

The Innocent Can Never Last

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Submitted: December 30, 2006

Updated: March 17, 2007

This story is something I wrote a long time ago about Mike Dirnts daughter, Samy [yes, I made her up] and Tré Cool's son Frankito. They're both around 18 btw!

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Chapter 1 - The Unexpected Couple	2
Chapter 2 - It's not my fault.	8
Chapter 3 - Rape	12
Chapter 4 - Rock 'n' Roll Girlfriend	18
Chapter 5 - Fuck this. I'm leaving.	24
Chapter 6 - Hollywood	29
Chapter 7 - Sore stomachs, and a flight back home.	36
Chapter 8 - And The Innocent Can Never Last...	41
Chapter 9 - Two years of depression and a hug from Lisa Wall	44
Chapter 10 - Don't take life for granted	49
Chapter 11 - Stuck in a mosh.	54

1 - The Unexpected Couple

I patted Shadow, my cat, on the head.

"Be a good cat while I'm at school!" I said to him and stood up.

"Oh, stop talking to something that doesn't understand you and hurry up!" Frankito said. I smirked.

"C'mon, hurry up, Frankie! Oh, wait... I should stop wasting my time talking to something that doesn't understand me!" I joked.

"Yeah, not a lot of people can understand you, Samy!" he said to me. I smiled.

"You're funny! You should be a comedian, or something!" I said sarcastically.

"Same with you," Frankie said as I pushed him.

"C'mon, school starts in 15 minutes. It takes about 5 minutes to get there," he said.

"What are you going to do in those 10 minutes you're there for?" I asked, suspicious.

"Hang out with my friends..." he said.

"Or make out with Lisa Wall?" I said as a joke.

"You have a seedy mind. Seriously, do you spend all night thinking of gross things to say to me?" I laughed. Lisa Wall is probably the sluttiest girl in the school. If you were caught with her your reputation would go straight down the bin. She's a massive slime ball. A disgusting one, too...

"Yes. And they're all true! I have figured you out, Frankie!" I started running and he chased me. I checked no cars were coming and crossed the road until...

"OW!!!!!!!" I lay on the floor, holding my right arm.

"Watch where you're going you loser!" shouted a kid of about 10 on a bike. I stood up in disbelief.

"Shouldn't you be at pre-school?" I shouted back and he stuck his finger up at me and kept riding.

Frankie came over cracking himself laughing.

"Shut up," I said, pushing him. He pushed me back, on the right arm. I held in my pain. I didn't want to seem like a pussy.

"Samy... There's something I've been wanting to tell you for a while..." I stopped. He held his breath.

"Well, go on! We don't have that much time... oh, crap!" I looked ahead of us. The school bell was going. I started running, "Tell me later!"

I walked into Chemistry by myself, literally a minute later. I had lost Frankie on my running spree. I was a pretty fast runner, well... compared to Frankie I was.

He came in and sat down next to me. I watched as Lisa Wall 'strutted' in. Frankie punched me on my right arm.

"Checking out Lisa Wall, ay?" he said.

"Will you please stop punching my fracking right arm?" I said... Well, shouted. Frankito looked at me with a confused look.

"I-" he started to say but Lisa interrupted him.

"The Goth can stand up for herself!" she shouted out. Her followers all laughed. Lisa and I went way back, to when we were in grade five. We used to be best friends... but then we took different paths. I went down the more... "Musically involved" path and she went straight down Slutville. I stuck my finger up at her and started to explain it to Frankie.

"Frankie, I'm sorry.. The bike that hit me this morning really hurt my arm. I think it might be broken. I'm

sorry for shouting at-" then I got interrupted by Lisa.

"Do that to my face you little jerk!" she shouted at me. I stood up and went over to her and stuck my rude finger up right in her face.

"Bet you're glad your daddy isn't here now, aren't you? My, he'd be ashamed of you!"

"My dad wouldn't give a rat's @\$\$. And neither would he if I did this..." I slapped her in her face. She deserved more, really, but I was in class. So that's all I could do.

"Miss Pritchard! To the principal's office NOW!" Mr. Mitchells shouted and pointed to the door. I picked up my bag and shuffled out the door. Mr. Mitchells came in at the perfect moment. Now i can miss out on Chemistry!

I was in the principal's office for about half an hour. When I got out Lisa Wall was there. She was glaring at me with her blue eyes.

"Oh, hello," I said and started walking off then turned around, "And thanks for getting me out of chemistry. By the way, I didn't finish what I was going to do!" I went to punch her in the face but she moved out of the way. I swung around in circles a few times then turned back around to see Lisa's arm moving towards my right arm. She hit it with all her power. I screamed.

"You dog!" I kicked her in her shins and she fell over, "Don't you know not to mess with me!? I could beat you up so easily!"

I bent down and punched her in the face and walked off to where my group hung out on the oval.

"Hey, where have you been?" Johnny asked looking at the red mark on my arm from Lisa.

"Nowhere..." I said avoiding eye contact, "Frankie, can I have a word?"

He stood up and walked over to me.

"I'm sorry, if I'd have known then I wouldn't have-"

"It was my fault. I didn't tell you... I thought it would make me seem like a woos. So I just left it. I thought it would get better but... I'm sorry," I hugged him. He hugged me back.

"Get a room!" Jo said, laughing. I laughed.

"Hah. Yeah, right! We're just friends!" Frankie said. My heart dropped. Just friends? I knew we were best friends but I ... Stop it. I'm being silly. I don't have feelings for Frankie.

"Where have you been, anyway?" Frankie asked me. I looked at him.

"What?" I was too caught up in my thoughts that I didn't realize he was speaking to me.

"Where have you been?... Are you feeling okay?" He looked at me.

"Lisa was waiting for me outside the principal's office so I started punching her because she's the biggest jerk in the whole world. I, um... have to go... bye," I picked up my bag and started walking towards the school gate when I saw my dad's car pulling up. I walked over to him.

"What are you doing here?" I asked him.

"As if you don't know!" he grabbed my arm and dragged me towards the principal's office.

"Dad... What are you doing!?" we sat outside the principal's office and saw Lisa Wall come out with tears in her eyes. She pointed at me.

"She's here, sir..." the principal indicated for me and Lisa to come in. He wanted a word with us before he spoke to my dad.

"Miss Pritchard-"

"Dirnt-" I interrupted.

"Don't interrupt me. Anyway, Miss Pritchard, did you say to Miss Wall 'If you don't buy any of my pot I'll beat you up'... Miss Pritchard!" I stopped looking out the window.

"Are you fu-" I started to say then was interrupted my Frankie, Johnny and Jo knocking on the window laughing at me. I stared at Frankie and indicated for them to go away.

"Sir. I'm not even 18. I don't smoke that crap, let alone sell it to people. Do you seriously think I would?" he fiddled with his beard and stared at the both of us.

"Sir, when she said it she..." she started crying. Fake crying, might I add, "she.. She looked like she was going to kill me! It was terrifying!"

I started laughing.

"Do you seriously believe that!?" I said, laughing more. The principal shot me a look.

"Miss Pritchard, this is no laughing matter!" he sighed and looked at us both again, "you beat her up after she said no didn't you?" he inquired.

"Yes." I said, "Wait! No! I beat her up but I didn't beat her up because she said no! I beat her up because she's and asshole to me during school, calls me names, get's all her 'followers' to laugh at me and worst of all she's a slut and sleeps around!" I shouted. Lisa stared at me.

"How dare you!" she screamed.

"You started it yourself by doing all of those things!" the principal stared at me.

"1 week suspension, that's all. Please leave, your dad came to pick you up," I stated.

"Are you serious?" I said.

"Yes," he started typing onto his computer.

"But sir I-" he interrupted me.

"Go!" his voice was raising. I held all my anger inside of me and started walking out. My dad was standing there, waiting for me. I walked out and headed towards the car without saying a word to him.

"Silence isn't going to help," he said as he started the car up.

"Oh, like you believe me! You practically dragged me into that!" his eyes were red from stress. I sighed,

"Do you believe me?" I asked him.

"Of course I-"

"Dad. Do you really believe me? Look me in the eyes and tell me that you believe me!" I stared at him.

He sighed and kept driving, "thanks." I muttered under my breath.

He stopped at a coffee shop and bought us both a coffee and kept driving towards home.

"Dad, you're 10 over the speed limit," he slowed down.

"Thanks," he kept looking at the road.

"DAD!" I shouted.

"What!?" He looked taken aback.

"Can you at least pretend to be interested!? You're acting like an asshole! I didn't sell any pot, nor will I ever! I only beat her up because she bullies me! Why can't you believe that!?" he stopped the car to speak to me.

"Honey I-" I interrupted him.

"Don't you 'honey' me! This is probably one of my worst days! I was blamed for something I didn't do and this morning on my way to school some asshole of a kid hit me with his bike then rode off leaving me there! I think my arms broken and Frankie kept hitting it as a joke today and I went off at him so I nearly lost him as a friend! How do you think I feel!? And don't say sorry unless you mean it!" I shouted at him. He stared me in the eyes.

"I'm sorry..." he said it without blinking or anything. I looked away.

"You're forgiven. Can we go home now?" he started the car.

"No. We're going to get your arm checked," he took a right and headed towards the doctors.

"Dad... Don't worry about it.. It's probably just badly bruised..." I tried to convince him.

"Quit your whining and get out!" I stood out of the car, "If I ever see Frankie hit your arm, you'll know how annoyed I'll get! I'll ban you from seeing that boy soon. He causes nothing but trouble!" he said. I stopped dead in my tracks.

"Dad! He's my best friend and I... Never mind! But you can't ban me from seeing him! That'll make you and Tre fight!" I said. I couldn't bare lose Frankito as a friend. He had been with me ever since we were little. We'd always done everything together. I've always had a little spot of jealousy when other girls went out with Frankie. But I've always just let them go as a 'he's my good friend, I just care for him' sort of thing. Now I've come to my senses. I have a crush on him... again. I remember being 10 and having a crush on him and me and Eliza, my dad's secretary, went down to the park one time and carved S.D + F.C into a tree. I wonder if it's still there...

"You've fallen for him, haven't you?" my dad asked, sighing. I shook my head.

"No. I like him as a friend. That's all he likes me as. He said so today..." I sighed and continued walking into the doctors.

"Samantha Jane Pritchard," my dad told the secretary.

"And what do you need help with?" she asked. Her voice was polite and she smiled at us both.

"We think she might have a broken arm," he told her. She nodded.

"Dr. Fletcher will be with you in five minutes," she gave us a couple of magazines and we sat down and read in silence until our names were called.

"Samantha Pritchard?" Dr. Fletcher called out. My dad and I both stood up and entered the X-ray room. As we left I could feel people watching my dad. Because he's famous.

My arm turned out to be broken, badly. Bloody bike kid! If I ever see him again...

I received a cast from my shoulder down to my wrist. So I couldn't bend my arm at all.

"Two daughters sick now!" I said to my dad as we left. Estelle, Esi for short, had a cold. She's my older sister. She's 21 (22 tomorrow) and she still lives at home.

"I'll keep you well. C'mon, let's get home before she, most likely, blows up the house," I laughed and jumped into the car. My arm was throbbing with pain from the bike boy hitting it and Lisa Wall hitting it. Estelle had grown up breaking things, on her body and in the house. She probably got that 'talent' from my dad. When my dad was on stage he would basically always break something. It runs in the family, I suppose. Because now I'm starting to pick up that 'talent'.

We drove back to number 21, our house. Frankie lived on number 22 next to us and Joey and Jakob lived on the other side of us on number 20.

We walked into our house.

"Dad!" Esi called out, "Can you please get me some soup!?"

He got out a tin of soup, put it on a bowl and plopped it in the microwave.

"Quick and easy," he smiled. I laughed and went upstairs.

"Maybe you should learn to make your own food!" I said as I put my bag down in my room along with all my other junk.

"What happened to your arm?" she said, staring at my blue cast.

"I know. It's a horrible colour. Do you think I should've got pink?" I smiled and sat down on her armchair. I explained to her my whole day and she sat there blowing her nose and coughing.

"What a loser!" she said, about Lisa, "Would you like to hear my day?" she laughed. I quickly walked out and back into my room.

"Samy!" Esi said to me, "Mum's here! Put your guitar down and get down here!"

Great. One thing to put the cherry on top of a wonderful day; my mum. She's the most horrible thing that ever reached this earth, apart from Lisa Wall. Estelle and mum got on really well, though. Ever since I was little mum had hated me. I'd always spent more time with my dad... and Frankie. I walked downstairs.

"Hi," I said staring at her. She said hi back and went to sit down, giving Estelle presents from all around

the world. She plopped a small bracelet down on the table.

"This is for you," she said, turning back to Esi and giving her billions of presents. I said thanks and said I was going for a walk and left. I hated being around her, so I walked over to Frankie's.

We walked over to a café and ordered some coffee then we got into a conversation about Lisa.

"I mean, does she have anything better to do then ruin my life?" I sighed and looked at my half-drunken cup of coffee. I was battling with myself over whether to tell Frankie I liked him.

"I swear that's her life goal," he laughed. I smiled and took a sip of my coffee. Lisa walked in and sat down on a table near us. I took one last sip of my coffee then walked out, without even asking Frankie if he wanted to leave.

"Where are you going?" I pointed towards the park. He walked next to me... unusually close. My stomach was doing back flips; it felt so good to be walking with him just one on one.

"So, is your mum over again?" he asked, sitting down on one of the swings. I nodded and sat on the other one.

"How'd you know?" I asked looking at my feet.

"Well, you're always sad when she's over and you always drink a lot of coffee. Oh, and I saw her car outside your house," he said, laughing. I laughed with him. He stared at me.

"Hey, what was it that you wanted to tell me this morning?" I asked him, just remembering.

"Oh..." he looked at his feet and he suddenly turned all embarrassed, "it doesn't matter, now. I'm sure it'll just... Don't worry, please."

I sighed.

"What's wrong?" he asked me.

"I like this guy... But I don't know whether to tell him or not. Because if I do then it might ruin our friendship..." I said. Looking at the sky, which was slowly turning dark.

"Well, that's the same with me. I like this girl but I don't want to ruin our friendship by telling her..." I sighed. He liked someone else.

"I have to go, now. I just remembered we are having dinner early back at home..." I hated lying to Frankie, but I couldn't bare this. He liked someone else. Probably someone much prettier. He held my arm, stopping me from leaving.

"Why don't you have dinner with me?" he said it really quickly.

"Oh... Um, yeah sure," we walked over to the closest restaurant, which happened to be Thai. One of my favourites. We both ordered and waited for our food.

"Where do you want to sit with the food?" he asked, as the man handed us our food. I shrugged.

"How about our old tree house?" I suggested. He laughed.

"Sure! How about I sneak some booze in?" he asked. I nodded. Maybe it would be easier to tell him that I liked him with a bit of booze in my system.

"Hand me the bottle," I took a big gulp out of the wine bottle then handed it back to Frankie.

"How romantic is this?" I asked, laughing. He smiled and took another big gulp of his drink.

"Who was it that you liked?" I asked, with a tiny bit of hope in my system.

"Uh... I said if I told the person I liked that I liked them then it could ruin our friendship, so I can't tell you!" he said, a little bit drunk.

"You like me?" I questioned him.

"...yes" he avoided my eye contact. I leaned over all the food and pulled him into a passionate kiss. After we kissed he kept staring at me.

"How long have you liked me for?" I asked, staring back at him.

"A long time... More than 5 years, probably..." he said. My stomach did more back flips.

"Are you serious? Even though you went out with heaps of other girls?" he blushed.

“Doesn’t mean I couldn’t have a special spot for you, does it? Does this mean we’re going out?” he looked at me. My stomach did, yet, more back flips.

“I don’t know... I want to. I’ve liked you for a long time,” I confessed. He smiled, and pulled me into a long, passionate kiss. I rolled him over and we lay down, holding each other and kissing. I took off his top and we made out in the treehouse.

2 - It's not my fault.

"Samy... crap!" I woke up lying next to Frankito in the tree house. We slept there!

"Oh, shoot!" I said. I held my head, "How much did we drink last night?"

He shrugged.

"I don't know, but we'd better get to school quickly!" he said.

"It's Estelle's birthday!" I shrieked and ran back to my house. Esi was enjoying all the presents from her family. I ran upstairs, ignoring my mum's questions of where I've been, and then ran back downstairs which Estelle's present.

"Happy birthday!" I hugged her, and then ran back upstairs to get ready for school. I had 20 minutes to get ready. I quickly put on some black short shorts and a singlet, then my converse, and ran out.

"Where were you last night?" Joey asked. It was a tradition for everyone to go to somebody's house on their birthday, so therefore Joey, Jakob, Billie Joe, Adie, Tre, Ramona and, well, Frankie was at his house.

"Why?" I said, smiling.

"No reason," he said, turning back to the conversation.

"See ya!" I shouted, "Wouldn't want to be ya!"

In the reflection of the window in front of my before I ran out, I could see my mum glaring at me. I smiled at the thought of 'I've made her annoyed' and quickly stepped out into the sun and over to Frankie's house.

Tre opened the door and let me in as soon as he saw me.

"Hello, Samy!" He said, indicating for my to go upstairs to Frankie's room. I went up and walked in on him with no shirt.

"I'm sorry!" I said, quickly closing the door. He opened it again, with no shirt on still.

"Samy. It's fine. C'mon, we made out last night and I had no shirt on. Your hands were all over this!"

He pointed at his flesh on his stomach/chest. I blushed. He pulled me into a kiss, which I couldn't resist.

"Did I miss something?" Tre said, breaking us to up. I stood there, staring at Frankie, then Tre.

"We, um... Well... we're going out," I said. Frankie nodded.

"Really?" he looked at us, suspiciously.

"Yes. Why would we joke about that?" He shrugged then walked downstairs. I chucked a soccer ball at Frankie.

"Think fast!" it hit him on the arm. He ran over to hit me (as a joke) but I ran away and ran down the stairs and straight into Tre.

"Ow," I said, rolling around on the floor. My elbow on my left arm was hurting, but not a lot, and my hip was hurting. Tre stood up, limping.

"OUCH!" he shouted as he sat on the couch. I stared at his foot.

"Are you okay?" I asked, going over to him. Frankie walked down.

"NO! My foot is killing me! How am I supposed to play the drums with a broken foot!?" he shouted. It was quite scary.

"I'm sure it's just badly bruised, Tre!" I tried to calm him down.

