her keychain is a dove, and matches her bracelet I realize. As we work, we start talking. Little sentences here and there. The weather, school, that kind of stuff. Then suddenly we start arguing. She punches me in the shoulder. I wail as the pain starts rushing like a river. She is not saying sorry. I look at her dead in the eye and scream “What is wrong with you!? You act like a wild animal! Does your mom not teach you anything?!”

“She’s dead. That’s why I came to this stupid school. My dad couldn’t care less about me. He doesn’t care about anything since mom died. He just sits around all day doing nothing. He doesn’t cook for me or anything. So, if you think you know everything about me, you don’t, so stop acting like you do!” She screamed.

Wow. I was so oblivious to everything around me, wrapped up with my own family matters, that I didn’t even realize how rude I was being. I was becoming a different person. I wasn’t the same Ly-ly anymore.

“I’m sorry,” I say to her, “I’m too wrapped up with my life to care about anyone else. I’m really really sorry. Do you think... maybe... we could be.... friends?”

“Yeah, I’d like that,” she replies. This was out of her nature. I guess people can change, like they do in my fairy tales.

When we agreed to be friends, we had no clue how great that friendship would end up being.

3 years later:

“No, Bri I think it means... no never mind ugh” I say looking at the clue in our hands. I am now 15 years old and in my first year of high school. Yikes. Bri and I go to the same high school. After we met, we helped each other become better people. She taught me how to stand up to my parents and tell them how I feel. I taught her how to be kind and helpful to her dad. We were a great team. Well, now I am 15 and doing a treasure hunt. It may sound silly, and to some degree it is, but at the end of this treasure hunt could be answers. Answers for Bri about her mom. Her mom had made this treasure hunt and hidden it in her hometown, Seattle. Bri and I have taken a short break from high school – my mom took a while to convince - to work on this treasure hunt. Bri’s mom had given the first clue to her dad when she was pregnant with Bri telling him to give it to her when she was 15, so that’s how we got started on this treasure hunt. And did you notice?! She lets me call her Bri! A nickname!

2 months later:

“We did it!” I squealed. We had the prize. It was three journals. Bri’s mom had written in them since the day she turned 7. They dated up until the day Bri was two. On that day, her mom had decided to finally put the journals into the box in the final spot, where she hoped with all her might that her daughter would find it. And Bri and I have just done that. We are going back to high school now, and as we go; we are reading the journals. Bri’s mom was a great person. Now, Bri is complete. One page catches my eye. It is a sketch of a dove. I remember my first year of middle school, the year Bri and I became friends. We were making a big paper dove for art class. I finally understood. Doves were something important to Bri’s mom, so Bri loved doves too. I asked Bri about it and she explains to me that her Mom had worn the bracelet and now she did to remember her mom. The keychain was also something her mom had used. So, Bri and I got back to home and high school and decided we would always be friends. Bri and Ly-ly. Just like a fairy-tale ending. And you know how I love those.