The Invisible Girl

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Whew I havent submitted anything in the longest of time! after a little while i quit fan-art but i decided id stay becauz of all you nice peeps out there ^ and i will be submitting alot more pics in the near future ^

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http://www.fanart-central.net/stories/user/animals_rock/41179/The-Invisible-Girl

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Ewwwwwww, look at that hideous clothing of hers!!! A girl said pointing to another girl sitting on the bench.

And look at that weird hair color of hers!!! said another, They say that s the natural color of her hair.

The two girls snickered and ran off to class, pushing the poor girl that they had been mocking throughout the whole of recess. The girl sighed picking up her doll she had dropped and held it in her hands glaring at it, small strands of her lavender hair covering up aqua-green eyes.

Hmph, it is not my fault my hairs this color! The girl said boring holes into the poor doll. I hate you! I hate everyone and everything on this horrible planet! she screamed hugging the doll tightly, her tears landing on the soft cotton dress of her doll.

10 Years Later&

What the heck happened here? a short 14 yr. old girl asked. Who the heck wrecked up my bike? she gave an irritated sigh. Things like this aren t very surprising when it usually happens every few seconds in your life, and in Naomi Shiro s life things like this definitely happened on a daily basis. She sighed, her bike got ridden over by&.again. How long has it been since the last time she got a good day? Right, I never even had a good day before, Naomi thought bitterly to herself. She was walking home on foot carrying a who-knows-how-fat-of-a-bike home&.again.

Deciding to just forget about it, Naomi silently walked back to class.

 her classmates snores. It was like a swarm of bees were flying all over the classroom, terrifying all students who try to learn...

uuuuuuuuuggggggggghhhhhhhhh The agony these teachers make kids go through these days. I mean homework is one thing but gosh, after you enter the classroom you might as well be naming watermelon! Oh, wait Naomi does that&never mind. But nevertheless Mr. Wong had had to be the most boringest, laziest, talkative, boringest, strictest, evilest, gloomiest, boringest, scariest, mentalist, ugliest teacher Naomi had EVER laid eyes on. Oh, did I mention he s boring?

At last for what seemed like ages, the bell of freedom rung. Naomi quietly walked out of the class, random people bumping into her with not so much as a sorry. *Oh well I m used to that anyways.*Naomi mused to herself. So without another thought Naomi ran out to the courtyard to drag her broken bike home.

This was seriously harder than Naomi thought. The muscles in her thighs were screaming and her body was covered in sweat. *the broken tire is getting in my way.* Naomi thought. She shut her eyes tight and pulled with all her strength praying to move it at least a little.

Suddenly the heavy burden of the bike became at least 10x lighter than it was before. Way beyond curious Naomi opened her eyes and saw another pair of arms clutching the other side of the bike. It was strange, no one and I mean NO ONE not even the geeks in the school would ever even LOOK at her let alone *help* her.

um&? Naomi was lost of words.

Whatever& Naomi mumbled above the girls screams. I doubt she will be appearing in my life any time in the near future, and with that Naomi silently slipped away from the ranting girl.