

The Purple Phase

By : **sneeding**

The Purple Phase is not only a teen thrashing scourge on the internet at Penny's school. it is the foul antagonist that settles her in a strange place amongst the people that love her. But, who are the people that lover her and do they actually know how she feels on the inside? Is she really as sad as they make her out to be and why cant they all just help her appear to be normal? guesses are, the right person hasnt come yet. as the 'x's add up, she is at a tug and war battle with contenment and sanity.



Published on
Booksie

booksie.com/sneeding

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The Purple Phase

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The Purple Phase : Chapter 1

Prologue

"There is something about all that blood; I drown in it. The Indians believed that blood holds all the bad spirits, and once a month in ceremonies they would cut themselves to let the spirits go free. Now, there is something smart about that, very smart. I like that. You think I'm crazy?"

-Tate Langdon

The Purple Phase : Chapter 2

The Purple Phase

Claustrophobia (Peter Antler's Mix) - Choir of Young Believers

You can sit and cry and cut yourself in a dark circle all alone but the reason behind you cutting yourself is sealed up underneath those cuts and you're trying to inch closer and closer to death and with every tear that pours from your eyes a face fades into your brain. Your mind tangles around it. You think of death. It tangles it while you think of death.

The blood bubbles out and I can feel the release. The feeling just before that release felt a whole world of ugly. There was always a reason I'd stop. Aside from my rewarding release, I knew that someone in this world would care about me and my feelings. Even the people that didn't care about me cared about my feelings. It was me. I was stuck inside of my body torturing myself. My head screaming and repeating words at me. I knew that when they said it those words weren't true but when my mind screamed them over and over again I was convinced that they were. I liked my life. I loved waking up in the morning to the blue skies and I loved to feel my heart beat but in some instances I would just be this pure sad color that loomed everywhere and these small slithers of dried up dying skin would be hidden for no one to actually see. No one would ever know my sad feelings .

I was shoved against a locker while the sky is blue outside. My face hits the metal hard. My hands try to push the figure away. A hand wraps around my neck and they scream at me. But for what reason? I just sit there not answering them as their hand gets tighter hoping that my head will burst off of my body. They repeat the question over and over again. I cry. I don't cry because it hurts but at this point I'm particularly scared. I'm afraid that maybe they will kill me. In that moment of almost killing yourself you think of one person. My brother was that person and as of now, he's nowhere to be found.

Even though you have no friends you think of one person that means a great deal to you and you'll never actually be able to see them again because of how numb your body is making you feel. You want to live for them when in fact they live for you. Once that person is gone it doesn't matter anymore and finally the questions are over. The hand unravels from my neck and I look into the girls eyes trying to figure out how amazing she must have felt while she was doing that. How strong did she feel while her fingers were pushing into my veins? The hand belonged to Melony Hanson. She smiled at me and shoved me again as I wiped the water from my face.

"You are such a pussy." Melony hissed. Her body turned from me and she walked away. That momentary awesome feeling that'd been coursing through her veins must have felt a heart full of awesome. She'd had so many problems for the past month but i could only sit back and doo as little as not caring.

Teenagers are so despicable. As long as you have a fan base no one ever cares. The shitty halls at my school would be so empty of their scum if they would off themselves. Of course they'll cry and cut into their skins but if they're still living they aren't doing it the right way. If they're still living they're only doing it to free themselves from that horrid backed up feeling. But, sometimes that backed up feeling is only felt amongst a shitty class in this grade of the human race. It's like a cold in your heart. You can reason with someone and tell them that you'll do it but you love that person enough to care about their opinion to it all.

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The risky ones are the silent ones. The ones that never cry. The ones that smile and understand the way that the world works, Like me. The ones that aren't noticed. Those are the risky ones because as soon as they disappear off of the face of the earth, the moment they decide to off themselves is the moment that all of that grimy goop has left their body and they get to leave to a better world to fly over the clouds. Their bodies are like temples that hold A Black grime that won't ever disappear until they help it free.

