



Juicy Central

Sheepie
Beautiful, popular, extrovert, unmotivated

Stalked

Ayshia Monroe

Get up, Kiki! Get your butt up! Whatchu think this is, a ho-tel?”

Sherise Butler stood over her twin sister, Kiki, who was still fast asleep with the covers over her head. “Come on, Shemeka! You don’t wanna to be late. Not today!”

She shook her sister through the worn white sheet. Kiki’s response was to fake-snore. Sherise was not amused. Then Kiki shifted the fake-snore into a donkey’s bray, and Sherise cracked up. Not that Sherise had ever seen a donkey. There weren’t many donkeys in the hood

where Sherise lived with her sister, their mom, LaTreece, and their long-time stepdad, Tyson Nelson.

“No donkeys in this hood. Plenty of asses though,” Sherise thought with a grin.

“Why you up before the alarm?” Kiki muttered. “What time is it?”

Sherise snuck a glance at the old clock radio; the one LaTreece had bought at Goodwill for five bucks. That was what normally woke them up since they both turned in their cell phones to LaTreece and Tyson at ten thirty. LaTreece and Tyson were way stricter than anyone else’s parents, grandparents, foster moms, or whatnot. Sometimes they were a damn pain. But they always took care of theirs.

“Six fifty-five,” Sherise declared. “Get your butt up.”

“Jeez-o! Why you trippin’? You never up before me!” Kiki pulled the covers high over her head.

Kiki had a point. Sherise was never up before Kiki, not on a school day for sure. Most school days? Sherise had to drag herself out of bed. As a rule, she hated school. She wasn’t a brainiac jock like her sister. She couldn’t keep up in classes or in hoops.

But Sherise had Kiki beat when it came to looks and boys. For sure.

Kiki finally sat up. She’d slept in an old Lakers shirt with Shaq’s number. Sherise hooted at her sister’s braids, which were tangled like a bird’s nest, as Kiki rubbed sleep from her eyes.

“Just what’s so funny? And what’s the dealy with you all showered and dressed and made-up already?” Kiki demanded.

It was true: Sherise was ready to dip. She'd been awake since six, working her look in the apartment's single bathroom with the toilet you had to flush twice. She wanted to look good, and not just for her boyfriend, Carlos Howard. Today was a day she actually wanted to go to school: a day where she wanted to look fine for everyone.

Fortunately for Sherise, she had a lot to work with. She was petite and slender with straight hair to the middle of her back and skin like spun gold. This morning she wore a slinky black dress with a red belt and red boots. The outfit came from GG's, the clothing store at the Eastside Mall where she worked after school.

She knew she looked hot. That was good because today the whole school would have its eyes on her. She wanted every boy to want her, every girl to be

jealous of her, and only Carlos to have her. She'd had the hottest dream about Carlos last night. They were in a big bed in a castle, like in the movies, and—

“What’s so funny?” Kiki repeated, pulling Sherise back to reality.

Sherise pointed to the top of her sister’s head.

Kiki touched her tangled braids and grimaced. “Least I don’t fry it to death like some girl I know.” She took in her sister. “You do look good, girl.”

“Thanks. You know, I could help you with your—”

“Don’t want help.”

Kiki stood and stretched. She was one minute younger, five inches taller than Sherise, and all muscle-y like the girl jock she was. Actually, Sherise knew that Kiki had the right stuff to be smokin’ hot if she wanted. But Kiki didn’t care about being fine. She kept her hair in easy-peasy

braids and always wore boring clothes and basketball kicks. Makeup was a dirty word.

LaTreece stuck her head in the girls' door. She looked a lot like Sherise, only older and thirty pounds heavier. She had on a nice dress for work, where she answered phones at the same agency where Tyson was a community development social worker. "Well, my word. Look at my Sherise!"

"It's a big day, Mama," Sherise reminded her. "They're giving out yearbooks to the whole school today. 'Member? I'm givin' a speech!"

LaTreece dead-eyed her. "You think I'd forget that?"

Tyson came up behind LaTreece. Tall and skinny with ears that stuck out more than Barack Obama's, he had short gray hair that made him seem older than his real age. Weekdays he wore what Sherise

called his SWU—social work uni—dark pants, jacket, and a tie.

“You see, Sherise?” Tyson declared. “You ran for yearbook club president; you won, and now see what happens when you put your mind to something.”

Tyson was a great guy, but big on teachable moments. It was a bit much at seven in the morning.

Kiki came to Sherise’s rescue. “Uh, Tyson?”

“Yeah, Kiki?”

Kiki pointed at the clock radio. “Can we maybe wait on the life lessons till breakfast?”

“Yes, ma’am,” he joked. “Eggs, grits, and life lessons in twenty minutes. See you in the kitchen.”

LaTreece gave him a nudge. “Show them the e-mail.”

“What e-mail?” Tyson smiled slyly then unfolded a sheet of paper. “Okay.

This just came in from Mr. Crandall, the guidance counselor.”

“Crap,” the girls said at the same time. Neither of them liked Mr. Crandall. In fact, no one liked Crandall. He’d go off on anyone at any time just to prove he had power.

Tyson shook his head. “Nah, this is good. Check it out.”

He handed the e-mail to Sherise. Kiki crowded in to read it too.

Dear SCHS Parents and Guardians:

Please join the students, faculty, and staff of South Central High School in congratulating our school yearbook committee, and especially its president, Sherise Butler, on the SCHS yearbook being chosen as one of the three finalists in the High School Yearbook of the Year competition. New copies of the yearbook have been printed and will be

distributed to all students at a special assembly today where Sherise and Ms. Okoro will speak. Congratulations again. Go Tigers!

Sherise grinned and bowed. “I’d like to thank all the little people who—”

LaTreece tossed the girls their cell phones. “See you at breakfast, little people.”

She and Tyson went to the kitchen. Kiki headed for the shower. Sherise was alone, still holding her cell. She checked her texts. A couple had come in already today.

U the bomb, girl!

Nice. That was from Nishell Saunders, yearbook photo editor. In the last few weeks, she and Nishell had gotten a lot closer.