

Life Sucks!

By redheadblusher

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When 14 year old Alix Carson's life takes a total 180, she realizes something. LIFE SUCKS! Her depression takes over, and causes her to make life worse. Will someone be able to help before its too late?

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1 - ch. 1

The two boys walked along arguing who knows what. Suddenly, the short one stopped. "Greg, is that..." he said jabbing the other one in the stomach.

Greg turned and saw what his best friend was staring at. "...Alix?" he whispered, completing the sentence. Both boys stared at the person on the bench. She wore a pair of converses, jogging pants, and a huge sweatshirt. 'I'd know that hoodie anywhere. That has to be her.' Greg thought as he followed Adam behind a bush for a better view.

Alix sat there trying to review the last 20 minutes of her life. When she got home her mom was on the couch crying. "Mom, what happened? What's wrong?"

"Alix.....he did it again" her mother sobbed.

"Who? What?"

"Your brother.....he tried it again."

"It? you mean....where is he?! Did he..."

"No....he's back at Summit Ridge."

This had been his third attempted suicide. In the last year, everything seemed to be piling up. Her parents had gotten a divorce. Her father had a new girlfriend and was living with her. Her brother had attempted suicide twice; her sister once. Everything had gone wrong.

"Goobie," she whispered to the shaking figure "why did it go like this?"

Adam and Greg noticed she was talking to whatever she held in her arms.

"Goobie, why do we all wanna die so bad?" she said stroking the thing. "Quite shaking!" She lifted the thing up and onto her shoulder. Adam stared at it and Greg murmured in his ear "dachshund". The dog started to bark.

"What is it Goobie?" Alix turned around and saw the bush move. She quickly resituated the dog and ran.

Adam stood up, but Greg didn't move.

"What's up?" Adam said helping Greg to his feet.

"Didn't you see?" He said hoarsely. "She was crying."

2 - ch. 2

"Your point is???"

"Adam....what if she's like my mom?!"

"Oh come on! No one is as psychotic as your mom!" Adam stopped and threw his hand over his mouth. He slowly turned toward Greg, a look of apologetic ness in his eyes.

"Yeah, my mom was crazy. But I still can't help think....." Suddenly, Alix's voice ran through his mind. `Why do we all wanna die so bad?'. "God Adam! She wants to die! What if she goes about it like my mother did?"

"Dude, why do you care so much? We barely even know her! She's just some girl from school!"

"I know but....I don't wanna see it happen again." With that Greg ran off down the street.

"His mom really should've consider how she was gonna effect Greg." He mumbled as he raced after his demented friend.

3 - ch. 3

"Hey there!"

Alix dropped her pencil. No one had attempted to talk to her before. She turned her head and scowled at the boy standing there. He just smiled at her and mouthed 'hi'.

"What do you want?!" She spat, a little rougher than she meant.

"Um...I just noticed that you never really talk....and that you're in all my classes and..."

"So?" He stared at her. She could see his eyes trying to figure her out. She stared deep into them. They were a grayish color with small specks of blue. She found eyes amazing. They could reveal the hearts true emotions. When she thought about this, she automatically shut her eyes. Her eyes would be cold and sad. She didn't want people to bother her; to ask her what was wrong. When her eyes opened again she was staring at his distorted face. His tongue was sticking out of his mouth, his cheeks pulled back, and his eyes were squeezed shut. Silently, she picked up her books and left him standing there.

"Hey! Wait up!" his voice rang out.

"Who are you and why are you bothering me?" she called over her shoulder.

"Greg. And I told you, I just want to talk to you."

"Well Greg....you've talked now leave me alone."

She pushed him aside and kept walking. He ran up to her and grabbed her arm. "Please? Just let me be your friend."

"I don't need friends!" she spat in his face as she began to run. The truth is...she was dying to have friends; to have people want to be near her.

4 - ch. 4

“Hey girl-lie!”

Alix tilted her head back and stared into the blue speckled eyes. “You know, you're pretty much stalking me now.”

“Yeah. But this way I can keep an eye on you!” Greg said resting his head on her shoulder.

“EWWW! Don't touch me!” she said jumping up and pushing his head off of her.

