

Hi there~ This is just a short story (I'd hope this is one because I always add more and MORE until I can't call it one anymore) and this is my First one, actually. Let's hope I write this well! Enjoy~

(EDIT: [Thurs. 1-29-15] Yeah, sorry, this isn't an update :C~ I did some grammar checking I didn't notice before. -This chapter was Originally posted the day it was published, 12-5-14)

Chapter 1 - "Imperfection"

"There is no such thing as Universal Perfectionism. Everyone's Opinion will differ, and we all have our Differences."

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As the rain lightly thumped the window across the room, a girl sat at a desk, the tapping of a mouse's button clicking away. After a moment, that same tapping stopped with a relieved sigh escaping her lips. "There! Done." she exclaimed, she leaned back in her chair with a look of satisfaction. Within a second of that, a vibrating sensation came from her front right pocket. "Huh?" her look changed to confusion, reaching down into her pocket.

"Hello?" she answered the unknown caller.

"MJ~! I have new styles for you to--" the sound of a beep was heard.

"Don't care Queen Vanity~" she spoke after hanging up, then letting out an exasperated sigh. "Can't she just leave me alone? She means well, I'm sure, but she's so freaking oblivious, it's annoying." she spoke to the air around her, turning back to her computer, only to be interrupted by the same vibration as before. She let out a groan, and answered once more.

"Yes?" she spoke quite irritably.

"Madge! Did something happen? The call dropped!" on the other end of the line was a cheerfully sounding girl.

"Yes, your voice happened." Madge thought to herself, "Sorry, Tailynn. Must have accidentally hung up." she lied through her teeth.

"Oh, well that's okay! I was trying to say I have some new outfits for you to try! Come to my house, please~?" she asked with an innocent tone.

"Tailynn, I'm finishing up my newest song, and-"

"Well, finish it up and come over! We need to work on your dust mop you call **hair**!" Tailynn cut her off with her joyful tone before she could finish.

Madge let out a short growl of frustration. "Listen, Tailynn, I don't-"

"See you in a bit! Bye~!" then the sound of the phone hanging up played in her ear.

"Well, that's just fan-freaking-tabulous!" sarcasm rang through her tone. "Looks like I'm stuck." she added. She sighed an exasperated breath. "Well. Look on the bright side, MJ. At least she's not some stuck-up snob, *right?*" she asked herself. She lifted her jacket from hanging off the back of her desk chair, and left out of her room.

"I'm going out, Mom, Sis'!" Madge called through the apartment, "Later MJ!" a young girl having the same Milk Chocolate brown hair and Red-Brown eyes as Madge called out as she crawled upon the ground, shuffling her hands around for something then bumping her head on the couch arm. "Drop your glasses again, Karena?" Madge placed a hand upon her hip, adjusting her own glasses.

"Noooooooooo..." she spoke guiltily, not really even trying to hide her mistake.

"They're right here, goof-ball." Madge went and picked up the red rectangular rimmed eye glasses.

"Thanks, Madge." Karena thanked her, placing her glasses in front of her eyes, pushing them up her nose.

"No problem, squirt." she tussled her hair a bit. Then a smirk grew on her face as she drew her younger sister in for a headlock and playfully noogied her head. "MJ! Let me GoOoo~!" Karena spoke childishly.

"Hmm..." she stopped to give it thought, "Nahh." she spoke a second later, continuing the process.

"MoOom! Madge is messing up my hair again!" Karena spoke, "Madge Jaunie Schutte, let your sister go!" called their mother from the master bedroom. Madge laughed, "Okay mom! I'm going to the girl, Tailynn's!" Madge headed towards the door, "Have fun, sweetheart!" and she left out the door, shutting it behind her.

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"It's *Sunday* Tailynn. I haven't finished all my homework, and I'd like to get that at least *done* before *tomorrow* when it's *due*." Madge spoke to Tailynn as she raced around her messed up room filled with clothes, make-up, and accessories. Along with a few Mirrors placed on the walls, in which, every time she'd pass by one, she'd have to stop and admire herself for a second more.

