

Britney Jacobs

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Chapter 1 - A page of Britney Jacobs	2
Chapter 2 - Paul	5

1 - A page of Britney Jacobs

Britney watched as all the girls walked off in a different direction. Her so called best friend, Brigitte, was one of them. She'd reject her for the popular group any day, and make fun of her. They'd call her emo or Goth or loser. They didn't hurt, but when they chucked scissors at her and said "use these, they're sharp" as in, dig them into her skin and leave scars on her wrist... that hurt. She didn't cut, not even when they kicked the ball at her on purpose in sport and left bruises all over her skin. She didn't care, they could think what they want, and she wasn't trying to impress them. But now she was left with no friends. Brigitte was just a follower, she once followed Britney and pretended she liked all the same music, but she's where she's meant to be now. With Ashley, Anna, Emma, and that whole group. They all "worshipped" the Queen Bee, Daniela. She had long blonde, straight hair that had been straightened way too much. She walked around with her chest stuck out, and thought everybody loved her. Half the grade loved her and the other half hated her, but never to her face. They were scared that she would do something to her. Britney was the only one ever to stand up to Daniela, now she was bullied every day. She stands up with the criticism she gets during art on her work pieces, which were quite talented, and in music she puts up with them chucking picks at her when she's trying to learn music on the piano. In English they chuck pieces of paper at her and in Math's they chuck compasses. The worst would probably be when she was in Geography and the teacher left to collect all the books and when he came back Britney was in tears, the boys had chopped off some of her hair off. That was the reason she had to get a haircut, finally. Her original hair had just been plain and boring. It was dark brown and very long and straight. Now it was shoulder length with a big side fringe going over her face, she had admired people with that hair cut now she admired herself. She felt good about herself. She didn't feel she was fat or a complete loser; she still had her family. Her brother was the only one who stood up for her at school; he was in the popular group in year 11 and knew what it was like to be bullied. He used to be bullied, and then they realized he was a nice person. He kept trying to get that point through to all the year 9s (Britney's year) but they didn't get it.

Britney pulled out her half eaten nutella sandwich that she had snacked on during woodwork due to the fact that their teacher was going on about absolutely nothing. Suddenly, a piece of fruit came down and hit her leg.

"Yuck," she mumbled, as she wiped it off. She stood up and went to the bathrooms to wash her hands. As she walked in, she overheard a conversation between Ashley and Daniela.

"Look, everybody hates me," Daniela said, crying. Britney tried to hold back her laughter.

"Who's there?" Ashley said, looking out of the cubicle door. When she noticed Britney, she laughed.

"Who is it?" Daniela asked.

"It's only the emo..." Ashley said and looked straight into Britney's eyes with her cold grey eyes.

"What do you want?" she asked.

"Nothing, I was just washing my hands," Britney went to the sink and applied soap to her.

"Watch this," she heard Daniela's voice then in the mirror Britney saw Daniela sneaking up on her.

"What are you doing?" she said, quickly turning around. Just as she did Daniela stuck a piece of wet toilet paper in her mouth. Britney spat it out.

"What was that!?" she exclaimed, almost puking.

"Toilet paper that I just dunked in the toilet water.... it hasn't been flushed," she flicked her head around and went back to the cubicle. Britney quickly ran to the cubicle, pushing her out of the way and then vomited in the toilet.

"Oh, so she's bulimic now, too. No wonder she's a stick," Ashley said, laughing. Daniela smirked.

"I think she liked it..." she shut the cubicle door on Britney and held it shut.

"Let me out," Britney said, pushing as hard as she could, but it wouldn't work. She put the toilet lid down and sat on it, putting her head in her hands.

"You know, it's really not funny. You're just being immature," she said, sighing.

"Yeah, we're being immature. But, it's fun. I saw little Brigitte rejected you, finally, for our group. I was wondering when she would," Ashley said, laughing.

"Get a life," she pushed against the door again and this time it knocked both the girls into the wall.

"Ouch," they said, grumbling. Ashley helped Daniela up, and they both quickly looked in the mirror.

"Is my hair okay?" Daniela said, patting it. Ashley nodded.

"What about mine?" she asked, checking her layered brunette hair. Britney picked up her bag and left.

"Hey," her brother said, noticing her walking out in almost tears, "What's up?" he asked.

"They stuck toilet paper in my mouth... from the toilet... that hadn't been flushed," Britney said, feeling tears coming to her eyes. She couldn't cry, she couldn't let them know that they had got to her.