The day that I figured this dreadful fact is the day that I walked into the girl's locker room. Her beach blond body hunched over as she sat on a bench sniffing away. My shaky steps approached her and I touch her shoulder having her panic and slice red blood from my skin. The razor shook in her hands as she stared down at the mess on her arm. My body settled next to her and I looked into her eyes and I could literally pounce on her. I could pounce on her and rip her face from her skull. Melony Hanson sat in front of me holding the razor. Her wrist was bleeding all over its tangled ridges.

"Go away." she cries. I chaff standing from the bench.

"Do you know how full of yourself you are?" I cry pulling my bleeding wrist into my hand. "Next time your try to 'kill' yourself, try locking a door or two." I cry. She stares forward to me. "You can't do this." I tell her. I push her from the bench to the floor. "You can't feel sad about anything! You can't experiment with this! You can't feel what I feel. The only thing you can do is go to your nice life and fuck off from mine. Do you think people are going to sympathize with you?" I howl. I grab the razor from her and I throw it to the other end of the room. My body shakes feeling with anger. "You think it's funny to mock me?" I ask. I look to the razor. "You people think you're so cool and you get to try things and you want to feel a certain way and you want to do certain things that we do and you want to be sad but you can't be sad." I cry. "YOU DON'T KNOW WHAT SAD IS!" I bellow. My voice wasescaping me. I turn from her walking from the room feeling my body collapse. My heart waspoundsing. And that's when the 'purple phase' began.

A/N: Sorry for any grammatical errors. If you would like for me to update you on the progression of the story let me know... Bee Tee Dubbs,I have like 17 chapters already typed out so yeah just let me know if you want me to keep you updated.

Chapter 3: The Cutter

The Cutter

Claustrophobia (Peter Antler's Mix) - Choir of Young Believers

For the past month I've walked into school to more people that were pale with feeling. Melony Hanson caused this controversial illness that I wouldn't be able to do anymore. Boys started to reason with the small claws climbing up girl's arms. People wanted to feel one another. I wanted to shove myself into my locker. My scars matched everyone else's that didn't mean a thing. I open my locker and a hand snakes around my wrist. I pull my arm back and I look up to see my brother who slurps on an Icee. He was disgustingly happy. He wasn't cool and he wasn't a loser.

"Do you have my house key?" he asks leaning against the wall of lockers. "You should have it. Mom said she asked you to make a copy of it." He spits out as he chews on his spoon. I can hear the plastic crunching around inside of his mouth. I ignore him pulling my jacket down over my arms. I dig back into my locker feeling him pull closer to me slurping more of the ice cream. "Dudeâ I know you hear me Pantcie-Poo." I look to him then back into the dark locker. "Are you on drugs?" he asks. "Whatever, I guess you'll have to go to the basketball game with me until you find out." he hums. I close my locker and I grab my backpack from the ground. "Are you going to say something? You're like a mute bitch all of a sudden." I clear my throat. His friend, Adam walks with us looking to me.

"You're coming to the game right?" he asks him. I look to my brother, Ben. He looks to me as I slow down to let them get ahead of me. I hated being around them two at their peaks of excitement because they loved for me to be excited and since I was never excited they would a: make fun of me or b: get upset with me and make fun of me. Instead of choosing to walk with them I walk alone clutching onto my backpack strap. My eyes shift around the hallways at the crisp button-ups and the excessive number of plaid skirts. My eyes meet Melony, she stands at her locker wrapped in her jacket with her sleeves pulled over her wrist along with her stupid copy minion Crystal. I hated seeing that those two of all people were sad. I groan as my eyes meet Melony's. I look from her wrapping my hands around the strap tighter feeling my blood boil. I look down at the scar and I bump into Ben who laughs as I fall onto my butt. He helps me up pulling at my hand. His hand pulls away and a small blotch of red blood coats his finger. He doesn't notice though. He just laughs pulling his arm around me to smear the blood onto my jacket. "Then, we can stop by the movies and go see that new scary movie." He suggests. My phone vibrates in my pocket and I groan feeling its existence. "Do you want to join us? I know you love movies." he pants as I pull his arm from around me.