"That's exactly *why* I'm picking out a new outfit for you! So you have something that actually compliments *your brick of a body*, so you don't stick out like a *thorn on a rose*!" Tailynn stopped for a moment to answer her. "How many times do I have to say: *I don't caaarreee*." she plopped down on

Tailynn's bed, already mentally exhausted from Tailynn's energy. "That's another thing! If you want to fit in, you have to look the part!" she grabbed a pair of heels, Madge rolled her eyes. "And act it too!" she stopped and slapped Madge's knee *hard*. "Ow! What the heck, Tailynn!" Madge spoke angrily.

"You need manners." Tailynn spoke, a look of determination in her eyes. "I have manners!" Madge strongly denied it. "Mhm. Says the girl who flopped upon my sleeping space." Tailynn back-talked. "Anyways, try this on! It'll bring out your eyes~" Tailynn spoke, pulling her by the arm, lifting her off her bed, and thrusting an outfit in her face, pushing her into the closet. "*And I'm the one without manners?!*" Madge thought to herself as she nearly fell to her bum. She got up with a dress in hand. The color of the dress being a light radiant blue. The dress was a heart cropped top with a short skirt, and a small ribbon sewed under the chest to look as if it were tied around her back into a bow in the front. Along with white calf-length leggings with light blue lace and ribbons and blue six inch heels with ribbon straps to match.

"*How many times have I told you within the last few weeks I've known you? I don't care about 'Fitting in'!*" Madge gave her defense from behind the door.

"You should! You don't want to stay the outcast, do you?!" Tailynn spoke.

"*I really don't mind... But there's also the fact that **I can't wear heels!** Especially **SIX INCH** heels!"*

"Oh, *just put it on!* I'm sure you'll be *fine!*" Tailynn said, silence filled the room as Madge mulled it over.

"*Fine, but I doubt it'll suit me!*" she finally gave in.

"I'm confident it'll compliment you just fine! I tried it and it looked good on *Moi~!*" she spoke.

A moment later, Madge came out of the closet trying her best to balance on the heels given. Tailynn gazed in awe, "I told you it would suit you! You look almost as good as *Moi~!*" she gestured to herself batting her eyelashes. "Tailynn, I'm not so sure how well I can walk in the-EES!" at that moment, her ankle buckled and she went tumbling into Tailynn. "...Sorry..." Madge apologized. "Flats it is then!" Tailynn spoke raspy with a cough to follow on the ground just before Madge got off of her.

"See what I meant? The dress I'm fine with, but the heels are a *no.*" she spoke, shifting in the dress out of discomfort. "Okay! Take off the heels and put on these." Tailynn handed Madge a pair of light blue flats to match the dress. Madge happily obliged, handing back the six inch *death traps* and slipping on the flats. "Ah. Much better. I swear those heels were going to kill me if they got another chance." Madge spoke a breath of relief. "Glad you like them, because I'm making you wear that outfit tomorrow at school to show how much of a wonderful friend I am!" Tailynn smiled joyfully, but the look of determination in her eyes spelled her emotions otherwise.

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"You weren't kidding about *forcing* me! You didn't have to do that you know. I could have dressed myself on my own..." Madge's face was bright red as she spoke, holding the white knitted net vest over her chest area.

"Don't hide yourself, you're going to ruin my masterpiece!" Tailynn stopped Madge from hiding her cleavage.

"By the way, how did you know what size I was?" Madge asked curiously.

"A true woman can just tell." Tailynn praised herself.

They continued to walk in the halls of their school, as more and more people began to stare at the two of them, whispering things to one another. "Um, why are they all looking at us like that...?" Madge whispered. "Because we shine like stars! -Oh, Everyone~!" she called over all the people that had been eyeing the two of them. There was one person Madge noticed hadn't come flooding their way like the rest, as it looked like he was focused on something else or was uninterested maybe. Tailynn was busy chatting amongst the boys and girls as they all flocked over her, and so she slipped away from the crowd.