"Dad!" Frankie grabbed my arm, "You think you have it bad? Look at this!"

He showed his dad my arm. I could see what they were pointing at, until I turned it round so I could see it. My bone was sticking out. It looked horrible, blood was everywhere. The sight of blood always made me feel sick...

“Frankie... I hate blood... ARGH!!!!” I started screaming and crying.

“At least your cast didn’t do that! Your cast landed on my ankle!” he shouted. I was crying and started feeling sick from the blood.

“Someone get it off!” I screamed, running to the tap to wash it. Before I tried to wash it I stared at it. I couldn’t stop staring at the blood. It was oozing down my arm. Trickling down like a rainfall. I collapsed on the floor.

“Samy!” Frankie ran in and helped me up. He started wiping all the blood off. Then he drove Tre and me to the hospital.

The whole way there Tre and I argued.

“If you hadn’t have been running,” he said.

“If you hadn’t have been walking past!” I glared at him.

“If you didn’t pull a trick on Frankie!” he said, glaring back.

“If you hadn’t of had Frankie!” I said back to him. Frankie turned his head to me.

“Hey!” I smiled.

“Keep driving...KEEP YOUR EYES ON THE ROAD!” Tre shouted as Frankie swerved, just missing a tree. Tre glared at both of us. He started staring at my neck.

“What’s that?” he asked, knowing what it was but just making it obvious enough to embarrass me. He was pointing at the love kiss Frankie had left on me. I felt my face go red and look another way. This subject would’ve been ok to talk about if it wasn’t from Frankie, but Tre could tell straight away.

He laughed then started holding his foot to ease the pain and I shrugged. Frankie smiled at me through the mirror and I laughed. I held down the pressure on my bleeding arm, it was difficult though. Have you ever had an arm with a bone sticking out and another arm broken? I have. And it hurts like hell!

“We’re here,” Frankie said, opening the door and getting out. He opened the door for me then went to inside to collect some crutches for Tre. The nurse invited us into a room for a check up.

“Who wants to go first?” she asked us, putting on some clear gloves.

“Me,” Tre and I said in unison.

“How about the youngest goes first?” She asked, smiling.

“That’s me,” Tre said, limping forward. I laughed.

“Yeah right!” I said.

“I am...” he said. I laughed again.

“Actually, I’m the youngest,” Frankie said. Both Tre and I looked at him.

“Stop being immature!” we said and I sat down on the edge of the bed so she could check my arm. She ended up putting some band aids over it then wrapping it up in a bandage. Tre’s ankle turned out to be sprained. Frankie drove us home and we went back to my house, where Estelle had a few of her best friends over. They had a whole bunch of pizza and were sitting down in the rumpus room watching either hopelessly romantic movies or horror movies.

“Want to go for a swim at my place?” Frankie asked me. I glared at him.

“Sure, because I don’t have 2 broken arms do I?” I said sarcastically.

“They’re not both,” I interrupted him.

“I know, but you get the point,” I laughed, grabbed his hand and ran upstairs into my room.

“Why are we here?” Frankie asked, sitting on my bed. I smiled.

“Why do you think?” I sat on the bed, next to him. He looked at me with a blank look.

“What... with everyone downstairs?” he asked me. I smiled.

“Where should we go, then?” I asked him. He smiled and we headed downstairs.

“Samy,” my mum interrupted us just as we were about to go out the door.

“What?” I asked, impatiently. She stared at me for what seemed like another 10 hours then finally spoke.

"Where were you last night?" she asked. I looked at Frankie, who was looking at his feet, then looked back at her.

"With Frankie," I said. She stared at me. Her cold blue eyes didn't lose contact with mine.

"What were you two doing? I mean, last time you were out for ages you were off spray painting walls around the city," Joey said. I started laughing then saw the look on my mum's face and stopped.

"We were out for dinner," I said. Everyone turned around.

"What... You mean you and Frankie went for dinner in a restaurant?" my dad asked, staring in shock at us.

"Yes..." I said, starting to walk out.

"Wait, wait... Wait," Joey stopped us from walking out.

"You two actually sat down in a civilized restaurant and had a civilized conversation without causing havoc?" my dad said. I laughed.

"Yes!" then they all laughed and turned their heads back to whatever they were doing. Both Frankie and I shrugged and walked over to his house.

"My dad's home..." he said. I stopped dead in my path.

"The Living End!!" I screamed, running to the car parking outside my house.

"Samy? Oh my god, you've grown up so much!" Scott said, pulling me into a massive hug. He lifted me up and started spinning, as you do in the middle of the street.

"I've missed you so much, Scott!" I kissed him on the cheek. Chris and Andy stood out of the car, rolling their eyes at Scott and I hugged.

"Frankito!" Scott said, they shook hands and we took them inside.

"Dad! Scott, Andy and Chris are here!" I shouted. He came out from the bathroom and they all shook hands and hugged.

"How have you been Mike?" we sat down on the lounges and started talking. I heard someone shouting upstairs. I went to see what was happening.

"YOU JERK! WHY DO YOU ALWAYS GET THINGS YOUR OWN WAY?" Esi ran out of her room, grabbed my arm and locked us in the bathroom.

"...What's wrong, Es?" I asked.

"It's mum. She's a fracking dog. I'm never speaking to her again," she held her arm.

"Es, show me your arm..." I grabbed it and there was blood seeping out of deep cuts on her arm.

"Esi have you been," she interrupted me.

"No. Mum dug her nails into me really deep. It stings like hell, and she did it because I wouldn't tell her anything about my boyfriend. I only won't because she won't approve. She'll complain that he's a Goth and that he should be hanging around with his own crowd!" I sighed.

"How long have you hated her?" she looked at the bathtub.

"Ever since she abused me as a child," I stood up.

"WHAT!?" I shouted. She sat me down on the toilet (the seat was down).

"You can't tell her. She thinks everything's fine," I interrupted her.

"To hell with fine! She abused you and she is not getting away with it!" I unlocked the door and went to my mum, who was sitting on her bed in the guestroom, reading a book.

"You little dog!" I stood in front of her. I can't believe I'm swearing at my mum!

"What are you talking about?" she asked, smiling.

"You abused," I got interrupted.

"Samy? What's happening? I can hear a lot of shouting..." my dad said. Frankie was with him. I sighed.

"Hold on a second," I said to them, then turned around and punched my mum in the face, "you deserve that, maybe more. You are a dog. Nobody abuses my sister! You're worse than Lisa Wall! And that is saying something!" with that done, I stormed out of the house.

"Samy!" Frankie ran after me. I turned to face him. I put my arms around him and hugged him. He put his arms around me and held me tightly.

"I hate her," I said, crying into his shoulder. He kissed the top of my head.

3 - Rape

"Can we just leave this place for a while?" I asked him. He looked down at me. That was the only problem with Frankie and I. He was so much taller than me.

"Of course we can. How about we hire a Ute from the petrol station and we camp out in it for a while," I smiled.

"I love you," I kissed his lips and we started walking towards the petrol station. You could hire the Ute from there.

"So, what exactly did you Mum do?" Frankie asked. I sighed.

"She abused Esi. And you know she's a dog. Remember how I use to sneak out of the house when she was staying and sleep at your place?" I smiled. He laughed.

"Yes! And then you would snore and my dad would accuse me of loud snoring the next day!" he said and we both laughed.

"That was fun. Then Tre would be complaining the next day to my dad and I'd be laughing. Of course, my dad knew. I told him everything... but then when my mum stays he's different. He get's distracted... like he doesn't have enough time for me..." I sighed. Frankie put his arm around me and held me tightly as we walked into the petrol station.

"Hi, how much would it be to hire a Ute?" Frankie asked the man standing behind the counter.

"Twenty-five dollars a day plus a deposit of 300 dollars," I looked at Frankie. He had a worried look on his face.

"300 dol... okay," he pulled out his wallet.

"Frankie, it's alright. We could just walk around. We could stay in a hotel overnight even," I told him.

"No, it's fine. I can borrow money from my dad. I have \$25. And he'd get the 300 back, anyway," I sighed.

"You don't have,"

"Samy. Stop, okay? I want to. Anyway, there's a local band playing down at the big football park tonight. Want to sneak in?" I smiled and we walked out of the petrol station with the keys for the Ute.

"Sure. Let's invite Johnny and Jo as well, why don't we?" I asked. He nodded. I hugged him and we got into the Ute. The radio came on with The Saints Are Coming by U2 and non other than Green Day.

"There is a house in New Orleans they call the superdome," I sung. Frankie smiled. I turned it on full blast.

"How freaking good is Billie's voice?" I said. He laughed.

"Oh my god! How hot is he as well! I just, like, want to marry him!" I looked at him with a face of disgust, as a joke.

"You weirdo. Mike Dirnt is so much hotter...kidding!" I added with the look he gave me. We laughed.

"Fine leave out the oh-so-beautiful Frankito Cool!" I laughed.

"You mean Frankito Wright, don't you?" I said. He glared at me.

"Sure, Samantha Pritchard," I pretended to growl like a dog. He stared at me, "Fine! Samy Dirnt! Can I be cool now?"

"You cool?" I asked. He nodded, "Hah! As if!"

"Dude, if I'm not cool then why do I have friends and a girlfriend?"

I looked at my feet and cracked up laughing.

"God, I love you!" I said. He laughed.

"And as do I to you! I suppose that is one point to Frankie?" he said. I smiled.

"Did you forget the rules?" I asked him. He looked confused.

"...I remember making them..." I laughed.

"Well, obviously you don't. Do you not remember rule number 5?" I made a cough that sounded like 'ahem' and started speaking, "Thou shall not get a point if the other says I love you, being serious." I quoted.

"shoot. One point to you," I laughed. Frankie and I had a game that had been going on since we were 12. If we proved each other wrong we got a point. By the time we were 14 we lost count of who was winning, but we sometimes bring it up every now and again. It was good to see we still had our inner child's!

We stopped outside of Jo's house.

"I'll get her," I ran up to her doorstep and knocked.

"Coming!" I heard her shout. She opened the door.

"Hi!" I said, with a small wave.

"...hey! What are you doing here?" she asked. I let myself in and walked up to her room.

"Sam?" she said. I laughed and packed some of her belongings that she would need in a bag. Then I put my hands over my eyes.

"Collect as much money as you can," I heard her rustling around in her room until she finally said I can look.

"Why do I need it?" she asked. I grabbed her hand and walked downstairs.

"Oh, hello Samantha!" her mum said to me. Over the four years we'd known each other, Jo's mum still insisted on calling me Samantha. The name I loathed.

"Hey Christina!" I said. Everyone called her Chris but I insisted on calling her Christina. She smiled.

"Still a smartass, I see. Where are you two off to?" she asked. I smiled.

"She won't tell me!" Jo said. I smiled even harder. Her mum was okay with Jo doing anything, really. She was pretty layed back.

"I promise," I said, putting my hand on the bible that was on their table, "That Jo will not get hurt, arrested or dead,"

"And if she does?" Christina asked.

"I will forever be in debt to you and I will not rest until we find out what truly happened. And if she dies, I will, in fact, find her murderer and murder them," I said. She pointed at Jo.

"And the same to you, too, sweetie. Take care of each other, okay?" I smiled, grabbed her by the arm and went outside to the Ute. The three of us squished into the 2 seated Ute and drove to Johnny's. When we got there I went to collect Johnny. I knocked on the door and saw Johnny walk up, with a cigarette in his mouth. He opened the door.

"You know those things are shoot for you?" I said. He smiled.

"Nice to see you too, Samy!" he said laughing. I went inside his house and did the same I did to Jo. I collected all of his belongings and told him to collect as much money as possible. The whole time he had his cigarette.

"Samy, where are you taking me?" he asked. I smiled.

"You'll see, come on," I grabbed his arm and took him to the car.

"We're not all squeezing into this are we?" he said. I shrugged.

"How about you and me lie down in the back? We can't let any cops see us, though," I said. He dumped his bag in the back and we go into it, well I did.

"You're not coming in here with that piece of shoot," I pointed at his cigarette. He laughed and put it out by throwing it on the floor and stomping on it. I rolled my eyes and he hopped in. We lay down and Frankie started driving towards the football stadium.

"This is going to be fun," I said to him. He sighed.

"You know what, Samy?" he asked. I looked at him.

"What?" I asked.

"You're an immature little dog. I love you," I smiled.

"Why thank you!" I said.

"No, I'm serious. Actually, no I'm not. I thought I loved you, but then I realized. I don't want to get into a serious relationship. Yeah, I know you dig me, Samy. So I thought about it for a while. Now I know what I want," he said. I looked at him. He was staring right at me. I started to feel uncomfortable.

"What do you want?" I asked, not sure whether I should've. He rolled on top of me and stuck his tongue in my mouth. His breath smelt of stale smoke. I pushed him off.

"Johnny!" I said. He smiled.

"I want to get in your pants," He started trying to rip my clothes off. I stumbled and slapped his face. His eyes flashed and he proceeded to rip my clothes off.

"Johnny! Don't!" I pleaded. He slapped my face, this time. I started crying, at the same time I was trying to push him off. But compared to him, I was weak... very weak.

He started grabbing me, brutally, and hurting me. His hands would dig harshly into my skin, then they would grab somewhere else. He kept kissing me the whole time.

"Help!" I shouted. He covered my mouth.

"Do you want me to hurt you?" he asked. I cried even more.

"You already are!" I spat at him. He laughed and continued to do what he was doing.

"And you like it," he said. I tried to slap him, but he grabbed my arm, "do you want me to repeat myself? Do you want me to hurt you?" he asked. I cried and he kept brutally hurting me. It hurt like hell, but if I shouted out for help, what would he do? This already hurt enough...

Frankie's POV

"What's that thumping at the back of the van?" I asked, Jo. She shrugged.

"They're probably wrestling," she said. I nodded and kept driving. But what if they weren't? What if Johnny was doing something to Samy? ... Or Samy was doing something to Johnny?

"I should check on them," I said, stopping the car at the side of the road and getting out. I went to the back and saw Johnny on top of Samy, butt naked.

"Samy!?" I shouted. She was crying. Johnny was smiling, "It was that good was it?" I asked her, "It was that good that you're crying?" I ran off down the street until I was far away. I was so far that I would never have to see Samy's face for a while. The little slut! Who does she think she is? You can't just cheat on people like that.

Samy's POV

"It was that good was it?" Frankie glared at me. I tried to say something, but I'd lost my voice, "it was that good that you're crying?" he continued, and then ran off. I finally found my words.

"Frankie!" I shouted, but Johnny covered my mouth.

"I love you, babe," he said and kissed my forehead. I slapped him, finally.

"Samy... Johnny?" Jo said, staring at us.

"Help me, Jo!" I shouted. Johnny stood up and put on all his clothes, and taking mine, then ran off. Jo took off her jacket and put it over me.

"Samy, are you okay? frack, what the frack did that little cock-sucker do to you?" she asked. I couldn't say it. I started crying. He had taken all my clothes, including bra and undies, leaving me naked in the street. Well, I wasn't naked now that I had Jo's jacket covering up my top half and going to the middle of my thighs. I sighed.

"Could you take me home?" I cried. She nodded.

"Of course I can, come on. Get in the front seat. We'll sort this out okay?" she hugged me. Some teenage boys riding their bikes past whistled at us and some shouted for us to get a room. That brought

more tears to my eyes.

"We're not fracking lesbian!" Jo shouted out, giving them the finger. I went and sat in the car and put my head in my hands.

"Honey, you might be flashing from the front..." she said. My knees were up and I had no underpants on. I quickly put them down and rested my head on the headrest.

"What did he do to you?" she asked, looking at the multiple bruises on my leg. I sighed.

"I don't want to talk about it, okay?" I asked. She nodded, "Sorry." I added. She smiled.

"It's fine. You can talk about it when you feel ready to. But please, you have to tell your dad. Johnny cannot get away with that sort of stuff," she said. I nodded.

"I want to tell my dad. I don't want anybody else to," I said. I looked in the side view mirrors and stared at myself. I was a mess. My hair was everywhere and my eyes were puffy and red from crying. There were bruises all over my face. I sighed.

"Here we are," Jo said, stopping outside my house. I stood out of the car and started walking towards the front door, "Do you want me to come in with you?" she asked. I shook my head.

"Thanks anyway," I said and walked inside. My dad was cooking a BBQ outside with Scott, Andy, Chris, Billie and Tre.

"Scott..." I said. I couldn't face my dad yet, and Scott was always so understanding.

"Hey, what's up?" he said, noticing my eyes and bruises, and my lack of clothing.

"Can I speak to you... inside?" I asked. He nodded and led me in.

"What happened?" I started crying, I couldn't help it, but just thinking about it, or thinking about saying it was a horrible thought.

"I got..." I said. He stared at me.

"Samy, what happened. Why are you telling me? This look's serious, you should be telling your father," he said. I stared at him.

"Johnny... raped me..." I said. He looked at me and then hugged me.

"Ow!" I said, as he pressed up against some of my bruises on my back/shoulders. He quickly let go.

"Darling, I'll call the police. They should know. Tell your father. It may seem hard, but he has to know," Scott went to the phone.

"No, don't," I said. He stared at me in disbelief.

"Samy, it's the best thing to do. He dialed into the phone '000'. I giggled.

"This is no joke, Samy! Being raped is not funny!" he said, "Why aren't they answering?" he asked. I went over to the phone.

"Scott, we live in America..." he smiled.

"shoot," he said. I took the phone from him.

"I want to tell my dad first... and Frankie... he thought I was having sex with him... He didn't know Johnny was raping me..." I said. Scott sighed.

"Tell him now, it'll only get harder," he put his arm around me, gently, and took me outside.

"Mike," Scott said. My dad saw what state I was in and quickly came over. I could feel everybody's eyes on me. My dad put his arms around me and took me inside.

"What happened, Samy? Was it Frankie?" he asked. I looked at him with a shocked look.

"No! It was Johnny...." I said. He looked confused, "He raped me, dad..." I said. My dad's face turned from confused into a half angry half sad face. He started pacing up and down then grabbed me into a massive hug.

"Ow, dad... that hurts!" I said. He let go of his grip a bit, but didn't let go of me. I could feel the tears coming to my eyes again. He picked up the phone, went to the phone book and started searching.

"Dad, what are you trying to find?" I asked. He didn't reply. Then, he started dialing a number into the phone.

"Hi, this is Mike Pritchard," he said, "is this Johnny's mother?" he asked.