"I don't want to be under your influence for the whole afternoon." I tell him. He laughs along with his friend as I part way from the two to enter my class. It was literature and we were reading for pleasure today. The book wasn't our choice but I liked it anyways. It was called "thirteen reasons why" and from the summary I'd read online, I'd been hooked to it. It was pure teen agony. Melony joins the class taking her seat beside me and she lays her head down on her desk. I could just use some sort of pulley system to help her sit up and look around. You don't have the right to be sad when you're envied. No one wanted to be my friend and I still kept my head up in class. My phone vibrates again and I pull my phone from my pocket.

I'd been tagged in a picture. 'Why doesn't she just kill herself already' flashes on the screen. I shut my eyes as my body heat escalates. My arms fold and I put my head down to hold back the tears. I click around on the trashy phone to see that there's a picture of me from the year book. The grey pigment of my face glares back at me. The caption underneath reads 'the cutter' and I can only think but cringe. I look to Melony and my body shakes as I stand from my desk. I would push her but that would only help me. Instead, I look to her and I bite

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my lip sucking in the thin perpetrated air that makes me even warmer on the inside of my body.

"Thanks Melony." I tell her. I manage to let that escape my body to slap her in the face. I can feel my stomach turning. I walk from the room clutching my stomach in my hand and I groan. I rush forward, toward the restroom. I hear shouting ahead. I speed up as it's the distinctive voice of my brother. I meet him at a turn and he frowns at a wall with his friend's hand on his shoulder. There is a picture of me on the wall staring back at him with a link. His phone lays in pieces on the ground. His eyes flick to me but he doesn't seem to see me.

"Where the fuck is Jimmy?" he yells. He rips the picture from the wall and crumples it up. He throws it pulling from his friend. "Get the fuck off of me." he storms forward away from me. Adam's eyes flick to me. He groans and stays in his place. He turns to me and slowly walks to me pulling me into him to hug him. He'd groaned like it would kill him to hug me when he didn't even have to.

"Don't kill yourself okay." he whispers into my hair. I wait for him to let go of me and he groans again pulling his hands through his hair.

"I'm not going to kill myself." I crunch up the strands of my hair as he stands in the middle of the hall in silence. "Melony Hanson does it too." I tell him. "She does it for the attention."

Chapter 4: Outside, the Sky Is Blue

Outside, the Sky Is Blue

Rhinestone Eyes - The Gorillaz

I sit next to Ben at the basketball game where he decided to accompany his low life friends. People cared about him. The idea of hanging out with them was the worst idea he'd ever had. All that they were was a bunch of dirty jokes and giggles. He'd had his eye on Jimmy, the star player. He would scratch his neck and twitch into the kids direction every once in a while and I knew he was plotting against him. His leg vibrated furiously for most of the game. I just stared forward at a small speck on the ground that'd caught my eye in the beginning of the whole game. I'd finally been able to mustard up enough courage to ask him if he could lend me a dollar or two for pop corn.

With every reaction comes a consequence and I hadn't done a thing. I lift from the bench still minding my own business and I walk through the thick backed up stands paying attention to my own problems and I step down from the stairs of the bleachers. The sky is turning a thick dull grey outside. A clunk and I fall to the ground. My surroundings include a referee calling a foul, the orange basket ball and a parent that had never seen me before. My nose leaks and I quickly stand as the game pauses. It was only a basket ball. I scan around and Ben makes his way to me. He hops from the wall that holds the stands up from the court and his fist flies down tucking away into the center of Jimmy's face.

