

Hardcore Romance

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Violet is going to Australia to visit her grandma, and bumps into Mike at the airport. Mike feels like he's ready to tell Violet how he feels about her but is for once scared of something. Rejection. Then, Violet goes to Mike's for dinner. What are t

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1 - Shopping Spree

Summary: Violet is going to Australia to visit her grandma, and bumps into Mike at the airport. Mike feels like he's ready to tell Violet how he feels about her but is for once scared of something. Rejection.

Rating: T

Romance/Drama

Couple(s): Mike Teavee/ Violet Beauregarde

Chapter I

"Are you sure that you want to buy these skull sneakers?" asked Mrs. Beauregarde.

"Yes mother." said Violet. Violet, not 15 looked just like a normal girl. After the chewing gum accident at Willy Wonka's factory, he called her and told her that he could solve her blue problem. He said the same thing with Mr. A (I can't spell his name!) Gloop, and Mike Teavee. Veruca didn't need any help. She just needed a bath.

When Violet was blue all over, kids teased her, calling her "Blue moon." She would usually come home in tears. She used to be fearless, but then she became afraid of chickens.

Violet was now shopping with her mother. She was going to Australia to see her grandmother in Sydney.

They were at 'Old Navy' looking at jeans, shirts, shoes, and bags.

Mrs. Beauregarde looked at Violet's black skull flip flops.

"Since when were you into skulls?" she asked.

"Since I saw Avril Lavigne wearing them on TV." said Violet. "And I think that they're awesome."

"They're scary." said Mrs. Beauregarde.

"How could they possibly be scary?" asked Violet.

"I don't know." said Mrs. Beauregarde.

Violet bought, ten shirts, ten pairs of pants, three pairs of shoes, some jewelry, makeup, 2 bathing suits, and a dress for a party she was going to.

"Violet?" a voice called. Violet turned around and saw her best friend, Veruca Salt with her beautiful mother.

"Veruca!" she yelled happily. She dropped her shopping bags and hugged Veruca tightly. "What's up?"

Mrs. Salt walked up to Mrs. Beauregarde and started talking about her vacation with Veruca.

"I've been shopping, shopping, and more shopping!" said Veruca. "Look at all the stuff I bought! Atlanta sure has a taste in clothes!"

"I bought so much more than you did!" teased Violet.

"Impossible!" said Veruca. "Let's do lunch!"

"Ok!" said Violet.

The two girls sat at a separate table from the mom's.

"Wow!" said Veruca. "This stuff is so good! What is it?"

"We Americans call it 'the cheeseburger'." said Violet.

"I need to get more of these at home!" said Veruca.

"So what are you doing here in Atlanta?" asked Violet.

"Vacation with Mommy." She said. "Were leaving tomorrow."

"Tomorrow, I'm leaving for Australia." said Violet. "To see my grandma."

"How often do you see her?" asked Veruca.

“Twice a year.” said Violet. “Her house is 17 hours away from us by flight.”

“So what are you gonna do on the plane?” asked Veruca.

“Watch DVD's, listen to music, play portable games, sleep, and read.” said Violet.

“And flirt with the hottie next to you!” Veruca laughed.

“I doubt it Veruca.” said Violet. “I'll probably sit next to an old man, or a lady who chats on her cellphone and wears funky glasses. If I sit with a cute guy, it's going to remind me of *Red Eye*. Have you seen that?”

“Yes.” said Veruca. “Charlie took me out to see it with him.”

“Wait a minute!” said Violet. “Charlie Bucket?”

“Yes.” said Veruca. “I went too apologized to him for being a spoiled brat and `bam!' We fell in love!”

“Well congrats!” said Violet. “I'm so happy for you guys. Have you been to the factory lately?”

“I got to eat in the chocolate room.” said Veruca.

“Sounds nice.” said Violet.

“Charlie and I had our first date there.” said Veruca. “We had a picnic, without the irritation of bees, bugs, and picnic ants. Charlie went to the chocolate river and got me a cup full of pure chocolate. The Oompa Loomphas were playing music for us.”

“Picnic ants. They always give a pain in the neck.” said Violet. “That was very sweet of Charlie. Have you guys kissed yet?”

“Yes,” said Veruca. “At the picnic, he told me that I had some chocolate on my lip. He offered to wipe it off for me, but instead, he kissed me. He’s a great kisser.”

“Most guys are.” said Violet. “Some shove their taste buds down other girls’ throats and swirl them round and round. It makes girls gag.”

“So, what torture did you put on your ex lately?” asked Veruca.

When Violet was a blue girl, she met a man named Paris at a skating party. He asked her to skate with him in a slowdance. She couldn’t say no so she went for it and got a boyfriend.

“I told him that I had a confession, and he wanted to hear it. I told him that I was a boy, in front of everyone, and they started clapping and laughing. It was revenge on him, for French kissing me. The taste bud thing if you know what I mean.”

“It must taste bad.” said Veruca.

“It did.” said Veruca.

“So, have you seen *House of Wax*?” asked Violet.

"It's *House of Waste* if you ask me. I hated it so much, that I demanded for a refund." said Veruca.

"I hated it too." said Violet. "The only fun part was when Paris Hilton died."

"Seeing the sphere stab her brain was funny." said Veruca. "When she got killed, everyone started cheering."

"That's the same thing that happened when I saw it. If you want `real' horror films, my suggestions are, *The Ring*, *The Ring Two*, *The Grudge*, and *Red Eye*."

"I love those!" said Veruca. "*The Grudge* was the scariest."

"I know!" said Violet. "I freaked out when the blanket started moving."

Veruca looked at Violet's body.

"How did you get back to normal?" she asked.

"Wonka called me a week ago to tell me that he could get me back to normal, as an apology. I went over with my mom, and they made me chew some gum. Thinking that it didn't work, I went to sleep, and then when I went to the bathroom to wash up for the day, I took a washcloth and started wiping my face. When I finished, I saw blonde hair, and natural skin. I screamed so loud, my mom and Willy ran in, thinking that I saw a chicken." said Violet.

"Are you scared of chickens?" asked Veruca.

“Yes.” said Violet. “I don't know why but they freak me out.”

“ATTENTION SHOPPERS! THE MALL IS CLOSING IN ONE HOUR! PLEASE FINISH YOUR SHOPPING AND LEAVE ASAP!” said a guy on the speaker.

Veruca's mom and Violet's mom walked up to the two girls.

“Time to go Sweetheart.” said Mrs. Salt.

“Before you leave Veruca, could you call me at 10 a.m. tomorrow?” asked Violet.

“Sure!” said Veruca. The two girls hugged.

At Violet's house, her mother was helping her pack all of her clothes, and bathroom stuff.

“You need to go to bed immediately after this.” said Violet's mom. “I'll wake you up, four in the morning.”

“Why four?” asked Violet. “My flight leaves at eight thirty!”

“It's a two hour drive to the airport, and you have to wait in line to get your luggage scanned and stuff. It will take a while. Do you know exactly where you're going?”

“I'll have breakfast after scanning, and then I'll buy some chips for the flight and go to gate A58.”

“Good!” said Violet's mom. “You know exactly where you're going! In case if your lost, ask a flight attendant for help. Get the outfit that you're going to wear tomorrow and put it on your chair.”

