

## April's Fool

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487 words

If Sophie's hair hadn't turned orange, I never would have thought I'd have to marry her creepy brother.

We were getting ready for the biggest party of the year, and her hair was downright polka-dotted a sickening shade of tangerine. I couldn't contain my laughter.

Sophie slapped her keys into my hand, ordering me to get more hair dye.

I jumped into her old Civic and raced to Walgreen's. I double-timed back to the dorm. Just then, I noticed blue and red lights flashing behind me.

Pulling over, I cursed the forces preventing us from our party. I rifled through stacks of papers in the glove box. Thankfully, the registration was there, and I thrust it at the officer. As he wrote my ticket, I gathered the papers, and that's when I saw it.

I held up a picture of myself in a wedding dress, standing with Sophie's weird brother in front of a priest. Fancy calligraphy in the corner read: *Tom and April's Wedding, March 5, 2026.*

But it was only January! And I'm Jewish! How was this possible? And I would never in a million years even go on a date with Tom, much less marry him! And in two months?

My head swam with confusion and revulsion. After the officer left, I sat on the side of the road, utterly stupefied, trying to imagine a life with Tom.

He always looked at me like I was his next meal. He drooled a lot. He walked with a shuffling gait. And those were his good qualities. He smelled like rancid eggs, had greenish teeth, and his face blistered with whiteheads. The Megadeth t-shirt he always wore had holes in the armpits.

He was smart, though. He'd probably get a good job eventually. I couldn't remember ever having a conversation with him, but perhaps he was witty and charming. And with much help, he could become somewhat presentable. That was a huge stretch, but I guess anything's possible. Maybe he really was the one for me, and I had been blinded for too long. Perhaps he really was my Mr. Right!

I tucked the picture into my purse and headed back to Sophie's room. As I entered, I heard her yelling into the phone.

"How should I know where it is?" she screamed, and after a pause, she said she'd look and hung up. "Tom is such an ass!" she said, grabbing for the hair dye.

"Oh?"

"He's freaking out because he can't find some picture for his project."

"What project?" I asked.

"For his advanced Photoshop class. They're supposed to create images of impossible situations or something. Said the one he's looking for has you in it."

I hugged Sophie then, spinning her around the room, the happiest I've ever been.

"What the hell?" she asked. "Has everyone gone crazy?"

"Nah. It's just a good day after all. Now, let's get ready for that party."