Adam helps me from the ground and out of the hot sticky gym to the lobby of the building cursing while he holds my head back. His hands shake as he slowly grabs my chin. He tilts my head back even further. His other fingers pinch at my nose. The noise from the encounter inside echo out and Ben walks out looking to me. His hands fumble for tissue and he slams them over my nose.

"You're okay, right?" Adam asks. He wipes his hands on a couple of tissues raising his eye brow at the bloody water fall. I sniffle back a bit of the blood looking to the ceiling to ignore the two.

"Why don't you guys just pretend that you never saw that picture?" I suggest pushing Ben's hand from my face. He turns from me and folds his arms. Adam rests beside me and pulls his phone from his pocket. He settles on the table and scoffs at my suggestion.

"Why don't we all just grab a bite then see the movie?" he suggests.

"I don't want to see that fucking movie." I scoff. Ben turns to me and walks closer.

"Are you suicidal?" He asks his voice is low and cautioned. I pinch my nose harder. The blood drops onto the tissue. My body was trying hard to free itself from the pain.

"We can grab an ice cream and if we leave now we can maybe make a marathon or two." he adds Ben looks to him.

"Sounds like a plan." I add in as quickly as the words will leave my face. He was seconds from blowing things out of proportion. We load into Ben's car and start up the road. There was this thin cloudy layer that lived in his car. It tangled into your hair making you smell like poisoned smoke and crackers. I wipe my nose trying to free myself of *that* smell. I sit in the back joining the two in silence. My silence was quieter though because I was so use to be silent alone. I was so use to it that it was normal. It was normal enough to make me feel sane

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which was rare because everyone else around me appeared to be as sane as I wasn't. Adam scrolls through his phone. His eyes glance back at me. His blue eyes were like ice. I've hated staring at them since I met him. I feel like they are literally ice. They slowly freeze along with everything that they bring into visions and this was perhaps one of the first time they'd had a chance to freeze me. They made me so cold that I grew chills. I run my hand over my goose bumps and I look from him. We'd held a momentary connection as our eyes looked into each other but his pulled deeper through me and I would know because when I decided to look back up into his blue bulbs, he was still staring. Ben absolutely sucked at staring at people. His grey-green eyes dulled everything around them out. I didn't see what the rush for him was when it came to other girls because he looked like he was dropped from a tree. His facial hair made him look dirty and misused and his big nose mirrored mine and to me, it looked swollen. His eyes drooped like my father's and his voice was the most annoying voice I'd ever been subject to interacting with. He had this big stupid face that sparked a fire in me every time I had to see it. Not a passionate fire or an interesting fire but the one that symbolizes your loss for everything you'd ever had or loved. But, I loved that fire because it brought every new thing that you get after that fire.

"Do you think it'd be okay with your folks if I stayed the night?" Adam asks.

"Do they ever mind?" Ben's voice was dying. It was starting to shrivel up making it sound worse than ever. I slide to the middle seat for a better view of the road. Adam types in words and looks back at me. "What time does the movie start?" he sounds like he's croaking, much like a frog lives in his vocal cords.

"It starts in like, an hour and a half." Adam tells us. He clears his throat. "Hey, do you mind if I invite a couple of other friends?" Ben tightens around the wheel pulling forward.

"Not a problem." he replies. I pull to the trunk of his car and I pull out my book bag. A small foundation kit finds my fingers. I pull off my jacket all the while digging through my bag for a glue stick that's wrapped in pencil shavings and has its wrapper peeling from around it. I pull it to the cut Melony'd caused earlier today. My body freezes as if I'm not actually going to cover it up and I look forward to see Adam fingering through music stations. I plaster the glue on over the cut cringing at it pulling my skin open. It was stupid but it'd be awesome for people to know that Ben had a normal sister. I stopped cutting in places people could see a long time ago. She'd totally ruined it for me. I finally finish and I pull the foundation over it. He looks back at me. Adam yanks my arm forward smiling at me.