"Who?" he asked.

"Ashley and Daniela," she said, beginning to walk off. She didn't feel like talking about it, especially to her brother.

When her brother saw that she didn't want to speak about it, he continued going to the canteen.

Britney started walking in the direction of the school office again; she was going to say she felt sick, which she did.

"And why do you feel sick?" the receptionist asked.

"I just vomited in the bathrooms..." Britney said.

"Do you have any idea why you might've vomited?" Britney nodded, "Why?" the receptionist asked.

"Uh... I think my bread was moldy that I had for my sandwich," she lied.

"Oh dear, I'll phone your mum. What's your name?"

"Britney Jacobs,"

The receptionist dialed in the number of Britney Jacobs.

"Oh hello, is this Mrs. Jacobs?" she asked, "Hello. We have your daughter here, she's just vomited.

She thinks her bread might've been moldy. Would there be a chance of you coming down to the school to pick her up? Excellent, ten minutes? Good, we'll see you then," she put the phone down, "Your mother will be here in 10 minutes," she continued working; Britney went and sat on one of the couches that was in the office. The principal, Mr. Conley, walked in.

"Why aren't you in class?" he asked her.

"Uh... it's lunch, sir," she replied. He smiled.

"I know, I was just fooling around. Why aren't you outside?" he asked.

"I feel sick," she replied.

"Oh, why? Was it... those girls... again?" he asked. She nodded.

"But I actually do feel sick, they stuffed toilet paper in my mouth that they dunked in the toilet that hadn't been flushed," she said, pulling her knees up to her chest and holding them there with her arms. Mr. Conley shook his head.

"I'll speak to them when I next see them, they're beginning to get out of hand," he said. Britney nodded. She had been telling the principal over the last few months everything that happened. He had taken her to the school counselor and taken all the girls through a bullying system, but none of it seemed to work. They had got afternoon detentions, and even community service, but that didn't prove anything.

"Honey, come on," Britney heard her mum's voice from behind her.

"Hi mum," she said, standing up and leaving to her car.

"What did they do this time?" her mum asked immediately, "You can't keep leaving school saying

you're sick. I know you only do it when something serious happens, but still. You have to learn to deal with it," she explained. Britney nodded.

"I walked into the bathrooms because someone chucked a piece of fruit at me, so I walked in to wash my hands after cleaning it off my legs, then they started talking to me and as I washed my hands Daniela snuck up behind me, but I could see her through the mirror so I turned around and she stuck a piece of wet toilet paper in my mouth,"

"Why was it wet?" her mum asked.

"She had stuck it in the unflushed toilet, so then I asked what it was and she told me, then I actually did vomit, and when I vomited they called me Bulimic, then I left. I ran into Phillip and he was nice to me," she twiddled with her shoelaces.

"Those girls are never going to get it, are they? You should brush your teeth when you get home," her mother said. She nodded.

"As if I wasn't going to," she said. Her mum indicated left at the next street and they started driving down the long road, which led to their street.

"Maybe we could have that discussion now..." Britney said, hoping her mum would consider her moving schools.

"I... well; your father and I spoke about it this morning. We both think you should change schools, so we're sending you to a boarding school..." her mum said. Britney looked at her.

"A Boarding school? So I won't see you all term until the holidays? I... I suppose that would be alright. I will miss you and dad... and Phillip. And Ellie," she said. Anna was her little sister; she was 2 years younger, so she had just started high school this year.

"I know, but we think it's for the best. Hopefully there are some nice people there,"

"Where?" Britney asked.

"Oxford Falls Boarding School," her mum said, "We enrolled you there this morning. That's why your father missed work and you had to walk to school," the car stopped in their driveway and her mum stood out of the car, leaving Britney speechless in the car.

2 - Paul

Britney finally left the car 5 minutes later and went straight down her room. She didn't have much in her room, only a small part of her wall for her posters, a bed, a table she put things on and a desk with a computer. She went straight to her computer and turned it on.

Her computer was pretty old; it used to be the main computer. She waited 5 minutes for everything to load, then logged onto MSN.

Her only other friend, was someone she hadn't seen for years, since year six to be exact. They had left for different high schools and Britney was left going to a high school with all the girls who teased her. She checked who was online, Becky was, the girl she hadn't seen since year six. She clicked on her name.

Brit.x says:

Hey. My mum's finally moving me to a new school... except it's a boarding school. I'm going to be stuck there for ages without my parents or brother or sister...