He fell to the floor. He sat up rubbing his head and glaring at her. “I thought we were friends...” he mumbled.

They had been hanging out for 18 days now. Well not really `hanging out' but everywhere Alix went, Greg was right behind her. Even Goobie had gotten use to him...which wasn't normal. Anytime she saw Greg she'd wag her tail so hard she'd whack herself and then she would race over to him and lick his skin. It scared Alix how tight the bond was between those two....Goobie hardly ever took to anyone.

“We're not friends.....you're just my stalker,” she whispered as she picked up her binder. Nevertheless, Greg kept following.

Greg didn't understand her. She wouldn't tell him off, but everything he did seemed to annoy her. He'd make corny jokes and she'd stare. He'd sing softly to himself and she'd hit him. If he got within 12 inches, she'd jump and push him away. But even through all of this she never said `go away'. Maybe she liked his company? Maybe she really wanted him there? He didn't know, but he wasn't going to leave.

One afternoon, they were sitting at the park when Alix turned to him. She stroked Goobie's fur while she tried to produce the words.

“Greg? Why.....how come....why are.....why is it that you hang out with me?”

He thought about lying, telling her he found her personality refreshing, but why lie now? Wouldn't she find out the truth anyway?

“Well...” he hesitated. `Now or never!' he told himself. “I just don't wanna see you get hurt! I'm afraid that if you feel like you have no friends, you might try something.....drastic” she stared at him raising her eyebrows. “I...uuhhh....heard you that night...” he muttered, blushing.

Comprehension dawned on her face. “Oooohhhh! So you were the one in the bush!” she said hitting his shoulder.

“Yeah that was me” he said, his embarrassment lifting.

“Well don't worry about me okay?”

He started to protest but she had already started to walk away. She stopped near the swings and looked back at him.

“Hey stalker! Come swing!” she sat down on the blue swing and began to slowly pump. Greg smiled and lifted himself over to the red swing, next to hers.

5 - ch. 5 *contains mild language*

Days, weeks, months passed; and each finding Alix and Greg together. They were becoming close friends. They spent late nights talking on the phone or instant messaging each other; hung out with each other everywhere and all the other things close friends do. Yet Alix's rules were still in tact. No corny jokes, no singing, and **no** touching. And she still wouldn't refer to them as 'friends'.

"Alix? Allliix" Greg whispered, poking the unmoving body.

"Wah?" she said groggily, lifting her head.

"You were asleep..."

"Your point?"

"This is history class!"

"You're the reason I wanna sleep! You kept me up talking `til 3:40 in the morning!!"

"Ms. Carson!! Mr. Hanson!! Will you please be quiet?!"

Alix nodded and put her head back down on her desk. Greg kept poking her. And then the bell rang...signaling the end of the day and the start of winter break. The students clambered out of the classroom, leaving Alix sleeping on her desk.

"Come on!" Greg said pulling her up. "Time to go home!"

Alix reluctantly stood and gathered her things and stumbled out of the room, Greg at her side.

"So...there's Adam's party on the 18th, we can go to the mall and visit Santa on the 20th, and then you can come to my house for Christmas Eve. Awesome! This is going to be a great Christmas! Oh yeah, my brother has been dying to meet you...he's so cute the little butthead!"

Greg's incessant drone went on and on, while Alix zoned out and practically sleepwalked down the halls.

"and once he decided he was going to break the world record for how many quarters you can get up your nose and he told me to tape it and send it to Guinness World Records!! We had to take him to the emergency room to get the 3 he managed, out!!"

I hate Christmas! Ughhhh....it's all about presents and greedy kids and...and bad memories! I wish we could just get it over with!

"Then, another time he tried to stew his class' pet turtle and he had it sitti- hey! ALIX! ARE YOU EVEN

LISTENING TO ME!" he yelled, stopping and standing in front of her.

"Wah? Oh....yeah.....right"

"SEE?! You're not even listening to me!!"

"I am too! Oh! Wait! I forgot something in my locker!" And she took off down the hall.

"ALIX!!! Ughhhh.....I swear that girl is missing some bolts!"

Alix searched through her locker looking for that crucial piece.