"Dad, no!" I said, trying to take the phone but he grabbed it back.

"Hi. I'm calling about your son," he said. I went upstairs and put some more clothes. The only clean clothes I had were my black pants and a baggy Green Day shirt. I felt dirty. No matter how many times I rubbed my skin, I still felt dirty. I heard my dad shouting downstairs. I ran down...

"YOUR IDIOTIC SON RAPED MY DAUGHTER!" he shouted. I saw him listening and his face expressions change every time. It went from; angry to angrier to angriest.

"IT DOESN'T MATTER?" he shouted into the phone, "frack YOU!" he put the phone down on the charger and went over to the chair.

"Dad... are you alright?" I asked.

"I... how did he do it?" he said, staring at my cast. I was shocked.

"What?" I asked.

"I mean... wouldn't he have bruises too? You have a cast... why didn't you just hit him over the head with it?" he asked. I avoided eye contact.

"Yeah, dad have you ever been under that sort of pressure? I'm pretty sure if you have the first thing that came to your head wasn't 'hit him over the head with a cast'. There were many things crossing my mind. He's stronger than me too, everytime I tried to hit him he'd get my arm and threaten to hurt me... more," I added. My dad sighed. I started crying again. Tre walked in, ending a call on his mobile.

"Frankie said you cheated on him?" he asked, but it sounded more like he was accusing me. I started crying.

"Tell Frankie I'm sorry!" I said. Tre looked at me.

"Samy... out of all people, I would've never expected you to cheat on Frankie..." he said.

"Oh my god, samy!" my dad said. Both Tre and I looked at him, "why are you saying sorry? You're apologizing for... what happened?" he asked. I looked at him gratefully. Word get's around quick in this town, so I didn't want everybody to know, even though Tre would soon find out. Just not yet.

"What happened?" Tre asked. I avoided eye contact and started fiddling with a pillow.

"Tre, don't worry. It's Samy's decision to tell you or not and it doesn't look like she's willing to," my dad said. I looked up and smiled at him.

"Yet," I added. Tre rolled his eyes.

"Slut..." he said, and walked out. I stared at the half open door he had just walked out and started crying.

"Dad I... was he serious?" he asked. He shook his head, and put his arm around me.

"Hey, listen, Mike. It seems like the BBQ isn't turning out too well. It's sort of like American cooking habits versus Australian cooking habits!" Billie said walking in, "And Australia won... therefore, me and Tre leaving!" Billie said, walking in, "Are you okay, Samy?" he said. There were bruises on my arms (where there wasn't a cast or a bandage) and my eyes were still red.

"I'm fine!" I said, wiping my eyes on my sleeve. He sat down next to me.

"You don't look fine. Tre was on the phone to Frankie out there. I think he was talking about you when he said 'she did what!?' and stuff like that... you can tell me what happened," he said, putting his hand on my knee. I pushed his hand off my knee, I wasn't too trustworthy of people touching me.

"Billie, I don't think she really wants," I interrupted my dad.

"I got raped," I said. Billie sat there, staring at me in disbelief.

"You got raped.... By who?" he asked. I shrugged.

"I've told you enough... I'm not too comfortable with telling people at the moment..." I stood up and went to the bathroom. When I was up there, I locked the doors and stared at myself in the full length mirror. After I was sick at staring at my horrible self, I sat on the floor, leaning against the bath. I heard somebody coming upstairs, and then trying to open the bathroom door.

"Is anyone in here?" I heard Esi's voice. It was like heaven, she was the only person I could tell.

"Es..." I said, opening the door. She looked at me, head to toe, then pulled me out of the bathroom and into her room.

"What the hell happened?" she asked. I sighed.

"It's a long story, which I don't feel comfortable talking about..." I said. She stared at me.

"Fine, get out," she said, hushing me out.

"I didn't say I wouldn't tell you, though," I said. She rolled her eyes.

"Go on, then!" I told her the whole story from the moment I had last left the house to the moment where I came to the bathroom. She started crying.

"Why are you crying?" I asked her. She looked at me.

"You idiot, my sister/best friend just got raped! Her Mum hates her and... Could this day get any better!?" she asked, hugging me. It was good to know she was always there for me.

4 - Rock 'n' Roll Girlfriend

Frankie's POV

I took a long sip from my 8th beer bottle.

"I bet you can't shoot that runny Babbitt!" Tony shouted at me. We were going on a drunken rampage around the town with a BB gun shooting every thing we could.

"betchoo I can!" I shouted back and shot for the bunny rabbit. I missed by inches as it ran into the bushes.

"Yoo missed!" he shouted. I aimed the gun at him. He stopped laughing.

"You wouldn't!" he said. I shrugged and shot the BB gun at the top of a tree. I heard a cheep, and then saw a blue bird fall to the ground. We high fived each other then kept walking. We walked past Rudy's can't fail, and I saw my dad's car parked out the front of it. I went inside, with the gun, and sat down next to my dad.

"Frankie!" he said, "What the hell are you doing?" he said, kicking the gun out of my hand.

"Hey!" I said, picking it up again, and pretending to shoot it at people, "bang bang bang bang!" I said, laughing. My dad glared at me.

"Put the gun down now, son, and nobody gets hurt..." an old man walked up to me holding a shot gun. An actual gun! I dropped the gun and fell asleep on the chair, falling off as there was no back on it.

"Idiot," I heard my dad mumble as he helped me up.

"I'm not an idiot!" I said. He stared at me.

"You're right, you're not. You're in love, that's what the problem is," he helped me walk outside then drove home.

**

"Wake up!" my head started throbbing as soon as my eyes opened.

"What...?" I said, not knowing where I was or what I was doing in this strange place.

"You idiot!" Ramona said, "You used to do that to me after I had been at parties all night. So now I'm doing it to you! Have a nice morning with your hangover!" I heard her footsteps walk out the front door. I opened my eyes properly to see where I was lying. I was lying in the living room on the couch. My dad walked in.

"I couldn't be bothered to carry you up to your room, last night, so I left you here," he said, laughing,

"Oh, and Samy phoned. You'd better apologize," he said. I stared at him.

"Sure," I said, sarcastically, "Let me apologize for her cheating on me!"

Anger was starting to build up inside me. My stomach was whirling round and round until...

"Yuck!" my dad said, moving just in time so the vomit didn't get him. He handed me a glass of water.

"Why should I say sorry?" I said, ignoring the vomit that had just excused itself from my body.

"I don't think I should be telling you. Just go, Frankie..." he said. I shook my head.

"No. I'm not going over there ever again until she apologizes to me!" I said, stubbornly. My dad stood up.

"You're making a big mistake, son," he said and started walking out.

"YOU DIDN'T SEE WHAT I SAW, DAD! THEY WERE ALL OVER EACH OTHER!" I shouted. He turned around.

"Looks can be deceiving, make sure you're not making the worst decision of your life here...now, get ready for school. It's not the weekend anymore," he walked out. I looked at my hands. Wait, if it was the weekend then why did Samy get ready for school on Saturday?

Oh well.

“Boys,” Ramona said, sighing as she walked into the living room with a bucket of water and a cloth, “can’t even clean up their own messes...”

She pushed her way past me and I continued walking upstairs to get changed out of my vomit stained clothes. I put on a pair of jeans that was lying around on the floor then found an old Green Day shirt and walked out, putting my vans on at the door. As I walked to school I had to walk past Samy’s house. I looked up at her window and saw her looking out of it so I quickly turned my head and kept walking. It hurt to not speak to my best friend, but it also hurt to be cheated on by your girlfriend. Rock n Roll girlfriend. That’s what she was.

Samy’s POV

I looked out my window. Frankie was walking to school. I couldn’t go down, though. I was suspended for the next week. I wonder if Tre told Frankie what really happened. I hope he did. Frankie looked up at me; I looked back, smiling at him. I loved to see his face and what he wore to school. He turned his head and kept walking, without returning my smile. I dumped myself on my bed and sunk my head into my pillow and closed my eyes. I wish this had never happened. Johnny ruined my life. No, my mum ruined my life. If she had never of come then I wouldn’t of had a fight with her which means I wouldn’t have had gone in the Ute. I put my computer on. It was a shabby thing I’d had since I was about 12 and it was slow as hell. It never loaded properly and sometimes it decided to turn off automatically. But, I thought I’d see if it worked...

“Beep beep,” my computer kept beeping as it loaded the windows 98 signs.

Yes! It worked. I typed in my password then...

SZHOOOM...

The screen went black and everything turned off.

“shoot!” I said.

“SORRY!” my dad called from downstairs.

“What?” I shouted back. He came up holding some electrical cords.

“I tried to put the blue cord with the red cord and then everything blew up...now there is no electricity...shoot,” he said. I laughed at his face, which was black from most likely the blow and his hair was sticking up. He looked in the mirror.

“Won’t be any Mike Dirnt teenie’s now, will there, ay?” he laughed. I smiled and then he walked out.

Great, no electricity for god knows how long. I got my mobile and iPod and walked out the door.

“I’m going to go for a walk down to a café, bye dad!” I shouted. He ran in.

“Are you sure? I mean, what if you see Johnny... I don’t want you getting hurt. Why don’t you take somebody with you?” he asked, blocking the door.

“Dad, I’ll be fine. I’ll make sure to walk where lots of people are!” he watched me for a minute before letting me go.

“Be careful, though...” he said. I nodded and walked out. It was a pretty cold day for summer. Oh well. I started walking down a few streets, listening to my iPod.

“HEY! HEADS!” I turned around and saw a basketball hit my head, making me fall over. It had hit one of my massive bruises. A boy about 16 came over.

“I am so sorry!” he said, helping me up. I smiled, holding back my tears.

“It’s alright,” I said.

“Are you sure? Are you okay... Did the ball do all of that? Did you fall or something... why do you have so many bruises?” he asked. So many questions...

“Let me try answering all of these. I am sure I’m okay... I am okay. The ball didn’t do that. I didn’t fall. Well, I did fall, but the fall didn’t cause those bruises. And um... don’t worry why I have so many bruises. Did I get all of them?” I smiled. He nodded.

"Wow. You're good!" I looked at him.

"Aren't you meant to be at school?" I asked. He looked at his feet.

"I got expelled. And my parents are on holiday so they don't know yet..." I smiled.

"I got suspended... nothing to worry about, though!" he smiled. His eyes were bright blue and his hair was a dirty blonde. The clothes he wore were very faded jeans with a white singlet. He had kustom shoes on.

"Nice shoes... I have a pair of them somewhere," I said. He nodded.

"Want to get a drink?" he said, looking in the direction of Rudy's Can't Fail. I nodded, and then we walked over there.

"Hey Jen. Can I get a cappuccino?" I asked Jenny, who worked at RCF. She had worked there ever since it opened. My dad owned it, so I knew everyone in there.

"Sure. You okay there, Sam?" she asked. I nodded.

"What are you getting?" I asked the boy. I still hadn't found out his name. He looked at the menu.

"Can I please get a Mocha?" he asked her. She nodded and started making the drinks.

"Hey," he said, "I bet you can't guess which famous dude owns this place!" I laughed.

"Hmm, could it be Mike Dirnt?" I said. He looked very taken aback.

"You like Green Day?" he asked. I nodded.

"I love them. Personally, Mike is my favourite. He's so nice!" he stared at me.

"I have lived here ever since I was born and not once have I met them!" my eyes went wide.

"Come on," I grabbed his arm and ran out the door and back to my house.

"DAD! Come here!" I shouted.

"Samy? Are you alright!?" he shouted, running in. The boy stared at him.

"Oh... shoot. You're Mike Dirnt's daughter... frack... I mean... fudge...!" he stood there mumbling on about everything from Green Day to skateboards. I just stood there, laughing at him.

"Hey," my dad said, shaking his hand, "Mike. Well, you already know that. Who are you?" he asked.

"I'm... Ben... sir!" he said. I cracked up laughing.

"My dad? Known as sir? Hah!" I said. I looked on the TV. Californication by Red Hot Chili Peppers was playing.

"I love this song!" I said, singing along. Ben sang along to it as well.

"Same," he said.

"I love Give it away by the chili's. I love it how he's like give it away! Really quickly" I said.. My dad rolled his eyes and went back to his electrical cords.

"Hey, I'm sorry I never found out your name..." Ben said. I smiled.

"Samy," I said, shaking his hand. He looked at me.

"You have really nice eyes..." he complimented. I could feel my face going red.

"Thank you. So do you," I said back. But I wasn't lying, he actually did. They were so... blue...

"Wait... Oh god. That means you know Tre and Billie Joe as well, don't you?" he said. I nodded.

"Could I..."

"Meet them?" I finished his sentence. He nodded. I smiled.

"You can meet Billie. I'm not sure about going over to Tre's house... we're kind of... fighting a bit. Well, Tre's knows the truth but I'm fighting with his son, Frankito, and he might be there. He usually skips school..." I said.

"What are you fighting about?" he asked, as we walked out the door.

"Frankito thinks I cheated on him, because we ... were going out," I sighed before the word 'were'. I wish I still was going out with him, "He caught Johnny... raping me..." I said. Wow, I couldn't even tell my own boyfriend this, yet I was telling some complete stranger.

"Is that why you have all the bruises?" Ben asked. I nodded, avoiding all eye contact, "I'm sorry... I'm

intruding on your life and you don't seem to be enjoying telling me about it. How about you come to my school prom tonight?" he asked. I looked confused.

"I thought you were expelled?" I asked.

"I am... but the principal said I could come to the prom because it's our last one," I smiled.

"Oh, I don't think I'm really in a state to go to a prom at the moment... what year are you in?" I asked.

"Twelve. It's my last year," he said..

"It's my last year too... I don't even know when our prom is. I got suspended so I don't know anything that's going on lately and... Well, I got suspended because of the school slut saying I tried to sell pot to her when, really, I don't even smoke pot. I barely drink... I take back the drinking bit, actually. I get drunk easily." I said then added, "Sorry! I'm telling you my life story!"

"Well, your life story, which is actually like the last week of your life, is more interesting than my life story! Mine is that I grew up in this area, went to school and here I am. I skate. That's it..." I smiled.

"At least people don't stare at you all the time because your Dad is famous!" he laughed.

"I'd love to be related to anybody in Green Day," he said.

"It is fun," I replied, "Oh, here we are," I knocked on Billie's door. Adrienne answered.

"Hey, Samy! Hun, I haven't seen you in ages!" she said, hugging me. She squeezed at least 10 bruises and made them hurt like hell.

"Ow..." I said. She quickly came off me.

"I'm sorry! Billie told me what happened..." I nodded.

"Yeah. Well, this is Ben. And I was wondering if he could meet Billie? 'Cause he's a major fan and he's never met them. All his life he's lived here and never met them!" I said. Ben smiled.

"Sure, come in," she stood out of the door and let both of us in, "BILLIE," she shouted in the direction of upstairs.

"Do you want me to get him?" I asked. She nodded.

"He's in his room..." I walked up the stairs and knocked on the door to their bedroom.

"Come in, Adi!" I opened the door.

"It's Samy-OH MY GOD! I'm sorry!" I closed the door. I had walked in on Billie... with his pants down, if you get what I mean. Five seconds later he opened the door, his face red from embarrassment.

"I'd, um... appreciate it if you didn't tell anybody that you walked in on me... well, you know..." I laughed.

"Only if..." he looked at me.

"You're going to bribe me!?" he said. I looked at him seriously.

"If you wash your hands. Nobody wants to touch your hands now..." He smiled and went into the bathroom to wash them. I went back downstairs to Ben and Adi, they were both sitting on the couch, speaking.

"Hey," I said, sitting down. They kept speaking. Billie came down, drying his hands on his shirt.

"Hello," he said. Ben stood up.

"It is so good to finally meet you!" he said. Billie nodded.

"You too. Hey, Adi is there any coke left?" he asked. I laughed. Ben just got shut down by Billie.

"Billie!" Adi said, "Don't be so rude!" he looked at Adi, then me, then finally at Ben.

"Hello boy. It's nice to meet you. I hope we can do this some other time. It was great to meet you," He went over and kissed Ben on one cheek, then on the other.

Adi glared at Billie. Ben held his cheeks in astonishment.

"I'm not in a good mood... you know that!" Billie said.

"You seemed pretty happy when I went up..." Billie interrupted me.

"Shut up, Samy," he said, glaring at me. I could see him trying to not smile. I smirked at this and stood up.

"Fine. You suck!" I said, walking out.

"Oh, Samy, I didn't mean it!" he said. I laughed.

"Knew you would soften up if I left saying something like that," I said. He rolled his eyes.

"Do we have any coke left?" He asked Adi.

"You know Coke is bad for you?" I said to him. He turned around.

"Did you know if you keep speaking I'm going to knock the living daylight out of you?" he said. I laughed. I was getting to him. Soon he would start laughing along.

"Billie!" Adi said, surprised at his actions.

"Oh, come on Adi! You know me and Samy always argue. Is there any coke left?" he asked. Adi was about to answer when I said something first.

"Why don't you look for it yourself? Don't you know your way to the kitchen? Here, let me show you..." I grabbed his arm and walked him to the kitchen and opened the fridge door. I saw a bottle of coke, and quickly grabbed it before Billie had the chance to put his arm out.

"Give it here, Samy," he said. I went to the glass cupboard. There was a tiny bit of coke left in the bottle and I got out a glass, "You'd better be pouring that for me..." he said. I smiled and poured it into a glass, and then I took a huge gulp out of it.

"Here you go!" I said, handing him back the tiny bit of coke in the glass I'd just drank out of. I walked out, smiling.

"Nice one, Sam," Adi said, smiling. We did a small high five and I sat down. Ben was smiling at me.

"It's fun to piss Billie off," I said to him.

"I'm sure it is..." he said. I nodded. The taste of coke was lingering in my mouth. I went into the kitchen to spit the taste out.

"Samy. That was really mean..." Billie said. I smiled.

"Well, you know. It's either I annoy you or I tell everyone what you were doing," I said.

"Dude, everyone knows that I do it. Listen to Longview!" he said. I smirked.

"Yeah but..." I said. He rolled his eyes.

"What do you think guys do, Samy? Practically every guy does it..." I shuddered at the thought of Frankie doing it. It just seemed odd, since I'd known him since I was born.

"Your dad," he started to say but I interrupted him.

"YUCK! NO, BILLIE! Too far!" I said, standing up and then left the room.

