

Summer-Chan by ED

Summer-Chan was a thirteen-year-old girl. She had pinkish-purple hair, wore a yellow shirt, wore a pink skirt and was two feet tall. She came from Japan but moved to England. She has three crushes: June, July and August.

One day, while at school, Summer-Chan was worried that they already had girlfriends. "Why am I single at thirteen?" Summer-Chan asked her parents when she got home.

"I'm sorry," said her mother "but you need to be taller."

"I'm sorry," said her father "you need to be prettier too."

"But you're taller & prettier to us." Said both her parents.

The very next day it was Saturday. Summer-Chan was playing with her little sister, September. Then their mother came in. "March's mother said that we can see him on Wednesday."

"I can't wait!" shouted September, cutely.

"Whose March?" asked Summer-Chan.

"He's September's boyfriend." Said her mother.

"But she's only three!" shouted Summer-Chan "And what if he takes September away?"

Summer-Chan's mother hated shouting because she had sensitive ears.

"Summer-Chan!" said her mother, jerking. "You know I don't like shouting and September is allowed to live with March until she is eighteen."

Summer-Chan went to her room and cried. Everything in her life was wrong. She didn't have a boyfriend. September has a boyfriend at three and now she shocked her mother.

After an hour, she had the best, biggest and genius idea.

The next Monday, she stood on stilts to school and wore her mother's dress to look pretty and make it less obvious that she stood on stilts. All the boys looked at her and blushed to see Summer-Chan like that. She was happy. So happy, she fell. Everyone was staring at her. She burst into tears.

"I only want a boyfriend!" she cried "I never had a boyfriend so it's unfair."

June, July and August came up to her. "We're sorry" they said, "We all have a crush on you but we thought you hated us."

"Wait? What?" Summer-Chan was confused.

"We don't care who you choose." Said June, July and August. "Just don't reject us."

"Yes!" said Summer-Chan. She stood up. Ever since she dated, kissed and hugged way more often.

Moral: You can't read other people's minds but it's never too late to ask. The End.