

Let Me Know Your Plans

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The Beauty Pop gang is in for a surprise when they hear the prom is quickly approaching!

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1 - Intros, Ideas, and Irritating People.

Should I say something like, "I don't own Beauty Pop?" Okay, just to be safe, I don't own Beauty Pop. :)

"It sounds like the last model we worked on doesn't want to spread the word about the Scissors Project. Something about not wanting people to hear she let amateurs cut her hair." Ochiai, the president of the Scissors Project group, reported to his two close friends, Kei and Narumi. The Scissors Project was a club in their school that gave makeovers to girls. Recently, they'd been becoming more well-known, and they'd been giving haircuts to models and other high-class people. As for Ochiai's friends, Kei was the nail artist of the group, and Narumi was a "genius", as he called himself frequently, when it came to cutting hair.

"What?! That's so stupid! Why'd she even ask for us in the first place if she didn't want amateurs working on her?" Narumi replied, pounding his fist on the table and letting his anger get the best of him. He was almost ALWAYS angry. Kei hardly appeared to be paying any attention, completely absorbed in his new sweet potato chips. Kei only did two things: eat and sleep. That's if you don't include painting nails.

There was a knock on the classroom door, and before any of the boys even flinched, it opened to reveal Kiri, the other haircutting genius of Scissors Project. Along followed her two good friends, Kanako and Taro, whom also played a part in the Scissors Project club. Kanako was an excellent student, while Taro was excellent at collecting gossip.

"Kiri!" Kei jumped up excitedly from his snack to greet his friend. After Ochiai's heart skipped a beat or two, he gave a polite, "O-oh, hello Miss Koshiba." Kiri gave a small sort-of wave, and replied a short, "Yo." She always appeared to be absentminded and sleepy, but she really did care about others.

As for Narumi, his greeting wasn't so friendly, and he let his anger get the best of him again. "Umm, 'Yo?!' Is that all you have to say? Maybe next time you could wait until someone asks who it is!!" Narumi glared in Kiri's direction, and while her friends appeared to quiver in fear, Kiri hadn't moved.

"It's not my fault you're slow at responding." Kiri stated.

"What?? Are you calling me stupid?!" Narumi continued to huff and puff.

"Why is your face getting so red?"

"Because your being rude and it's making me pissed!!"

"Okay, okay, do you want to me to go back out there and shut the door, then knock again?"

By this time Narumi was fuming, and smoke seemed to be erupting from his ears. Ochiai walked over, interrupting the argument. He placed a hand on Narumi's shoulder as he spoke. "It's good to see you all. Why don't you join us." As he spoke so charmingly, Kanako's own heart skipped a few beats. "What?!! Are you kidding me, Ochiai?" Narumi complained once more.

After a few more minutes, Narumi had finally settled down, but he continued to glare at the girl sitting across from him. *'Hmm, darn Mussy-head. How annoying.'* He thought to himself, although he was far more irritating. And as for "Mussy-head," that was what he called Kiri. Maybe because he continued to

forget her name, or because of her almost shoulder-length mussy hair.

After Kiri finished her conversation with Kanako, she caught Narumi's eyes on her own. "So, what is it you were ranting about before I 'rudely' walked in, Naru-Naru?" This was what Kiri called Narumi, because Kei called him that, and also because it bothered him a lot. "Naru-Naru" appeared to growl at her, so Kei explained that he was mad because a model didn't want to tell people about the Scissors Project. (Look at that, he was listening after all.)

"Ahh." Kiri replied, hardly seeming to care. But she did surprise everyone when she said, "That is dumb. The girl shouldn't have asked for us in the first place." Even Narumi seemed shock to hear she agreed with him.

Then, out of the blue, Kei interrupted the silence. "Hey, do you guys know what's coming up??" He hopped out of his chair as everyone watched him travel over to a calander with school events on it. He searched the page until he nailed his finger on one of the dates with a word next to it. "It's the school prom!!"

Narumi about bursted out laughing. "The school prom? Ha, what a joke. Sounds like the perfect place to be swarmed by girls asking you to dance." Kiri smirked, daring to reply to his comment. "This coming from Naru-Naru, the woman-hater."

"Stop calling me Naru-Naru!!" Then Ochiai interuppted before things got ugly again. He had been deep in thought sinse Kei announced the prom. "Narumi, perhaps, you could stop yelling for just a minute. I have an idea."

2 - A Workshop For Prom?

Don't own Beauty Pop. I'll let you know when I get the money. :)

Ochiai began to announce his brilliant idea to the gang. It was actually a pretty good idea. "On the day of our school prom, we could set up a beauty workshop. We could spread the word around, and I'm sure many girls will come." He nodded toward Taro, knowing his gossip would spread fast. "Then, we'd be getting a lot of practice from the workshop as well. It could be really great for us."