Violet grabbed the new skull sneakers, jeans, and a black tank top.

“Go to bed now.” said Violets mom.

Violet climbed into her bed.

“Goodnight mom.” said Violet.

“Goodnight Violet.” said Violets mom.

Violet turned off the lights and fell asleep.

2 - Old Friends

At the airport, Violet was getting her luggage inspected. Security guards were scanning her bags for weapons, knives, scissors, nail clippers, and firearms. None of those were in there.

She had breakfast after that. She and her mother were starved. Goodness there was a Peacock Café near by. As her mother walked toward the McDonalds, a stranger accidentally crashed into Violet and her tote bag opened and books, MP3's and her iPod spread around the floor.

"I'm so sorry!" said the stranger said. "Are you alright?" He helped her pick up her belongings.

"I'm fine." said Violet. She turned around. The stranger was no stranger what so ever.

"Do I remember you from somewhere?" she asked.

"You look familiar." said the stranger.

"Mike?"

"Yeah?"

Wow! Thought Violet. He's hotter than ever!

"You look," she had nothing to say. "Different."

"Yeah," said Mike. "I managed to change myself back."

"So where are you going?" asked Violet.

"To breakfast." said Mike.

"I meant, where you are going?"

"Oh," said Mike. He thought for a while. "I'm here all alone."

"Then have breakfast with me." said Violet.

Mike was glad to be invited to eat with a cute girl. When she wasn't looking he blushed.

At breakfast Mrs. Beauregarde sat down, and waited for Violet. Then she came with Mike.

"Hey mom, remember Mike?"

“Mike Teavee?”

“Yeah.”

“Hi Mrs. B.” said Mike. “Where are you guys heading?”

“Actually, I'm flying by myself.” Said Violet.

“Where?” asked Mike.

“Australia.” Said Violet.

“Same here!” said Mike.

“Why?” asked Violet.

“I'm going home.” Said Mike.

“So you're here in Atlanta for vacation?” asked Mrs. Beauregarde.

“Yeah.” Said Mike. “I had fun.”

“Didn't you live in Denver?” asked Violet.

“Used to.” said Mike. “But my parents made me move over an obsession with kangaroos.”

“I believe that they have a shelf of antiques.” Said Mrs. Beauregarde.

“Actually, they have five, and he won't let me near them.” Said Mike.

“I don't blame him.” Said Mrs. Beauregarde.

“My mom doesn't let me near her trophies.” Said Violet.

“Neither do you.” Said Mrs. Beauregarde.

“What kind of trophies?” asked Mike.

“A little bit of everything.” Said Violet. The three just ate their breakfast in a long talk. Then in fifteen minutes, Violet's flight would take off.

Violet checked her bag one last time and bought a candy bar for the flight. She was going to be on it for nearly a day!

“We'll I highly doubt that your going to sit next to me.” Said Violet. “I'll be lucky if you drop by, so bye.”

“Yeah,” said Mike getting on the plane. “Bye.”

Then she relished that she had to get on. She hugged her mother.

“Have a great time!” she said. “Tell your grandma that I said hi.”

“Don't worry.” Said Violet. “I'll tell her.” Violet got onto the plane and gazed at her ticket. “Row thirty, seat A.” she mumbled. She finally found it and was shocked to see Mike next to her seat!

“Are you stalking me?” he asked surprised to see her again.

“No!” said Violet. “This is so weird.” Mike got out of his seat to let Violet in.

“Nice shoes.” He said.

“Thanks.” She said. “So you like the Gorillaz too.”

“Oh yeah.” Said Mike. “Especially ‘Feel Good Inc.’ and ‘DARE’.”

“Those are my favorites.” Said Violet.

“Well do you like Green Day?”

“Duh.” Said Violet. “‘American Idiot’ and ‘Holiday’.”

“Those are my favorites too.” Said Mike.

“Linken Park?”

”Breaking the Habit’.”

“Stop copying me!” she teased.

“Hey, I was here first.” Said Mike.

“So I wasn't able to see the rest of the tour. What happened after Veruca's incident?”

“I turned microscopic.” Said Mike. “Wonka came up with the most pointless invention ever. I wanted to prove that he was stupid and ended up like everyone else. It's great to be back.”

“Same here.” Said Violet. She didn't talk about how she felt. Mike confessed that he was teased and treated like taffy.

The plain took off. Violet looked out the window with amazement as they got high into the sky.

“What?” said Mike. “You've never been on a plain before?”

“Of corse I have.” Said Violet. “I just like the view.”

“So remember when we really first met?”

“In the snowfield before the tour. That was fun.”

“No it wasn't!” said Mike defending himself. “You threw a snowball at my back.”

“So?”

“It went down my back.”

“And then you tackled me to the ground.” Said Violet.

“But you got up and pinned me to the ice...”

“...and then you tackled me again by surprise but I still got you.” She finished.

First they talked and after that Veruca called Violet like she promised.

“Thanks for remembering...” said Violet. “Guess who's sitting next to me.”

“Orlando Bloom?” asked Veruca.

“No.” said Violet. “Mike Teavee.”

“Do you want to know my most honest opinion? You and Mike would make a great couple.”

“What makes you think that?”

“The music, the drinks, everything! Flirt with him.”

“Were just friends.” said Violet. “I don't want another heartbreak, Veruca. It hurts.”

“Well maybe he likes you. He's told me in his letters that he likes you.”

“What?” asked Violet. “Your joshing me right?”

“Nope.”

“And since when did he sent you letters?”

“Since we became pen pals. Just give him a chance. You guys could make it.”

Violet sighed. “I'll think about it.” She said. She yawned.

“Sleepy?” Veruca asked.

“Very...” said Violet feeling like she was about to shut her pure blue eyes.

"You should say good bye." Said Veruca.

"Sorry," said Violet. "I'm just so tired. I was urged to get up around four in the morning."

"Well call me when you get to Australia." Said Veruca. The call ended and Violet immediately took a nap dropping her phone in front of Mike. He picked it up. It looked like his cell. They had the same company, the same wallpaper and the same Gorillaz ringtone!

"Nice..." said Mike. He placed it on Sleeping Violet's lap.

Hours passed and Violet woke up from the sound of thunder. She turned to Mike.

"How long have I been asleep?" she asked him.

"Six hours precisely." Said Mike.

The PA system turned on and the pilot spoke up. "Attention passengers, were going through a thunderstorm so please stay in your seats unless of corse if it's an emergency. Drinks won't be served for a while. Feel free to use DVD players and iPods and parents please calm down your small children. Loud screeches distract me. Thank you for your full attention."

Violet looked out the window and saw a flash of lightning hit the ocean. It didn't hit the plane but it was next to the plane. Some kids started crying. She thought that she was about to barf. To calm down, she pulled out her moms DVD player and browsed the CD case for a movie. *So many movies, so hard to pick which one to watch*, she thought. She finally decided to watch *Harry Potter and the Goblet of Fire*. She put on her iPod headphones and played the movie. Mike peeked through. When Violet noticed that he was watching she took off the headphones.

“You wanna watch?” she asked.

“Sure.”

3 - Red Eye

The long movie had ended and still the storm lingered and went on with it's actions. Violet wondered if the plane would crash. She pulled out a book she was currently reading and read where she left off.

