

Werepire

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yet another excerise, i dont know where im goin with this yet though

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1 - Werepire

You know the kid that sits in the back of the class, the one who never talks. The one that's seemingly clueless to everyone talking about him, he just keeps going. Admit it, you know the one. Everybody does, if it wasn't you then you clearly recall that person. Everything about them, their looks, their moves, their talk. It's all because that one person in that one point in time is the person you wanted to be, the enigma to society, an emotional brick wall. Well his name is Adam and I'm irrevocably, undeniably, head over heart over heels in love with him five miles past the point of no return. But there are three problems there.....

-Bailey

-*The Move*-

"Goodmorning Bails, I love you." Dad's usual wake-me-up line, "It's time to get your butt to school." It's the same thing everyday, I hate it when people get so predictable. 5...4...3...2...1, "Babe, you got five minutes before I come up and drag you out of bed so get your butt moving." I quoted along with the voice from downstairs. I don't know about most girls but having your old-man dad commenting about your butt in his every sentence is just SLIGHTLY disturbing. But no matter I love him none the less, he's always been there on my side. But believe me I don't need him nor anyone for that matter. Im the type who don't need anyone. A seventeen year old brunette without a cause, screw guys I don't need them, girls know where to stick their opinions. If the world wants to stop me, FINE I can fight back harder.....a typical new generation teenager.

"BAILEY!..." God I hate my name, makes me feel like a gym or that crappy cream stuff losers put in their alcohol because they ain't man enough to take it straight up...

"BA--ILEY" a woman's voice this time "you got to wake up sweetie, we're here." what is she talking about?.....even better question why ain't I my bed? I open my eyes and look around the dark cabin of the airplane surrounding me.

"She was dreaming again, give her time to wake up..." the figure in the shadows was whispering to the lady in the uniform kneeling beside my chair. I know that voice from somewhere but im not conscience enough yet to distinguish it yet, "just let me take her home she'll be fine."

.....I finally recognized the voice...

"MOM! Why are you here? Why am I here? Where is here?" I leapt from the chair into the shadows, tears welling into my eyes.....tears of realization. I just awoke from my only escape from reality. That morning from my dream is all I have left. That same night I got the call he wasn't coming home.....I hate animals.

The next I know we're pulling into the drive of my mother's estate, even through my sleepy haze I could tell it was more of a four lane highway than a driveway. Where she got this money I have no clue, probably robbed the president or something. Oooh pretty trees, like those cherry blossoms in Japan surround her multi-Google dollar "humble" abode. But hey since it's a glass house, I guess it saves a lot on the painting bill, not the safest choice for me to be around but to each their own.

"Welcome home Bailey, Im sure you'll like my place better than your deadbeat dad's crappy place." She started...

“First off don’t call me Bailey, I hate that name...” my hand inched towards my bag at my feet, “And really? Who do you think you are? You’ll never be half the person he was. And since im never going to see you again I just wanted to tell you I love you too, goodbye.”

With that last comment she stopped the car and just stared at me...as I slammed my shoulder into the door of that Mercedes and hit the ground running. Not knowing where im at or where im going, all I cared about was getting out so I sprinted towards the nearest thing to come between me and her.....the woods.

Thud Thud Thud, my heartbeat resonated through my head as I ran faster and faster into the dark, damp woods. The autumn leaves beneath my feet rustled and crackled while I stumbled blindly, losing my breath.