

**WRITING**

# When Mean Girls Attack

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**TYPE**  
NARRATIVE

**GENRE**  
BIOGRAPHY

Many girls are tomboys when they are young, primarily in elementary school or middle school. I, too, was one of those girls. Back in elementary school, I loved sports and was really competitive—I still am. I used to play soccer every day with my friends during recess, in the small area that separates the playground and the basketball court. My time spent in that area playing soccer was one of the highlights of my childhood, but there was this one time that I did not enjoy it as much. There was a girl in my grade whose name was Althea, and calling her a mean girl would be an understatement. She was one of the worst girls in my grade at the time because she was stuck up and had a terrible personality. One time she felt it was necessary to make fun of my friend who had a disability and refused to stop even when I asked her to (she proceeded to make fun of me as well).

One day, there weren't any soccer balls or any balls that we could kick left in the equipment pile. My

friends and I were pretty bummed, but my friend Jeffrey noticed that Althea had a ball, but she wasn't playing with it or anything. She just stood there holding it while talking to her friends. Jeffrey suggested that we go up to her and ask if we could use her ball. My friends and I stared at him in horror.

"Dude, that's like a death wish," Brian said.

Jeffrey shrugged. "What? We want to play, don't we?"

I frowned. "Yeah, but would it be worth it?"

"Only one way to find out."

He walked over to Althea and her friends and we could only watch as they spoke. After a few moments they walked over, and we all took a deep breath.

"So, I heard you guys wanted my ball." Althea sneered.

I nodded.

"Well, you're gonna have to play me for it."

"What?"

"You heard me, us four against you guys, but you will have to lose a few people, or it

won't be fair.”

My friends and I exchanged glances, and I smirked. This was going to be easy. We decided that Brian, Jeffery, Alan, and I would play Althea and her friends. We headed to our usual spot and got into position. I played offense.

“Alright, first team to get ten goals wins,” Patricia, who was the referee, announced. I extended my hand out to Althea to shake.

“Good luck to you and let's have a fair game.” She glanced down at my hand and with a “hmpf” turned her back on me and walked back to her friends. Wow, what great sportsmanship! We started the game and, let me just say, it would be an understatement to say that we completely throttled them! My team scored seven goals in a row while Althea's team only scored one goal when Alan tripped. I could sense their desperation as I was about to kick the ball because Althea charged at me to block the kick, as she's seen me do many times in the match. You would have to be some sort of idiot if you expect to block a kick from me without getting excruciating pain in your shins. Nonetheless, Althea continued to charge at me when I kicked the ball.

“Owww!” She screeched as the ball hit her. See, what did I tell you? She immediately bent down to clutch her shins and cry while her friends surrounded her.

“Uhhh... are you okay?” I asked out of obligation. She looked up at me, anger clear on

her face. Her friends were glaring at me, and I could feel the tension from my friends as they prepared to defend me. She got up and stormed towards me.

She yelled, “Ugly!” and pushed me. I barely stumbled as she turned and hobbled away like an old woman while her friends threw dirty looks at me before following her. Awww, looks like someone needs to put ice on her little boo boo, and I’m not just talking about her bruised shin. My friends and I stood in silence as we watched them run away.

“Sooo ... looks like the ball is free for us to play,” Brian said hesitantly.

“Yeah, let’s just play since she left anyways,” Kelly said with a nod. We all murmured our agreement and started a new game. Althea and her friends never came back.

Later on in the day, at dismissal, I groaned when I realized that I had math tutoring and that Althea and her friends were going to be there. Great. My friends gave me sympathetic looks as they left and Jeffrey patted my shoulder.

“Tell me if she does anything to you, I’ll break her frickin’ fingers for you.”

“Haha thanks, but I don’t think violence is the answer.”

“Still, tell me anyways, ‘kay?”

“Gotcha.”

I waved goodbye to my friends and waited for the moment of truth.