Ex Poser (Sandra Morris’s point of view[[1]](#footnote-1))

I look around at my classmates and wonder why I’m doing that. I agreed to test Boffin’s latest invention: a lie detector. I’m sure that his machine will work, they always do.

So why did I agree to do that? The answer is quite simple. I want to be part of a group of people despising me because of my parents’ bank account. They think it is nice to be rich but I can’t buy real friendship with that money. That’s why I’m the poorest girl at our school. Over the years I’ve become a real good actress and now everyone just knows me, Sandra Morris, as a snob. As a good-looking girl with spectacularly blue eyes, nice blonde hair and a perfect skin who doesn’t talk to anyone.

I admit that they are often really mad and stupid and I sometimes really have the thoughts everyone expects in my head. But that doesn’t justify excluding me!

Boffin tapes two wires to my arm. “It doesn’t hurt,” he says. “But it’s deadly accurate.”He switches on the machine and a little needle swings into the middle of the dial. “Here’s a trial question,” he says. “Are you a girl?”

I nod.

“You have to say yes or no,” he says. “Yes”, I reply bravely and look at the lie detector. Its needle points to TRUTH. I haven’t expected anything else but Boffin, who starts grinning, seems to want to test it the other way round before we start.

“This time tell a lie,” he says. “Are you a girl?” he asks again. Usually, I don’t lie. Actually, there are no opportunities to do that because there are not so many people who talk to me…

I put a smile on my face. It’s not my real smile but there’s no one in this room who could tell.

“No”, I say. I hear the others laugh. The needle points to LIE. Of course it does.

“OK, you only have seven questions, David. The batteries will go flat after another seven questions.” Boffin sits down after handing over the procedure to his friend.

I look at David, the cute guy hating me since we met the first time. He thinks I don’t know that he’s planning something mean for me – he’s wrong. I see it in his face.

I put a neutral expression on my face before anyone can see how much I like that face… and the funny, clever boy behind it.

He asks his first question. “Have you ever kissed Ben Fox?”

So that’s his plan. He wants to expose the “secret love between Ben Fox and Sandra Morris”…

I see Ben going red and feel my cheeks doing the same.

Ben went red because he’s in love with me and thinks that David will expose our love. However, I don’t love him. He’s a good and reliable friend and the only one who talks to me because his parents are rich, too. Even though we are friends because there aren’t any other options, looking the same way and being rich doesn’t mean that we must be in love with each other.

No, I’m in love with another boy and that’s my reason for blushing.

Oh, I have to answer his question. I try to keep calm and do it. Whatever it takes, I decided to be part of this game and I won’t run away!

“No,” I answer. Luckily or not for me, Buffin’s machine works. It says TRUTH.

That’s not the answer they expected – but their madness or disappointment is not my fault.

I keep as calm as I can. David will ask me something else, he will change the topic. Everything will be okay. No reason to worry.

But it is no other topic.

“Have you ever held his hand?”

“No,” I say. Of course it is the TRUTH. I decide to just answer his questions. I can’t find any other way. Maybe there is none. I’m afraid of what David could find out asking his questions while everybody is looking at me… and the lie detector!

He got me. I just want to disappear but that’s no way.

“Are you in love?”

The air around me suddenly starts to turn so hot!

“Yes,” I say. TRUTH.

“Is he in this room?” David asks. “Yes,” I answer. TRUTH.

Why didn’t he ask if I’m in love with Ben? For a second I see a feeling in his eyes I can’t read. Does he want to help me? Help to get out of this? No, I don’t think so. It’s too late to stop that search for the truth and it’s okay.

“Has he got blue eyes?” Okay, now they’ll find out that I’m not in love with Ben Fox. It seems to be my destiny.

“No,” I say.

“Brown?” he asks.

“No,” I answer again.

“This thing doesn’t work,” David says to Boffin after the lie detector showed TRUTH twice.

“I can’t see one kid who doesn’t have either blue eyes or brown eyes.” Oh David! Don’t you realize that I’m in love with you? Doesn’t he believe that a girl could fall in love with him? Probably he just doesn’t want me to be that girl…

“We can,” says Boffin.

Now David is the one turning red. If I was not so afraid of his next words, I would recognize how pretty he looks at that moment.

“Is he an idiot?”

“Yes, and he has green eyes.”

I look into them after whispering these words softly and suddenly see my future in his green iris.

It’s a nice one.

1. This text is based on the short story “The Ex Poser” by Paul Jennings, which is told from David’s point of view. If you want to find out his version, read the original story at:

   <https://www.teachingenglish.org.uk/sites/teacheng/files/ex_poser_text.pdf> [↑](#footnote-ref-1)