"I'm going to go back home now..." I said to Adi, "Thanks for having me, bye." I walked out the door and back to my house, leaving Ben in their house. I barely knew Ben, so I didn't want him coming into my house. I went around the back to the pool. I couldn't swim in it because of my cast and I was sick of that thing. I took the bandage off my left arm. The skin had healed a bit over the bone, but you could still tell I was injured there. Now, how do I get the cast off...?

I went inside into the kitchen.

"Hey, dad... do we have any massive knives that could cut through anything?" I asked him. He looked at me, with an odd look.

"I, uh... yeah... 3rd draw..." He pointed to the third draw. I went over and helped myself to the biggest knife.

"Thank you!" I said, walking outside again. I went around the side so my dad couldn't see what I was doing. I put the knife through the cast, very carefully, so that I didn't split through my skin.

"Samy!" I heard Tre say, from over the fence. I shrieked in surprise and the knife when through the cast and I felt it just miss going through my skin.

"Oh hey Tre," I said.

"What are you doing? Oh, I tried to convince Frankie to speak to you, but he was being a stubborn son of a dog... oh... wait. I'm not a dog... Here he is, now. Wait here!" I heard him going to get Frankie. I didn't want to speak to him, yet. I couldn't stand to talk to him... he didn't believe me, why should I

Speak to him?

"Frankie, you speak to that girl now!" I heard his dad say to him. I quickly slipped myself inside. I heard a door slam next door, most likely Frankie's. I had a plan to speak to Frankie, and it wasn't going to be ruined by Tre.

5 - Fuck this. I'm leaving.

I looked over at the clock. One am. Everyone in the house was asleep, including my cat, Shadow, who was sleeping on the end of my bed. I kissed him on the head.

"Wish me luck," I whispered to Shadow and opened the window. I had to jump a little bit to get onto the tree branch. I had done it every time I snuck over to Frankie's house... I hope I did it this time without hurting my arm, which I had ended up taking the cast off.

I made a little noise as I jumped and grabbed the branch and then swung myself into the centre of the big tree. I climbed to the other side, which led to the window of Frankie's room and knocked on the window, quietly. The light in his room came on and he came to the window. He opened it, but didn't move to let me in.

"Frankie, I need to speak to you," I said. He kept staring at me.

"I'm not sorry, I have nothing to apologize about, but I do need to tell you the truth, please let me in..." he moved out of the way, still not saying a word. I sat on his bed, where he had been sleeping.

"Samy, tell me now, please. I'm tired..." he said, yawning and laying down on his bed, next to me. I lay down, also and faced him.

"Johnny... he started telling me all this stuff about how he'd had a crush on me for a long time and crap and then he told me what he wanted," I said.

"Which was...?" he asked. I sighed.

"He said what he wanted was to get into my pants..." I felt tears coming, but I held them back.

"Great, so you let him," he said.

"No! ... He forced me. Do you think I wanted to cheat on you, Frankie? No, I didn't. That's why you heard all the banging, I kept trying to hit him but he would bang me against the sides and hurt me..." I said. I hope he believed me...

"Yeah, that's great, Samy. I bet you spent ages thinking of that as an excuse. You're a fake... you lie. You never stop lying. You should try not to lie to me, though. Considering I am... was your boyfriend," he said, and ushered me out of the room.

"Frankie... I'm not lying!" I said crying, "Do you think I put these bruises all over me on purpose?" I said. He rolled his eyes and pointed towards the window.

"Frankie, you'll find out I'm not lying soon and you'll come crawling back to me. And you know what; I'll take you back, because I know what it feels like to be rejected by your best friend. The one you love..." I said, going out the window and onto the tree and back into my room, which was difficult to get back into, considering I still had a broken arm.

**

I woke up the next morning at six O'clock. Way too early, but by six-thirty I figured out I couldn't get to sleep and got up for breakfast. My dad was already down there drinking a coffee.

"Is there any," I started to say.

"I made some for you.... Were you alright last night? I could hear you having...nightmares..." he said. I looked up.

"Nightmares?" I asked. He nodded.

"Well," he said, "not exactly nightmares. I mean, you did shout out stop a lot of times. Then you shouted for Frankie to come back and then," I interrupted him.

"Okay dad. Please stop, sorry..." I said. I sat down on the chair at the end of the table with a coffee. He came and sat next to me.

"Samy, you need to tell me if something's wrong. You know I understand everything," he said. I nodded.

"Last night... I sneaked over to Frankie's to apologize..." I said. He stared at me.

"Well?" he said. I shrugged.

"He...doesn't care. He won't forgive me. He thinks I'm having an affair with Johnny," I said. My dad put his arm around me.

"You have to keep trying, Samy," he said. I nodded.

"And when all else fails?" I asked. He took his arm from around me.

"Think positive. We all have to come to our senses one day, don't we? Oh... um. Johnny has been taken to jail. Three or four years..." he said. I looked up.

"But he's my... good," I said. I didn't want to think of him as a friend anymore. He wasn't. He betrayed our friendship. He ruined it. I hated him for it. Correction; I hate him. I didn't hate Frankie, though. And I wasn't going to lose him as a friend. I had to do what it takes to get him back. And I will.

"Are you going to be okay?" my dad looked at me. I nodded and stood up.

"How much longer am I suspended for?" I asked. He thought about it.

"Uh..." he said. I laughed.

"You don't know, do you?" I asked.

"Well, you should know!" he said.

"You should know as well!" I said. He shrugged.

"Do you really care about school? I really think you could go somewhere with your artistic view on life..." he said. I giggled.

"Dad! Don't be so mean!" I went upstairs into my room. I tried to draw all the time, except they were never good. Everybody did the whole fake "No, it's really good, Samy!" thing but I never believed them. I had one perfect drawing that I had put my heart and soul into. It was of Frankie from when he was 15. I had it hung up on my wall, next to my Clash poster.

CLING

Something had hit my window. I went to see what it was when a rock came up through it.

"What the hell?" I murmured under my breath, and then saw Ben standing there. I looked at the time. It was barely even 7 yet!

"What the hell?" I shouted at him, opening the window and climbing out through the tree. He came up to me as I landed my feet on the ground.

"You left me alone with Billie Joe and Adrienne the other day! And you know what?" he asked me. I shrugged.

"What?" I asked.

"It was fracking awesome!" he hugged me.

"That's good. Why are you here so early?" I said, smiling. He grabbed my head and kissed me. I tried to get him off, but he kept kissing me.

"YOU SLUT!" Frankie shouted from his bedroom. It must've looked bad. He caught me with Johnny; well he didn't catch ME with Johnny... He caught Johnny on top of me. And now he's catching Ben kissing me! This is just going to go downhill, isn't it? Ben was staring at Frankie.

"I'm so sorry," he said. I looked at him. Maybe it was time to start playing this 'game'. I grabbed the back of Ben's head and started passionately kissing him. I opened my eye a touch to see if Frankie was looking. He was, and he was shaking his head.

"Call me later," I said to Ben, strutting inside with my best strut. I opened the door and my dad was sitting at the table drinking coffee still. He pointed upstairs.

"But you were... what?" he said. I laughed.

"I'm going to play this game against Frankie. He thinks I'm a slut, I'll show him that I'm a slut!" I said.

My dad shook his head.

“Samy!” he said, “Don’t hurt yourself doing this!”

“Dad...” I said, pointing at my bruises. I went upstairs again to the window. I could see Frankie looking outside his window.

“My friend drove off the other day, now he’s gone and all they say is ‘you got to live ‘cause life goes on,’” I sung. J.A.R. Written by the one, the only, Michael Ryan Pritchard! (AKA Mike Dirnt... my Dad!).

“Urgghhh,” Esi walked into my room, holding her stomach. I looked at her.

“Are you alright?” I asked. She looked at me.

“No... I feel sick!” she said.

“What from?” she smiled.

“Your singing!” she said walked out. I rolled my eyes. Maybe I wasn’t that good at singing... but I wasn’t bad what was I good at?

Ruining things. That’s what I was good at! I picked up the home phone and rung Jo.

“Hello?” she said, after it had rung a few times.

“Hey, it’s Samy. What are you doing today?” I asked. She mumbled something, “Pardon?” I asked.

“I’m going down to the carnival with Frankie...” she said. My heart dropped.

“Oh...” I said, “That’s odd because I’m going down with Ben!” I said. I’ll phone Ben straight after this phone call.

“Ben?” she asked. I laughed.

“You’re so silly! My new boyfriend!” I said. Okay, I know it’s slack to be using Ben but, hey, what else am I going to use to make Frankie jealous? Frankie was using my best friend to make me jealous.

“Oh, cool. Well, I have to tell you something,” she said. I nodded, and then remembered I was on the phone.

“Which is?” I asked.

“Wait, you want me to ...” she said to someone else then realized I was still on the phone, “oh, yeah. Frankie and me are... going out,” she said. I couldn’t help but laugh, and then hung up on her.

I looked through my entire jeans’ pockets until I finally found the piece of paper with Ben’s number on it. I dialed it into the phone and waited for someone to pick up.

“Hello?” I heard Ben’s voice from the other line.

“Hey, Ben... do you want to come to the carnival with me today?” I crossed my fingers in hope that he would.

“Sure. What time?” he asked. I took a deep breath.

“Um... Well, how about we go now and stay there all day... babe?” I asked him. I had to get him to think we were going out. And if I started to do that by using pet names then he would start using them for me as well.

“Sure. I’ll come by your house and we can go, ok? Hey uh... are we going out?” he asked. I smiled.

Yep. Well, if you want to... I said.

“Sure. I’ll see you in ten minutes, babe,” he hung up the phone. I put the phone down and put on my nicest outfit. Black skinny leg jeans to show off my long legs. It was a big cold outside so I pulled on my white jacket and went downstairs.

“Hey, Dad, can I have a bit of money because I’m going to the carnival today...” I said. He nodded and handed me some money, then I went to wait outside for Ben. As I stood outside a massive guitar solo came on and kept playing until I finally realized it was my phone.

“Hello?” I said.

“Hey, it’s... Stop it Frankie! It’s Jo!” Jo said. I sighed and looked up at Frankie’s bedroom. Jo was standing there giggling and Frankie wasn’t visible...

“Oh...hi...” I said. She was giggling still.

"I was just ringing to tell you Frankie and me aren't going to the carnival anymo-HEY! Put them back on!" she said, laughing. I looked up and saw Jo tugging for her pants back. I hung up the phone and went over to Frankie's house.

"Hey," Tre said, opening the door. I barged in, not speaking to him at all and ignoring Ramona, who was eating breakfast.

"FRANKIE!" I said, banging on the locked door.

"...Yeah?" he said, opening the door. I barged in and slapped him on the face.

"I'M SICK OF THIS! I fracking hate you, you bastard!" I said, sitting down on the bed and putting my hands in my head.

"Samy, I," I interrupted him.

"I love you, still. That's the problem. Ben and I aren't going out! I was going to use him to make you jealous! Obviously your plan to make me jealous worked better..." I said.

"Samy... Jo and I actually are going out... it wasn't a plan to make you jealous..." my heart dropped from the highest mountain in the world to the deepest ditch in the world. Then... broke.

"I-bye" I said, walking out, but just before I did... I punched Frankie in the stomach, as hard as I could. Hurting people was my thing.

"Samy!" Jo said, running out to me, "I'm sorry, but I've liked Frankie since I met him... four years ago, was it? And... well I've finally got him! And you're just treating us like shoot!" she said. I stared at her.

"You basically stole him from me, Jo," I said, calmly, "we were going fine. I bet you paid Johnny to rape me just so Frankie would find us then you could have him all to yourself. Hey?" I said, still staring her straight in the eye. She looked at the floor.

"I was annoyed at you because you always got the guy... you always got everything you wanted, Samy. I just wanted something before you got it for once in my life. Well, you did get it before me but now I have it. And I'm not losing it. And about Johnny, I asked him to do something to make you and Frankie break up and... he did. He was just going to tell you Frankie was cheating on you but then I told him to have sex with you. But I suppose it turned into rape because you... you didn't want to," she said. Frankie opened the door.

"Are you serious? You were trying to break me and Samy up? After I'd liked her for ages?" he said. I started crying.

"Best friend, my @\$@" I said, slapping her and running downstairs.

"Samy, are you okay?" Tre asked. I nodded and continued to walk out. My heart was throbbing and I felt like killing Jo. She had like Frankie that whole time and instead of telling me she fracking stabbed me in the back and went out with him instead. She's a fracking dog!

"Samy," Frankie said, running down. I turned around and slapped him again.

"It's fracking over. You didn't believe me all that time. I was raped and you didn't even fracking believe me then you dated my best friend. And you didn't even date her to piss me off; you dated her because you liked her. Just, leave me alone for the rest of my life, okay?" I said then kept on walking. Ben's car drove up I went to the window.

"Ben, I'm sorry. I was just using you to piss Frankie off... I'm really sorry," I walked inside and I saw Ben get out of the car with a blank expression. Frankie went over to him.

"DON'T MAKE FRIENDS WITH HIM, BEN!" I shouted from the door, "HE DOESN'T BELIEVE PEOPLE!" and then I slammed the door as hard as possible.

"Samy are you okay?" my dad asked. I went over to him and rested my head on his shoulder.

"I want to move dad. You and Esi can stay. But I want to move... far away..." I said, tears were coming to my eyes.

"Why? What happened?" my dad asked. I shrugged.

"It's a long story... I'd rather not. I want to move cities," I said and went upstairs to pack.

"Samy," my dad said, running upstairs after me, "You're not really moving are you?"

"Dad, I don't care if you don't want me to. I'm moving. I'll apply for college wherever I go. I never want to see this stupid little town ever again. It's full of shoot and I hate it..." I, then, closed my door in my dad's face. Okay, so I did feel bad rejecting my dad like that but, oh well. I was sick of this place... I could even stay with my Nan for a while in Hollywood, where she lived. She was Mum's mum but she was nice to me... hey... what ever did happen to mum?

I packed my clothes into the biggest suitcase I could find and then collected all my toiletries and small little pieces that I would need to survive. I would finally be free!

I dragged the massive, heavy suitcase downstairs to the front door and walked out.

6 - Hollywood

“Uh... do you have any plane tickets for the next flight to...? Hollywood?” I asked the lady in front of a desk at the airport.

“I have a ticket for the flight at 10.15 which is one way,” she said. I nodded.

“Perfect,” I said, and bought it, “Uh, what are we allowed to take on flights?” I asked. She looked at the list.

“Well, it’s interstate so you can take a bit, but there are restrictions. You can take a book, no food or vegetables, water, MP3 player, but it must be played in the air, you can’t play it when the plane is about to take off,” she said. I nodded.

“Thanks,” I said, “Oh wait, what about mobiles?” I asked. She looked at the list.

“Must be turned off - they could cause disturbance with the flight,” she said. I nodded and walked over to some seats. It was quite a cold night, even though I was inside. The constant opening of the doors made it worse for the cold night air to sweep in.

I pulled my jacket over me more tightly and waited for about another 20 minutes for my flight to be called.

“Flight 230, this is the last call for flight 230. The following passengers have not yet boarded: Samantha Pritchard,” she said some more names then... “Frankito Wright, thank you,” the microphone turned off. I stood up, looking around. As I was turning around Frankie was standing behind me.

“Samy, I’m sorry... let’s sort this out...” he said. I looked at him; I felt my eyes starting to bulge with tears.

“Why did you...” I said, and then started walking towards the boarding area. He consistently followed me, like a puppy dog. I wanted to speak to him, but I wasn’t going to miss my flight; I payed for it, and I’ll get what I payed for.

“Samy,” Frankie said, taking a seat next to me on the plane. I quickly turned my phone off and got out my murder story to read through, “Are you still writing that?” he asked. I nodded and started at chapter 3, where I last left it.

“It’s a tale of a boyfriend, murdering his girlfriend because she cheated on him. They still haven’t figured out it was him though. I wonder how the guy must feel, having someone cheat on them...” I said, frowning. I saw him put his head in his hands.

“I didn’t cheat on you, Samy,” he said. I shook my head.

“But you never broke up with me!” I shouted. A few people in their seats looked over, rolling their eyes at the thought of sitting on a plane with people fighting.

“Miss, I’m going to have to ask you to quieter your voice...” the flight attendant asked me. I apologized and went back to Frankie.

“Oh, so you still thought we were going out when you were practically all over Ben outside my window?” he spat at me. I looked shocked.

“So, now you’re turning this all back on me, are you!? You know what, Frankie, if I ignore you, you ignore me. I am sick to death of you!” I said, turning my back and facing the other side of the plane, although uncomfortable.

“Samy,” he said, making his voice quieter.

“What?” I said, turning around and glaring at him.

He looked away uncomfortably.

"I was using Jo to make you jealous. But she liked me. I was using her..." he said, "I never liked her," I stared at him in shock.

"Frankie, look me in the eyes. Did you ever love me?" I asked. He looked me in the eyes.

"I loved... I love you," he said, not blinking or removing eye contact. My heart skipped a beat. I still had feelings for him, but of course, I was annoyed at him.

"How can you love me?" I asked him. He looked confused.

"How couldn't I? You're perfect, Samy..." he looked out of the plane window as we started talking off. I smiled to myself. Maybe, just maybe, for this flight... I'll forget about what happened...

"Do you remember," I started to say but someone interrupted me.

"Oh my god, you're Tre Cool's son, aren't you?" she said, staring at Frankie. He nodded. I looked at her hair, black with blonde tips and she was wearing a lot of eyeliner.

"Yeah, um... I'm sorry, I'm sort of in the middle of something right now..." he said. She stared at him.

"Are you serious? I have been waiting so fucking long to meet you and now you're on a plane and you're 'busy'," she said. He rolled his eyes and looked at me as if to say 'help me'. I smirked and started reading my story.

"What do you want, then?" he asked. She smiled and went to the spare seat next to him and sat down. I tried to stop myself from laughing, but couldn't...

"What's so funny?" she said, in a dogy tone to me. I looked at her, and then looked back at my book. Frankie sniggered.

"Shut down," he said and started talking to the girl.

"Shut the hell up," I said, to Frankie.

"What?" he said, looking taken aback.

"You're so full of it!" I shouted and went into the plane bathrooms, "Breath, Samy, breath..." I continued to say that to myself over and over again until I was calm again, and ready to come out.

"Man, is she psycho or what?" the girl said, to Frankie.

