



HIGH SCHOOL HIGH

Prologue

Here we are, standing on the threshold of forever,” Shane said to her friends as she gazed at the building where they would spend the next four years of their lives.

“Gosh, Shane, you are so dramatic,” responded Marisa.

“But that’s what you love about me, Mari.” Shane smiled.

Marisa, Brandi, and Shane never took their eyes off the ominous building in front of them, Port City High. It was the only high school in the small Texas town of Port City, a place that would not appear

on the map if the oil refineries had not made it their home. It was the first day of school for the three best friends, and they just stood there, soaking in the moment. “Well, ladies, this is it,” Brandi announced. The girls couldn’t hide their excitement, but they were also pretty nervous. They were on a high school high and loving it.

“Port City High won’t know what hit ’em,” Shane said while twirling her pencil. The girls were on top of the world. They had met earlier at Marisa’s house to get ready for their big day. They lived blocks apart in a quiet neighborhood, where middle class families enjoyed a simple life. The homes were large and had once belonged to the wealthiest residents of Port City, who had moved on to larger cities when the economy slowed. The former estates made perfect homes for growing families.

Traditionally, the girls would meet up to put the finishing touches on their

school uniforms. Their school colors this year were sky blue, silver, and white, so the girls each chose a color the night before and rocked it with their khakis.

Marisa Maldonado wore a white top to compliment her beautiful brown skin. Her hair was dark and curly, but she straightened it when the humid Texas weather permitted. Over the summer Marisa had grown very tall, which was perfect for her. She knew many girls who hated being tall; but she wanted to be a model one day, so the taller, the better.

Shane Foster wore a sky blue uniform shirt that fit her just snug enough to show how flawlessly she was shaped. She loved light colors. Her skin was only a few shades darker than Marisa's, even though Marisa was Hispanic and she was mixed. Shane had the kind of beauty that allowed her to wear barely any makeup. When she went places, people seemed drawn to her. They would ask, "Do you know how beautiful

you are?” She knew that others found her extremely attractive. She never allowed herself to get a big head, though, which only made her more appealing.

Brandi Haywood was African American and had the curves to prove it. Many people said that she was the prettiest chocolate girl at school. Brandi chose to wear silver to contrast with her dark skin, making it bling like platinum. Brandi’s style and walk were her greatest assets. Her head was always held high, and she looked confident in any situation.

The girls each added their own swag to stand out in the masses. In middle school other girls would try to compete with them but just wound up hating instead. Now they had new land to conquer: high school.

“I guess we should find out where we are supposed to be,” announced Brandi as the three of them strolled to the door.