

Trisha's Side

By Angelsfire

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This is my character and her life. The first chapter is about her beginning.

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1 - Bad Start

You would think that being the singer I am today would make me happy. I mean they have nominated the best singer in the known world. But, it still reminds me of the painful days. The days I had no friends and a family that didn't care about me. I'm Trisha Heartbreak and here's my side.

I was only 4 when I remember my real memories, the painful ones. My house (my parents) was a big house, one of the biggest houses in Santa Monica. My parents are how you say, drunks, alcoholics, and all of the things you see on the TV. They would beat me just so I would be their slave. I never had 1 birthday or any parties. But, when I was 10, I planed my escape. In my room, (that had a door, a closet, a window as small as a computer, and a bed that was really only a mattress.) in the closet was one more door, but my parents didn't know about it. In the door was my secret place. A place I go to relax, and have 6 years of thinking to plan a way to leave the house, once and for all.

I started by figuring out where I'll go. I was always good at hiding, one time my parents abused me so much, that I snuck out to the store (I got medical devises of course) and got back in the house before they noticed I was gone. I'm VERY sneaky.

I started thinking of where I would go. I could go out of state and go to New York, or out of the country. Why not? I want as far away as I can from them. Suddenly during my plans, here comes a roar of noise. "Trisha!!!! Get your scrawny A** over here!!!! Get your chores done and then fix your dinner, then go to your room and go to bed." "But if I do that then I won't have time to watch TV. You promised that I could." "Well, I lied. I only said that to get you off my back!!!!!!" "But, Daddy." "Shut..Hic..Up!!!!!!" I knew my dad was drunk, again. Of course I had no choice but to do my chores. Lord only knows what they could do to me THIS time. At this point, I knew I had to think of a place to go. I thought of different countries I could go to. England? No. To proper. I would have to say, more tea madam? Africa!!!! No, to hot, although it would be fun to see the monkeys, elephants, zebras, lions, sharks, crocodiles. On second thought, no. Not Africa. Russia!!! No. Never Mind. I just don't like Russia. But I do like their cool temples. Australia!!! No. I wouldn't fit in. But, what about Japan? We learned about it in school. It has beautiful scenery. I should go there!!!! But how?????..

I spent a couple of years thinking of how I could get to Japan. I had It!!!! And about time!!!! Cause from here, something happened, I wouldn't forget.

That night I..I..I couldn't understand why, but It was the first worst night in my life. At age 16, I couldn't take it any more!! That night my parents went crazy. "Trisha!!!! (My mom yelled from the downstairs.) Get down here!!!!!! "I ran down there only to my doom. "Trisha? Where have you been?!!!!!! We are waiting for you to sweep the down stairs." "But I already did." "Trisha." My mother stood up with anger in her eyes. She crept toward me. "When I say we are waiting for you to do something, you do IT!!!!!!!" Then she came closer to me and when she was close enough she slapped me!! And she kept slapping me harder each time. I couldn't take it!!! My eyes filled with tears!!!! My father came up and said, "Are you even listening???!!!!" Then he picked me up and choked me then threw me against the wall. Without thinking I ran upstairs into my room and locked the door. I got my backpack and grabbed my pillow, flashlight, some food (I had up in the closet in case.), my sleeping bag, and some other materials. I grabbed the bag and left. But before I left completely, I grabbed some money from my moms safe. Actually, all of it. Her code was mom. Like I'm too stupid to figure out that. Then I ran to the nearest bus station. My journey soon began.

2 - The Trip

It must have been a very long trip because I ended up in Kentucky. Weird. I got up and asked the driver how long we have been riding. The driver was a tall black haired man. "Toots, we have been going for 3 days. We didn't want to bother ya. No get behind the yellow line." "Dude, I AM behind the yellow line." "Well then, sit down." "Ok but, why didn't you wake me up.?" "Well, every time we tried, you said something about keep going until we get to Japan. Well, we are taking you to the farthest place we know to Japan, Rhode Island." "That's the closet you can get?" "Hey! Hey!! Hey!!! We didn't go to collage, so shut up!!!!" "Gezzz, I never said you had to!! Grumpy..Grumpy..Oh!! I'm too tired to think!!" "Whoa!! Chill little singer." "Wait? You..you heard me sing?" "Ya. In your sleep too. You sing like nothing I've ever heard." "Thanks. Listen, I'm sorry about yelling at you. I had a bad problem. That's why I ran to the Bus Station." "Well, it's 4 am.." "It is?!!!" "Yeah and since I won't get anyone till 6, I got 2 hours. Go ahead." "Well it all started when I was 4.." Trisha told her story, from beginning till end. She told all about the pain she went through. An hour later she had finished her story. "Wow, that's real touching. Let me tell ya what. I will let ya ride for free till we get to Rhode Island." "Really?! That's great!!!! Thanks!!"

As they drove and drove and (once again) drove, they came up to a little down town area. "Pit stop." "What?" Trisha was confused. "Little Singer, on this bus we have pit stops. You all have 40 min. to get what you want, and then we leave. I will be at the corner of 5th and 20th. Which is where we are." "Oh.Ok. I will be here in 40 min. um.. I didn't catch your name." "My name is Paul Mickey" "Nice to meet you Paul Mickey. I'll be here in 40." "See ya toots!!" "See Ya!!" Trisha left the bus in a crowd of people. She headed for the nearest mall. Which (from where she was standing) was nowhere. "I can't find out where the mall is!!!!" But something caught her eye. "Karaoke Contest. Winner gets 10 Thousand dollars!!! That's more than I need!!! She ran inside to sign up. In side was a stage as bid as her room. But there were a lot of chairs and equipment. At the counter was a short, fat woman. She had long brown hair. "May I sign up for the contest?" "Huh?" The woman looked up from a magazine she was reading. "The Karaoke Contest." "That was over a month ago. What are you? Stupid?" "No. But you are for putting up that sign and not taking it back down!!!!" She stormed out. She sat on a bench on the corner of 5th and 20th, waiting for the bus. When it came, she walked on with the crowd. She sat right behind the driver. From here, all they did was drive to Rhode Island. It was a long boring trip.

"We are here." Paul Mickey yelled. Every one got off. Trisha (however) stopped to talk to Paul. "Thanks a lot. You are the only one who was my friend. Thanks again." "You're welcome. If ya come back, come visit. All you do is ask for me. K?" "K. Bye!!" With that, she left for the airport. As Trisha wondered through the city, she saw a little girl. The girl had a puffy hat and purple brads. She was so cute, but looked so sad. Trisha walked over to her slowly. "Hello. Are you lost?" "Are you a cop?" "No. *Laughs* Why?" "No reason." "You are running away, aren't you?" "How did..?" "Sh. I am to. But I have a good reason. Do you?" "I just want to get away from my family for a little." "Then why don't you tell them?" "Because, they wouldn't listen." "Are you sure?" "No." "Then why don't you go home?" "Cause I live in Indiana." "What??!!! Then why are you in Rhode Island?!!!" "It's a family vacation. We're at a hotel." "Well then go back and tell them." "K. Thanks. Who are you?" "I'm Trisha and you?" "Samantha George." "Well while I'm in Japan, I'll remember you Sam." "Bye!!" "Bye!" With that, Trisha left for the airport.

Trisha got on the airplane and left for Japan. The trip was long, but worth it. She arrived in the beautiful Japan. Finally home away from home.