

# Eye of the Poser

By xoloser

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*This is a story that I have been writing that is based on actual events in my life, in a way. In the story the girl is breaking out of her comfort shell and becoming the person she wants to be. Other people consider her a poser as she makes these changes.*

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<b>Chapter 1 - Christmas</b>	<b>2</b>
<b>Chapter 2 - New Years</b>	<b>3</b>

# 1 - Christmas

Christmas. A time for happiness and joy. Even those who don't have much often feel better around Christmas time. It's just a happy time of the year. Of course, there are the people who always feel bad, and Christmas doesn't mean anything to them. They don't go to church, or even really have a religion. They probably just go to church with their parents as a social gathering. Another place to do up their makeup and dress all pretty so that they can try to catch the eye of a hottie, even though they have a boyfriend. They don't pay attention in church. In fact, they probably don't know the story of Christmas. They just give presents, because that's all they think it is. That's all they have been raised to do. Buy presents and give them to people.

Those would be people like my friends. I've noticed alot of things like that about them, lately. They only dress from Aeropostle, Hollister, Abercrombie and Fitch, and all those really expensive stores, when there are cheaper clothes stores in the mall. But no, they have to have brand name clothes and shoes, everything. They can't even buy a keychain that doesn't come from some random big company, for fear that it will kill them. They make fun of all these people in really rude ways. Like they should be ashamed for being themselves, by dressing the way they want. Like it's their fault that they're them, or alive, or anything. They stereotype everyone.

This Christmas I didn't ask for much. I asked for a cordless phone for my room and a few books. I got alot more, but for a different reason. My birthday is also on Christmas. Which, I think, sucks. Instead of being able to have two days a year to celebrate, I only get one. Which seems selfish, but it's true. Every year since I was four, I've had a big birthday bash on New years eve. Then, I turned fourteen. And I realized I was being gyped. My parents would invite all of their friends, and tell me it was a birthday party. It really did take me that long to realize it, but when I did, man did they get a yelling at. So I always have a party in the middle of January. This year, I turned 18. I decided that I didn't want a party. Nothing against parties, but I've changed alot in the past year, or so I think.

My name is Aphrodite. I was named after a greek goddess, even though I am nothing of the sort. Aphrodite was the goddess of love, lust, and beauty. Again, nothing of the sort. I don't think that I'm the least bit beautiful, and I have never been in love. I've been in lust, but it's never gone anywhere. I'm not the kind of person who can like someone right away. I don't love someone at first sight or anything. I have to get to know them.

My theory on crushes, love, and boyfriends is this. How can you love someone at first sight? Maybe like at first sight, but even then, looks don't matter. It's whats inside that really counts. But even if you do love someone at first sight, wouldn't it be better to become friends first? So that you're not rushing into anything? And then, if you're friends with them, you get to know them before you date them, meaning that you know more about them. You know thier intrests and hobbies and whatnot. Where as if you just rush into a relationship, it might be awkward at first because you don't know anything about each other. It's funny, because none of my friends think this way. Of course, I never talk about these things to them. Whenever I really speak my mind, they call me emo and tell me to go sit in a dark corner and cut myself.

For Christmas, a few relatives came over for dinner and presents. They gave me birthday and Christmas presents, as usual.

"So, how old are you this year?" They would ask, as if they didn't know. Really, they're just really making conversation. They already know. Either that, or they don't care.

"I'm eighteen." I would reply, as if I didn't catch on to them. Polite and innocent. Which is what everyone thinks I am. I'm the quiet girl who just holds in her thoughts, because they're not what anyone else would think I would be thinking about.

I'm the kind of person who will spend more time on homework then makeup and hair combined. My routine in the morning takes 30 minutes. I get up, get dressed, eat breakfast, brush my teeth, wash my face, straighten my hair quickly (I have a part that attached to my hair dryer), add eyeliner, curl my eyelashes, add mascara, put my shoes on, and then I'm all set to go to school.

I get some nice stuff for Christmas and Birthday, but some of it is downright stupid. Like, my aunt who got me horrible glasses accessories. (Yes, I wear glasses).