He novel was long with over five hundred pages. She was on page three hundred seventy seven. When Mike noticed that she was reading his mouth dropped. He reached out into his bag and pulled out the same book!

"If I had a dollar for everything we have in common, I'd be a millionaire." He said. Violet stopped reading and looked up.

"Think you can be richer than Veruca?" she asked.

"Sure." Said Mike. "So you like horror novels?"

"How do you know?"

"I'm reading the same book." Said Mike as he looked at the hardcover book; *Saw: Jigsaw's Revenge*.

"Did you see the movies?"

"Oh yeah," said Mike shacking a little.

"You freaked out didn't you?"

"No." said Mike. "C'mon, I'm a man and men are stronger than girls."

"Prove it." Said Violet. "Let's watch *Red Eye* and whoever shuts their eyes, or quivers in fear first will have to give the winner all their money."

"It's so a deal, and once I get your money I'll be at the video arcade." Said Mike smirking.

The movie began. It was about a girl on a plane sitting next to a guy and the guy has killed her dad. Mike expected Violet to shake but she didn't. Mike looked at her giving her the, 'Girls can't win' look. His eyes weren't red but it Violet a little worried but she didn't want to lose, so she kept quiet

"Ah ha." Said Violet. "You cracked!" She pulled out her hand. "Hand over the loot." Mike pulled out of his pocket six dollars and eighty cents.

"No fair." Said Mike. "How much money did you have?"

"About fifteen bucks." Said Violet. She pulled out a pack of gum and started chewing on a piece.

"What happened to your record breaking peace?" Mike asked.

"My ex was telling me a joke while I was chewing on it. I laughed so loud that I started chocking on it and on accident, I swallowed it."

“What was the joke?”

“There was a little boy who was curious about God so he asked his mother straight up, ‘Mom, is God a man or a woman?’ She looks at him and says, ‘He’s both.’ ‘Mom? Is he black or white?’ ‘He’s both.’ This confused the boy so he said, ‘Mom, is God gay or straight?’”

Mike snickered. “My god.”

“His mom said he was both and then she asked him, ‘Mom is God Michael Jackson?’”

The two teens cracked up wildly. The lady in the row in front of them turned around.

“Excuse me,” she said. “Please keep it down.”

“Sorry.” Said Mike still laughing.

He put on his iPod. Violet mistaken it for hers.

“Hey that’s mine.” She said.

“No it aint.” Said Mike. Violet looked in her bag and saw hers right there.

“Ok,” she said. “We like the same music, have the same cells, and you have the same iPod.”

"I didn't know." Said Mike. "And I wouldn't copy you anyway."

"Whatever." Said Violet listening to her own iPod.

The plane landed in Sydney. The polite spoke again.

"We have now landed in Sydney and those who are visiting welcome and those returning, welcome home. Please wait for the area to clear and thank you for flying *Eagle*."

Violet walked down the hall next to Mike after squeezing through the cramped plane.

"Well it was nice sitting with you. Wouldn't it be weird if we saw each other again?"

"Oh yeah!" said Mike. "I'd be really surprised. Maybe we could do something."

"Yeah." Said Violet. First she got a snack because she was starved to death. She bought some Cheese Pants and ate them all. Then she walked off to the baggage claim to get her suitcase. She pulled it out of the machine and placed it down on the ground when she heard the sound of an old lady.

"Violet!"

4 - Flashbacks

“Grandma!” said Violet who turned around and hugged the old lady gently.

“Look at you!” the old lady said with delight. “You’ve gotten so gorgeous! It’s great to see you here! When I heard about the storm I got so worried! So let’s go home and have dinner with the neighbors!”

“I sorda had something.” said Violet. Her stomach then yelled at her.

“But you’re still hungry. But who can blame you? You spent one whole day on a plane. One bag of Cheese Pants won’t do!”

Violet felt a little bit embarrassed at that time because she just had a bag of those -have to have- cheese pants. They exited the airport and entered the red PT Cruiser and drove off.

“Violet dear, please put up the sunroof. It’s so beautiful and the sun is out.”

Violet reached up and pressed a black button with an opening window on it.

“So tell me how you got your own life back.”

“It’s a long story.” Said Violet. “I got the mail and ran inside before the others got to throw food at me then I saw a fancy letter from Mr. Wonka and he wanted to give me something. I went there and he made me chew on a special piece of gum and nothing happened. The next day when I woke up to head home, I saw blonde hair and knew that something was different. I even screamed when I looked in the

mirror. I was never so happy.”

“I'm proud.” Said Grandma. “I just hope that no one took it hard on you.”

“Oh no they didn't.” said Violet. She knew that lying to someone, especially a family member is a sin, but she didn't want to talk about those awful flashbacks. Then one of them came to her.

Violet was twelve when the European Circus came into Atlanta. She didn't want to see it because of how people would judge her, but her mother went out somewhere not telling her. Violet spent the whole day looking for her but couldn't find her anywhere. Even when she sucked up her gut to ask one of her mothers friends they would say, “I don't know” in a “I saw her but I'm not telling you where she is because your too freaky' look. Violet walked down the street and resumed her search. Then she heard someone.

“There you are!” yelled a man. He was wearing a black tuxedo with a top hat and a long silk cape. “How would you like a job?”

“I'm only twelve!” exclaimed Violet. She immediately knew that he was in the circus.

“I'll pay you twenty dollars an hour for one simple job.” He passed her a business card.

The Great DeVinchi

European Circus Freak Show

Phone: 1-407-8726

Fax: 3-908-5612

“It's a great show so don't miss it!”

Violet could feel herself crying again. It's been so hard living her life. No one would stop hurting her. She was alone.

"That's it!" Violet thought. "I had enough!" She was about to throw the card over her shoulder but then she had a better idea. She ripped the card in half and then she ripped it into fourths and let it fall onto the grass.

"Ah so that's the way you want it." Said the man. He snapped his gloved fingers, and two big portly man cornered Violet.

Violet smiled. She knew the most perfect karate! She jumped up to kick the guy at her right but he grabbed her foot and twisted it. Violet shrieked in pain. She managed to pull away but fell into the arms of the second man. She tried yanking herself away but the mans grasp was strong as a black hole.

"Stop!" she yelled. "I don't want to be in your freak show. Let me go or I'll get the police!"

"They won't listen to you." Said the man. "No one will you freak!"

Violet tried her best to escape. Because of her behavior the man holding her squeezed her tightly in a position that he liked to call `Master Lock'. Violet felt dizzy. She passed out.

Hours later, she woke up behind a curtain. There were people behind it gossiping on what they thought was going to happen. She got up and tried to tip toe off the stage but stopped moving. She realized that her hands were tied to two big sticks, like in King Kong. She tried to free herself but she couldn't reach either hand. The lights on the stage were making sweat fall from her face. She kept trying.

"I wouldn't do that if I were you!" It was the circus man from earlier. "Don't keep trying. You'll hurt your arms."

“Why am I here?”

“Because you're a freak!”

“So what? I may be different but I wasn't born like this!”

“But there's a reason why we brought you here. People paid thousands of dollars to see this. Something I'm proud to call, 'Blueberry and the Beast', and everyone here is talking about it. They just can't wait.”

