

When I grow up

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A Tribute to the amazing Parker from Leverage!!!

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Chapter 1 - A Thief's Life

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1 - A Thief's Life

Disclaimer: Leverage is the BEST series EVER! So, obviously I didn't create it! ... why else would I post this at ? ...strange...

A/N: This skips through scenes of Leverage. It's basically how a few choice sentences would bring up certain thoughts in her mind... so it might seem a bit confusing at first. The BOLD text is the

lyrics to 'When I grow up' by PCD. When I listened to it I just couldn't help but picture Parker xD Dunno why... but then this bunny hit me this afternoon and I just had to write it! WHOOHOO!

When I grow up...

"Parker? Parker is insane" they say.

It's not like it's rocket science to crawl through vents and propell down elevator shafts, people.

And I'm not insane.

Boys call you sexy (What's up sexy?),

and you don't care what they say

See everytime you turn around

they're screamin' your name

...Not like I can help that alot of people have some weird fear of height. What for? Now, Horses.. Horses are something to be afraid of.

I once saw a Horse kill a clown. And clowns were pretty scary too back then.

Now I got a confession (haha, ha, ha ha)

When I was young I wanted attention (haha, ha, ha ha)

"Think of your saddest memory... like when your father died", Sophie tried telling me how to get my 'dying character' ready for the job.

I couldn't help but start laughing. He got what he deserved.

I still have Bunny. She's in the air-vent in my closet. A little squished and dusty, but Bunny is still there. No one can get to her again.

Especially not him.

If anyone does... well, I AM "a better thief" now. And pick-pocketeer. And a safe cracker.

And I promised myself that I'd do anything (haha, ha, ha ha)

Anything at all for them to notice me (haha, ha, ha ha)

It didn't take much to get rid of them. Just some foil, microwave and cooking oil. Set the timer to twenty.

I waited till he was asleep... found Bunny in his stereo's speaker. With Bunny in hand, I left.

No sense in staying where I wasn't wanted.

I waited until the blast went off before I left. Now no-one will steal from me again.

But I ain't complaining We all wanna be famous

"Some people do crosswords" I said, slowly reaching for the prize.

The lasers, reflected by the aluminium foil. The sensor? Ice and some gum.

Easy fix for an easy problem.

This mark was easy. REALLY easy.

Now the Hope Diamond? The cursed one?

Yes, now THAT would be an awesome score. Impossible to steal, they said... Well, took me twenty minutes to get it.

So go ahead and say what you wanna say

You know what it's like to be nameless

"I don't like stuff. I like money" I replied. And it's true.

A room full of diamonds, urns, paintings, sculptures and necklaces is not my ideal prize.. no.

Just money.

Pure and simple. Money is power. I didn't have any of it while I was in foster care.

And being powerless just makes you realized what you are willing to do to hold on to power.

And, let's face it, isn't it *money* that makes the world go round? People kill for it, steal for it, marry for it...

Want them to know what your name is

'Cause see when I was younger I would say

"Alice likes rainydays" I said, sitting down on the chair at the conference table.

Hardison told me that Alice was, in fact, me... but I'm Parker. That's all.

I'm not like Sophie who has infinite identities or personalities... I'm just Parker.

I don't really have preferences. I never could form any type of preference for anything...

I never had a choice. The only choice I had was to be who I am, Parker. I don't need another name. Parker is fine for me.

When I grow up I wanna be famous,

I wanna be a star,

I wanna be in movies

When I grow up

I wanna see the world,

drive nice cars,

I wanna have groupies

"I'm not normal..." I said lowly.

And I know it. Deep down. Deep, deep, way deep down.

After all the uncertainty, greed, envy, hate, pain, loneliness and discrimination, I know I'm not normal.

And it's not even the Kleptomania. Although, that doesn't help things.. It steals things.. but doesn't help them.

I'm not normal. Normal people don't do what I do.. And everytime I think about it, it feels like my heart is ripped into two.

It makes my eyes sting and my throat burn. Being beaten is nothing in comparison.

When I grow up, be on tv,

people know me,

be on magazines

When I grow up,

Fresh and clean,

number one chick when I step out on the scene

"I don't want them to turn out like me" and to admit that to Hardison just made me want to cry.

It's great to see me effortlessly scaling buildings, picking locks and cracking codes.. but I don't want them to be like me..

because, underneath all of this... all I am is still only just a thief.

Nothing more.

But be careful what you wish for cause you just might get it

But, no matter how much I deny it. I love it.

I'm an expert thief.

I've been training for this all my life... alright, not necessarily to help people, but it works out even better now.

I know I'm good at one thing, but Nate knows alot more... how to put all our skills together and make up a team.

They used to tell me I was silly

Until I popped up on the TV (lala la, la la)

"There's something wrong with you" Elliot said, although the eventual smile I still noticed.

Oh well, we all have our quirks.

Just because I like peanut butter on steaks, still eat Rice Crispies and liked Pork Crunch Chips (although.. right now they're gross)

doesn't mean there's something wrong with me.

And no, jumping out of windows and propelling down shoots instead of just ringing a doorbell doesn't count.

I always wanted to be a superstar

Who knew singing songs would get me this far (lala la, la la)

"Parker just shish-kabobbed our mark" the warning went through the transceiver.

Didn't anybody else notice how creepy that guy was? Hardison was right, "*Does my cape and fangs scare you?*" comment wasn't inappropriate for that occasion.

Besides, the look someone gives you when you stab them with a fork never gets old.

But I ain't complaining We all wanna be famous

"Don't tell Nate I called" I said. Sophie understood and never did tell.

To alot of people Nate is just the 'Mastermind' and yeah, he is.. and his plans *are* getting creepier, but to me... he's more like a dad.

Well, as close to one as one as I can relate to.

He keeps us all together and gives great advice... sometimes things go really wrong, but he still gets us through.

I never worried before that I would dissapoint someone... but, I never, never ever want to dissapoint Nate.

So go ahead and say what you wanna say

You know what it's like to be nameless

"Do you believe in love at first sight?" some weird FBI-agent Scully or something said once we were outside the school.

I'm not really paying attention to him, although the berry-smoothie he bought me was really delicious.

Nope, Hardison had just triggered the security system of the complex he was breaking into.

Trying to break into -that is.

The alarm wouldn't even had gone off if it were me.

"I believe you have thirty seconds before all the bells and whistles go off" I subtly advised Hardison.

The guy thought I was talking to him for some reason.

Want them to know what your name is

'Cause see when I was younger I would say

"I miss Sophie" and no, I couldn't help it.

That sofa really did feel empty without her sitting next to me.

She's like the mom I never knew.

Hm.. Nate the dad; Sophie the mom; Elliot the big brother and Hardison the geeky little brother I never had.

And... with them, I learnt how to be a sort of 'normal' that I never was before.

And that's all I really wanted to have... to be when I grow up.

To be normal.

And now, Alice, er, I finally made a friend.

But be careful what you wish for cause you just might get it

"Maybe we could steal a painting together this Saturday?" I had suggested.

Sophie recommended to "Start small, Parker. Coffee..." and so I did...

So...We're going to go steal it next Tuesday.

you just might get it you just might get it

Yeah

Please R & R :DD