"She's not psycho; she's the girl I was just telling you about. I fucking love her, but I don't know how to say it!" he said back to her. I missed a heart beat. I decided to not bring up what he said, and wait for him to actually tell me face to face.

"...hey, everything is fine, now. I was just a little steamed up from, uh... the fight we had before ..." I said, sitting down.

"So are we... okay?" he asked and I nodded, getting my book out to read through again.

"Oh, by the way, Samy this is Maria," he said, pointing to Maria. I nodded as in to say hi and she showed a little nod but didn't smile and then looked out the plane window.

"How much longer is there?" I asked.

"I don't know, probably like an hour?" Frankie said and got up, "Just having a quick bathroom break," he squeezed past my legs and the chair and went to the plane bathrooms. Maria and I sat there in silence.

"So, um..." I said, and she looked at me.

"He's mine, back off! And if you try to fucking take him I'll hurt you, I swear I'll hurt you!" I opened my mouth in shock.

"He's already mine..." I said and glared at her. Her angry face changed to a sad face...

"He said he was single," she said.

I rolled my eyes, "well, of course he's single. We're fucking fighting but we'll be back together, I hope," I said and Frankie came and sat down. I went to put my hand on his knee, but pulled back. He was looking at me; suddenly I felt awkward looking or being around him. I stood up and walked to the back of the plane, then back to my seat.

"What was that about?" he asked. I shrugged and I put all my belongings into a little backpack I had

taken onto the plane.

"Ladies and gentlemen, if I could please ask you to sit down in your seats and do up your seatbelts as we will be leaving shortly," the flight stewardess said and everyone on the plane did up their seatbelts. The plane started to land on the runway and soon enough we were off the plane with our entire luggage and getting a cab.

"TAXI!" I shouted out to a car driving up and I jumped into it, Frankie followed... as did Maria...

"Why is she coming on?" I whispered to Frankie.

"She lives near your granny, so I suggested we got the same cab," he said, smiling. I rolled my eyes and told the cab driver where to go. Maria was sitting in the front, as Frankie and I had taken up the back seats. When You Were Young by The Killers came on.

"He doesn't look like a Jesus, but he talks like a gentlemen," I sung along to it as Maria rolled her eyes at me. I was starting to lose my temper with her.

"Can you please stop singing?" she said, putting her hair behind her ears. That's it.

"What the hell is your problem? Do you have something against me, or something?" I said, finally losing it.

"Well, for starters, you have no fashion sense," she said, nodding her head towards my jeans and baggy "free hugs" shirt.

"Oh, and because I have no fashion sense you feel the need to be a dog to me?" I said, in a dogy tone.

"Well, there's also the fact that you think you're going out with him, and you're clearly not! So why the hell can't I have him?" she said, nodding her head towards Frankie. I rolled my eyes.

"If you want him that bad, HAVE HIM!" I shouted, "But, remember, we've known each other since we were born and you can never take him off of me, he's the best thing that ever fracking happened to me!" I looked outside the window, as the streets of Hollywood passed me.

"I..." she said, not knowing what to say.

"I am?" Frankie asked. I nodded, avoiding eye contact. What if he was just saying that on the plane before, so that the girl didn't like him? What if I was making a complete fool of myself? What if Frankie grabbed me and started kissing me, his tongue entered my mouth and it was so... passionate. After, what seemed like hours, but was only a few minutes, he let go.

"I missed you," he said and I smiled.

"I missed you more..." I said, hugging him.

"What the hell?" the girl asked. Frankie rolled his eyes, "I thought we were going to go out?" she asked, staring accusingly at Frankie.

"When did I say that? Anyway, I'm sorry, but I love Samy," he said, smiling at me.

"Samy?" she asked. We both nodded.

"Samantha fracking Pritchard?" she asked again. We, again, nodded; she was starting to annoy me.

"OH MY GOD! I am so sorry!" she exclaimed and apologized over and over again.

"Look, stop shouting or I'm going to hit you!" I shouted at her. She smirked and looked at the floor, soon enough the taxi let her out at her stop.

10 minutes later we arrived at my grandma's house. It was nice to be back here, again. Away from the streets of Berkeley, and to be somewhere crowded for a change was fun. Maybe I'd fit in here!

"Granny!" I shouted and ran up to her and gave her a massive hug. She fell back a few steps and started laughing.

"Frankie," she said, giving him a small hug and showed us to our rooms.

"So this is it," Frankie said, putting his stuff down besides the single bed. My grandma left the room, letting us unpack alone.

"This is it," I repeated, sitting on the bed, "I don't think you're going to fit on here," I said, smiling.

Frankie crawled on top of me.

"It'll be a hot night, then," he said, smiling and kissing me.

"Very...hot," I said, in between kisses. He started taking my top off; I resisted and pushed his hands off. I still had bruises from Johnny, which I was insecure about and didn't want to show anybody. Not even Frankie.

"I'm so happy we're fine, now," Frankie said, smiling and kissing my neck. There was a soft knock on my door and I quickly pushed Frankie off me. My grandma walked in.

"There's some sandwiches and a drink for you two waiting outside!" she said, smiling and walking outside again. I smiled and grabbed Frankie's hand.

"Come on," I said and pulled him out of the room.

Frankie's POV

The sandwiches tasted great. Samy's grandma had made a series of them. There was tuna with mayonnaise, salad sandwiches and even peanut butter, chicken with mayonnaise and so many more. They were all great, so good I had to have at least 2 of each!

"Frankie, you pig!" Samy said, laughing after her second sandwich, and after my sixth.

"Now, now, Samy. The boy has a right to eat. Go on, son, eat as much as you want," Samy's grandma, Beth, laid her hand on my arm. Her fingers were cold and felt so... empty. She had a weak smile and her face was slowly disintegrating. Samy's grandfather had died two years ago. I remember Samy back then... She was so... broken. Her and her grandfather had got along so well and ... it was horrible to see her heart broken like that.

flashback

"Frankie!" Samy said, running up to me, "I'm so glad you're back," she said, hugging me. I could see that she had been crying. Her face was stale with tears and she looked like she had been crying for a long time.

"Samy – why weren't you at school today? What happened? Is everything alright?" I asked, holding onto her.

"My granddad," she said, crying into my jumper. I held her tighter, "He died in a car accident. The truck skidded along the rain and... And..." she cried more into my jumper and I led her inside. Mike was sitting down on the couch holding Samy's mum's hand. They had broken up years ago, but they still remained good friends. She was crying, too. Mike hadn't shed a tear; it was obviously the granddad from Samy's mum's side of the family.

"I'm so sorry," I whispered into Samy's ear and we sat on the couch.

end of flashback

I had sat with her for so long on that day. She had cried on my jumper for at least five hours.

"Samy, dear, would you be able to go down to the shops and buy me some groceries? I haven't got the energy to walk down today, the car has been broken since, well... would you be able to?" she said, looking at Samy. Samy smiled and nodded.

"C'mon, Frankie," she said, standing up. I took my last sandwich, a tuna and mayonnaise and we started trying to find our way down to the shops.

"Maybe you could fix her car?" Samy said, turning down a street that looked like the ones on movies. It had palm tree's going all the way down and all the cars looked rich.

"Yeah, sure I could do that. What do you reckon is wrong with it? You know I am hopeless with that stuff..." I said, smiling. She took my hand, kissed it, and then started walking along, holding it.

Maybe it was just me, but if I was a photographer, I would've taken a photo of this image from behind. The perfect picture; the boy and girl, holding hands and the scenery so... modern, I should probably become a photographer. No, I'd be crap at it. What am I going to do with my life?

"Maybe it just hasn't had petrol in it for a while?" she said, I laughed. Maybe that was right, though. I'm no genius. I can drive cars, but I don't own my own car. I've been scared of them ever since I went on

my first drivers' lesson. The man started freaking me out and telling me all these different things. He told me to put my foot down on the right one, and then press some little thing next to the steering wheel that showed the indicators, and then he shouted at me for not putting my seat belt on. I was so scared. He even shouted at me for forgetting to check my mirrors. I passed only because the man found out who my dad was...

Samy, on the other hand, was a great driver. She didn't own a car, yet, though, but she was saving up for one. She didn't stress at all on her drivers exam. She knew exactly what to do; in fact, I was jealous when she passed straight away. It actually took me two times...

"What are you thinking about?" Samy questioned me. I smiled and told her I was thinking about her.

"What about me, though?" she interrogated.

"How you're a better driver than me," I said. She laughed.

"Is that all? You weren't thinking about how perfect I am?" she giggled.

"Here are the shops," I said, laughing and we walked into the shops.

Samy's POV

We walked into the groceries first. It had every vegetable known to man!

"Zucchini..." I said, staring around trying to find it. Frankie collected a basket and found the zucchini,

"Thanks, carrot?" I said, looking around again. He came back with broccoli, carrot, lettuce, cucumber and pumpkin.

"I read ahead!" he said and we went up to pay for it all.

As Frankie got out his wallet to pay for it all (he insisted!) I stared at his eyes. He had the same eyes as his dad, bright blue and big. They were beautiful. I wish I had a pair of them for myself. He saw me looking at him and smiled.

"Checking me out?" he asked, taking the bag from the lady and walking out of the shop. I followed closely behind him. I could see his tan line on the back of his neck, just below where his hair shagged over. He turned around and faced me.

"Are you going to call you dad? He wanted me to make sure you were going to be okay," he said, holding my hand. I nodded.

"Wait, did you want to come or did he want you to come?" I asked him.

"I wanted to come, I went over to your house this morning to see you and you were... gone. So I called the taxi and whilst I was waiting Mike asked me to make sure you phoned him. Hah, I made the taxi driver speed..." he said, laughing. I smiled at him and rested my head on his shoulder.

"I wonder what grannies making for tea?" I wondered, saying it aloud.

"Probably rat pie..." he said, smirking. I laughed and started skipping. This sure was a good day...

Mikes POV

"Where's Samy?" Tre said, walking into my house, unexpected.

"Hollywood," I said, chopping up the onions.

"Dude, you're crying!" he said, laughing. I sniffed and smiled, "Any idea where Frankie is?" he asked, looking around.

"Hollywood," I said, putting the onions into the pan to cook. I was going to make a nice pasta sauce for me and Esi.

"Uh..." Tre said, looking around as if he was stupid, which he was... "Why wasn't I informed?"

"Hey, guys!" Billie said, letting himself into my house.

"Yeah, sure Billie, you can come in!" I said, sarcastically.

"Thanks mate. Man, I'm starting to speak Aussie, mate. We've had too many concerts there, mate," Billie started saying, laughing. Tre was still standing there in shock.

"Dude, couldn't you pick up that chick in the bar last night?" Billie went on, not realizing Tre was about to explode.

“WHY THE HELL IS FRANKIE IN HOLLYWOOD?!?” he shouted. Billie stood there, in shock, and then helped himself to some of the red capsicum I was cutting up. He sat down on an arm chair, and waited for me to speak. Tre was also waiting for me to speak.

“He went after Samy...” I said, trying to avoid eye contact.

“You REALLY need to sort that girl out!” Tre shouted at me. I looked at him.

“TRE!” this time, it wasn’t my voice, it was Billie’s... we both looked at him, “Do you really think Mike can put discipline on a 17 year old girl? She can’t be disciplined. She lives by her own rules, now. You remember what it were like to be 17. You didn’t want to listen to your parents, you wanted to go by your own thing, swing your own way, get what I mean?” Billie said, smiling. Tre shrugged and also took some of the capsicum I was cutting.

“Peoples!” I said, getting annoyed, “Stop eating my capsicum!” I shouted, in a friendly way. Billie smirked and took an apple from the fruit bowl.

“Health freak...” Tre said, and went over to the fridge and collected Esi’s chocolate bar.

“I wouldn’t eat that if I were you,” I said, smirking. Tre opened it and took one massive bite from it.

“Why not?” he asked, his mouth full of chocolate.

“Because that’ Esi’s!” I said, laughing. He stared at me in disbelief.

“Are you serious? He said, spitting it back into the wrapper and taping it together with some sticky tape. Esi was so serious about her chocolate; if anybody ate it she would kill them.

“You’re in more shoot, now!” I said, looking through the front window and Esi was walking in. Billie smirked.

“Billie, don’t!” Tre said, but he was too slow. Esi had already walked into the room and Tre was too far away to stop Billie from saying.

“Tre ate your chocolate bar!” he said and Esi looked at him. She smiled.

“Tre Cool, come here,” she said, smiling still. I looked confused, but I knew she was going to kick his @\$\$. Tre stumbled out from behind the fridge and over to Esi. She was still smiling, which was sort of creeping me out.

“DON’T EVER EAT MY CHOCOLATE BAR, AGAIN!” she shouted at him, then punched his arm, and then she walked over to the fridge, to collect another chocolate bar. She just so happened to pick up the regurgitated Tre Cool bar.

“Yum, choc– what happened to it?” she said, looking at the badly sticky taped bar. I hid my laughing and continued to chop up capsicum. She opened it up, and all the chocolate that had been in Tre’s mouth oozed out of it onto her hand. She looked up at Tre. He was trying to sneak out the door.

“YOU’RE GONNA GET IT NOW!” she shouted, chasing him up the stairs. The phone started to ring.

Samy’s POV

I dialed in my dad’s number, and started to ring it. After about 3 rings he answered it. I could hear shouting in the background.

“I’M GOING TO KILL YOU TRE!” it was Esi’s voice.

“Hello?” my dad said into the phone. I laughed.

“Did Tre eat Esi’s chocolate?” I asked and I heard my dad laughing on the other side.

“COME BACK HERE YOU LITTLE JERK! I’M GOING TO KILL YOU!” she was still screaming.

“Yes, he did. Did you get to Hollywood alright?” he asked me.

“Yeah, everything’s fine. Granny’s been treating us really well! She made us this really nice dinner, vegetable soup. I don’t think Frankie liked it though...” I looked over at Frankie. He was on the bed, playing with his phone.

“Did Frankie get on the plane alright?” my dad asked.

“Yeah, I’m so glad he did. Everything’s fine between us now. I feel bad that I was fighting with him,” I said, looking at Frankie. He smiled at me and then took a photo of me on his phone.

“Well...” my dad said. I could feel the conversation coming to an end.

“I’ll phone you tomorrow night?” I said, getting ready to hang up.

“Yeah, sure,” he said and we both hung up.

“Your dad got beaten up...” I said, smiling. He looked up.

“By...?” he asked. I laughed.

“Esi, he ate her chocolate bar!” I said, laughing. Frankie laughed too, then tapped the bed indicating I went and sat on it with him.

“I love you,” he said, kissing my neck and undoing my top, like before. Only this time I wasn’t stopping him.

“I love you, too,” I said, taking his shirt off. I quickly stood up and locked the door, then went back to Frankie. He started taking my clothes off, and I did to him too. Maybe this was going to be my first time... I’m glad it was with Frankie.

7 - Sore stomachs, and a flight back home.

Dear Diary,

This morning I woke up with the worst stomach ache I've ever had. It was like pain searing through my stomach, I thought it was "that time of the month" when I woke up, but when I went to the toilet there wasn't anything, except for the raging vomit of last night's dinner coming out of my mouth. Nothing out of the extraordinary.

-Samy.

"Samy, you okay?" Frankie walked into the bathroom, as I sat there with my face over the toilet bowl.

"Yes, I am perfectly fine, thanks!" I said, growling.

"Sam, you've vomited the last two days... are you sure you're not..." he said, avoiding eye contact. I got what he meant; I just didn't want it to be true. I was too young...

"No, Frankie. I'm positive. Apart from the fact that we didn't use protection, I just know that I'm not," I said, smiling.

"But how do you know-"

"I just do, okay?" I shot a dirty look at him and stood up from the bathroom floor, tripping over a bit, but Frankie helped me up.

"Breakfast, dears," grandma said, smiling and indicating for us to go out the door. Frankie helped me walk out and we sat down, eating the fried eggs with bacon and tomato my granny had made.

"Beth, this is great," Frankie said, smiling with a mouthful of tomato mixed with egg and bacon.

"Don't speak while you're eating!" I said to him and he smiled.

"What are you two going to do today? Samy, you look awful, are you feeling alright?" granny asked me. I nodded, not wanting to meet her eyes.

"What do you want to do today?" I asked Frankie, changing the subject. He shrugged.

"How about we go down to the mall? There might be some famous people!" he said.

"Yeah, we love being stalked by teenagers, too!" I said, sarcastically, "C'mon, let's go to the mall," I stood up from the table, putting my plates in the dishwasher, Frankie did the same, and I went to get changed.

"Pink singlet with black jeans?" Frankie walked in just as I finished putting my pants on.

"Peach singlet," I said, correcting him.

"You look sexy," he came over to me and put his arms around my hips. We could see ourselves in the mirror; he was so much taller than me.

"I love you," he said, kissing me on the forehead.

"You tell me that all the time," I said, smiling.

"Just so that you don't forget," he said, smiling back at me, and then he took my hand and out the front door we went.

"What do you reckon our lives would be like if we were in a movie?" he asked me, holding my hand still.

"I don't know. Hopefully I'm the one that survives the mass murdering's, oh and I get played by a good actress," I said, laughing.

"Nobody would be pretty enough to play you," he said, smiling.

"Frankie," I said, putting my I'm-serious-but-I'm-joking-voice on.

"What!?!!" he said, laughing, "I'm serious!"

"Do you spend all night thinking of stupid sayings to say to girls?" I said, running ahead to the little

children's park and getting onto the swing.

"Push me!" I shouted to him.

"Yes, ma'am," he came over; saluting me, then pushed me on the swing.

When I was at my highest I jumped off and landed harshly in the sand. Frankie came over to aid me.

"You'd better be careful, you could be pregnant. I really think you should get yourself checked by a doctor," when he said that, rage flew through me like a bird flies through the sky.

"I'M NOT PREGNANT!" I shouted, causing other people in the playground to look at me. I smiled and looked at Frankie, who was standing there in shock.

"I'm sorry, I," I interrupted him.

"Don't be, I'm sorry for shouting. Look, it's not that I don't want to be pregnant... I've thought that it might be that, but... I can't be. I'm too young!" I said, looking at my feet. He helped me up from the ground, finally.

"Look, being too young doesn't make it impossible to be pregnant..." he said, smiling.

"Ahh, frack off," I said, pushing him away, and smiling. He laughed at came back over to me. We continued to walk to the mall.

"But, you know you are getting a bit pudgy," he said. He'd better be joking.