They heard clapping. The man ran out of the stage, crying with joy. Violet heard the roaring of a beast. It must have been a lion, then the curtain opened and she saw a lion. One that hasn't been fed for days. It was chained to the ground but it could still reach her. People started laughing when they saw her.

“This lion hasn't been fed in three days. It's chained to the ground by the strongest chains but it can still reach her; the blueberry freak who was happy to volunteer for us!” a Jester explained to the crowd.

“What?” Violet mumbled. “I did not!”

“Will she live?” asked the Jester. “Nobody knows! Who cares anyway?!” the audience laughed. The show began. The lion started charging toward her. All she could do was scream, so she did. Her scream caught someone's attention.

They Blue Man Group were walking outside the tent when they heard her. Their leader looked in and saw a girl, just like him, tied to two poles and about to get hurt; Maybe about to die! He told his tribe a plan he had in mind and they sprang into action.

Two men attacked the lion like two brave knights and their noble leader ran onto the stage and yelled, "STOP!"

He yelled so loud that even Helen Keller could hear him from Heaven.

"What is wrong with you people?" he was very angry. "Why are you judging people by their skin color? I thought that was settled! Look at you people! Look at yourselves! Imagine if that was you up there, with people laughing and booing at you! How would you feel?" He slowly untied Violet and made sure that she landed safely. He picked her up and held her, seeing her so scared, sad, and alone. "You all have to be ashamed of yourselves!"

He carried Violet over to his house. His gang took care of her. Hours later she woke up when she heard the leader singing: "Sure as a wave, needs to be near the shore. You are the one, I was intended for. Surly God, meant this to be assigned, where my life is forever yours, and you are mine."

She looked in shock, seeing three blue skinned men looking at her. She thought that she was alone, but now she was among friends. She had all her hopes up, not knowing that their relationship was about to break her heart. It did when the leader dumped her. It was back to her lonely life again.

"Violet! Are you alright dear?" The flashback ended. Violet gasped.

"I'm fine." Said Violet trying not to cry.

"Well I'm glad. And were finally home." Violet saw a beautiful white house in front of her. She was amazed the most by the inside.

"Your house is beautiful." Said Violet.

"Oh, thank you." Said Grandma. "Just settle in and make yourself comfy. We'll be having dinner my

next door neighbors in ten minutes.” Violet nodded her head. She carried her suitcase and settled into a nice room with a TV, a queen sized bed, and a bathroom with a separate bath and shower. She went back downstairs and went into the kitchen.

“I wonder...” she mumbled. She saw a knife for cutting steaks. Slowly and very carefully, she took the knife and poked her finger. Blue blood slowly came out. “I knew it.” She said. She gave it a lick. It was sour blood. She pressed a napkin against her finger and went into the bathroom to get a band aid. She put it on quickly.

“Violet Dear! Are you ready?” Violet dashed out of the bathroom.

“Yes, Grandma.” Said Violet. “So who are your neighbors?”

“Oh the Teavee family.”

5 - Dinner with the Teavee's

The Teavee's doorbell rang as Violet heard a dog barking. She panicked.

"What's wrong?"

"They have a dog." Said Violet. "I'm allergic to dogs."

"It's OK Hon. It won't kill you." The white door opened and standing there was a pregnant Mrs. Teavee.

"Rose!" she said. "This must be your Granddaughter."

"This is Violet." Said Rose.

"Wow, I recognize her from somewhere. She's so grown up. Come in."

"Excuse me Tammy." Said Rose. "Violet is allergic to dogs."

"O let me handle that." Said Tammy. Violet took a look at the dog. It was very odd looking, like it came from the moon, or maybe Mars. Its ears looked like the pigtails of a little girl. He also had an under bite and a curly tail. His fur was brown but his two front paws and its belly were wight. "Come on Taz." The

dog was lead to his cage in the laundry room.

“Hey Tammy!” Mr. Teavee called. “Something's going—” he was interrupted when he saw Violet, the girl his son liked walk through the door. “Wow, do I know you?”

“Yeah you do.” Said Violet. “At the Chocolate Factory.”

“Now I remember you! You're the girl who claimed that she was going to win but wasn't even close.”

“Well winning doesn't matter anymore.” Said Violet. “Where's Mike?”

“In the basement doing what he usually does.” Violet heard guitar music.

“Thanks.” She said walking down the stairs. Their basement was huge! It had framed movie posters and a wall of blinking lights meant to be stars. There was a huge TV set, three electric guitars and four game systems. Then she saw Mike, playing a black electric guitar with a Pirate Skull biting a dagger. He was singing and playing to himself Aerosmith's *I Don't Want to Miss a Thing*.

She sat down next to him. He stopped playing and looked up.

“Ok,” he said. “Tell me the honest truth. Are you stalking me?”

“No.” said Violet. “This is so weird! We keep seeing each other wherever we go.”

“Yeah it's pretty weird.” Said Mike.

"Don't you ever do any sports?" Violet asked seeing all sport free items.

"Bowling." Said Mike.

"I love bowling." Said Violet.

"No way." Said Mike. "Do you wanna go to the Gorillaz theme park and go play a round?"

"That be awesome." Said Violet. "Just don't go crying like a baby once I kick your butt."

"Excuse me?" said Mike. "I'm going to win."

"Wanna bet?"

"Not that again!" said Mike.

"Ok not money." Said Violet. "If I win, you'll eat a bar of chocolate."

"And if I win, you will have to eat my dad's spinach."

"Deal."

Violet noticed a huge stereo. She turned it on and the music blew like a hurricane. It was rock music. She started break dancing. Mike starred at her. She danced better than he did. He was really shocked.

Mr. Teavee came down to tell Mike to turn down the music, he stopped and watched. Violet could flip, do the worm and spin on her head! They guessed that she was a big ball of talent.

“Shouldn't you two be jumping on the trampoline?”

“You have a trampoline?” asked Violet excitedly. “Why didn't you say so?” she dashed outside, pulled off her sneakers and started jumping, high as a kangaroo. Mike joined her a few minutes later. She taught him some tricks and flips. She tried to teach him one move that got a little out of hand. Violet fell to the ground and Mike fell on top of her. The moment was awkward. They had to say something or at least get up.

“You got your ear pierced?” asked Violet right when she noticed a little stone in Mike's right ear.

“Oh yeah.” Said Mike getting up.

“It looks cool.”

“Thanks.” Said Mike getting off the ground.

Violet stood up and did a flip in the air just for fun.

“Showoff.” Said Mike.

“Excuse me?”

“I can tackle you to the ground.”

"Show me." Said Violet. Mike leapt into the air and a small cub fight began. Violet wrestled Mike to the ground.

"You still got it." Said Mike. "Let me up." Violet did. Mike tackled Violet by surprise and he won this time. He had her pinned to the ground.

"I win!" he said.

Violet wanted a defense. He was stronger than her.

"Well I let you beat me." Said Violet. Mike raised an eyebrow.

"Ok!" Violet confessed. "You beat me! Now get off me before I pass out again!"

"Wait! You passed out?"

"Once." Said Violet. "Ok let's drop the topic."

"MIKE! VIOLET! DINNER!" Mrs. Teavee called.

"What's for dinner?" asked Violet.

"Lobster, shrimp, and scallops."

"I never had seafood before." Said Violet.

"You'll like it." Said Mike.