"Ahhh....here it is! Kacie would have killed me if I left this here." She said pulling out the pink lighter.

(note:: This is not her lighter! and no she doesn't use it for drugs! It's her sisters lighter and she needed it for a class project. There is no fuel in it btw.)

She stuffed the empty lighter in her pocket and raced back to the spot where she left Greg standing. As she was about to turn the corner, Alix heard the voices of 3 guys.

"GOD! She's a freak!" a deep voice argued.

"She is not!! Do you even know her?!" Greg retaliated.

"I know she wears a bag over her body!" another voice piped.

"Ok. So just because she wears a gigantic sweatshirt, she's a freak?!"

"She never talks!"

"She's always in her own world!"

"And because of THAT she's a freak?!"

They're talking about me aren't they? Great! Once again I'm the school freak! Her eyes began to form tears. It's not like I chose to be the way I am....it just happened! Does it really matter?!

"You can't judge a person by they way they look! If you can't accept the exterior how are you gonna accept the interior?!" Greg shouted at the boys.

"Like I really care about her "feelings"; I only need her to bang her!" There was a loud crash and a yelp.

"Never say shoot like that again!" Greg spat at the guy. "She is my best friend and will not have you talking about her like that!"

Alix looked around the corner and saw Greg holding one guy, at least a foot of the ground, up against a row of lockers. The other one was backing away.

“Now go!” Greg shouted, dropping the one. “And off the sissies scamper” he mumbled, turning around, nearly running into “Alix?”

Alix wiped the tears from her eyes and tried to smile, but failed.

“I-I-“ he didn't know what to do or what to say. So he just stood there, feeling like an idiot. Suddenly, Alix wrapped her arms around him and squeezed tight.

“Thanks” she whispered, tears still dripping from her eyes.

“No problem” he said hugging her back. For minutes they stayed in this position. Finally she let go and together they headed out of the school building.

“Cause you're a god...only I am not...and I just thought...that you would know” Greg began to sing.

Alix turned and stared at him. He immediately stopped and made a zipping the lip motion. She just laughed and began walking again.

“I'm no god” she whispered.

6 - ch. 6

*I held you close as we both shook for the last time take a good hard look!
I'm not okay, I'm not okay*

*I held you close as we both shook for the last time take a good hard look!
I'm not okay, I'm not okay*

"ello?" Alix said groggily into her cell phone.

"WAKE UP SLEEPYHEAD!" Greg screamed, causing Alix to fall out of her bed.

"I'm up!" she yelled back.

"Ok. Well I'm on my way to your house to pi--"

"WHAT?!" she shouted immediately jumping to her feet.

"I'm coming over to pick you up, so we can head over to Adam's and help him get stuff for the party..."

"Oh. Ok." She said rummaging through her dresser for something to wear.

"Yeah. So I'll be there in about...5 minutes."

"Mmm-hmm" she said not really paying attention.

"Alright! Bye!"

Alix hung up her phone and tossed it on her bed. She then rushed off for the bathroom. She stepped out of the shower 2 minutes later and threw on her clothes. As she walked back to her room, something lashed out at her leg and made her crash to the ground.

"Damn!" she whispered rubbing her jaw. Suddenly, she was pulled to her feet and she was staring at Greg.

"I'm so sorry! I wasn't trying to do that!"

"It's alright. Come on. Let's go."

There was no conversation on the ride to Adam's. There was just the sound of blasting music. Finally, Greg pulled into the driveway. As they stepped out, they saw Adam hurling suitcases in the family's van.

"Adam?"

"Oh! Greg! Thank God you're here! I need you to let everyone know that the party's cancelled!" He tossed the last suitcase in and slammed the trunk shut. "Come on, Sarah! Hannah! Jenn! LET'S GO! Ok. Here's a list of the people...their numbers are beside their name. Thanks!" And with that he buckled his sisters in the car and hopped in. His parents soon followed. And, left standing on the driveway dumbfounded, were Alix and Greg.

In an hour or so, every guy and girl on the list was notified.

"Done!" Greg breathed as he collapsed on the couch next to Alix.

"Glad that's over. So where was Adam going?"

"No idea! I'll call him later though."