"Where do they get that from?" I shrug as I pull my arm back. "Your sister doesn't cut herself." I look to Ben as he relaxes in his seat. He looks back at me and I tilt my head to the side. My stringy curls slide down to tap the free skin on my arm and I shiver as it tickles the freckled goose bumps.

"Do you think you could drop me off at home?" I ask Ben sinking into my seat. I pull my bang from my face to see him clinch up around the wheel.

"Why can't you just hang out with us? I want you to have some friends you know?" he taps on the wheel as Adam plugs his phone into the car stereo. I shiver feeling him turn to me. He freezes me more and I suck my lip in between my teeth to bite it. A soft beat picks up on a bass. He turns to Ben as the smile grows to his face. I sit back in the seat letting my head fall to look down at the red lines on my skirt. I trace them with my index finger pulling over its ridges.

"I just really don't feel like doing stuff today." I mumble to him searching for a legitimate reason for me to actually go home to be alone.

"You'll have fun!" Adam adds nonchalantly. "Hey, Ben, think you could stop by Angela's on the way. She wants to come."

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"Yeah." he eases. I throw my things back into my bag and I throw the bag back on top of the crap in Ben's trunk.

"You said Melony cuts earlier." Adam states. "Why?" I don't know, maybe she wanted to feel numb or something. She could literally be holding a loaded gun to her head and I could still call her bluff. "I mean, if I was gonna do something that stupid, I'd wait until my body felt at least a little stupid." he scoffs. He pulls a pack of cigarettes from his pocket and looks to Ben. He cared them around like they were a lucky charm. They stuck to the seams in his pocket since the day he could buy them. Before he and Ben would steal them from my father's office all of the time but they could only take as many as my father wouldn't notice. "You gotta light?" Ben fiddles around in his pocket some and hands Adam his silver lighter which was a momentum of him turning eighteen. I knew he smoked cigarettes and did drugs and drank alcohol I just never hung out with him enough to care. Instead, he'd try to bother me by calling me 'Pancie-Poo' I stopped caring after a while. I guess he would love to just fight with me sometimes. I just don't like to fight because every time I feel defeated, I feel like they're going to "off" me and a part of me actually wants them to do it. Adam clears his throat and looks back at me. "Have you heard of the 'Purple Phase'?" he asks the two of us. I shrug and tuck my bang behind my ear my hair slides back down onto my face. He clears his throat again and scoffs. "Ricky Waddell put a link to it and its making people upset." he scoffs and he puts his phone into my brother's cup holder.

The car stops in front of giant metal gates that hold a mansion behind it. I groan as a small shadow nears the car. Out skips a girl and my brother scratches his chin. It isn't Angela. It's a blonde with flowing brown hair. She was one of those perfect girls you'd run into every once and a while. I could feel it in her walk. She rocked her head side to side and swung her arms freely. I look to been and I can feel him thinking. He looks into the rear view mirror then to the girl. She gets into the car and pulls a tube of makeup from her purse.

"I thought I was picking up Angela?" Ben croaks. He scratches his shaggy hair and looks back at me rotating his jaw. I smile at him and I pull a piece of hair up to play with my lip.

"She's coming." the girl adds spreading the lipstick onto her face. Angela walks out sweeping her hair from her face. She smiles at Ben and gets into the back on my side of the car. The first girl looks over to me and smiles. "Oh, I didn't see you there." she cries. How could she not have seen me? I roll my eyes then I lean onto the back of the seat dangling my head over.

"You saw her." Ben scoffs. "What's up Ange?"

"I could just punch Jimmy in the face." Angela scoffs. "Your sister is so cute! How could he bully her like that." she cries leaning onto Adams seat to look up at my brother. I was the same age as her if not, older. I don't understand how she could find me 'cute'. She stares at him as he ignores her. She was only trying to flatter him with being nice to me but, he was always mean to me anyways. She stares forward at him as he ignores her. Her lips are parted softly. She is in a trance. He looks back at her making her twitch back into her seat. "How old are you Penny?" I look to her as my name rolls from her mouth perfectly.

