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| I wondered if she’d ever been to a party. |  | Getting ready for school was getting ready to die. |
| I really needed things to slow down, but they never did |  | I didn’t feel any fireworks or sparks. |
| Let’s make beautiful music. |  | He brought a trail of blazing chaos |
| He took her smile away |  | He took my first kiss from me. |
| He knew a hopeless fight when he saw one. |  | Tonight was a good time to attack. |
| She tried to resist the temptation. |  | She wouldn’t be bullied again. |
| Hangovers were the usual Sunday feeling. |  | Maybe, just maybe, she could get her cliché. |
| I was going to talk to her. |  | Her happiness was just around the corner. |
| She finally knew my side of the story. |  | It was the eighth time she trusted her locket. |
| It was her only chance to earn her freedom. |  | The wind blew lightly across my cheeks, whispering the sorrows of my life. |
| Everyone held their breath and strained their ears as they waited. |  | I will not have this, not until the day I die. |
| It poured out of me like word vomit. |  | She was dreadfully oblivious to the blunt implication. |
| Don’t ever ring this number at this hour ever again. |  | I felt exposed being in so much space. |
| You get angry and do stupid things. |  | He waits for the next good thing. |
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