The best part of my Christmas Vacation is always going back to school. Which will be happening in 5 days. The worst part is the New Years Eve party, and if I make it through that this year, I will be truly amazed.

## 2 - New Years

The week went by quickly. Unfortunatly, Soon enough, it was New Years Eve, and my parents and I were getting ready to go to my Aunt's house to watch the fireworks. She lives in a large apartment along the harbor. She's so close to it, that you could walk to it from her apartment. Across the street from her apartment building is a large park. Within the park, you could follow a varies of paths to get to the water, the docks, anything. Every year, fireworks go off in the harbor from a boat. They're so close that it seems like they're just playing for us. Though, I've lost intrest in the fireworks these past couple of years. They just lost their excitement. Of course, I've been seeing them for eighteen years, so I'm probably just sick of them.

I didn't dress up. I just put on a pair of jeans, a black shirt, a blue sweatshirt, and my black Ugg boots. This year, I would probably just hang out in the guest room, like I did last year. Which isn't bad, because the guest room has a TV.

My parents are just really weird. They don't usually pay much attention to me. Either that, or they just figure that I don't like to talk alot. Either way, whenever in a car with them, I never get included in the conversations. I caught onto this awhile back, and I started bringing my iPod everywhere I go, and listening to it all the time.

It's probably my fault that my parents don't talk to me alot. I don't actually blame anyone. You're probably thinking, "Well, if they see you with your iPod, they'll probably think that you don't want to talk to them. Or that you're busy." Right? I agree. But for so long they just didn't talk to me, while I was sitting right there. And if my dad was talking about someone from work, for example, his boss, who he thinks is a total idiot, then I might say something like, "Your boss is the guy whose name was John and he had the Green SUV, right?" And my dad would stop, glare at me, and say something like, "Aphrodite, this isn't concerning you." Even though he had never addressed anyone in particular in the car. It had just been him talking, and my mom and I would just listen. So, it might be my fault for always listening to my iPod, but it was their fault for not actually listening to me.

Every year I try to get out of coming to the party. I pretend to be sick, or I just argue with them for hours on end. But I always end up coming. And every year, I find someone to talk to. Last year I was talking to my aunt's friend's daughter. I remember her especially because she was also named after a greek goddess.

Her name was Artemis. We had both decided to hide in the guest room until the party was over. I hadn't talked or seen her since because she lived in a different town that was across the state.

My aunt, I guess you could say, knows alot of people. So it isn't just some little family gathering when she throws this party. It's a big, huge bash that everyone wants to come to. So, there's always someone my age, or at least close to it. She has friends and family and co-workers come to this party. Everyone really just loves the view. She has this balcony that is in the front of her apartment, so that she has the best place to see the fireworks. I remember one year I went up on the roof and dropped things on the people who were watching the fireworks, and they never found out that it had been me.

As soon as we pulled into the street that my aunt lives on, I could tell that we were late. Maybe not late, maybe just one of the last people to arrive. There were cars parked on either side of the street, all the way down. We finally found one on the left side, after another car had pulled out. By the time my dad actually shut off the car, we were late. He was really bad at parallel parking. It was his greatest weakness, and I laughed everytime he had to do it.

We walked up to the party. Well, my parents walked. I glumly dragged my feet up the stairs. She lived on the second floor. She had the whole second floor to herself, it had two bedrooms. The guest bedroom is in the perfect spot because it was in the back of the apartment, and no one went back there. So even if I was in there with someone, no one would hear us talking. Especially with the music and loud talking.

My aunt greeted us at the door. She hugged my parents, and just when she was about to say hello to me, someone called her name. Which was fine by me, I wasn't really into the whole, "How are you, dear? You've grown so tall. You look just like your mother. How is school? What college are you going to?" scene.

I made my way to the hallway without anyone noticing. They probably figured that I was going to the bathroom, which is in the same hallway.

I went down the hallway, and I heard the sink running. I quickly made my way to the back of the hallway and opened the door and stepped in. I took my iPod and stuck in the ear-peices in my ears. I was about to turn it on, but that's when I noticed something. I wasn't the only one in the room. There were two other

people. One, who I knew, and one, who made my heart stop when I saw him.