

Wish You Were Gone 2

from Gracie Lynn

online:

<https://www.allthetests.com/quiz37/quiz/1572108921/Wish-You-Were-Gone-2>

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Introduction

Part 2 of Wish You Were Gone! if you haven't read part 1, this will not make sense, so read part 1 first!

Chapter 1

Just a before the story chapter

if you have came across this, and have not read part 1, this will not make any sense!

Read Part One (Wish You Were Gone 1) here:

<https://www.allthetests.com/quiz37/quiz/1570384002/Wish-You-Were-Gone-1>

Thanks for reading!

Once I get 100 reads on this one, I will make Part 3!

I love hearing what you guys think, and can?t for your comments!

And now.... We continue from when Freddie was asked to be Tim?s date to the 8th Grade School Dance....

Chapter 2

Freddie's mouth dropped. The last time she was asked out was when her old boyfriend took her to a hockey game.

'So?' Tim was impatient, wanting to know what her response was.

So many thoughts raced through Freddie's mind, wondering what would be the right decision.

Would Viola and Chrissy make fun of her for dating... Tim?

Would she finally get the kiss she desired?

If she denied him after just saying she was best friends with him, would she be a bad friend?

'I-I have to t-think about i-it.' Freddie looked down, what was the right thing to do?

Now Tim's mouth opened.

His eyes grew more than half their original size, making him look like an anime character.

'You have until Friday.' Tim grabbed his tray and stood up from the table, fighting back the tears that gathered in his eyes.

As he walked away, Freddie stared at the popular kids table, wondering what they were saying about her now.

Chapter 3

Freddie couldn't pay attention in any of her classes.

Her thoughts crammed her brain, unable to think of anything else.

It made her head hurt.

She took out her notebook, and colored the page with her stubby pencil.

"Miss Carl, please pay attention."

Those words meant nothing to her at that moment.

She continued coloring, making an ombré pattern. Dark to light, light to dark. The sound of her pencil rubbing against the paper calmed her for some reason.

"Miss Carl, may I say it again? Pay attention!"

Freddie colored the page more and more. She didn't care what Mrs. Gilmore said to her. It didn't matter.

Nothing mattered.

Nothing at all except the decision she had to make.

She turned to another page and wrote "Pro" and "Con" on opposite sides.

Chapter 4

PROS

1. ? Boyfriend ?
2. Dates
3. maybe a kiss!

CONS

1. boyfriend is Tim
2. Chrissy + Viola
3. if we break up I have nobody

??????????????????

NOTES

- I will not not pay attention in class. I will not not pay attention in class I will not not pay attention in class. I will not not pay attention in class I will not not pay attention in class.

Chapter 5

Getting in trouble with Mrs. Gilmore was the worst. Her curly gray hair bounced up and down, along to the same rhythm as her floppy extra skin below her chin.

“Freddie, why were you unable to write the notes today?” She paced back and forth in the front of her dull classroom.

Freddie silenced herself, awaiting the lecture Mrs. Gilmore was known to give. “Let me see the notes you have taken, and the words you have written me.”

Freddie takes out her pink notebook, covered with stickers most girls put on their hydroflasks. She gently opens the pages, scanning for old notes to show Mrs. Gilmore, though nothing would make a good replacement.

She opens up to the page, the same one as her pros and cons list.

Mrs. Gilmore took the notebook to her desk.

3 long minutes past.

“Come up here, Miss Carl.”

Chapter 6

“Is this what this is about?” Her wrinkly finger hit the pros and cons list. Freddie nodded, her face hotter than an oven.

“I know home is not a safe place for you to talk about love, but let me just tell you something.” She grabbed Freddie’s hand and looked her in the eyes.

Eye contact with a teacher is deathly.

“If you need anyone to talk to about Tim asking you, come to me. I have seen how you miss your old, seventh grade years. You were popular, Freddie. And replacing popularity with a nerd as a friend is brave.”

Suddenly the eye contact seemed less awkward.

“Why should I-?”

“Freddie,” Mrs. Gilmore squeezed her hand, “I am 72 years old, trust me. I know about love. Been in it for 49 years with Mr. Gilmore. Just come talk to me for advice, ok?”

Tears dropped down Freddie’s face. She nodded gently, quietly, slowly.

Someone finally understands.

“Now get out of detention,” Mrs. Gilmore smiled, laughing as her hand unclenched Freddie’s. Freddie smiled and ran out of the classroom, grateful to be free.

“And Freddie!” Mrs. Gilmore’s head popped out into the hall. “You can call me Georgina, if you want.”

“Ok,” she smiled. She knew what to do.