

# Everything Was Fine...Until We Moved To Portland

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Submitted: October 6, 2007

Updated: October 6, 2007

*Amora's life seemed perfect and then she moved to Portland. She misses San Francisco and most of all she misses the point in time where her parents didn't fight. Her ultimate goal to survive her first year in Portland.*

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# 1 - Why Did We Move?

Amora scowled the entire way to Portland. She loved San Francisco, and could not believe they left. She kept on hoping they wouldn't sell the house, or they would change their minds, but it didn't happen. They sold the house, and got on a plane to go to their new one.

"Why are we moving?" she asked for the fifth time, as they drove from the airport to their new house.

"Because we want to be closer to your grandmother," her mother replied, "Don't you want to see your grandma?" she asked.

"I saw her last year and she called me a hoochie," she hissed. Amora had short black hair that framed her face, with hot pink streaks. She had a tendency to wear tops above her belly button and low rise jeans.

Her mother scowled at her, "Well if you didn't dye your hair like that, or wear those clothes..." she began.

"In other words if I completely change my appearance," she sighed, "Besides she would just complain about something else," Amora was normally a quiet shy girl but she was in a particularly foul mood about moving.

Before either of them could say anything else Amora's father said, "We're here!" Amora sighed as she stopped. She picked up her backpack and suitcase and walked into the house. It was an old house, with ivy covering many of the outside walls.

She put her suitcase down as the mover placed her bed in "her room". She lay down on it closing her eyes. Before she knew it she was fast asleep.

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