"Sixteen." I mouth. The words come out softer but eager to the fact that her questions are being directed to me.

"Hey, why don't we skip the movies and go to the dock. My brother gave me something before he left for school." The girl asks. I chew the inside of my cheek rolling my eyes to Ben. *Go to the dock instead of the movies?* I'd been around the two and their friends all day and they all said they liked easy girls but, what do they substitute for? They substitute as momentary contentment. She would have been better off just saying *'let's go to the dock and have unprotected sex outside because my parents are way too strict to let me do it at home'*. I roll the small strands of hair between my fingers sighing at her eagerness.

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"Dude, we aren't doing anything while we're with my sister." I bite my lip and roll my eyes from him. *'There's no way I'm having sex with you guys in front of my sister.'*

"You can't keep her sheltered forever." the girl adds. "Besides, she doesn't have to do anything, it'll be fun." she coos. *'I'm desperate Ben'*

"Please Ben." Angela asks. I scoff at her and I look to Ben again. My mouth slides open slightly. He looks back at me and turns his car around. *'So am Iâ I'm very desperate.'*

"Just make sure nothing happens to my sister." he groans. He runs his hand down his face. I look to Angela who is content staring at him. The girl passes a small bag forward to Adam smiling as his hand grazes hers.

"What's this?" he asks. *'I'm going to ruin my life tonight.'*

"It's a couple of bars." she chuckles. *'Of course you will but I could care less about you *laughs* it'll be awesome.'* She digs deep into her purse and hands him a flask. She liked it every time she touched her. She liked everything that came out of his mouth. He takes the two pills back looking back at me. His eyes are less valuable as the pill simmers down into his body. I no longer felt the least bit intimidated by them. Now, they were only dull blue icy eyes. We stop at the dock and looked around. Blue spilled over into the purple sky. I yawn and sit back in my seat as they turn on the music. I stop as Adam peers forward to the sky.

"Outside, the sky is blue."

Chapter 5: The Purple Phase II



The Purple Phase II

Ashin' Kusher- Kid Cudi

I'd been sitting on top of the car for an hour now while they sat in the presence of one another enjoying the pleasures of their filthy bodies outside in the winter's cold. I pull the sweater Ben'd given me to wear tighter over my arms. It smells like cigarettes and oranges which to me, is a horrible combination. I can hear them make their soft gently noises underneath me and it is awfully strange that they can go at this foul deed for so long. Ben isn't even tangible or sufferable for hours at a time. The thought of breathing in his air as you lie underneath him gives me chills. Not only because he is my brother but because I know that that's exactly what girls like from him, too breathe in his air and to have him breath in theirs. The two cracked the windows so that I could hear the music they played but that only invites the idea of Ben being attractive. I like to have him around but, he never really is.

I hop down from the top of the car incapable of hearing them and I pull forward to the dock. Tonight, the dock is calm and the waters take time to wash up onto the thick wooden post that holds the fragile dock high above it. I think it was the best feature or town had. I kick off my shoes" to see a couple of slashes on my feet smash into the mud hiding away into the grime of the land. I can only think to sigh as I look down at one that surfaced on the top of my foot it is the freshest of the cuts. But, I guess you never know what you have until it's gone. It slides all the way to the middle of my foot glowing up into a red film that sinks back into my skin. I make it onto the rickety dock and I sit at the edge hoping that if today is the day for the wood to give out, the waters will roar when they decide to take me. My breath leaves me swirling into small misty circle of thin air around me creating a mist of my breath. The car door to Ben's car slams shut and I turn to see Adam standing facing toward the back of the car peeing. His silhouette burns a dark shape at the back of the car as he slips behind the lights. He looks around wandering around the land then his eyes meet mine. I hiss a quick scoff and I look back out onto the water. He sits beside me looking out onto the water along with my eyes that scan for small swirls of wind that pick up the current a little.