"Oh, you do know that you don't start getting pudgy the day after you've had sex?" I said, pushing him.

"Oh, well maybe you're just fattening up. Maybe we need to do more exercise..." he said, winking.

"What do you mean?" I said.

"I heard sex is good exercise," he laughed and held my hand.

"I've heard that you watch the OC too much!" I laughed and we turned down the street that the mall was located at.

"Look, just because I cried when Marissa died!" he pretending to be holding back tears.

"You're a pussy!" I smiled and we went into the mall doors.

"Me? A pussy? Let's go in here," he pointed towards the music shop. I nodded and we went in.

"You're a pussy, jeez, get over it!" I said, looking in The Living End section. I don't watch any TV these days, or go on the computer so I wouldn't know if they have made a new CDs. I hope they have!

"Samy!" Frankie put his head in his hands, "I hate you!" he started to sob into his hands, but I knew he was actually laughing.

"Stop it," I said, smiling, "You're making a scene!"

We walked around in the music store for about 10 more minutes; investigating every CD we were interested in.

Neither of us bought anything.

"Do you want to get something to eat?" he asked, heading towards the food court.

"You pig; we ate like an hour ago!" I said, laughing.

"I love this song!" he said, singing along, "So hold me when I'm here, grab me when I'm gone," he sang along as we walked into every other shop we were interested in.

"Well, that was a successful shop," I said, ten minutes later, holding a bag with a pair of socks in it and nothing else.

"Very, hey, look," he pulled me into a maternity shop. This was really starting to piss me off; I knew he was kidding... but still...

I didn't go in; instead I looked at the flight travel centre. Maybe I should go back home...

Frankie walked up to me.

"You want to go home, don't you?" he asked, looking concerned. I nodded, I missed my dad, I missed Esi... I missed home.

"Well, let's get some tickets!" he said, happily walking into the shop.

"NO!" I said, pulling at his arm.

"What?" he asked confused. He looked at me straight in the eyes. Again with the eyes. They're so beautiful!

"I... I need some time to think about it," I said, walking out. He followed, like a lap dog, not saying anything. I could tell he wanted to go home, but out of my own stubbornness, I didn't want him to go home. I wanted him to stay with me forever, until the day I died. On the way back to Granny's we passed a doctors. Frankie was staring intently at it.

"Oh, for fracks sake!" I said, and walked in.

Frankie's POV

I sat there, waiting for Samy to come out from the doctor's pregnancy test. It was taking a while! Finally, she came out... A ... frown upon her face?

"Samy, are you," she cut across me.

"You're going to be a dad..." she said, crying and walking out. My insides did back flips, Frankito Wright, a dad? I caught up with her.

"Are you serious? This is great!" I said, hugging her. She looked up at me with her dark, brown eyes, shining from the tears.

"This is not great!" she exclaimed, "I'm seventeen! I'm pregnant!" she shouted, starting to run back to the mall. I tried to keep up with her, but she was such a fast runner.

"SAMY!" I shouted after her, "Where are you going?"

"HOME!" she shouted back at me and ran into the flight centre to book a flight back to home.

"I hope I made the right decision," Samy said, sitting in her room. We were back in Berkeley; two days after she found out she was pregnant. I nodded.

"You made the right decision, but you have to tell dad..." I said, nodding in the direction of Mike's room. She nodded.

"But, how?" she asked, laying down on her bed and sighing. I walked over and sat on the bed with her.

"By believing in yourself," I said, smiling. She frowned.

"Shut up, Frankie. Enough with the whole 'I'm a lifesaver' shoot! This is real life!" she shouted at me. I walked out, she was pissing me off. All she did was shout at me! For the last few days it's been "Shut up Frankie!" and "Piss off you dickhead!" sometimes I wonder why I'm still in this, if she treats me like that. Then I remember the good times, and remember that you have to stick by your friends in situations like these.

"See you, Mike," I said as I walked down the stairs. Mike was just coming out of his room.

"Is Samy okay?" he asked, looking at her room and then whispered, "she's been acting... strange. What happened in Hollywood?"

I gulped. I couldn't tell him that I impregnated his daughter! He would go nuts!

"Um... I don't know," I said, and quickly went downstairs, leaving Mike just as confused as he was before.

"Hey, Dad," I said, walking through my front door. It was good to be home, again. Sure, I liked Samy's house, and her grandmother's house, but this house... there was something about it. It made you feel so... alive.

"How's Samy?" he asked, "has she told Mike yet?" he asked, again. I shook my head. Okay, so Mike doesn't know that his daughter's pregnant but his best friend does... I had to tell him! Well, it IS my kid! "She's got to tell him sooner or later!" he said, and put some popcorn in the microwave to cook. I nodded.

"I just.... I feel like I got her into this mess!" I said, shaking my head in disbelief.

"Frank, did she say no? Did she resist you? No! She got herself into this mess!" he said, starting to tap his fingers on the kitchen bench.

"But was SHE the one that had to use protection?" I asked, but was interrupted by the phone ringing.

"Hey, Mike," he said, "Frankie? Uh... okay," he handed me the phone. shoot! Mike's going to go berserk!

"YOU SON OF A dog! YOU GOT MY DAUGHTER PREGNANT! WHY THE HELL DIDN'T YOU USE PROTECTION YOU NASTY LITTLE PIECE OF," I put the phone down and went over to Mikes.

Samy's POV

"YOU SON OF A dog! YOU GOT MY DAUGHTER PREGNANT! WHY THE HELL DIDN'T YOU USE PROTECTION, YOU NASTY LITTLE PIECE OF shoot!" my dad shouted into the phone. I bit my lip and looked at my feet.

"He bloody hung up!" he shouted and walked out the front door. Uh, oh. This is NOT going to be good...

"YOU!" I heard my dad shout, I quickly ran out the front to see what was happening. Tre, Frankie and Mike were all out there.

"Look, Mike," Frankie started but I interrupted them all.

"ALL OF YOU SHUT THE HELL UP!" I screamed, as loud as possible. I saw Mrs. Newbury from over the road looking through her window curtains at us. She was shaking her head in disgust. Everyone looked at me in shock.

"Look, you're being silly! I'm pregnant, there's no point in arguing over it! There's no point in saying it's Frankie's fault, because it isn't! It's really mine AND Frankie's fault! We both didn't think to use protection, it's our fault! Don't go shouting at Frankie! If you're going to shout at someone, then shout at BOTH of us!" I said, starting to cry. Mrs. Newbury walked out the front door.

"If you don't all quiet down I'm phoning the cops!" she screamed at us, then walked back in. We all stood there, dumbstruck.

"Look," Tre said, breaking the silence, "it's nobody's fault. It's only natural for you to have those sorts of feelings for one another," he said, smiling. I nodded.

"Exactly, you can't control us doing ... that ... stuff..." I said, awkwardly. My dad nodded.

"Well... I want you to ..." he didn't have anything to say. Usually he'd be saying something strict, but I think I had pulled his last straw. He was pissed off, I could tell. He just wasn't shouting for me...

"At least that wasn't awkward," I whispered to Frankie, and then walked back inside. He walked back into his house; I suppose we needed to spend time with our families.

"Hey, Es," I said, as Estelle walked into the room. She nodded as if to say hi, and then started walking up the stairs.

"Wait..." she said, turning around and coming back down.

"Where have you been the last few days..?" she asked, confused. I laughed.

"Hollywood," she nodded and went back upstairs. The good thing about Esi was that she didn't ask questions. She just... knew.

I opened up a bag of chips and sat in front of the TV for the first time in ages. One of the "gossip" shows was on.

"It's heard that Green Day are making a new CD, John!" the blonde lady said to the man with way-too-gelled-back-hair. He smiled.

"It's also heard that the bassist from Green day quit, saying he'd had enough, Lizzie!" John said, smiling. My dad peeped his head through from the other room.

"I am?" he said, confused. I laughed.

"Gossip, dad," I said, as if it explained everything. I flicked the channels until I found something half decent. Home and Away, from Australia.

I liked watching this show because you could see how beautiful the beaches were in Australia. They were so... Sunny! And warm and they made you feel good inside. Their school uniforms were pretty ugly though, I'm actually quite happy we don't have uniforms. They have to wear dress's that were maroon with ugly white collars and sleeves. Ugly!

I flicked channels again, to the music channel. The Pussycat Dolls were playing.

"Yuck," I said, under my breath, and changed the channel yet again. That's so Raven was playing on Disney Channel. I used to love this show! It was a rerun, but I still loved it.

Dear Diary,

Another weird week of my life passed. I vomited, I found out I was pregnant, and I had my dad shout at my boyfriend. Sound's fun, doesn't it? Oh well. I hope me and Frankie can take care of this baby...

what do I name it!?!?

- Sammy

8 - And The Innocent Can Never Last...

I rolled over in my bed and I was facing the wall.

“ARGH!” I screamed, quickly getting up. A huge, fat, ugly spider was walking around on my wall. My Dad ran in.

“What? Did your water break!?” he shouted running to me. I rolled my eyes.

“No, but can you please kill THAT!” I screamed, pointing at the disgusting spider. He nodded and squashed it with his slippers and then walked out.

“Thanks,” I mumbled, walking out, also, leaving the squashed, deformed spider on my wall.

“Hey,” Frankie said, coming up the stairs, as I was going down.

“Hey,” I replied, continuing to walk down. He did too.

“How’d you sleep?” he asked.

“Oh, perfect. Until I woke up and there was a disgusting spider on my wall!” he smiled.

“Yum,” he joked and then made me some breakfast.

“So, when’s the due date!?” Adrienne said, walking in and sitting next to me, staring at my stomach. I smiled.

“The doctor said it will be between now and a few weeks, I can’t wait!!” I said, getting myself excited.

Frankie sat down next to me and put his hand on my stomach. His eyes widened.

“How many legs does it have?” he asked, looking confused. I laughed.

“It takes after you, if it’s a boy,” I giggled. Adie hit me.

“You’re disgusting,” she said, smiling. Billie walked in, holding a girl’s hand who was about 3.

“Everyone, this is Bella,” he said, pointing at the young girl. She had blonde hair and bright green eyes... like Billie’s.

“Hey Bella,” I said, and then looked at Billie, confused.

“My niece,” he explained.

“She’s adorable, isn’t she?” Adie whispered to me, smiling. I nodded. Bella gave a toothy grin, which showed off all her cute baby teeth. She giggled when Billie picked her up and started tickling her.

“Billie loves her... well, he loves kids. He still wishes Joey and Jakob could just ‘magically’ turn into babies again,” she rolled her eyes.

“He’ll look forward to babysitting mine then, won’t he,” I grinned. Adrienne rolled her eyes.

“He hates the crying, though. You should hear him complaining about all the crying. He just ... has very low patience,” she went over to Bella and started playing with her doll that she had brought over. I smiled at her.

“I can’t wait ‘til I have a kid,” I said to Frankie. He nodded.

“We can’t wait,” he corrected me, smiling. I rested my head on his shoulder and thought about the future.

“OH MY GOD!!!” Frankie shouted, “WHAT THE HELL DO I,”

“Frankie! Calm down!” my dad shouted. I started breathing heavily.

“GET ME TO A HOSPITAL,” I screamed, starting to push.

“You heard her, get her to a hospital,” Adrienne shouted, making Billie and Mike pick me up and carry me into a car.

Frankie’s POV

“How is she, doctor?” I asked him, hoping Samy was okay. The doctor looked at his feet.

"I'm afraid... I'm not sure if she's going to live," he said, frowning.

"...what?" I said feeling tears coming.

"You'd better not see her ... I'm sorry. It might cause her stress, and we're trying our best to help her," he went back into the room Samy was in. Three meters away and I can't even look at her.

"How is the baby?" I asked quickly.

"They're fine," he said, smiling.

"They're?" I asked, completely stoked.

"Three. Triplets," he walked into the room. I sat back in my chair, Mike walked up.

"Here's a coffee, Frankie," he said, passing me the coffee.

"Triplets..." I said, smiling, and then it struck me. Samy might not be alive to take care of them with me!

"Mike..." I said, starting to cry.

"Yeah?" Mike looked at me with his big blue eyes.

"They're not sure if Samy is going to make it through," the doctor walked in.

"Her heart rate is fine now, she can breathe by herself. She's going to be fine," the doctor smiled, I rushed into the room.

"Samy!" I said, hugging her tightly.

"What do we name them?!" she said, excitedly.

"Hmm..." I looked at them. Two were wearing pink blankets and one was wearing a blue blanket.

"Jessica..." I pointed at the first little girl, "Kim," I pointed to the other one, and then I pointed to the boy, "Jimmy."

Samy nodded.

"They're good," she smiled.

"Well... that was easy," I smiled back and started driving home. Maybe I'd stop at the pub for a celebratory drink...

I hadn't had a good drink of beer in a long time...

"Hey, can I get a beer? Thanks," I handed over some money.

"Hey, Frankie, guess what," I turned around and Johnny was standing there.

"Johnny!? I thought you were in," he interrupted me.

"Shh... I escaped! How cool is that!" he smirked, then came closer. I tried to step away but the bar counter was there, "There are guards all around town, and guess what? When they find me, oh I can't wait; I'm going to tell them you helped me escape. After all, you were the one who ended up with Samy. How is she, anyway?" he looked me right in the eyes.

"You bastard, you can't frame me with something stupid like that. They wouldn't believe you," I said.

"Oh, but they can! I'm not that dumb, Frankie. I've spent months on this,"

"Months?" I asked, getting a little scared.

"Months," he confirmed, he started to tell me his plan. I fumbled around with my phone in my pocket and put the recording on.

"I made up fake letters that say they're from you, Frankie and I'm going to get your fingerprints all over them. Oh, and you know how I've been phoning you a lot over the past few months? Well guess what! They'll think you were helping me escape from all the phone calls. Oh and this. You did it for this," he pulled out a large bag of pot.

"Pot?" I asked, making sure the recording could hear it.

"Yes, pot, Frankie. I'm going to plant it in your house. They'll believe me straight away!"

"And you'll get put away for longer for escaping and having pot! Where did you get it? They'll arrest whoever sold it to you as well," I said.

"Everyone, except the guards, know that old Frank in the prison sells shoot loads of pot," he smirked,

"See you round, Frankie," he walked out of the back of the bar, smiling to himself. I quickly ran out into

my car.

shoot, I always suck at driving when I'm under stress.

I pulled out of the car park, only to see Johnny driving right at me.

9 - Two years of depression and a hug from Lisa Wall

I've been sitting here for hours, what am I going to do with my life?

"Samy..." my dad put his arm around me, "It was two years ago. You haven't done anything since then, you barely pay any attention to your kids, it's like I'm a father again. I have a life, I can't look after them my whole life..." he looked me in the eyes.

"I know. I've been thinking about it heaps, though. It's like my mind won't let it go..."

"Samy, I miss Frankie, but he's gone. I'm sorry, but it's the truth. You have to let it be, get on with your life. You've spent two years in your room sulking," he stood up and left. Harsh, but true...

"The drugs don't work..." I heard my sister say to my dad, "They just make her worse..."

I laughed, for the first time in years. She was referring to a song.

"We have to do something about her," my dad said.

"I know, but what?" she whispered back.

"We could..." my dad started.

"Intervention!" she said, a little too loudly.

"Of course... we could get Tre, he seems to be getting better. I mean, they were probably the closest two that knew Frankie," he said.

"Yes, BUT Tre hasn't been himself for a while I mean...he hasn't had a girlfriend in a long time..."

"Or a frack buddy," my dad said, laughing. I walked out.

"I don't need an intervention. I'll be fine. Just give me some time," I smiled and walked over to Frank... Tre's.

I knocked on the front door.

"Coming!" I heard Tre's voice coming from the other side of the door, "...Samy!?" he said, surprised.

"Yes, I finally left my den. It's nice to see you too. How do you... get over it?" I asked him. He beckoned me to come in.

"I just... stopped thinking about it. I basically forced myself to, for the band as well. The papers were starting to say I was an attention seeking little... prat. So, I... started acting to the media that everything was okay and I suppose that got to me..."

"Yeah, I'm sure that'll work. Just let me become famous first.... Tre! You're a genius!" I jumped off my chair and started pacing up and down.

"If I become famous I can get over Frankie!" the waterworks started at his name.

"Samy, its okay to have feelings. You're only human," Tre said.

"I can't even say his name without breaking down! How do I get over my best friend dying! It's like I'll never be the same, why don't I just kill myself!" I screamed, not too loud though, only a little loud.

"Calm down," Tre said, making me sit down, "You can't kill yourself. What about your dad? What about Esi... what about me? I care for you; you're like my second daughter. I couldn't bare it if you died too, it just... it would all be too much," I could see tears starting at his eyes.

"This is the first time I've had a proper conversation with anybody since ... well yeah. Since it happened,"

Tre went over to a draw and pulled out a phone.

"I thought, since you got this phone for him, that you might like it back. Who knows, you could find something out," I flipped it open and turned it on. It said 'recording saved' on the screen. I might as well check out what that means.

"I made up fake letters that say they're from you, Frankie and I'm going to get your fingerprints all over

them. Oh, and you know how I've been phoning you a lot over the past few months? Well guess what! They'll think you were helping me escape from all the phone calls. Oh and this. You did it for this," came from the recording.

"Pot?" it was Frankie's voice this time. Whose was the other?

"Yes, pot, Frankie. I'm going to plant it in your house. They'll believe me straight away!" Was it... no it couldn't be. He was in jail... wait...

"And you'll get put away for longer for escaping and having pot! Where did you get it? They'll arrest whoever sold it to you as well," came Frankie's soft voice, again.

"Everyone, except the guards, know that old Frank in the prison sells shoot loads of pot," I was right! It WAS Johnny! But... he was in prison...

"What's that?" Tre asked, confused. I indicated for him to be quiet. I could hear footsteps coming from the recording and then a car door slam, then the engine starting up. Then an even softer voice came from Frankie.

"Johnny..." he said and then a huge noise came into the phone and then... it stopped.

"He... he tried to blackmail him and then ran him over! He's got away with this for two years!" I grabbed Tre and started walking out the door.

"Where are you going?" he asked.

"YOU'RE taking ME to the prison!" I said, fuming with anger. This was the first feeling apart from depression I had had in a long, long time.

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"Who are you here to see?" came a boring voice from the other side of the speaker box.

"Johnny French," I said, shuddering at his name.

"Friend or relative?" they asked.