They sat down with Mr. Teavee sitting on the end with everyone else on the sides and the feast began.

"So Violet," said Mrs. Teavee. "Where you treated differently after the tour?"

"Oh yeah," said Violet. "People were surprised. I was forced to quite a lot of clubs and my mom said no more sports, but I can't help it."

"What sports do you play?" asked Mr. Teavee.

"Everything." Said Violet. "From baseball to motor cross."

"Isn't that a guys sport?"

"No." said Violet. "The coach said yes."

The dinner conversation went on. Violet loved the scallops and the shrimp. Mrs. Teavee gave her the recipe. They still had some time. Mike and Violet went outside with Dr. Salt and they just talked.

Then Violet had to walk back home. All night Mike watched her out his window. The night went by and Mike dreamed about her.

Violet was running with a heavy heart pounding. She was being chased by a monster. It was a vampire

like beast. She cut through trees and wondered if they would go away. She tripped over a dirty tree stump and really hurt herself. She couldn't move. She was surrounded. She screamed bloody murder, praying that someone would hear her. She was lucky because a sixteen year old boy jumped in front of her and fought off the beast. He used his strength to fight it off and he won. Then it started to storm.

"Mike..." Violet mumbled. "I lo—"

She was caught off by a flash of lightning.

Mike woke up and looked at the thunderstorm with anger.

"Why do you always have to ruin my fantasy!" he yelled angrily. He wisied that his dream was real.

6 - Getting Started

Violet woke up in the morning. She tried to get up but there was a cat sleeping on her lap. It was a white furry one that looked like it belonged to a king. She slowly picked it up praying that it wouldn't wake up. Then she crawled out of bed to start her first day of vacation.

She had a regular bowl of cereal and a chocolate chip muffin for breakfast. Then her grandmother told her to take a shower and get dressed because she thought that Violet was dirty from hanging outside all night. Violet turned the hot water and put in strawberry scented bubbles. She was in heaven once she stepped into the bathtub. The water was so warm and refreshing! Afterward she put on her bath robe which looked like a karate robe since it was white with a black belt. She walked into her room to put on some clothes and sitting on her bed was that same cat, but it was awake. It starred at her with owl eyes. She ignored the cat, and reached to get her book off the bed. The cat jumped up and scratched her on purpose, meowing at her as an adult yelling at a child.

“God you stinking cat! Get out of my room!” Violet yelled angrily shooing it away. Her grandma ran into the room.

“What happened dear?”

“You cat scratched me and look! I'm bleeding to death!” Violet yelled with tears in her eyes.

“I'm sure Mr. Tinkerbelle meant no harm.”

“Yeah. Right.” Said Violet.

"This looks bad." Said Grandma. She could see the layers in her granddaughters. It looked like she was getting murdered. She freaked out even more when she recognized Violet's blood as blue blood. "I don't know what to tell you. Looks like you'll have to go to the emergency room."

"Oh no!" a terrified Violet yelled. "Anything but that!" Her cries woke up Mike. He looked out his window and saw Violet crying through her window. He couldn't see what was happening to her. He quickly pulled on a shirt with a skull biting a rose and picked up his jeans from the floor.

"Get dressed Violet!" he heard the old lady shouting.

"What is going on?" Mike murmured to himself. He walked outside right as the two girls were about to leave. "What's wrong?"

"It seems like your little friend will be in the hospital for a few hours." Said Grandma.

Violet's horror-filled eyes grew wider.

"Stop grandma! You're scaring me! I don't want to go!"

"I'm sorry dear but you have to."

"Violet," Mike said. "Listen to me. Everything's going to be alright. In Australia they put their patients to sleep on everything bad, even stitches, so you won't feel a thing at all. Trust me. I got stitches here too and I was sleeping and I didn't even wake up in pain. Understand?" Violet nodded her head. Mike wiped away the tears in her eyes. "Good. Now go there and afterward, you'll get a nice treat."

Mike was right. The doctor put Violet to sleep and did the work from there. There was no arguing. In her sleep, Violet thought about what Mike said earlier. And then her thought closed into a nightmare as her early childhood memories flashed in her brain like a movie. The moments were like pain as they sank in like a ship. They were so unforgivable and unforgettable.

She woke up a few minutes after the doctor finished his work. She felt a warm and gentle pair of hands run its fingers through her long blonde hair that she let grow over the years. She tilted her head and saw Mike.

“Are you ok?” he asked her.

“Ok, question for you.” Said Violet slowly. “Are you stalking me?”

“No.” said Mike. “I just wanted to know if you were ok.”

“Why?”

“Isn't that what friends do?”

Violet thought about the nice things Mike said to her in the past few days.

“Yeah.” She finally answered. Since then, their relationship became stronger. Mike bought her lunch that day and they ate together in the hospital room. He helped Violet out when she had trouble walking and even when she felt sick. He even helped her grandmother out by carrying Violet into the house! Violet didn't notice though since she was so tired.

She wrote in her diary that night about what happened with as much strength as possible.

Dear Diary,

The morning started out normal but the whole day was way different. Grandmas stupid cat, "Mr. Tinkerbell" scratched me and sent me to ER! That bloody ball of fur is going to pay because I got over fifty stitches! He's going to get it bad! But now I feel different. In fact, I'm really scared because I feel so weird. I haven't felt this way before! Am I ill, or am I in love with the boy next door?

We knew each other since we were ten and I think he likes me because he's always there. He even asked me if I would like to go bowling with him on Saturday! I said yes because were in a big bet and if I lose, I'm in huge trouble!

But what if this ends up as another rip-off like that other guy who said he loved my mom!? I can't stand another heartbreak never again, and my hand is getting weak from writing so I guess I'm done writing for tonight!

That night, she had a dream about him. It was similar to the one he had about her with a rescue scene.

"Please leave me alone!" Violet shouted at a fierce guard. He was huge with a spiny armor and a large sword. The rain poured down like tears from Heaven.

"You'll never escape me. My dear friend Paris is in love and has chosen a bride. Guess who he chose? You! Come with me or I'll have to bring you to him myself while your in chains!"

But by the time he was done, Violet was running deep into the forest. Frightened. Hungry. Confused. And all alone. The guard came after her. She stopped at a dead end getting ready to fight when she was grabbed. He was too strong for her. He pulled out a string of strong chains that he locked onto Violets wrists. Then they heard someone fall to the ground. It was some rocker kid with spicky hair and a pierced ear.

“I have a better idea.” Said the guard. He pushed Violet gainst a tree, chained her to it, and then he blindfolded her. Afterward he went over to the stranger. She could hear what was hapanning. She could only hear violent screams and a scream from the bad guy.

“Now promise me that you wont look once I take off this blindfold.” Said the stranger.

“Yeah.” Said Violet. The blindfold was set off and she was freed. “Hey wait! Whats your name?”

The dream ended. Violet woke up, looked out her window, and saw Mike, sleeping like a baby.

7 - World War III Sparks

A few days went by. Violet was feeling a lot better. Mr. Tinkerbelle was kicked off her bed and locked in his cage since he got violent with her. Everyday she heard the sound of a loud rock band. She went to check it out. She opened doors until she ended up in the Teavee's garage. She saw Mike singing and playing guitar. Two other boys were with him, rocking out like the Gorillaz. She thought about yelling but they would probably not hear her. So she just walked in.