Narumi processed the information, while Kei returned to a comic book he had left on the table. Although he agreed that the workshop would be great advertisement and practice for the S. P. Narumi didn't like the idea. He had many times before made it very clear to every girl in the school that only models and very special girls were picked to get makeovers from them. But he could see it in the look of his friend Ochiai's eyes, that he wouldn't give up on this idea. Kiri remained half-asleep in her chair, which Kanako looked hesitantly at Kiri. Taro observed the three boys, obviously getting excited about spreading the word of the Scissors Project. Finally, Narumi spoke his mind.

"Okay. I'll do it, but I won't enjoy it." Kiri suddenly woke up from her daze, from Narumi's outburst. She yawned loudly, only to have Narumi's face get very red. "HEY! Don't interrupt me while I'm talking How Rude!" He continued to rant at her about how irritating she was, until Ochiai interrupted him.

"Calm yourself, Narumi. After all, Miss Koshiba and her friends will be joining us at the workshop." Although Kiri appeared completely unphased by this information, Kanako sat in disbelief while Taro began bouncing up and down in his chair. But this was where Narumi drew the line. His face must have turned 6 six shades darker before he exploded. "WHAT?!?! No chance! I will never run a workshop with that Mussy-haired girl!!!" Everyone watched as Narumi stormed out of the room, slamming the door shut behind himself and knocking down a few picture frames while he was at it.

After the incident, and everyone gaining their hearing back, Ochiai sat in the chair just across from Kiri. Kanako's face was rose pink while Kiri just looked up as if she hadn't realized he was there. She noticed a tint of pink in his face, as if he was nervous. "Well, Miss Koshiba, Miss Kanaka and Taro, would you be willing to help us at the workshop? I'm sure Narumi will warm up to the idea, eventually." He had a soft, warm smile across his face. Kanako's blush deepened, especially when he said her name. Kiri looked at the boy. Obviously her thoughts were somewhere else.

"No." Kiri got up from her chair and made her way to the door. Kanako and Taro quickly got up and scuttled after her. "Wait up, Kiri!" Taro called from behind. Kei and Ochiai listened to their footsteps as they ran down the hallway to catch up with their friend. After they left, Ochiai took his original seat in the front of the classroom. He sighed, one hand partially covering his face. Kei noticed his aggravation, and decided to speak up for the first time in the past few minutes. "Don't worry, Ochiai. Like you said, Narumi will warm up to the idea. It sounds like a good plan." Kei held a stupid grin, and Ochiai agreed. Everything will work out, he thought.

3 - More Than Three Words

Wouldn't it be cool to create a comic book? i wouldn't know, i don't own beauty pop. :)

"Wait! Kiri!" Taro continued to shout from behind as he and Kanako tried to catch up to their fast-paced friend. She looked as if she were looking for someone.

Once outside of the building, Kiri scanned the schoolgrounds. 'Where did that guy go? I can't believe I'm even wasting time doing this, but...' Kiri's thoughts were interrupted when her friends approached from behind. Each took a moment to regain their breath. "Wow Kiri," Taro started, "You ought to be on the cross country team or something." Kiri snickered as she looked at the two, but it was obvious that she appreciated them. Then, out of the corner of her eye, she noticed the movement of a figure, and a familiar face with his back hunched over sitting on a bench.

"Give me a second, guys." she replied. "Then we can walk home, okay?" She shoved her hands in her pockets, realizing that the weather was in fact getting colder. When she got a closer view of the boy, she realized he had his hands clasped and he was without gloves or any coat. 'I guess I'm the same way.' Kiri giggled to herself, recalling past seasons when she would wait until the snow fell to wear a coat.

"You know," Kiri began, so that Narumi realized she was standing there. "I'm not going to help with your workshop." He lifted his head, not replying to what she was saying. Actually, he looked about as clueless as ever. "That sounds like something just for you and your friends. Besides, I'll probably have to work, and Seiji rarely gives me the day off." When the boy finally came down to earth, he replied, "Oh." The two were quiet for a moment. 'Wait, what? She actually wants to pass up an opportunity to practice. And she enjoys giving haircuts to people who aren't models much more than i do. And she's declining for us, for the Scissors Project.' Narumi was completely caught up in his thoughts, and he hardly realised when Kiri said something. "What was that?"

"I said that it's getting cold out. You ought to be wearing a coat." Kiri replied, turning to leave. After taking two steps, Narumi said a sentence consisting of more than three words. "Yo, Mussy-head. You don't have coat on either." Kiri turned her head, her lips curving into an ever-so-small smile. "No, I suppose not." She took one last look at him before turning back to her friends. "I'll see ya." She moved her hand in a gesture similar to a wave. 'She's something else.' Narumi thought, before replying, "Yeah, see ya."