

# Made With Love

By: Emily Medina

Angela quickly hurried to finish her dress. She meticulously placed and sewed every last gemstone. She was practically swimming in fabrics, spools, and diamonds. This dress had to be perfect, it was for her very last recital. Dance meant more than anything in the world to Angela. She slowly took a step back and looked at her dress. It was finally done. *This might just be my best work*, she thought to herself. An extravagant dress for her last dance recital seemed fitting.

She pulled the dress off of the mannequin and started to try it on. Everything seemed perfect, the fabric folded in just the right places and the light caught the gems perfectly. *Zhip*. The zipper got caught. Distraught, Angela looked in the mirror. This dress did not look perfect. Angela was going to have to redo all of the seams on the dress. Tears began to well in her eyes. Countless hours of hard work and she practically had to restart the dress.

Angela glanced down at her phone and her heart sank to the floor. It was 5:38 PM. She had 10 minutes to leave and get ready for her best friend's birthday party. She still had to finish the dress, which put her in between a rock and a hard place. *I can do both*, Angela assured herself, *I'll go to the party and leave early to finish the dress... Genius!* With her new plan in mind, Angela slid out of her dress and ran to get ready for the party.

As Angela left the house she smiled at her grandma, "Bye Abuela! I love you, I'm going to Yara's birthday party!"

"Ok tesoro, don't stay out too late!," she replied with a soft smile.

"Don't worry, I'll be back by 9! I still need to finish my dress,".

When Angela arrived at the party she was immediately surrounded by all of her friends. Music blasted in the background and it seemed that there was something interesting to do in every corner. Angela was constantly checking her phone, keeping an eye on the time.

Soon, the clock hit 9:00 PM, Angela told herself she could stay just thirty minutes longer. She was having so much fun with her friends. They had just brought out the cake, she had to stay a little longer.

She spent the rest of the night laughing and meeting new people, but when Angela finally looked at the time again, her stomach dropped. It was far too late. Angela rushed out of the party quickly saying her goodbyes. The whole drive home she tried to convince herself that she still had time to finish the dress, but she knew that it wasn't true. If she wanted to feel awake for her recital tomorrow, she couldn't stay up late finishing the dress.

As Angela walked through the front doors of her house, dread filled her stomach. This recital truly meant everything to her. She finally entered her craft room and she saw the last thing she ever wanted to see. Her dress was gone and all that remained were a few scraps of fabric and left over gems. It looked to her as if someone had taken scissors straight to the dress and ruined it.

Panic began to rise in her chest. *No, no, no, this can't be happening.*

She searched the room frantically. She looked through drawers, under supplies, everywhere she could think of. Nothing.

"Who took my dress!" Angela shouted, her voice disrupting the previously silent and sleeping house.

She heard footsteps rushing towards her, "Angela! What's wrong," her mom and dad worriedly exclaimed.

"My dress is gone! It looks like somebody cut it up," she spoke through broken sobs.

Her parents looked at the scraps on the floor with nothing to say. They had no idea what happened to her dress.

Angela wiped her tears angrily, "I worked all day on that dress, you know how important it is to me. It's my last recital!" her voice was shaking.

She looked around desperately, searching for any possible clue of where her dress might have gone. Then, she noticed something. A trail of fabric led out of the room. She followed it slowly, praying she would find her dress. The trail led straight into her grandma's room.

The light was still on as Angela opened the door. She saw her grandmother sitting by the lamp with a sewing kit behind her. And in her hands was Angela's dress. Angela shot her grandmother a confused look.

"You took my dress?" she asked quietly.

Her grandmother looked up at her sheepishly, "I noticed earlier you hadn't finished your dress and I know how much it means to you,"

All of Angela's frustration began to wash away. A smile crept onto her lips. As she slowly grabbed the dress from her grandmother's hands she couldn't help but let out a little chuckle.

"It's perfect," she breathed.

Her grandmother reached over and squeezed Angela's hand. Angela turned to look at her and quickly engulfed her in a hug.

"Go and get some rest, tesoro," her grandmother softly smiled, "You need the rest for your big day tomorrow,".

"Gracias, Abuela, this means the world to me," Angela felt relief wash over her.

Feeling more loved than ever, Angela happily walked to her room, exhausted after her long day. She realized that all of her worry had been for nothing. She had family and friends who were always willing to help her out. She had a feeling tomorrow was going to be perfect.