"Whoa dudes!" Mike yelled. "Stop! Hey Violet? What's up?"

"Can you please turn down the volume? Even my grandma can hear you."

"Oh gosh." Said one of the guys.

"Mike has a girlfriend!" said the other dude.

"Ok shows over!" said Mike urging his band to go home. "Come back next week!"

"Did I embarrass you?" asked Violet.

"Oh nah!" said Mike. "I just feel embarrassed when I'm around my guys and a girl, because you know

Sean and Jake can be big pains sometimes. It's not your fault.”

He was feeling really nervous. He had never seen a woman so beautiful ever in his life. Then this one girl came in.

“Mickey!” she called.

“Ugh.” Said Mike.

“What?”

“It's Emily Evans.”

The girl with green eyes and dark curly stepped in. She was wearing a white tank top with a black shirt with a skull on it. When she saw Violet her mouth dropped.

“Who the heck is she?” she yelled pointing her middle finger at Violet.

“Oh Emily, this is Violet. Violet's from Atlanta.”

“Joy.” Said Emily carelessly with no interest. “Question. Why are you flirting with her? You promised me those tickets to that concer.”

“I never said that!” said Mike frustrated. “Jake said that. Look I don't even have tickets. There all sold out!”

“Well there's a big radio contest on 102.8 and there handing out 2 tickets to the tenth caller. Front row.”

“Whoa.” Said Violet. “What concert?”

“The Gorillaz concert duh!” Emily snapped.

“Emily!” Mike yelled. “Be nice. She just didn't know. One second.” Mike walked into his house. Emily looked at Violet with envious eyes.

“You stay away from him.” She said.

“Excuse me?” said Violet.

“I think you heard me blonde.” Said Emily.

“Relax!” said Violet. “Were just friends!”

“Since when?”

“Since both of us found golden tickets.”

Emily smirked. “Whatever you stupid blonde.”

“Say that to my face.” Said Violet.

Emily walked toward Violet and pushed her against the wall refusing to get out of the way.

“Mike is mine. Understand? Were together now and that's how it'll be. So back off! He's mine dumb blonde.”

“Well not all blondes are stupid!” Violet yelled. “I'm one of the smartest girls in my class!”

“Well guess what miss smarty pants? I have all A's and I'm homecoming queen.”

“That doesn't impress me.” Said Violet. “My mother was Miss Universe in 1998.”

“Yeah right.”

“Scarlet Beauregarde.”

“Oh that lady. She's your mother? What face wash does she use?”

“Secret recipe.” Said Violet. “I can't tell you anything else.” She heard a car honk. “Well, I need to go!” Violet slammed the door shut behind her.

It was a beautiful day at the beach. The ocean sparkled like a diamond and there were seagulls everywhere. She sat under an umbrella eating a hot dog, bored to death. Thanks to Mr. Tinkerbelle, she can't swim either because the sleeping powder the doctor would use will get active and she'd probably die.

“Hey.” Called a voice. She turned to see a shirtless Mike wearing bottoms with a guitar on them. “How are you doing?”

“I’m bored.”

“Then go swimming.”

“I’m not allowed.”

“Oh right. That stinks. Want me to bring my dog into your house so he could teach your cat a lesson?”

“My grandma would kill me!” said Violet. She stood up and walked onto one of the boat docks. Mike followed her.

“Are you ok?” he asked.

“I’m just a little bit homesick.” Said Violet.

“Don’t worry.” Said Mike. “Just stop thinking about home and think about what you’ll be doing while you’re here. Anything I can do?”

Violet pulled a five out of her shorts.

“Can you go buy me a hamburger?”

“Sure thing.” Mike took the money. And now here came trouble. It was Emily Evans.

“Well, well, well?” she said in a snobby voice. “So you're flirting with my boyfriend.”

“No I'm not.” Said Violet. “Like I told you, Mike and I are only friends. If he likes you then fine! I'll step away but if he doesn't like you than you better stay away from him before you get him too pissed off.”

“Your making *me* pissed off Violet Beauregarde!” Emily screamed for the whole beach to hear. She walked toward Violet and made her back off close to the water. She smiled. She had a plan. Emily pushed Violet into the water. Mike then purposely pushed Emily into the water for revenge and jumped in to make sure Violet was ok. Fortunately she was lucky this time. She didn't need CPR because her wrist didn't get wet. And now with Mike's gentleness toward her, she was then in love. Dangerously in love. But there was one problem; Emily liked Mike too. This meant one thing; war!

That night, Violet tuned into the radio station. The host said, “Call the number once you hear the monkey!”

She listened closely. The radio was featuring songs by the Gorillaz. Violet paid very close attention. If Emily got those tickets, she would be doomed.

The sound of a monkey blasted through. Violet grabbed the phone and called the number.

“I'm sorry. You're the fifth caller!” She dialed again.

“I'm sorry, you're the ninth caller!”

“God!” Violet yelled.

"We have a winner. Caller number ten, what's your name?"

"Emily Evans!"

Violet gasped. It was over. She had lost.

"Ms. Evans, if you answer this question correctly you will win two tickets to the Gorillaz concert, a box of Gorillaz stuff, tickets to the theme park and two gift certificates to Russel's BBQ!"

"What's the question?" Emily yelled getting over excited.

"Define the following word! *Senescence*! You have ten seconds!"

"Ha!" Said Violet. "She'll never know that!"

"Oh what is it?" Emily moaned. Ok... um is it birth?"

"I'm sorry but that is wrong, so now we'll be going to caller number 11. What's your name lucky caller?"

"Mike Teavee." Said Mike.

"Congrats Mike. If you define the following word, you'll win Gorillaz stuff including autographed posters, gift certificates to Russel's BBQ, tickets to the theme park, and tickets to their concert! What is senescence?"

“Oh that's easy.” Said Mike. Senescence is the state of becoming old or the process of becoming old.”

“Congratulations!” the radio screamed. “You have won a multi-pack of prizes!”

“Wow good for Mike.” Said Violet. “At lease Emily didn't win them. Birth!” she laughed so hard that she fell onto her bed. “For a strait A student, Emily sure is stupid!”

Violet spent the whole night laughing when the phone rang.

“Hey Mike!... you wanna go bowling tomorrow?... sounds awesome!... Yeah I have nothing planned for tomorrow so we'll have a great time... I cant wait to see you eat that chocolate!... What do you mean your gonna win?!?... We'll just have to wait and see... Ok... I'll see you tomorrow.”

8 - Mikes First Candy

“Bye grandma!” Violet dashed out the door. Mike was waiting for her. They walked to the bowling alley because it was only a few blocks away. Mike was a member of the club, so he and Violet bowled two rounds for free!

Violet tightly tied her bowling shoes while Mike looked for a ball. He had his own ball of a skull in blue flames. He gave Violet a silver ball. They did rock-paper-scissors to see who went first. Violet won. She dropped the ball and got a strike. Mike shook his head.

“No. Watch this.” He squinted down like a frog standing up and threw the ball. Violet shook her head but was shocked to see the Mike got a strike.

While it was Violets turn, Mike bought some flaming hot fries wondering if Violet would scream for water.

“Fry?”