Becky<3 say:

Serious? Omg no... I still cant believe we haven't seen each other 4 ages. Wen u come back, u have to phone me & we will c each other!

Brit.x says:

Yeah, sure... oh and you know what they did to me today?

Becky<3 says:

What?

Brit.x says:

Dunked toilet paper in a UN flushed dunny and shoved it in my mouth! It was disgusting. They thought it was funny, obviously. I hate them...

Becky<3 says:

Omg, thats so mean! DW, they will b nice at Ur new skool. U just wait and c :] I gtg now, my bro wants 2 use the comp. bye!

She logged off. Britney sighed and put some music on. She looked in her cupboard to find something other than her ugly school uniform, that was the same as the one on Home And Away, that show on channel 7.

She put on her black mini skirt with black and white stockings and her converse, then put on a random band shirt and quickly checked her hair was alright, then left to take a quick trip to hungry jacks.

"I'll be back soon," she said to her mum and quickly left before her mum could have any obligations.

She put her iPod into her ears and started blasting her favourite song; Seize the Day by Avenged Sevenfold.

On her way there, she passed Ashley's house. She could see Ashley in her room, dancing. When Ashley looked down and saw Britney, she quickly left the house and came outside to her.

"What are you doing?" she asked. Britney sighed.

“Due to your excessive bullying, my parents are moving me to a boarding school,” Britney said, continuing walking.

“What? Wow, that sucks!” she said. Britney wondered why she was being so nice.

“Why are you being nice to me? You bully me non-stop at school so why are you being nice now? Is it because your cronies aren’t here to laugh at everything you say?” she asked her. Ashley sighed.

“Maybe I’m just like you, Britney. I get bullied too; I get bullied into bullying you. Peer pressure, you don’t have that. You have it so easy with your laid back attitude and your own dress sense,” she said, twiddling her feet.

“You’re meant to say no to peer pressure. Why do you think I’m like this? Because I think for myself and do what I want, not what Daniela wants me to do. Have fun with your life, following people around,” she kept walking. In the corner of her eyes she could see Ashley walking back into her house, wearing her short skirt with a pink singlet.

Britney felt her pocket buzzing, she pulled her phone out. It said ‘new message’ on it. She looked at it.

Meet me at Hungry Jacks in five minutes. or Bridge

She rolled her eyes, Brigitte just didn’t get it, and she had rejected Britney for the popular group. Therefore, she just followed whoever was more popular. Maybe Brigitte had rejected someone else to become Britney’s friend... but they had been friends since the start of year 8. In year 7 Britney had just hung out with the group at the basketball courts, just sitting there listening to her iPod. They had been nice to her, but she never was invited to any birthdays or to do anything on the weekend, maybe because she didn’t speak much that didn’t matter. Then Brigitte moved to the school, she had to sit next to Britney in roll call, and they got along really well.

Britney stepped into Hungry Jacks. Brigitte was sitting down eating a burger, she indicated for Britney to sit.

“Oh my god, you should’ve seen it. It was so funny! During lunch Daniela told us about this girl she had stuck toilet paper into! She stuck it into her mouth and she had just dunked it into the toilet water that hadn’t been flushed!” food went everywhere as she explained. Britney glared at her.

“Did she say who the girl was?”

“Um... she didn’t say. I think she told some of the others, but she wouldn’t tell me,”

“Yeah, I wonder why,” Britney said, rolling her eyes.

“Why do you wonder?” she asked.

“It was me! Bridge, you know they bully me like hell, well it was me. I just went into the bathrooms to wash my hands after fruit got thrown at me,”

“Fruit was thrown at you? When? I don’t remember that,” she asked.

“Of course you don’t, it was right after you rejected me for the popular group!” Britney hissed at her.

She went up to the counter and ordered a burger and a coke, a kid from her school was working there.

“Here you go,” he passed her the burger then pretended to spit in the coke.

“Piss off, Jack,” she mumbled and paid for what she bought.

Britney started walking out when she heard Brigitte’s voice yelling ‘wait’.

“Where are you going?” she asked, chewing on the last piece of her burger then sipping thirstily out of her coke.

She explored her mouth for a moment, looking for any leftover burger then stared at Britney, waiting for a reply.

“I’m going home. Oh, by the way, because of the constant bullying, my mum’s moving me. I’m moving to a boarding school. You’ll never have to see me again... well. It’ll take two weeks for me to move, but yeah,” she crossed the road next to the round about and continued walking.