"I thought you were on top of the car." he says. His voice is a bit excited. I look up to him then back out onto the water. His hands dig into his pockets where he fishes around for his phone. That thing stays attached to his hand all of the time. That's why he never looks at me, because he was looking at more important things like, the weather or the new status everyone's favorite person Ricky Worsen put up. He's even my favorite person. He can make you laugh anytime he wants to. "You're pretty quiet." he taps around for a couple of minutes then he scoffs. His scoff was like a whisked out cough. I look to him then down at my battered feet kicking them around in the air softly to catch the cold wind. Again, I look to my plaid skirt to finger over the lines. "'The Purple Phase'." he starts. I keep staring into the dark water. "Well, hello Valley Springs High school!

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The home for the public school rejects, the 'prepsters' that roll out of bed every single day to pick on my speckled pimply face and those pansies that are here because they have to be." He squints at his screen pulling it in closer to his eyes. "Below are ten seniors, three juniors, five sophomores and three freshmens that feel that their lives are worth nothing more than the grime that splits through their bleeding wrist. I just want you to know that I've been watching. This fat ass that has split my fingers above my keyboard has been watching. First, may I start off by thanking mum who told me you all might as well be jealous of me because 'I'm perfect'? I'm not perfect and neither are you. As of now, your lives are as valuable as mine." he laughs and scratches his head mumbling over the words that he'd only just said seconds ago but, I could only sit and listen because I wanted to see who the list might have been pertaining to. "You are all small shreds of shit if you really believe that you can be sad." it was like a repeat of my words. "This drug is only out for those who actually know how to do it. Out of all of you on this list your cuts are too noticeable and we all know you want the sympathy." he laughs and puts his phone down. "This is so stupid! Why would they be joking?"

"It's more of knowing who their real friends are." I guess. He looks to me. I catch his eyes again but this time the crystals only steam over.

"Did you do this?"

"Do you think I have the time to sit around making a list to make people feel bad?" his eyes simmer down as the words leave my lips.

"No but that was a pretty valid reason that they do it." he chuckles. He laughs so hard that he coughs. I slide over an inch. I'd never been around my brother or his friends when they were smashed. I loved being better than them intellectually. Especially Adam, he is one of Ben's smartest friends. "Melony Hanson and then, you can point your idol hands toward her bestie crystal."

"Bridget Mandela has to be on that list." He laughs again.

"Why do you know these things?" he falls about loudly gripping onto the front of the wooden posts and rocking back and forth like a lunatic. I scoot an inch away from him biting my lip. I pull the sweater tighter over me crossing my arms.

"I observe." I tell him. "I'm so popular that I can just observe things." I scoff. He laughs hard and nudges me. His arms wail into my personal space for that small fraction of time and I can't help to think of how much of a mad man he is.

"You are really funny. What else have you observed?" he twitches into my direction then snakes back to his left to look down at his phone.

"Angela really likes my brother. She stares at him and she loses thought." I tell him. "I know that he doesn't like her the way that she likes him because of the excitement in his voice. Right about now they're probably making out or already onto the next step and she might feel that every little thing he's doing to her is because he likes her but it's only because he doesn't want to hurt her." I yawn clinching my jaw even tighter. My cheeks are being pinched by the cold making me pull a hand up to rub one of them. He smiles and nudges me again.

"You're alright Pantcie-Poo." he laughs. I stand sticking my hands into the sweater pockets. My hands hit a hard object and I pull it out of the pocket to look at the silver key. It is Ben's key. He is like a baby and loses all of his things so we always have to find them for him. Adam peers up at me. "Where are you going?"

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"Back to my brother's car." he stands and nearly falls into the lake. I stroll back to the car pulling my arms as close to my body as they'll get. My toes are just about frozen by now and they feel like small carrots that dangle from my feet.

"We should talk more often." He teases pulling the hood of the sweater over my hair as he struts past me. I growl at him as he passes me. But, the idea of actually using the hat was golden.

