

Eyeliners, Lipstick, and Blush

**BUZZ BUZZ BUZZ**

My alarm clock wakes me up at exactly 5:00 in the morning. At first I don't move, only lay there and enjoy the music, quietly playing in the background. After a few minutes I drag myself out of bed and stand in front of the full length mirror in my bedroom. I wipe my eyes and think, *what can I wear today?* I walk ... more like stumble, into the garage, and pick the clothes I best feel like wearing. I have choices of cute pink shirts, my favorite red shirt, tiny top tube tops, work out tank tops, flirty blouses... and on top of that I have my choice of jackets, belts, earrings, bracelets, pants, shoes... and then make up. *Damn, I love being a girl*, I think to myself. I choose a black tank top, a red and white jacket, a pair of jeans, a black belt, and my black KSwiss. After I've chosen my array of clothing items I fumble for the light switch, and walk to the bathroom. I start the shower, and get in. I love taking showers, because of the choice of flowery smelling shampoos and body washes. After my shower, I get out, put on my chosen clothes, and dry my hair. Today I have some extra time, so I put some mousse in my hair, and let the curls break through. I like leaving my hair the natural waves, but I just don't have time a lot anymore. After my hair is as good as it's going to get, I start putting on my makeup. Eyeliner first, then some red eye shadow... followed by shimmering lip liner and sparkling lip gloss. That's all, but it takes such a long time. Spray on some perfume, grab my backpack and I'm ready to go. My carpool arrives, and I'm out the door. After my half an hour drive to school, I get out of the car, and the two other girls walk with me to the lunch area. Then, this girl walk by that I really don't like. She hasn't liked me since second grade, and we've barley even talked. Well, we haven't talked to each others faces. There are always rumors going around that were going to fight, or that one is going to jump the other. She and her friends all stand in a little circle a couple yards away. Their angry glances over at me make me realize I'm their topic of the morning. But see, it's alright, because my friends and I and doing the same thing. It's how the game is played; the game of being a girl.