"Uh..." I hated Johnny. He was no friend of mine. And I wasn't related to him.

"Friend," Tre said, rolling his eyes and then whispered to me, "they're not going to let in two people that hate him, are they?"

"You can enter now," a buzzer went and the two doors opened, letting us walk through them. I stood close to Tre as we went up to the table Johnny was sitting at.

"Oh, hello, what are you two doing here?" he smirked.

"You think it's funny!" I screamed, "YOU RAPED ME THEN YOU frackING KILLED FRANKIE! WHAT THE frack IS YOUR frackING PROBLEM!" I shouted, even louder. A few guards came out and made me sit down.

"How'd you know I killed Frankie?" he asked.

"You should think about what you're saying, he recorded it on his phone. I'm going to take it down the police and show them that YOU did it!" I sneered at ... it.

"And you only just looked at his phone?" he looked at me, sad, "I can't believe he recorded what I said. Good thing I killed him," he smirked, so clearly, what I did should have been done a long time ago.

"OW!" he screamed, as I took my hand back from punching him. I smiled. The guards walked up.

"We're going to have to ask you to leave," one of them said, holding my arm.

"Oh, wait, please," I smiled, they stared at me, "Can I please see the, uh... boss guy," I fumbled with my words, Tre took over.

"Look, this man has killed my son and we have proof. You can't be letting him out of jail anytime soon," he put on a serious face.

"Are you frackng serious?" Johnny stared at me, "All I did was rape her, and I went to jail for that! By the way, Tre, she's not your son. Oh, and can I call you Frank now that Frankie's gone? Terrible car accident he had, really. It would've hurt a lot," he smirked.

"Oh, I'm pretty sure it didn't hurt him as much as it hurt me," I said, beginning to cry, "You tried to

frame him, Johnny! I..." I didn't know what to say. I had mixed feelings, I wanted to kill him, but then I'd be just as bad as him and every time I thought about how much I hate him I remembered when we were good friends. I looked around.

"Who's Frank?" I questioned. The guard pointed at the scruffy man at the back with grey, bushy hair that had knots all through it, "How much longer is he in here for?" I asked again. The guard thought. "Why?" he asked, curiously.

"He sells pot, bye," I walked out, ignoring everything and everyone. I just wanted to get out, I hated this place, but before I left I said one more thing, "Johnny, why would you ruin your life by making two mistakes to spend a lifetime in here?" I kept walking.

"For you..." he said, looking at me. I stood still for a moment

"For..." I said, and then screamed. I could feel everyone's eyes on me; Tre held me by the arm and pulled me out.

"Samy!" he said, smiling. I looked at him curiously.

"What...?" I asked, confused.

"You... you showed more feelings!" I burst out crying.

"I HATE THIS!" I shouted, pulling at my hair. I kicked the closest car, which just so happened to be Tre's.

"You ... Samy, you kicked my car!" Tre exclaimed, smiling.

"Stop being so happy," I said, letting myself in as soon as he had unlocked it.

"I hate this. I hate this. I hate this. I hate this. I hate this. I hate this," I said, over and over again until Tre told me to shut up and put the radio on.

"And I don't want the world to see me, 'cause I don't think that they'd understand," I sung along to Iris by the Goo Goo Dolls.

"You know what?" I said, thinking hard, "This is sort of like the OC, Frankie, one of the main characters... dies...Marissa, the main character died..."

"Samy, that's really sad that you're resorting real life to bad quality crap," Tre said, sighing, "I'm going to take you home and take that TV out of your room," he said, smiling. I nodded.

"Please, it's driving me crazy. Gilmore girls is just old re-runs from years ago and The Simpson's haven't made anything new since you guys starred on it in the movie," I laughed. Tre smiled.

"I'm so glad that you're back to the old Samy,"

"But with a jigsaw piece missing in me," I sighed, "...Frankie, turn left," I pointed to the next street, Tre must've got what I meant... the cemetery.

"I'll... I'll do this by myself. Then I'll walk home. It'll be fine," Tre nodded and drove off. I went down all the aisles, this was the first time I'd visited him. I couldn't go to his funeral.... I was too sad. It would've killed me. He had a grey tombstone written "Frankito Wright. 2001 - 2019" with all the details on it. Tears started pouring from my eyes. How could this have happened? How could Johnny have done this to everyone? If it was for me, then he should realize that I hate him, with a very strong passion.

"Samy, are you okay?" my Dad walked up to me as I walked into the house, which was the same as ever. It was the first time that I'd actually been in the room for more than a few seconds. And this time, it wasn't only to get food. I'm going to change my life around; I'll always remember Frankie, though. Maybe this will be like the OC; my life will turn shoot after the main character's dead (The OC turned shoot after Marissa died) or maybe it won't. I hope it won't... Damn, it is REALLY sad that I'm resorting to the OC. really... Really sad.

"Yeah, I'm fine... Where's Esi?" I asked, not having spoken to her in a long time.

"I told you ages ago, she moved to New York for a year or two to help her with her career in journalism.

"...Oh..." I sighed. What do I do now? Is there anything left to do with my life?

"Ben's been calling about once a week every week of the year so far... I think he really wants to speak to you..." I sighed.

"Ben? Wait... Where are Jessie, Kim and Jimmy?" I asked, wondering where the triplets were.

"Sleeping upstairs," he smiled; I skipped up the stairs to my little darlings. They were turning three this year.

"Hello, guys!" I said, kissing each of them on the heads. I heard the front door bell go.

"Mummy..." Jess said, scratching her nose. Dad must've taught them that I'm mum! My gosh, I've missed out on so much in my life. How could I have done this to myself? How could I have done this to my kids? I'm a mum now! I have to start acting like one. And that's the end of that.

I hung out in Esi's old room, which was now the triplet's room, for the rest of the arvo just watching them play and playing with them.

It was quite odd really, I had no idea how Kim got blonde hair and Jess had brown hair, but Jimmy... he looked just like his father.

At about 5pm I put them down for an afternoon nap and went downstairs to watch TV.

"Anything good on?" I asked my dad, who was flicking channels. He put on the movie channel, which had a movie on called 'Frankie and Johnny'

I looked at my feet. My dad, knowing I missed Frankie and hated Johnny, changed the channel quickly.

"Uh... I think the tennis is on. And there's some random new show on the Disney channel which is pretty good," he smiled, passing me the controller. I laughed.

"You still in love with Disney?" I asked, smiling. He nodded, sighing.

"I still miss it when you would come home from school each day and watch Studio D. I can't believe they took that off the air. It was such a good show! I loved all the dares they did... What was it? Dare Dan or something...yeah..." he went upstairs into the bathroom. I turned the TV off and went outside to go for a walk to Rudy Can't Fail café. Damn good café, damn good band my dad got the name off of.

"Samy?" I heard a familiar voice come from a table near the entrance.

"Billie!" he stood up and pulled me into a massive hug.

"How are you? Oh my god, I haven't spoken to you in so long. It has to have been a year since I've spoken to you! I've missed you so much!" he hugged tighter, kissing me on the cheek.

"Samy!" Adi came up and joined the hug, also. I smiled.

"Thanks guys... what are you guys doing here?" I asked.

"Well, we were actually just about to go to some fireworks they have down at the park, did you want to come?" they asked.

"Oh, no thanks, that seems a little too... loud for me at the moment. Still... recovering, if that's what you call it," I smiled. They gave me one last bear hug and then left.

"Samantha god damn Pritchard?" I heard, from behind me as I ordered a coffee. I turned around, only to see Lisa Wall standing there, looking shocked. I laughed.

"Lisa god damn Wall?" I mimicked her, "How have you been?" I hoped she had turned nice.

"My god, did you brush your hair this morning? Are you still the same old Samy?" she asked. I nodded.

"Are you still the same old Lisa?" I asked, she shook her head.

"Nah. I've changed since being the most popular girl in school. I'm now the most popular girl in Uni!" she laughed, "I'm kidding... I'm kidding. But I'm funny, ay. I actually got into Uni, I can't believe it. It was so weird. I haven't seen you in ages... not since you beat me up, actually, which was quite long ago. Anyway, how have you been? What have you been up to? Where's Frankie?" she asked, looking behind me, "You two are usually around each other, aren't you?" she asked, confused. I looked at my feet.

"Uh... you remember Johnny?" I asked, she nodded, "He... uh... about two years ago he raped me and then like a few weeks after that he killed Frankie in a car crash and.. um.. yeah... I have to go," I started

walking out, leaving behind Lisa's shocked face.

"He killed... oh my god..." I saw her sit down in the corner, she indicated for me to sit down, I stopped leaving and did.

"How comes I never heard about it?" she put her head in her hands. I shrugged.

"It's not something people like to talk about; I've only just got over it... slightly. I've spent the last two years in my room...depressed..." she looked at me, sympathetically.

"You cared for him a lot, didn't you?" she asked. I nodded, feeling tears coming.

"And I don't know what to do with my life, now," I said, crying more. She leant over the table and hugged me. Yes, that's right. Lisa Wall was hugging me.

10 - Don't take life for granted

"Oh my god, Lisa Wall actually hugged you?" Ben mocked into the phone. He was trying to sound like he knew what I was talking about.

"Oh shut up. Anyway, how have you been?" I said, ignoring his sniggers from the other side of the phone.

"Me? Oh... perfect. My girlfriend for 1 and a half years dumped me yesterday! She said she'd found someone NEW," he sounded angry.

"What a dog... who was she?" I asked.

"Jo," he said, I laughed.

"She IS a dog. Don't worry about her, you'll always have me as your good friend," I said, smiling, slightly. Ben was so nice.

"And I'm glad I do. But I wish there was a girl out there who was just ... perfect," he said, sighing.

"And I wish there was a guy out there who was perfect ... but he died about two years ago," I said, sighing.

"You've gone through a rough time, Sam. But you have to let it all go," he said.

"That's the first time someone's called me Sam. People have called me Sam-Sam but never just plain Sam. Samantha, Samy, Samby, but not Sam," I said, laughing.

"Who called you Samby?" he said, laughing.

"My sister, she went through this faze where she didn't call me anything but Samby," I said, laughing.

"Holy crap," Ben said.

"What?" I asked.

"I just found my dad's ANCIENT CD collection! The Beatles... Queen... Michael Jackson, Duran Duran, Oasis... Bruce Springsteen... wow. These are all classic! Oh my god, the full Monty soundtrack! Ok, that's hilarious!" he said, laughing.

"That's some pretty good music," I said.

"Yeah, I know. And it's not his anymore... yoink..." he said, I heard him picking a lot of things up. And, then, a big crash.

"shoot!" he said, gulping. I heard him put the phone down to pick up a lot of CDs. I started laughing.

"You're an idiot," I said, laughing. I knew he probably couldn't hear me, but it was fun calling him an idiot.

"Shut up..." he said, laughing, We said bye and hung up.

"Who was that?" my dad asked.

"Ben, I finally called him back," I said, smiling.

"Good, he was starting to annoy me, but that's good. That's good..." he said, pondering off into the distance of outside. I watched him as he took off his shirt and jumped into the pool. I decided to join him.

"Samy, wait, no don't come in," he said, just before I was about to jump in. I looked at him, confused.

"Why?" I asked.

"Bring the triplets in. Put their bubbles on them and bring them in," he said, smiling. I nodded. I walked up the stairs, singing.

"Jessicaaaaa, Kimberlyyyyy, Jimmberlyyy," I said, making up the last name. I walked in and started putting their cozies and bubbles on, when the door shut behind me.

"Samantha... Samantha... Samantha," came the cold, chilling voice of Johnny.

"Johnny... What are you doing here? Please, go away. Leave me alone," he smiled.

"I'm not going to leave you alone until you give me the pleasure that you gave me a few years ago, if you remember... I broke you and little Frankito up..." he smiled.

"Little Frankito? He was older than you," I said.

"Well, he's not anymore is he? Now that he's G-O-N-E," he smirked. I tried to exit, but he took hold of my wrist.

"Get-Off-ME," I said, clenching my teeth together.

"If you give me one of your kids," he said, "If you give me the boy, I can call him my son, if you give me the girl..." a dark smile came over his face, "I'll probably rape her..." I looked at him in disgrace, making sure the kid's were behind me.

"Go away!" I said, pushing him.

"Don't stop me now... Because I'm having a good time," he sung to me.

"Oh, yeah, great, this has come down to song lyrics. I'd prefer it if you did this to somebody else, actually, no I wouldn't. I'm glad you're doing this to me and not ruining someone else's life, DAD!" I shouted, on the top of my lungs. I heard the pool gate open and then close and his footsteps becoming closer.

"Bye," Johnny said, jumping out from the second floor to our garden.

"DON'T COME BACK!" I shouted after him, he stuck his finger up and my dad walked in.

"Who were you talking to?" he asked, expectantly.

"Johnny... he came in here with a load of ... s - h - i - t," I spelt out the word, "saying he wanted one of the triplets..." I sighed, "this is just getting stupid, Dad," I said, sighing. He nodded.

"I'll report him to the police, but here's some good news! Chris, Scott and Andy are coming over for a week! They're coming tomorrow morning!" I smiled.

"They can meet Kim, Jess and Jimmy!" I said, smiling. He nodded.

"Apparently Scott made them come, I told them they could come when you were feeling better... I think it was best nobody saw you whilst you were ... well, depressed," I nodded.

"You remember Lisa Wall?" I asked, picking up Jess and Kim, Dad picked up Jimmy.

"What about her?" he asked.

"I ran into her the other day at your café," I said, "She ... hugged me..." he laughed.

"You're delirious," he said, smirking.

"It's that weird, isn't it?"

"Yep," he said and we walked down to the pool.

**

"Samantha, get up," my dad pulled the covers off me, showing my blue pyjama bottoms and black singlet.

"Arghhh..." I groaned.

"SAMMY!" I heard the cheerful voice of Scott enter my room and he jumped onto my bed and gave me a massive hug.

"Scott! I'm so glad to see you! Finally," I hugged him back and he sat there telling me news about the band and his life and everything.

"So, how have you been holding up?" he asked, squinting his eyes a bit.

"Fine, I've only just got out of my 'depressed mode' I'm during the 'recovery mode' at the moment. So far so good, I've only taken it out on one thing... Tre's car, oh and ... one person," I smiled.

"You took it out on Tre's car?" I giggled.

"All I did was kick it. Apparently I left a mark there or something," he pulled me out of bed and downstairs to where breakfast was being served. Billie, Adi and Tre were all over, as well as Chris and Andy of course.

"Samy," Chris hugged me and passed me a plate to put food on it. Andy came over and started

speaking to me about how it would be difficult and he would always be there for me.

“Just, whatever you do, don’t do something stupid. That’s my advice; these things can affect people a lot. When my mum died, I couldn’t take it and I stopped playing for a long time and the band had to get a new drummer for a while. I even cut and ... well now I think about it, my mum wouldn’t have wanted me to do that, so whatever you do... nothing stupid. Oh, and I’m always here for you,” he smiled.

“Thank you,” I said, hugging him.

“Bacon?” Adi said, passing the plate full of bacon to me. I shook my head, and put a sausage on my plate as well as some fried tomatoes and fried eggs. I covered them in tomato sauce and started eating it all greedily. I didn’t have dinner last night so I was starving. Billie started speaking with his mouth full.

“Hroo Washt oo oi oo eh ete?” he said, chewing. We all stared at him. Adi put her head in her hands.

“Idiot...” she mumbled. I laughed.

“Excuse me, Billie?” I said, politely, trying to hold back my laughter.

“I said who wants to go to the fete?” he said, rolling his eyes... smiling.

“Oh you did? It sounded like a load of crap to everyone else,” my dad said, shoving food into his mouth,

“It shoundid ike is,” he said, laughing. Adi and I, being the only girls at the table, both rolled our eyes and started our own conversation. All the men at the table were fooling around with food in their mouths.

“Grow up,” I said, smirking. Scott looked at me.

“You serious?” he said, laughing, “Grow up? Your dad looks one hundred,” he said, laughing more. I couldn’t help but laugh. My dad had always looked like the oldest in Green Day, when, in fact, he was the second oldest. Tre, being the most immature, was the youngest. Billie, who seemed like the youngest, was the oldest. But that’s just what I’ve heard.

“Excuse me, Scott? I thought I heard you say I looked one hundred then, which, surely, I DON’T. And, if I do, then you’re going to get a nice beating,” he said, smiling.

“Battle of the bass’s!” Tre spurted up, speaking for what seemed like the first time.

“Hear, hear!” I said, agreeing with him.

“And, who would win that?” my dad said, pointing to himself. I nodded.

“I’m sure you would, dad. Just ... wait a second,” I licked my finger and started trying to rub something off his face, “Wait ... it’s a wrinkle,” I smirked. He rolled his eyes.

“You can’t talk,” he mumbled. Everyone looked at him, laughing.

“BATTLE OF THE SEXES!” Tre roared out, laughing. We all looked at him.

“It wasn’t that funny,” I whispered to my dad. He nodded in agreement. Everybody was sitting there silently.

“You all suck,” Tre said, grinning at his own stupidity.

“Um... I’ll clean up, then,” she picked up her plate and my plate, “Samy, help me,” she pointed towards the kitchen. She wanted to speak to me, I picked up my dad’s plate and Scott’s and left the table to clean them.

“It’s Tre,” she said, “I don’t think he’s been fine ever since Frankie, well... left. He hasn’t been the same. I think the only person he’s only truly spoken to the slightest is you...” she said, straight away.

“But he’s barely spoken to me,” I said.

“Exactly, he’s kept his feelings bottled up for so long! Samy, at least you’ve spoken to people. Your father told me you even spoke to Lisa Wall, which is just totally...amazing. Anyway, I think we really need to do something for Tre. He needs to let his feelings out. Can I ask you a favor?”

“Sure,” I said, hoping it wouldn’t involve getting hurt.

“Could you ... speak to Tre? I think you’re the only person he’ll tell. He’s just ... I’m sorry, really,” she said, packing away the plates in the dishwasher.

“Why are you sorry? I’ll do it,” I said, walking out.

“WAIT,” she said, everyone looked at her pulling me back in, “She left a dirty plate,” she said to

everyone else, "Look, when Billie tried to speak to him he went way over the top and started smashing things so ... be careful," I nodded and walked out.

**

I knocked on the front door of Tre's house. He opened the door, holding a knife. I stood back a bit.

"Tre, why do you have a knife!?" I said, shocked.