Her curiosity of that one boy took over, and she ended up heading to the library to find where he'd went. She spotted him at a table and made her way over. He was reading a book of science astronomy and other planetary facts. "Do you like astronomy?" Madge asked as she'd been looking over his shoulder. Her sudden voice caused him to jump reactively and drop his book on the table he was reading at. "Oh! Oh! I'm sorry! Did I startle you?" she apologized. "Yes, quite. I had thought I was alone." the boy explained as he looked towards her, and their eyes locked to each other.

"So, do you?" Madge asked once more.

"Do I...?" he asked with a look of confusion.

"Like Astronomy! As in, the stars and galaxies!" Madge clarified.

"Um... Yeah. I do." he answered.

"I like the stars too. In fact, my song writing is at it's best under the night sky and light of the moon. I find it to be very inspiring." she continued the conversation.

"Really? You write songs?" he asked curiously.

"Yes! I'm a newer student here, so I don't believe we've met yet, have we?" Madge spoke.

"Actually, we met during your first day, remember?" he spoke, and her eyebrow raised in confusion.

"Wait a second. We did? ...When?" she asked out of simply misplaced memory, cocking her head to the side out of said confusion.

"I was the one who helped Ms. Niel help you with your tour of the school." he attempted to clarify.

"You were...?" she rested her chin in her hand as she thought and thought, staring at his face.

"Wait... Are you Yeshe Yevgeni? The student council president?" Madge asked dumbfoundedly.

He nodded, "That's me." he spoke, "Thanks for remembering my name."

"I'm good with names, just not faces." the look of embarrassment taking over her facial expression.

"I'm sorry..." Madge genuinely apologized with a hand rubbing the back of her neck nervously as he placed his book in his bag.

"Huh? For what?" Yeshe seemed pretty confused.

"I forgot it was you who helped me around. I seem to always forget the most important of things, and for that, I deeply apologize for my absent mind..." Madge explained her embarrassment. "It's no big deal, I swear." he smiled, but it didn't seem very genuine. "No it's not. You're having to fake a smile!" Madge put her hands on her hips in retaliation, furrowing her eyebrows in a pouting sort of manner. His eyes widened in shock, "*She noticed...*?" for it seems no one had been able to notice the difference beforehand. He found himself staring at her face. "What? Is something wrong?" her pouting disappeared, and she became slightly concerned to follow her confusion. He shook his head slightly to snap himself out of his daze, "No, my apologies for staring, but I have to get back to class now. Have a good day, Ms. Schutte." he bid his goodbyes, "Just call me MJ, Yeshe. It's alright." she spoke, "If you say so, MJ." and he left without another word.

"She seemed normal beforehand, but somehow, that girl is... Different." Yeshe's thoughts fell deep as he found himself unable to stop thinking of her.

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"Hey, it's the new girl." said a boy as Madge past by, minding her own business.

"Isn't she that girl that Tailyann Niel is trying to get to fit in?" a girl, having dyed Blonde hair and Blue eyes, along with elegant clothing, make up, and accessories. "She thinks she can get such an *Imp* like her to fit in with the perfect populars? I would not *waste* such expensive clothing on such a *vulgar* body. *Rags* would suit her better."

Madge heard that comment as she was walking by, along with Yeshe being just a bit further away as

he was at his locker, honestly still deep within his thoughts. "So what if I'm an *imp*. That just means you are too, blondie. We're both human." this is what caught Yeshe's attention as Madge defended herself calmly.

"Uh! How dare you! I am *not* in comparison with an *imperfect* being such as yourself!"

"Hmm... Maybe you're right." Madge shrugged her shoulders. Yeshe, though he knows he probably shouldn't, listened in on their conversation as it became interesting for him.

"Hmm? I am?" the blonde became confused at her sudden conclusion.

"I guess we're not the same. I'm an aspiring song writer, and you're an aspiring '*female dog*'." and with that comment, Yeshe decided it would be best to come in between the two.

