

Passed Over

Daniella



Daniella was sick of it. Sick of everyone passing her over. Sick of feeling invisible, especially when it came to her latest crush, Todd. No matter how hard she tried, she just couldn't get him to pay her any real attention. She had signed up at the gym, pushed herself through endless routines, even tried to change her diet. Weeks turned into months, but the results never came. She didn't really lose the weight, and Todd didn't so much as glance her way. It was like she wasn't even there.

One night, her frustration boiled over while she was venting to her friend Guy. Sitting across from him, she poured out everything, how hopeless it felt, how she was ready to give up. As she spoke, she noticed something shift in Guy's expression. His usual smirk faded into something more serious, almost secretive.

He reached into his backpack and pulled out a small, unmarked bottle of pills. Daniella froze, staring at it. Guy wouldn't say where it had come from, brushing off her questions, but the bruises scattered across his arms and shoulders hinted at trouble. He slid the bottle toward her and gave her a steady look.

"Take one at home," he told her. "When you're alone. Make sure there's space. This will help you become something Todd could never ignore."

She tried to laugh it off, raising an eyebrow, but Guy only added, "If you're nervous, start with half. See how it feels. Then take the rest if you want."

But Daniella was done with holding back. If this really had a chance of changing things, of changing her, she wanted the full effect.

Later that night she sat on the edge of her bed, the bottle in her hand, her heart racing. She thought of Todd, of all the times he had passed her by, of every wasted effort that had left her the same. This was different. This was her chance.

"Here goes nothing," she whispered, and tipped the pill past her lips.

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