

## Second Place Prose – Elementary School

**“Little Miss Perfect”**

**By: Lillian Lamarche**

**Grade: 5**

**School: Harbor Springs Middle School**

### Prologue

Mina settled down on the yellow and red quilt that lay on the hill, pulling the small child closer to her. She gazed into the sunset while her dark brown hair flared like flames behind her.

“Listen closely, Amberly. This is my story.” Amberly gazed up at her, shadows casting across her face in the dim night sky.

“Mommy, I’m tired. Will this take long...?” Her mother let out a sigh.

“Shh, and listen. I promise you will never get tired.”

### Chapter One

My story starts in an adoption centre. I had a dear friend there, named Amy. Oh Amy, how will I ever repay you? She got me through all the hard times. One day, a wealthy couple came along, looking for a young daughter. I remember laughing with Amy when a caretaker came into our room, asking for me. I left the room, looking nervously back at Amy. That was the last time I ever saw her. Heading out to the main room, we talked to the couple. They wanted me. Me! I was happy, but I knew I was leaving my best friend and a whole life behind. As soon as we got home, I was introduced to my sister, Emmy, and she seemed not too happy about my arrival. Maybe a month or two later, my parents decided to send me and Emmy off to boarding school. Before we left, my parents had a talk with me. They brought me into the office, I remember. They had a strict look of hatred in their eyes.

“Before you leave, we have to tell you something.” my mother snarled.

“You BETTER be a little miss perfect or else.” my father snapped.

“Get good grades,” she added.

“And no breaking rules!” My father growled.

“I-uh..we can’t all be perfect...” I said in a squeaky voice. A gruesome expression of anger spread across my father’s face like butter.

“YOU WILL BE LITTLE MISS PERFECT OR ELSE!” He bellowed. He slapped me across the face, and turning on his heel, he stomped out of the room with my mother following him.

### Chapter Two

It was the first week of boarding school. I sat up, looking at my wall. Those days were not vividly remembered. I went to class, ate lunch, more class, dinner, then I would flop onto my bed and stare at the ceiling till I fell asleep. I was bullied, mocked and called names by my sister and her friends. Boarding school was not good to me. By the time I was there for a month, I had gotten used to the routine. Stay silent in class, NEVER blurt out, and keep to yourself. I was called “little miss perfect” because of this. I was pleased with myself at the time, because if my parents found out, they would be “proud” of me. Well, they never found out. I was still proud of

myself anyways. One normal day, I was walking down the halls, looking at my feet which were tapping against the tile floors. Before I knew it, all my books were spilled on the floor and a girl with blonde braids stood in front of me. It was one of my sister's friends, Elaine. She flustered over my books.

"Oh! I'm so sorry..." she scrambled after them. I got to my feet slowly, scolding myself quietly. Little miss perfects didn't bump into people! But I took the books from her. We walked down the hallway together, gossiping about drama and news. Little did I know, I had just made a new friend.

### Chapter Three

I can remember that night. The worst night of my life. It was another day of being beat and teased. Elaine walked into my room to find me sobbing on my bed.

"I wanna go," I said.

"I wanna escape!...I-I wanna-leave! Leave this place for good!" Elaine's eyes were clouded with worry.

"No, don't leave...Please...I need you!" She whispered desperately. "B-but...we can escape."

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Me and Elaine had trouble deciding whether to go or not to go.

"We should!" I argued.

"We can't bear being treated like this anymore!" Elaine looked at her feet, sighing.

"But-I can't leave my sister, and my mother! I can't leave my family behind!" she cried.

Anger welled up in me.

"Fine then!" I shouted.

"I'll go by myself!" I huffed a breath of anger, and stormed away to my dorm.

I started listing all the stuff I'd need; A water source, a sleeping bag, money, food, a book, a flashlight, clothes, all the needed supplies. For the next week, I planned and I prepared, brainstormed and built. By Monday, my plan was action-ready. I was nervous and thrilled the whole day. That night, I couldn't sleep. Glancing over at my alarm clock, I slipped out of bed. I heaved the heavy backpack onto my shoulders, and crept out of the dorm. I had located a shortcut out of the school, so no one would see me escaping. I hesitated, looking at my feet. I was leaving my friend and sister behind. Possibly even Amy too. But I remembered, my sister hated me. My friend was frustrated with me, and Amy would never be seen again. I snuck out into the corridors, making sure to be quiet. I slipped through the passageway in the wall. I squeezed through the tunnel. Moonlight filtered through the egress of the passageway. I popped out, breathing in the cold fall air. Cloaked by shadows, I inched my way against the brick wall, nearing the forest. Finally, I reached the gate. I clattered against it, cursing with frustration. Suddenly, the sound of footsteps grew louder. I saw Elaine sprinting towards me!

"NO! DON'T GO!" she wailed. A stab of pain hit me in the heart, but I ignored it.

Fumbling over the cage, I got to my feet and disappeared into the mysterious forest.