“You’re moving!?” Brigitte exclaimed.

“Yes, now go away. I’m annoyed at you,” she started to walk faster. Brigitte started running to catch

up.

"Why are you moving!" she said, "You were my first friend at this school! I'm never going to forget you,"

"Well, obviously you forget me a bit when you walk off with other groups," Britney spat at her.

"Well, maybe having one friend just... isn't good. Maybe I want to have more friends, then I'd do stuff on the weekend. I have a best friend who'd rather sit in her little den on the computer talking to her other best friend she hasn't seen in 3 years! Maybe I need a change, have you ever thought about anything apart from yourself, Britney?"

"Oh, yeah, 'cause I think about myself ALL the time! Maybe I don't want you hanging out with that group because they all act like doges to me! I wouldn't mind it if you made friends with a group that actually acted nice to people who weren't in their group, but you decided to go for that group! Behind your back they say you're annoying and that they hate you,"

"How would you know? I thought they hated you and never spoke to you," Brigitte was starting to get annoyed at Britney.

"They do speak to me. Well, they don't SPEAK to me, they more like put used toilet paper in my mouth... dog about other people TO me, such as you. You're so oblivious, maybe it's good that I spend time on the computer and instead of walking around with you, I'd probably get more bullied!"

Britney stormed off, leaving her ex best friend, Brigitte standing there speechless.

When she arrived at home, Britney chucked her cold burger in the bin and gulped her coke down as fast as she could. Her mother gave her a suspicious look.

"Why'd you throw your burger away?"

"Because it was cold,"

"And why did you drink your coke so fast?" she asked.

"Well, why do you keep asking annoying questions!?" Britney collected the soccer ball and went over the road to the park.

She started kicking the ball as hard as possible, in every direction. In her last attempt to kill the ball, she hit the basketball hoop.

"Damn it," she mumbled, going over to it. She decided to shoot into the hoop.

"Hey, I was shooting here," a boy stood there with a basketball. He had black hair that fell over his face. Britney blushed.

"I'm sorry," she said, walking off.

"Do you want to shoot with me?" he asked, just before she walked off the little square of concrete. She smiled at him.

"Sure," she said, walking over. He passed her the ball.

"What school are you from?" he asked. She aimed for the hoop, but missed.

"Uh, I go to the public school down the road from here," she said.

"Oh, yeah, I went there for a while. I was too badly bullied so my parents moved me to a boarding school. I've come home for the weekend so I thought I'd come for a visit to the old park," he said, smiling.

"Oh well, I suppose that's the same story as mine. I'm moving in two weeks to a boarding school. The girls there have been bullying me a lot," she said, frowning.

"Ashley and Daniela?" he asked. I nodded, "Yeah, I was in their year for year seven, but when I cut my hair all the boys started teasing me and beating me up," he said, shooting.

"Paul?" Britney asked him, remembering the boy who went to their school for year seven. He nodded.

"Britney," he said, "You were the only one who was nice to me. Remember we used to walk to school together and walk home?" he asked. She smiled.

"I've forgotten about you this whole time, I'm so sorry! What school did you say you're going to now?"

“Oxfords Falls Grammar. The guys are nice there; the girls are nice, too. Not girlfriend material, though. There’s only one dog, Jenny, never make contact with her,” he said, shooting again. She nodded. “That’s where I’m going, in two weeks after they’ve processed letting me leave that place,” she sighed and sat on the concrete.

“Is everything okay?” he said, sitting down next to her. She shook her head.

“Those girls, Daniela and Ashley, they stuffed toilet paper in my mouth when I went to wash my hands during lunch because someone threw an apple at me and the toilet paper... well, they put it down the toilet that hadn’t been flushed. Oh, and to top off the day, my best friend rejected me for the popular’s than tried to blame it on me. We just had a fight when I was walking back from Hungry Jacks,”

“Used toilet paper? That’s disgusting. I’m glad you’re moving, I know how bad they can be. Well, I know how bad the boys can be. I remember when they cut your hair off. That was the day before I left, I never was able to see your new haircut, and it looks nice, by the way. If you got some colour in it, it would look even nicer,” he smiled at her. She blushed and stood up to throw the ball in the hoop. It started getting dark, so both of them said their goodbyes and went home. They decided that they would go shopping together on Saturday afternoon, so they could catch up with each other.