The blonde fumed, "...You sure are hot-headed aren't you?" Madge noticed the steam coming off her head, as this entire time, Madge's expression hasn't even furrowed a brow.

"I'm going to-" the blonde was about to say something when someone came up from behind Madge. "What's going on? Ms. Farley? Ms. Schutte?" asked Yeshe. "*Blondie* here was just picking a fight that wasn't really worth fighting over. Everything's alright, Yeshe." Madge spoke just as cool-tempered as she is, "I witnessed it myself, Ms. Schutte. But conflict is not encouraged upon school grounds, so, if you'd not, that would be wonderful." said Yeshe. "-But I do have to let you off with a warning, Ms. Farley. This happens again, you might just get detention." he added. "I'll see you around, Ms. Farley, Ms. Schutte." he spoke and began to leave.

"Wait, Yeshe!" Madge called and caught up to Yeshe.

"Yes?"

"What did I say earlier? Just call me MJ." his eyes blinked at her words, he'd completely forgotten after he had become so lost in thought.

"Yes. Sorry, I had forgotten. I'll try to call you by your nickname from now on. *MJ*." he grew a small smile.

"Thanks! Because calling me 'Ms. Schutte' just doesn't sound right to me." she exclaimed,

"And hey! You're actually smiling!" she smiled widely. "Looks good on you."

He absentmindedly put his fingers up to his lips as his cheeks turn a light pink, hardly enough for anyone else to notice, but...

"Uh..? Are you okay? You seem a little... pinker..." Madge became concerned.

"O-oh.. Y-yes. I'm fine. Thank you for your concern."

Just after that, the bell rang, indicating school was over. "Oh! I gotta get back to working on my song back home! Catch you later, Yeshe!" she waved goodbye as she dashed off.

"There it was again... That small thing no one else would have noticed. She really is different, but is she really an 'Imp'?"

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After classes being over the next day, Madge spotted the young student council president. "Hey, Yeshe!" she called to him as she rushed over. She wore a long two inch strapped cotton tank top with a another shorter spaghetti strapped tank top over, denim daisy dukes half covered by the under tank top, leggings underneath, and tall lace up combat sort of boots. Along with a necklace and a few bracelets on her left wrist. Yeshe turned to see Madge in a whole different style than yesterday,

"Ms. Schutte -I mean, MJ. Hi." he greeted her, "You're wearing a different style."

"Yeah. The outfit from Yesterday's not really my style... Tailynn made me wear it to 'Show how great of a friend she is'." she explained, "Don't like it?"

"Not at all -I-I mean -It's different but-" he struggled to find the words he meant.

"You can just say you don't like how I dress, no need to try and please me."

"N-no, not what I meant! True, blue did bring out your eyes better, but what you're wearing suits you better than yesterday!" what he spoke slipped out louder than expected, even surprising her seeing as she thought he was so quiet.

"S-sorry. I'm tired today, I also have a lot of homework." he gave his excuse, scratching the back of his head in embarrassment.

"Do you need any help?" she asked.

"Huh?"

"Do you need help, as in, homework wise? You know, just to lift a load of stress off your chest, maybe?" she asked again.

"It would be a nice opportunity to get to know her better..." he thought,

*"Maybe he doesn't want to..? He just seems like he needs a break from **something**."* Madge wondered.

"Um. Sure? Why not. Might actually be fun." he answered after a short moment.

"Really? Do you want to go anywhere specific to do so?" Madge asked a little perked up.

"Have you been to Khinfield Park yet?"

"Khinfield Park...?" Madge asked curiously.

And, End of chapter 1~

I hope you enjoyed this, as this is only the first chapter of my supposed "Short Story." In the next chapter comes some more drama, only, well, more dramatic than that fake "Blondie" being an over-dramatic and clever butt B word. XD (And excuse me if it's not as good as it could be, my sister was being a butthead and wouldn't read this to give me her opinion on things. -_-)