"So...what now?"

"Hmmm.....LET'S GO GET ICECREAM!!!" and he grabbed her arm and pulled her to the car.

"I hope your paying!" she said jokingly.

"Well duh! What kind of guy doesn't pay for a girl?!"

7 - ch. 7

"Do we have to do this?"

"Of course!"

"But...they're all staring at me"

"That's half the fun of it!"

Alix and Greg stood in a line of small children, all waiting for their chance to sit on Santa's lap.

"Haven't you ever done this before?"

"Yeah...when I was 4!"

"Man, Adam and I do this every year!"

"Oh God! Adam why did you have to leave?!"

"It's not his fault his Great Aunt what's-her-face died."

"NEXT!" the elf shouted over the many voices.

Greg walked forward and sat on Santa's lap.

"Hi!"

"Well, Hello Greg!" Santa replied. "Where's Adam?"

"He's at his Great Aunt's funeral."

"Oh. And who's this pretty young lady?"

"That is Alix. She's my best friend...well female friend."

"Mmm-hmm."

"Shut up. So, how's the wife and kids?"

"They're great. How are your dad and brother?"

"Boomer's still an idiot...but he's adorable anyway. And Dad, well dad is dad!"

“Ahhhhh Boomer. Good kid. Is he gonna come see Santa?”

“Yeah. I think he's coming tomorrow.”

“Oh. Well...HOHOHO...What do you want for Christmas little boy?”

“Hmmm...” Greg leaned close to Santa and began to whisper in his ear. At one point he looked towards Alix and then went back to staring straight foreword. When he finished he gave Santa a quick hug and jumped down. As he passed by Alix, she raised her brow and stared. He simply winked at her and grinned.

“NEXT!”

Alix hesitated and then climbed on Santa's lap.

“Hello”

“Hi there little girl! What do you want for Christmas?”

“I wanna know what Greg just said.”

“I'm sorry. That information is confidential.”

“Ugh! Well...I guess I'll think of something else.” She thought for a moment and closed her eyes. “I want snow for Christmas.”

“Ok.” With that she jumped down and walked over to Greg.

“Happy?” she asked.

“Almost. One more tradition.”

“What?”

“We link arms and skip through the mall singing carols!!”

“WE WHAT?!”

“Cooommme oooooonn!” Greg whined.

“Fine.” She huffed and gave him her arm. He took it.

“JINGLE BELLS! JINGLE BELLS! JINGLE ALL THE WAY!” He sang, skipping, and pulling her along. By the time he finished Jingle Bells, she had gotten into the swing. Together they skipped through the mall singing at the top of their lungs.

8 - ch. 8 *contains language and violence*

Alix lay in her bed laughing at the events occurring in the last hour.

It had been 30 minutes of Christmas carols, skipping, and occasional giggles. But now the pudgy, bald mall security cop came walking towards the pair of lunatics. Alix jumped behind one of Nordstrom's displays; Greg on the other hand just kept singing.

"SANTA CLAUS IS COMING TO TO-"

"Excuse me young man." he said, stopping Greg in the middle of his song. "What are you doing?"

"Duh! I'm caroling for Christmas."

"Well, Son. Not everyone celebrates Christmas so..."

"Oooh! I understand!" The man smiled and was about to leave when "DRADLE DRADLE DRADLE...I MADE YOU OUT OF CLAY!!" The mans face turned a bright shade of red and Alix realized she had to do something, before Greg was arrested.

"DRADLE DRAD-"

"RYAN!" Alix shouted, running towards Greg. "There you are!! I have been looking all over for you!!"

"Ma'am? Do you know this man?"

"Yes Sir, This is my brother Ryan." she then leaned close to the bald, fat man. "Sadly, he is mentally disabled. But he looooves Christmas! Don't you Ryan?"

Playing along, Greg nodded rapidly and began singing again. "WE WISH YOU A MERRY CHRISTMAS! WE WI-"

"Come on Ryan! Time to go home!" Alix shouted, grabbing Greg by the arm and pulling him to the exit. As soon as they turned the corner, the two burst into laughter.

"Oh *laugh* God *snort* Alix! Th- *laugh* that was *laugh* HILARIOUS!"