“Sure.” Violet took one and ate it fast. Mike was waiting for her to scream but she just stood there. “That's good... Can I have another?”

“I don't understand!” said Mike. “You were supposed to heat up!”

“That doesn't affect me.” Said Violet. “Spices don't burn my tongue. It's too strong.”

They kept on bowling. Strike after strike. That's all that ever happened. They were tied every single time.

"When are you gonna give in?"

"Not until you give in first." Said Violet.

"Never." Said Mike. "I just want to see you eat spinach for dinner!"

"Well I'd like to see the look on your face when you eat a whole Wonka Bar!"

"Whole?" Mike asked in horror. Extreme horror. It was his turn to bowl then. He was so freaked out that he twisted his wrist and got a gutter ball. He lost.

Violet smiled a big wide smile. She was really excited now.

"Please don't make me do this!" Mike begged.

Violet walked to the vending machine and pushed in a one. Then she pushed to buttons and out came one of Wonka's Whipple Scrumpus Fudgemellow Delight bars and she opened it up.

"Relax..." she said. "Have you ever even tasted chocolate?"

"No."

“Didn't you hear that you don't like something until you try it?” she asked.

“Yes.” Said Mike. Violet raised an eyebrow.

“Just try it.” Said Violet. “It won't kill you.” She handed him the bar. “The faster you eat it the less time you will be eating Wonka candy in horror.”

She was right. He at least had to try it. He chewed a small nipple and smiled.

“You like it.” Violet mumbled.

“Yeah your right.” Said Mike. “It's not the best thing I've tasted but its great.”

They walked out of the bowling alley when a sign caught Violet's eye.

“What is it?” said Mike.

“Mike, I always wanted to enter this!” said Violet.

“The World Wide Dance Competition is coming to Sydney!

So do you wanna be on TV? Now's your chance! Teens ages thirteen to eighteen can do a dance (hip hop, break dancing, river stomp etc!) and be declared junior dance champions! To enter, sign one of the slips below. And remember; Couples only!”

“Oh gosh.” Said Violet. “Couples only.”

“Hey wait a minute! You like break dancing right?”

“Yes.”

“I thought you were amazing that day at my house. You even danced better than I ever had. Let's pretend to be a couple, sign our names and show the world what we've got. No one will know.”

“You know... that actually might work... Let's do it!”

They signed their names and folded the slip into a little box.

They continued walking home.

“Oh and by the way...” said Violet. “Congrats on winning the radio contest.”

“How do you know?”

“I listened to the radio last night. I myself tried to get those tickets. Emily was so dumb! She made me laugh.”

“Yeah I rolled on the floor when she said, `Uh... birth?’”

“Well hardly anyone knows what the word means.”

“And speaking of tickets I have no one to go with...” he stammered to say what he wanted to say. “I was wondering if you would... Uh... Like to go to the theme park, hit dinner and then catch the concert.”

“Mike... I don't know what to say! I always wanted to do all of that but I never had the chance to! I would love to go!”

“Wow! That's great.” Mike wasn't very anxious. “So at lunch wanna practice in my basement?”

“Sure.” Said Violet. “That would be great.”

Dear Diary,

I spent the whole day with Mike today and we had so much fun! We went bowling and played several rounds until he hit a gutter and he had to eat chocolate. He claims that he hates it but then he took a bite and smiled at me. Now I seriously am in love with him. But what if Veruca was teasing and he didn't like me after all. I cant take another heart break... I just can't!

But I have a feeling that he likes me too because he asked me if I wanted to go out with him tomorrow to the Gorillaz theme park! I always wanted to go there and now I finally can! Yea! And I'll be seeing him in the morning to practice our dance routine for a world famous dance contest we entered. I feel great about myself. Is this love?

But there only one thing in my way. A girl called Emily Evans that says that she with Mike but I heard him yell at her for being rude to me. Then that day at the beach after I talked to Mike, Emily got so mad that she pushed me into the ocean! But Mike pushed her in and jumped in to see if I was ok. And thank the lord I was. I was lucky at that time. Man! That was a close call!

9 - Gorillaz!

Mike had a breakfast cereal right when he woke up. His hair was like Ronald McDonalds in the morning. He got dressed freshened up and of corse, brushed his hair, then the phone rang.

“Teavee residents. Mike speaking.”

“Hey Mike! Where were you yesterday?”

Mike rolled his eyes at the voice of the devilish Emily.

“I was out with Violet.” He said trying to get her mad.

“Huh? Did you just say that you spent the whole day with a blonde?”

“Not all blondes are dumb.” Said Mike smirking. “And why do you care?”

“Sean and Jake said that you liked me.”

“Well those two love joking around and that was one of their most unforgivable jokes ever.”

"Look I just called about the concert tickets you won." Mike started laughing. "What's so funny?"

"That night of the contest." Said Mike. "You thought that senescence was birth!?!"

"Not everyone knows what it means!"

"Yeah but Violet knows what it means and you know how blonde she is."

"So let me guess. You asked her to the concert."

"Were just pals." Said Mike. "And she's hanging out with me anyway. Nothing you can do about it."

"Oh you'll see." Emily mumbled. She slammed the phone as the door rang. Mike opened it to see Violet.

"Hey Violet." Said Mrs. Teavee. "What are you doing here?"

"We entered a dance competition and were going to practice downstairs for a few minutes."

"A few minutes?" asked Violet. "Oh no. We gonna dance until our feet bleed."

"Ok have fun." Said Mrs. Teavee.

For two hours the team were showing what they could do, a selection of songs to choose from and what they were going to wear. They made up moves to the song and added fancy moves that only a flexible person could do. They were working their hearts out! Violet was so hot, she pulled off her zip jacket showing off a black camisole. Mike tried not to whistle but he thought that she looked really hot.

“Just one more run.” Said Violet. “You have the moves memorized?”

“Yep. Let's start.”

They went over the dance and when the song came to an end they got into a gangster like pose.

“Don't forget about tonight!” Mike reminded her. “Five o'clock!”

Violet was so excited that she was stressing over what to wear. What would impress Mike?

“*Cool shoes.*” Said the flashback. That was it! So perfect. She took a shower and blow dried her hair. With it down, she looked like a model. After getting dressed she rushed to the door and waited. When Mike stepped up the porch, Violet gave her grandma a holler and dashed out the door. Mike had his car parked in front.

“We need to drive.” He explained. “Because the theme park is all the way across town.”

Violet was impressed. His car was shiny, clean and it had a DVD player! Mike also had a selection of CD's. He pulled out the Gorillaz CD and played it.

“So I hear there's a new roller coaster that has sudden drops and goes upside down.”

“Sweet.” Said Violet. “I love those kinds of roller coasters.”

“Really? I thought that you like most girls would chicken out. Ok we ride before we have dinner so we don't puke.”

Violet giggled. “Veruca and I did the lamest thing ever at an amusement park. We ate pizza, burgers, popcorn, cotton candy, and ice cream then went on the tilt-a-whirl. We threw up and it fell on the ride manager!”

Mike laughed. “I did that too with my pals here except we went on the Demon Days Coaster.”

“Any other outrageous things you did?”

“Well I jumped into the lake when Emily tried to kiss me, I went swimming back at Denver in the winter, and the time I jumped off a cliff.”

“I jumped off a cliff too.” Said Violet. “And I'm so not doing it again!”

