

# Homesick

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*Much to Eleanor's dismay, her father get's promoted and they all have to move. She became very cold after that, never smiling and never wanting to do anything with her new friends. Hating everyone and everything that she came across, especially Pietro.*

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## Introduction:

Eleanor grew up in a very close neighborhood so it's only natural that she wouldn't want to leave. When her father gets a promotion and they all have to move to the city, she tries to fight it as much as possible but they go anyway. Eleanor soon became very cold and wouldn't even hang with her friends when they invited her. As if moving away is not enough, a rich boy at school keeps picking on her. What sucks even more is that he decides to come to the diner she works at on her second day! Then he asks her a very touchy question. Will they become good friends or sworn enemies?

## Chapter One: Why Do You Hate Me?

I was born in a small town where everyone was very close. If someone was to move in or out, the whole neighborhood would come to help. When we'd have a potluck or some sort of event, the whole town was invited. Everyone knew everyone. If someone was in dire need of money, food, clothes or supplies of some sort, everyone would get together in a conference and talk about the circumstances and see who could help. Everyone loved the town, even me.

One day, my father received a phone call from his boss regarding a promotion. He had been working very hard to get this promotion due to the fact that we had very little and needed all that we could get. After getting off the phone, he told everyone in our small family to go into the living room for a conference. He explained that if he was to accept the promotion that we would have to move to the city. He said that it would be best if he did but he wanted the whole family's approval. We all disagreed and tried to think of other solutions but none were as good as this job. He said he would wait until tomorrow to decide but we most likely would have to move. I was completely horrified at the thought of moving but had faith in my father that he would be able to think of some other way. The next day came, and after much discussion with my mother, they both came to the conclusion that we had to leave. My father made the call and accepted the job.

We started packing two days later and were ready to leave by the end of the week, with the help of all our neighbors.

After a week of living in the city, I was beginning to get really homesick. The neighborhood was nice but everyone kept to themselves and only said hello once in a while.

My new school wasn't the same at all, although I had made friends with two nice girls, Amara and Jacey. I was distant to everyone, even to them, at most times and would rather be at home reading a book than out with them at some huge party enjoying their company.

After two weeks of going to my new school, I started getting distracted and irritated of a boy, Pietro, who often teased me. He was handsome and very popular and was nice to almost every girl, every girl except me. My older sister told me that he probably liked me but I pushed that aside with a "Yeah right!" as if he would ever like someone as common as me.

I didn't like him from the moment I saw him and what made me dislike him even more was his boasting attitude. His father owned a huge company and was extremely wealthy. Pietro was not exactly the kind of person to hide that fact.

The two of us were complete opposites. He had a new car, I had my brother's old bicycle. He had over forty friends, I had two. He got his hair cut by a popular hairdresser, I got mine cut by my mom. He had new brand name clothes, I had either hand-me-down or bargain bin clothes. All of which I didn't mind any but whenever he was with his friends and he saw me, he made sure those things about me were visible.

I loathed him with intensity beyond that of anything anyone has ever felt. My hatred for leaving my hometown even strengthened my hate for him.

As the weeks passed on, I eventually got sick of staying at home with nothing to do and begged my parents to let me get a job at a diner. They finally caved and I was soon the newest Ben's Diner's waitress.

Everything was going great on my second day when Pietro came in and sat down at a table that I had to serve.

He picked up the menu and then after a few minutes of looking it over I approached him with my pen in one hand and my notepad in the other. I glared and asked coldly, "What can I get you?"

"Umm...how about the..." he trailed off.

"The what?" I glared.

He looked up and for a second there I thought he was going to say some smart remark but instead he just smiled sweetly and asked, "What's the special today?"

I ignored his smile and replied with the utmost hatred, "Fish and chips with dinner salad."

He considered for a moment and quickly read the menu again. "On second thought, I'll just have a chicken burger with onion rings." He looked up and smiled again. I just glared.

"Will that be all?"

"Oh and a root beer, please."

"Fine," I said scribbling the order quickly on my notepad. "It should be ready in about a half hour," I said while hurriedly walking off.

After a half hour of taking orders and bringing food to other customers, table sixteen was finally up and I was to take Pietro his food.

After giving him his food, I started to walk off once more, as fast as I could.

“Wait, Eleanor,” he exclaimed and I slowly turned around and walked back.

“Did you need anything else?” I asked through gritted teeth.

He paused for a moment and then asked, looking at his food, “Why do you hate me?”

I froze. *What kind of idiotic question is that?* I thought of many ways of saying why but each one could get him mad and me fired so I reasoned with myself and said, “What do you mean? You’re always making fun of me at school!” I tried to keep my voice calm but there had been so many times I had wanted to scream at him but held it together.

He sighed. “That’s only because you treated me so coldly the first time we met.”

“Well, I wouldn’t have if you weren’t always waving your money around. You have such an easy life while other people have to earn to get where they want.”

“How is my life easy?”

“You have tons of friends whereas I have only two. You get your own private tutors and perfect grades. You’ve lived here your whole life whereas I had to move from my hometown to this wretched place. You get all the money you want whereas I have to earn my way!” I pointed to my clothes and the diner. “And the list goes on!”

He chuckled. “Eleanor, are you kidding? I envy you. You have friends that actually like you for who you are instead of your money, and you don’t have your father railing on you to constantly get great grades so you can one day take over the company. I have a lot of stuff hanging over me. My parents decide on my future where you get to decide on your own. I only wave all my money around so I don’t have to deal with the stress as much. I hate my home. I don’t have any siblings so having that many friends and toys keeps me distracted from home and worries.” He sighed. “Eleanor, I’d switch places with you any day.” He smiled again then completely changed the subject. “I think that person’s calling for you,” he pointed.

I snapped out of it and turned around to see a very angry boss approaching me. “Why aren’t you doing your job? I don’t pay you to chat with the customers! Now get back to work!”

“Yes, Ms. Sutherland.” I quickly went back to work with Pietro’s words repeating in my head.

I felt so stupid. I had no idea that that was how it was. I only thought about myself. I figured that since he seemed to have it all, that he was happy. Boy was I wrong.

I saw Pietro pay his bill and start for outside. I shouted to the assistant manager that it was my break and raced outside after him. He was in the parking lot and was approaching his car.

“Pietro!” I called and he casually turned around to look at me.

I raced toward him. As I got within five feet of him, I shouted, “I’m sorry!”

He smiled pleasantly, "Does that mean we're friends?"

"I guess." And for the first time in the three months since my family and I moved here, I smiled too.