Alix awoke to a door creaking and Goobie's barks.

"Mom!" Kacie shouted "Mom! Oh my god!! Mom guess what?!" She spoke jumping up and down.

"What Hun?" Their mother said half asleep. Alix had managed to slip out of her room and to the top of the stairs without being noticed.

"Mommy, Daddy's getting married....in Spain!!!" Kacie shouted excitedly. Alix's jaw dropped. *'Married?! To that dog?! And in SPAIN?! WTF?!'* Alix felt tears swell in her eyes and she felt like she was going to puke. She fled to her room and slammed on the bed.

"Married? Why?! WHY?" she whispered. She spent hours crying, and finally managed to fall asleep.

Alix woke the next morning still fuming. As she walked down the stairs, she saw Kacie pulling on her jacket.

"Alix! Have you heard about Daddy??"

"Yes." she responded, biting the word.

"Well...aren't you excited??"

"No." again the word came out sharp and poisonous.

"Oh come on!! Why don't you just give Mary a chance? She's really sweet, I know you'll like her!"

"That dog sweet?!"

"Ugh! You're the one being a dog, Alix!" and she stormed out the door.

"Me being a dog?!?! How am I the dog?! It's her fault he left!! She's the reason this family is so f***ed up!!" Alix yelled as she stomped into her bathroom. She rummaged threw drawers, throwing them open and closed. This was too much pain. There was only one way to handle this kind of pain. "HERE!" She shouted, finding what she was looking for. She flipped open the switchblade and stared at the shiny silver teeth. She then pulled up her left sleeve and looked at the marks that lay there. "I promised I wouldn't do this anymore...I promised..." She then pressed the teeth into her skin and dragged it across. Soon the blood came to the surface and Alix just stared at it. She was about to start a new cut when the doorbell rang. She jumped and the knife fell to the floor, next to her foot. She ran down the stairs and was about to open the door when she remembered her wrist. She pulled her sleeve over it and swung the door open.

"Hey Alix!"

"Oh. Greg. I didn't know you were coming today!" She immediately pulled on her sleeve and a drop of blood fell.

“So. I was bored! What are you doing today?!” he realized she wasn't all there so he grabbed her wrist and shook to bring her back. She cringed and he stared. “Are you ok?”

“Yeah, yeah. I'm fine.”

He watched and then looked to her wrist. With one swift movement, he took hold of her hand and pulled up her sleeve. His eyes widened when he saw the blood on her wrist, and he followed it to the floor. “WHAT THE HELL WERE YOU THINKING?!” he screamed in her face.

“I-I-I DON'T KNOW! I JUST-JUST.....” she plopped to the floor and began to cry.

“Shhhh! It's ok...it's gonna be ok. Just promise me...promise me you'll never do anything this stupid again”

She looked up at him and saw tears on his cheeks. *‘Is...is he crying??’* she thought. She then saw the sadness in his eyes. And she nodded, “I won't”

He smiled and stroked her hair. “Ok. Now let's take care of this bleeding.”

An hour later, her arm was bandaged and the bleeding had stopped.

“Hey Greg?”

“Yup”

“Why were you crying?”

He straightened and waited a moment before responding. “You see, my mom used to cut her wrists. And one morning...we found her; me and Boomer. We walked into the kitchen and found her lying motionless on the floor, blood surrounding her wrist. We didn't know what to do at first....and then Boomer screamed and locked himself in the bathroom. It was 4 hours before we were able to coax him out.”

Alix sat in awe. “Greg...”

“Please, don't be like her. I don't want to go through that again.”

“I won't...I promise” she said leaning on his shoulder. *‘mental note: get rid of switchblade.’*

9 - ch. 9

Alix woke up, the warmth that had surrounded her fleeting. She turned to see Greg walking out the front door. She smiled.

He stayed all night.

She climbed into the shower 10 minutes later and let the water pour over her. This would be a new start.

Alix dressed quickly the morning of Christmas Eve; she wore a pair of jeans that actually fit her, red Chuck Taylor's and a black zip-up sweater that fit perfectly to her small body.