“You got that right!” said Mike pulling into the parking lot. “Let's go.”

And for hours, the two friends went on roller coasters, saw short shows, took pictures and bought accessories at small gift shops. Then they looked at the map and found Russel's BBQ. A small waiter escorted them to a booth. Violet smelled the air. Ah, what a smell. It was the aroma of roast beef.

“What are you having?” Violet asked.

“I don't know. There are so many things here. They even have a drink menu!”

“I don't know what to get as well. They have pizza, burgers, and so much more. They even have seafood.”

“Welcome with Russel's BBQ.” The short pail waitress said taking them by surprise. “What would you like to drink?” she sounded moany.

“I'll have a volcano.” Said Violet without thinking. A volcano was a chocolate smoothie with cherries blended in.

“How bout you?”

“Dr. Salt.”

It turned out that Mike ordered a lobster and Violet just got a cheeseburger. While they ate, the dead lobsters face starred at Violet.

“Can you please point that thing away from me? It looks like it hitting on me.”

Mike laughed.

“Nice way to put it.” He said. “I hear that the European Circus is coming.”

“Which one? DeVinchi?”

“Yeah.”

“Cant stand them! They forced me to work for them. I'll explain later.” Said Violet taking another bite of her burger.

“Well we better be off leaving. The show starts in half an hour.”

They paid and walked off to the concert hall where there was a crowd around the place. Most were buying tickets. Mike and Violet just walked in showing the tickets to the lady and finding the auditorium. It was amazing. The seats were tempered seats and the stage was packed with lights, like the one you see one game shows. They sat down.

“I cant believe that I'm actually here.” Said Violet. People were just talking when the intro of the concert began to quiet people down. After the music stopped, a voice came.

“Good afternoon guys and gals. Are you excited to be here?” People cheered. “What's that? I cant hear you!” The audience hollered even more. “Louder!” It sounded like an erupting volcano. “Alright! Welcome to the Gorillaz Demon Days concert of Sydney! Please we may advise you to stay seated during the whole performance. Also no smocking or flash photography. Video taping at anytime is illegal. And please, turn off cellphones, pagers, PDA's and teenage girls. Thank you and enjoy the show!” The curtain opened up and the band played. It was great. There were smoke effects like a magic show. Then during their slow song, the words made Mike think about Violet.

*Maybe in time
You'll want to be mine*

He turned and looked at Violet who had her eyes on 2-D. He was standing right in front of her. As he

sang, he starred at Violet who was the envy of every other girl in the room.

After the show, Mike and Violet sat on the edge of the bridge and talked. They talked about everything and nothing at the same time.

"Violet, you sound upset." Said Mike. "What's going on. Too homesick?"

"No." said Violet. "I don't want to talk about it."

He knew that something was up.

"Ok, remember the circus?" asked Violet. "Well I was forced to join it. They even tied me to two poles and nearly killed me with a hungry lion."

"What? Your kidding!"

"No I'm not." Said Violet. "I almost died. It's like my mother didn't care."

"What about your dad?"

Violet started to cry.

"He's in jail Mike. He never even liked me anyway. I remember the day I was born, I opened my eyes and he wasn't even smiling. I went out for sports to impress him but he still didn't even talk to me, so I tried being a lady, and he scowled at me even more. Then I remember the day I saw the police car in front of my house and my dad in handcuffs!"

“Violet... I didn't know.”

“You are so lucky, to have a dad.”

“No I'm not. He's always making stupid rules that don't make any sense.”

“Well that's because he loves you.” Said Violet. “And he wants you to stay safe. Just know that.”

“I know how you feel.” Said Mike. “In fact, I feel the same.”

“You do?”

“Yeah.” Said Mike. “Come here.” Violet got closer. Mike bent down to give her a little gift called her first kiss. She was about to do the same when she slipped and fell into the lake below. Mike jumped in to help her and ended up doing CPR until she gagged spitting out fresh water. “O my god! Are you ok?” Violet nodded. They went strait home after that. Violet dried off and watched a horror film while Mrs. Teavee was screaming.

“O my god!” Mr. Teavee yelled loud enough to hear. “The babies coming! Tammy, breath! I'll be getting clothes, the camera some batteries...”

“RAY!”

“ALRIGHT! TO THE HOSPITAL!”

10 - First Kiss

Mike helped his mom and his dad pack up. He decided to stay home while his parents were gone and promised to drive in the morning to see his new sister. He was so distracted that he didn't notice that he left the keys inside the house! When his parents drove off Mike had trouble opening the door and it was thundering and lightning.

Violet was watching a movie about zombies, surrounding a house, coming from the sliding glass door. Her grandma was in curlers in a spa mask.

"An old lady needs to get beauty sleep."

"Good night." Said Violet. She continued to watch the film when she heard noise outside her house. Right as the movie had a zombie banging on a sliding window, something was walking outside her house! She grabbed a thick book and approached the door. Then a hand stepped into view. She opened the curtain and hit the `zombie' but only to realize that she hit Mike on accident.

"Mike! Oh God I'm so sorry! It's two a.m. What are you doing?"

"My parents are at the hospital and I'm locked out of my own house. I need a place to stay."

"Come in." said Violet.

"Thanks a ton." Mike was soaked. His hair looked like a regular school boy's. Violet gave Mike a bathroom towel to dry off with. Then the power went out. They couldn't see anything.

"O wonderful." Said Violet. "I can't even find anything."

"I know. Let's just hang in my car. There's light, heat and movies and maybe we could get something to eat."

"That's great! But I can't even see where I'm going."

"Here, let me help you with that..." Mike slowly picked her up and carried her out the door then ran to the car. He shut the door behind him and started the car with his extra pair of keys to make heat on a cold night. He realized that Violet was in a camisole with a bathrobe that wasn't warm enough and PJ shorts. He pulled out a warm blanket and put it around her.

"So where do you wanna go?"

"Fast food at two a.m.? Count me in. Let's hit Hot Dog Queen."

"Alright!" said Mike starting the car and driving off into the drive through. They got their food and drove back to the Teavee's garage. Then they crawled into the back and pulled out the third season of *Whose Line is it Anyway?* They were laughing so hard and having a blast.

"I got to admit, this is fun. It's like a small little home." said Violet.

"Really?"

"Yeah and to tell the truth, this is the best day of my life. I never had so much fun ever."

"I'm glad that you're happy."

"Your eyes are brown." Said Violet. "I didn't notice that."

"Ah yes."

"If your eyes are brown then how could you hate chocolate?"

"I don't now. I was being a bad judge."

"Question." Said Violet. "Did you kiss me after you pulled me in the lake hours ago?"

"No that was CPR."

"Well thanks for saving my life." But what she thought was, "Aw man!"

But pulled her towards him and looked deeply into her eyes. "But this is a kiss..." He pulled her hair behind her ears then slowly bent down and kissed Violet passionately on the lips. She kissed him back thinking that she may be dreaming. It just felt so magical and so rewarding. They stopped for a moment then went for it again. Violet wrapped her arms around his neck like she was never gonna let go. She couldn't hear the thunder banging on the ground

After a while, Violet and Mike were sleepy. They cuddled up and fell asleep.

Yeah yeah yeah. Short chapter. I just wanted to post this before Sunday!