"Oh, yeah I'm cooking dinner. Do you want some? Its spaghetti," he pointed in the direction of the kitchen.

"You cook?" I asked, scared. Tre never used to cook ... well, not that I can remember. And, I can remember a lot...

"I love to, it's a good way to ... express yourself," he smiled. I nodded and walked in.

"Make yourself at home," he pointed towards the couches. I jumped onto them. How do I get onto the subject of this? Song lyrics? What song? shoot, this is hard!

"Beautiful stranger..." I said, unexpectantly. Tre looked at me suspiciously, "I fell in love with a beautiful stranger," I sung to myself, "I'd like to change your point of view ... If I could just forget about you. To know you is to love you. You're everywhere I go, everybody knows... I look into your eyes and my world came tumbling down. You're the devil in disguise that's why I'm singing this song to you,"

"Samy, what the hell are you on about?" he asked. I nodded.

"You, that's what I'm on about, well, not you, Frankie, he was my beautiful stranger. To know him, you loved him. Everywhere I went, he went. If I could just forget about him ... but I can't. I love him way too much. What was he to you?" I asked. He looked at me weirdly.

"Are you sure you're okay?"

"Just answer the question, please. You can't keep your feelings bottled up!" I said, walking up to help him with the food.

"Why the hell does everyone keep saying stuff like that to me? It's getting darn tedious!" he said, annoyed.

"Because you're not the same Tre we used to know! The old Tre didn't cook, and he sure as hell didn't say 'darn tedious!'" I said. He looked taken aback.

"And the old Samy didn't say stuff like that..." he said, looking sad.

"The old Samy is gone, now. I have a piece missing. I'm a new person; I can't be the same person I was without having Frankie back. He completed me. I have to get over it... he'll always be there. But, Tre, you've got to listen. Frankie wouldn't want you to be sad. He'd want you to be happy!" I said, hoping that worked. He looked up.

"Maybe I'm a new Tre. They all accepted you as a new Samy, why can't they accept me as a new Tre?" he asked. I smiled.

"Because we all loved the old Tre so much! For example, at breakfast this morning, you were laughing incredibly ... oddly... it was like a lame joke that you laugh at because it's so lame. But you weren't doing that! You were just plain laughing... at ... 'battle of the sexes' which wasn't even funny! Battle of the basses, see that was ok... I'm sorry, but I think you killed it,"

"Oh deary me! I killed a joke. That's a first," he rolled his eyes and started chopping furiously.

"Tre... That is a first, you never killed jokes. You were always the class clown, the one we laughed with, not at..." I sighed and started walking out.

"I'm sorry," he said, before I opened the door.

"What for?"

"For being such a prick for the last ... well few years. I have been bottling my feelings up about Frankie. I miss him a lot. I've never missed something so much in my whole entire life. I took it for granted; I took my life for granted. Now I know that life isn't just a joke. Losing my son, the best son, showed me. I shouldn't have been so ... stubborn. I was an asshole. I am an asshole. Samy, you've got to help me.

It's not the fact that I haven't yet got over Frankie, because I have, honestly. It's that I took my life for granted and at any moment I could get horrible news. You could be next, Samy. Your Dad... Billie, Adi, Esi... Ramona...." I saw tears dripping out of his eyes. I put my arms around him and hugged him.

"This is like some shooty planned out story, where it gets fracked up and I lose the love of my life," I said to him. I felt him nodding.

"And I lost my son, my prized possession," he sniffed and wiped his nose on my clothes.

"Urgh thanks," I said, ungratefully. He laughed.

"It's green," he joked; well I hope he was joking.

"I wonder what life will be like in 3 years time," I said, pondering in my own thoughts. Tre nodded.

"Same. Hopefully they will have created something to bring back the ... dead," he said, staring into space.

"That would be wonderful, but ... that would shock the world too much. We would all be too shocked and take THAT for granted and we probably wouldn't even be grateful," I smiled at Tre and started to leave.

"Samy, wait," he held my arm and hugged me again. I let go but he still held on, his face kept edging towards mine. Suddenly, his lips pressed against mine...

"Tre, no!" I said, backing away and leaving quickly.

11 - Stuck in a mosh.

"Hey is Adi there?" I said, stepping inside Billie's house. Billie called out for Adi.

"What's up?" he asked, looking at me. I must've looked bad because he had his 'is-she-alright?' look on his face.

"Fine, ADI!" I called out, needing to speak to her. She ran down the stairs.

"Jeez! I was just having a shower but no.... anyway! What's up, Hun?" I walked up to her in her dressing gown, grabbed her arm and lead her somewhere more private.

"I spoke to Tre," I said. She nodded.

"And?"

"He... he told me some of his feelings how he took life for granted and that's basically what's got into him and... Adi... he..." I looked at my feet.

"What did he do?" she asked.

"Kissed me..." I mumbled only loud enough so that she could barely hear it.

"He WHAT!" she stormed out of the room, and then a few seconds later came back with Billie.

"Samy, tell my husband what Tre did!" she stared at me. I felt like a little kid ratting out their friend, but it had to be done. It was irresponsible of him to kiss me. He should know that, I do.

"Tre kissed me," I said, looking anywhere but at Billie's expressionless face.

"Well," he said, looking around.

"Well, WHAT Billie?" Adi shouted, "He can't go round kissing people half his age! Especially since she's his best friend's daughter! That's just WRONG!" she picked up the phone.

"Adrienne, don't call anybody. You know Tre's going through a rough time. He probably didn't mean it," Billie placed the phone down that was once in Adi's hand. It was weird hearing her being called Adrienne.

"But, we have to speak to him," she pleaded.

"No, we don't. It'll just cause a big fuss. He'll be thankful if we don't say anything," Billie seemed to be really taking charge of this.

"And what if he does it again?" Adi said, staring right at him.

"THEN we'll speak to him. One time is a mistake. Two times... sexual assault,"

The last sentence Billie said rung in my head for the rest of the day. Sexual Assault... Tre... no, I have to speak to him.

"Samy, I think its best you stay away from Tre..." Adi said, looking at me. I stood up, and left.

"Samy... what's up?" my dad had a concerned look on his face, "Adi just rang and told me what happened... Are you okay?" I kicked my shoes off and dumped myself onto the couch.

"I fracking hate this," I said, "Sorry... swearing," my dad shrugged, "As soon as my life starts to get a tiny bit better... something bad happens! It's so annoying! Why can't my life just be good for once?!" I kicked the coffee table.

"Hey, hey, hey... be careful!" he said, patting the table. I smirked.

"If only you were that over protective of me," I said, smiling. He frowned at me.

"I am, but I thought I could trust Tre with my own daughter, apparently I can't. I am going to speak to him now," he stood up. I followed him.

"I'm coming, and don't say I'm not because if you do then I will be very, very annoyed," he nodded, looking like he didn't want me to come. I smiled and let myself out the open door. When we stepped

out, the cold, wet, drizzling rain was hitting our heads and shoulders. We both ignored the fact and kept walking.

“TRE,” he knocked as loud as possible on Tre’s door. I heard a groan and then a few locks undoing.

“YOU! EXPLAIN NOW!” my dad shouted. I stared in disbelief.

“I am so sorry. I was so caught up in what was happening that I forgot that it was totally off boundaries! I am so, so sorry! Please, Samy, forgive me!” Tre looked pleadingly at me. I nodded, what else was I supposed to do?

“Tre, you’ve got to be careful with what you do or say,” my dad said, frowning. He nodded.

“I know, oh um... the manager just phoned. Looks like we’re performing tomorrow night for charity...We really need to sort out a song list and practice. We haven’t played in a long, long time,” Tre said.

“I’ll go collect Billie. Come on, Samy,” we walked over to Billie’s and knocked on the door.

“Hey, what’s up? Did you speak to Tre?” he asked straight away looking at me. I nodded.

“Everything’s fine, but we really need to practice. The dickhead of a manager only just told us that we’re performing tomorrow night. We need to sort out a song list,” he grabbed Billie’s arm and we went back to Tre’s, where he had his garage set up as a practicing studio sort of thing.

“Can I stay?” I asked, smiling. They all nodded and begun working.

“How about American Idiot?” Tre said, writing it down.

“Obviously, that was rather popular, how about Jaded?” Billie said, writing it down.

“She,” my dad said and wrote it down.

“Dominated Love Slave!” Tre exclaimed, happily. Billie laughed.

“Alright, how many songs do we need?” he asked.

“Well, they said about 10 songs... but we should have one as back up just in case they want more,” Tre said.

“THE LIVING END!” I screamed, happily, “We should get them to perform with you! I mean, they’re here, aren’t they? Why not let them perform with you! I know heaps of people that love both Green Day and The Living End. It’ll be an awesome concert!” I said, my dad nodded.

“Samy, that’s actually a REALLY good idea!”

“Basket Case,” Billie whispered to himself, writing it down.

“Samy, go get Chris, Scott and Andy... they’ll be lurking around here somewhere,” my dad said, pointing towards the door. I smiled and ran out, on the lookout for The Living End. I checked my house and Billie’s house then headed off for the town.

I ran into Rudy’s Can’t Fail café, panting. I hadn’t run that much since... well, since I raced Frankie to class that morning when I broke my arm. Good times...

“Jenny! Have you seen – CHRIS!” I shouted across the room to Chris Cheney, sitting down with Scott and Andy drinking a coffee. They looked up, surprised, probably thinking a teenie would be there wanting their autographs and wanting to marry them. They thought wrong.

“My... Dad....Needs....You,” I said, panting, “They...want...you...to....perform...with....them,”

“What? Samy... breathe,” Scott said, laughing and patting on the spare seat next to him. I sat on it. As soon as I caught my breath (finally) I started explaining to them.

“Their manager called today and wants them to perform for charity and I thought it would be a really good idea if you guys performed with them. They’ll perform some of their songs and you guys can help out or come on with a song with both of you or ... well I don’t know, do you have a car because running here from home is like running half the world. Its hell,” I said, in one very, very long breath. Chris nodded.

“Come on, I’ll drive,” he said, standing up, taking one last sip of his coffee, then leaving. The car radio had Bat Country by Avenged Sevenfold on it.

"Can't you help me 'cause I'm starting to burn. Too many doses and I'm starting to get an attraction," I sung along, happily. Chris turned off the radio.

"I, uh...." he sat there, smirking, "I'm sorry but..."

"You suck at singing," Andy finished his sentence, laughing.

"Well thank you very much! Scott, what do YOU think of my singing?" I said, knowing it would make Scott feel uncomfortable. I knew he hated my singing.

"I, uh... I love your singing Samy," he said shaking his head.

"Why are you shaking your head, Scott!" I said, pretending to be shocked.

"Because you suck at singing, Samy!"

"Jerk," I said, giggling. I leant over the two front seats and turned the radio back on. By this time Pussycat Dolls were on with Don't cha.

"YUCK!" I said, going to turn it off but Chris stopped me.

"Don't cha wish ya girlfriend was hot like me," he said, swaying side to side. The car swayed with him on the road, going from one side to another.

"Don't cha," Andy sung, pretending to be a dancer. Fortunately, they didn't know anymore of the lyrics and they turned the radio off. Scott and I sat in the back, very, very scared...

"Well..." I said, breaking the awkward silence.

"I spy with my little eye... something starting with T," Scott said. I looked around.

"A tree?" I asked. He nodded. I remembered this game...

"I spy with my little eye... something beginning with T," I said, watching Scott look around. This game pissed Chris and Andy off so much.

"Is it a tree?" he asked. I nodded.

"Good work," I said, and then he spied something with his little eye. The game went on until Chris put the radio on full blast, playing Jesus of Suburbia by the one, the only.... GREEN DAY!

"No one ever died for my sins in hell as far as I can tell," Scott tried to mosh to it, but unfortunately he had a seat belt on.

"WOOH!" he screamed as we stepped out of the car and into Tre's house.

"And now, we enter the house of doom," Andy said, randomly.

"Or the house of horniness," Chris suggested, walking in without knocking.

"You can say that again," I said, laughing.

"Or the house of horniness," he said, again.

"I didn't mean that literally, Chris," I said, giggling.

"Or the house of horniness," he said, once again.

"Stop it," I said, laughing.

"Or the house of horniness," he said, entering the garage where my dad, Billie and Tre were all sitting.

"Shut up," I said, sitting down on a lounge.

"Or the house of horniness," he said, again. I rolled my eyes and tried to ignore him, but he kept saying it.

"So do you guys want to perform with us tomorrow? We really need to sort out a song list, we have a list of your songs too just incase you do want to perform," Billie said, with a cheesy smile... which was actually pretty cute.

"So far we have these of your songs: West End Riot, Prisoner of Society, Roll On, We Want More, Wake Up.... Second Solution, and yeah. What do you think?" my dad said. Chris nodded.

"Which songs of yours do you have?" he asked.

"American Idiot, Jaded, Dominated Love Slave, Jesus of Suburbia, St Jimmy, Homecoming, Longview; the Saints Are Coming, Hitchin' a Ride," he said, reading off the list.

"How many do you need?" Chris asked.

“Ten... so we need to cut off five. Two off each ... we need an extra one incase they want an encore,” “I say we get rid of Wake Up and We Want more off ours,” Andy said, Chris and Scott nodded in agreement.

“I think we should get rid of the Saints Are coming and Dominated Love Slave,” Billie said, pointing at them off the list. My dad crossed the saints off the list then started crossing Dominated Love Slave.

“NO.... Please don’t, c’mon!” Tre said, smiling.

“Tre, you get to sing in Homecoming, and Dominated Love Slave might not suit it...” Billie said, “Come on, they don’t want to see you singing that,” he smirked. Tre chucked a drumstick at him.

“I’ll chuck a pick at you!” Billie said. I cracked up laughing.

“Goat Island, I must’ve watched that DVD a MILLION times!” I said.

“Ha-ha... god damn boat was in the fracking way! I wanted to see the fracking bridge!” he said. I nodded.

“I’ve never been on the harbour bridge,” I said, pondering into my own thoughts.

“We should go some day,” my dad said.

“We can take you! Seriously, we leave in a week, come back with us and we can go up to Sydney for a few days. I hear Luna Park is pretty cool up there and there are some nice beaches,” Chris said. My dad nodded.

“Awesome, we will,”

And it was as simple as that to organize a holiday for our family.

“ON STAGE IN SIXTY SECONDS!” shouted the stage manager. Tre jumped up and down hitting random objects with his drum sticks. Mike ran around in small circles and did little jumps every now and then. Billie, on the other hand, drunk beer with Chris and Scott. Andy was also hitting random objects, such as Tre.

“Good luck,” I murmured, giving my dad a small hug. He smiled.

“I hope you enjoy listening to us,” he said, getting ready to run on stage.

“TWENTY SECONDS!” the stage manager shouted again. They all got ready to run out. Their song list was:

American Idiot

Jaded

Homecoming

Jesus of Suburbia

St Jimmy

Longview

Hitchin’ a Ride

Roll On

Prisoner of Society

Second Solution

And to finish the show Tre was singing dominated Love Slave, yes, they gave into him.

“I wanna be your dominated love slave, I wanna be the one who takes the pain, you can spank me when I do not behave, smack me in the forehead with a chain,” Tre sung into the microphone as their last song. Millions of girls screamed, I noticed some signs saying ‘Marry me Billie Joe’ and ‘I wanna be your dominated love slave!’ I laughed at them, and then walked to the small caravan out the back of the stage where they all sat after a show to drink.

I made myself a beer and waited for them to come in; when they did they were covered in sweat and

panting a lot.

“Good show guys!” they all clinked beer glasses and were speaking rather loud, after just being on a stage, shouting most of the time.

A few more of the bands that had performed also walked in. Which included; Jimmy Eat World, Jet, Red Hot Chili Peppers and a few others I didn’t recognize.

“BEER ALL AROUND!” Flea, from RHCP shouted, chucking beer to each of the men. I was the only girl there (Adi had to go to her friends baby shower) so I exited and went to find another girl to speak to. I walked into another caravan where a whole bunch of women were sitting there. They must’ve been the families of all the men.

“Guards, there’s a fan escaped,” said the one with long, straight blonde hair and looked like she had fake boobs.

“Hey,” I said, pushing the guards off me, “I’m Mike Dirnt’s daughter,” I said, stepping away. They laughed.

“That’s what they all say, come on missy,” they pulled me out by my arm.

“I’m serious! I’m Samy Pritchard, I’m Mike’s daughter!” I screamed, as they threw me into the crowd where they were all waiting for more bands to come on. I started getting squashed by thousands of fans.

“GREEN DAY!” they all begun to chant, loudly.

“THEY’RE NOT COMING BACK ON!” I screamed, trying to prove them all wrong, when a beer can hit me hard on square on my forehead.

I tried to escape by getting the guards to pull me out but I couldn’t, I was too squashed. I tried to make eye contact with them as the crowd shouted “encore” for Billie, Tre and my dad to come back on. I was started to get annoyed.

“Help!” I screamed, trying to get the guards help. I’d never been in a mosh pit; I’d rather not have thousands of sweaty human beings rubbing their disgusting fat against my skin. I shuddered at the thought of it.

“WALL OF DEATH!” someone had gone to the stage and shouted it into the microphone, before having 5 or more guards tackle him to the ground.

The entire crowd starting splitting in two, counting down from 10. I gulped; I really didn’t want to be in a death wall. I’d heard of them, and certainly didn’t want to be in one.

“Get me out!” I screamed, starting to panic, “Please somebody get me out of here!” my breathing started getting heavier.

“THREE!” they all screamed. I was starting to cough.

“TWO!” they roared again, this time I saw thousands of people starting to run.

“ONE!” they all ran towards the middle, hitting each other. I was being trampled by thousands of them and nobody could help me.

“ARE YOU READY?” I heard Billie’s voice in the microphone. They all started cheering. Green Day had come back onstage. I started cheering too, hoping they would notice me and get me out of there.

“KING FOR A DAY!” Billie screamed, beginning to play and sing at the same time, which was apparently really hard. I’d never tried.

“LOOK AT ME, BILLIE JOE ARMSTRONG!” I screamed, hoping to get his attention. He looked at me then looked away, then must’ve realized who I was and smiled at me.

“GET ME OUT OF HERE!” I screamed at him. My dad must’ve noticed me, too, ‘cause he was starting to edge his way towards me. I think he mouthed ‘what are you doing?’ to me, but I wasn’t sure.

After that, I couldn’t remember anything because some asshole chucked a beer bottle at my head.