Alix walked up to the door. It was now two o'clock; the snow was just starting to fall. She lightly tapped the door and it was flung open. Greg stood there in a sweater with handprint reindeer on it.

"Merry Christmas!" He said pulling her into the warm house. "Wow" he muttered, looking her up and down.

"What?!"

"I've never seen you in...girls clothes!"

She playfully slapped him. "Oh shut up!"

They walked down the empty hallway quietly. Greg kept watching her from the corner of his eye. She looked so much different like this. She looked like a true girl.

"So..." he started

"Hmm" she replied, staring at the pictures on the walls.

"Are you excited about Christmas?"

"Not really.....Christmas isn't a good time for me."

He was about to ask why when something skidded into the hallway.

"Boomer! Slow down!" Greg yelled

"Sorry brother"

"Oh Alix. This is my little brother, Boomer."

"Hi there!" she said kneeling to his level

"Hello Alix! Greg...you were right! She is pr-" Greg slapped his hand over Boomer's mouth cutting him off.

"Oook Boomer! Go play!" and he pushed Boomer out of the hall. Alix stifled a laugh.

They finally walked into the kitchen and took seats at the bar.

"My dad will be home in a little bit. He had to work today."

"Ok."

Silence

"Boomer's kinda cute"

"Yeah....but he sure can be a handful."

The door creaked open and a deep voice erupted through the house. "I'm home boys! Merry Christmas!" In a moment the man was standing in the kitchen, Boomer dangling from his arms. "Hello Greg"

"Hi dad!"

"This must be you girlfriend-"

"I'm not his girlfriend" "She's not my girlfriend" they said simultaneously. Boomer and his father laughed at the bright red faces of Alix and Greg.

"Alix, I presume? You can call me Mr. Doug"

"Hello Mr. Doug!"

"So, I understand you're going to be spending Christmas with us?"

"Yes sir"

"Don't be so formal!"

"Oh. Ok."

The four spent the rest of the afternoon watching Christmas specials and eating Christmas cookies. "Can we make a popcorn chain for our tree?"

"I don't think we have popcorn Boomer"

“But Dad! We always have popcorn chains!”

Alix watched as Boomer begged and begged. Finally she leaned over and whispered in Greg's ear. He smiled and nodded.

“Hey Dad...we'll go buy some popcorn.” He stood and walked over to the coat closet.

“Are you sure? It's snowing.”

“Yeah, we'll be fine!” He pulled out his jacket, and then got one for Alix. She took it and slid it over her arms. Soon they were walking down the street.

“So....how's your wrist?”

“It's better.” she lifted her sleeves and showed him the newly forming scar.

“And your knife?” he asked as he rubbed his thumb over the mark.

“I threw it in the dumpster by my house yesterday.” pride rang through her voice.

They walked farther in silence.

“Are you going to tell me what possessed you to cut yourself?”

“Life.”

He starred at her.

“My dad. He decided to marry his whore.” tears began to form in her eyes. “You know, he once told me he would never leave us. What did I do wrong Greg? What could we have done differently for him to stay?” tears were now flowing over her cheeks.

Greg bit his lip. He hesitated and then wrapped his arms around her.

“Nothing. There was nothing you did wrong. How could you?” he said stroking her hair; then inaudibly added, “You're perfect.”

They stayed that way for at least 10 minutes. Then Alix looked up at him and smiled. As she was looking up she saw something above his head. She studied it and smirked. He starred at her for a minute and then looked at the object that held her attention. He let out a laugh at the old clump of mistletoe. Then he leaned forward and kissed her forehead. She smiled and kissed his cheek.

“Bad news kids,” Mr. Doug said walking into the living room. Greg, Alix and Boomer sat on the floor making popcorn chains and occasionally popping a piece into their mouths. “The snow's gotten to

heavy. There is no way we can get Alix home tonight.”

“Okay”

“Alix you can sleep in Greg's room. And Greg,” he grabbed Greg's attention as he put two pieces of popcorn in his mouth, “you will sleep down here. I don't want any `funny business' in my house.”

Greg choked on his popcorn causing everyone else to laugh.

“Yeah Greg,” Alix joked, pushing Greg's shoulder, “no `funny business”