The Really Bad Idea

I told her it was a really stupid idea, but did she listen to me? No! I told her we would get in trouble and be grounded for the rest of our lives (or worse!), but did she listen to me? Of course not. Some friend she turned out to be. See, we were just messing around in the store trying on clothes and stuff. They had the cutest mini-dress in the whole world. I could just picture myself walking down the hall to my locker. Chad sees me. He stops, he stares, he can't believe his eyes. I'm dazzling, I say hi and smile. He drops to his knees and pledges his undying love for me. He begs me to let him do my bidding. I agree, and we live happily ever after. But I was broke. I had just spent my last ten dollars on the newest hit CD. No dough, no dress. I put it back on the rack. "You're not gonna get it? But you'd look so hot! Chad would flip." "Look," I told her, "even if I took the CD back, I wouldn't have enough." But did she listen to reason? Common sense? Simple math? Nope. Then she proposes this really stupid idea. "Hey, just put it on and walk out. You could leave your stuff in the dressing room so it would be like a trade." Yeah. Right. Like anyone would believe that I would wear a dress like that to the mall. "Dana Johnson does it all the time. You should see the clothes she gets away with. Lots of people do it." All I could think of were the lemmings we learned about in science swan diving off a high cliff to certain death. That and cattle being led to slaughter. This idea had "danger" written all over it. "Fine. I'll do it for you. Think of it as an early birthday present." I felt sick. I thought I was going to throw up. I ran to the bathroom. I splashed some water on my face. I tried to convince my reflection that Shannon really wouldn't do something like that. That she was only kidding. My stomach kept doing somersaults. I knew Shannon was serious. When I got back to the dressing room, I found Shannon's T-shirt and shorts lying on a chair in cubicle #1. Shannon wasn't in them. I heard the store alarm go off. Instead of rushing to Shannon's defense, I closed the door and cried. I told her it was a stupid idea.