"We didn't really talk." I call forward. He stops so I can catch him, inviting me into his time. It irritates me when ever people do that. It makes me feel more like a loser generally and I tend to feel as numb as my toes do know.

"You make me feel really stupid." he laughs. I pick up speed to pass him again but he also becomes fast in his pace.

"You're backed up with drugs." I tell him. "You should feel stupid."

"Hanging out with your brother is like hanging out with a bag of stupid." he laughs. "He's pretty smart but it's hard to explain some things to him." He scoffs. I roll my eyes to the car swooping down to grab my shoes just to be even faster in getting away from him.

"Please stop talking."

"Bars make my vision blur." he echoes behind me. But, I don't care what drugs do to his vision. I don't care that his vision is blurred. I don't care that he thinks my brother is stupid. I just don't care. I turn to him as he falls to the ground only to be given another chance to roll my eyes. He is being the biggest idiot in the world. I continue to my brother's car and I pull open the door. He turns to me frowning. Angela covers herself underneath him. His shoulders have a thin layer of perspiration on them. I groan and ball up my fist at the sight. She was stealing my older brother from me. I could have talked to him instead of Adam. Adam is stupid. He could be taking me home now! He could be being my big brother like he's supposed to. Things like this are inconvenient. She isn't his girlfriend and she will never be his *girlfriend*. His hand fumbles for the door handle.

"Get the fuck out!" he cries. He throws his shirt at me. I pull my hand over my eyes and I back away and I bump into Adam who pulls me away from the car. He laughs and slams the door for Ben.

"Ben I'm ready to leave!" I yell knocking on the window. He ignores me though. I scream loud letting my cries escape me and I walk to the lake looking to it. I grumble words under my breathe warming my body up.

"Hey Penny, observe me." Adam cries. I look back to him. And I clench my fist even tighter.

"I don't know you." I cry. "Just leave me alone." I sit on the dock again leaning against the wooden post. I pick at the small threads peaking from the sweater. He walks to the end and pulls off his shirt. "You can't swim in there." I tell him.

"Why can't I sleep in the lake Pantcie-Poo?"

"Last week they found a dead body in there."

"Wow, that reason was so valid." he scoffs. I look from him and back to my brother's car. The silence between us is shared and I don't dare open my mouth. I cross my legs then I look up to him. He stares at me dumbfounded rolling his jaw to smile. "Are you Jealous?"

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"No!" I cry. He sits in front of me and crosses his legs to mirror me. He scratches his jaw in a twitched out compulsion.

The girl stands outside of the car. I lift followed by him who keeps his eyes on me like I'll mouth something to prove him right but I would never be jealous of someone else. Adam looks to her and leaves me on the dock. He kisses the girl and laughs against the car. I look back out to the water. I groan to myself and the air around me tightens around me. I look to the two and then back to the water. My brother pulls from the car shortly after pulling a cigarette to his lips. He lights it with his button up undone pulling his pants back together. I stay where I am as he pushes Adam jokingly. He laughs with the cigarette in his mouth and starts at his shirt. If he was lucky, it would slip from his mouth and fall onto his shirt and start a small flame or something. He says something laughing as it leaves his lips. Angela pulls out of the car and walks to Ben. He takes her under his arm laughing. She pulls his chin into her hand and shakes his head.

I rush back to the car and I get back in slamming the door shut. My feet were frozen and so were my hands. I cringe as my hands speckle over a warm part of my leg. Adam slides into the passenger seat letting a cigarette spill from his mouth. I groan as he looks back at me. He smiles a crooked smile and twitches forward.

"Put your little seat belt on little Pantcie-Poo." I shoot a glare to him putting a crease into my eyebrows. The three get into the car shortly after and Ben starts back toward home. I look into the sky as Adam holds his head out the window like a little puppy. Right about now, the sky was a very dark blue with tiny speckles of white that shined brighter than the headlights on my brother's car. They shine back through my eyes and I can feel someone of them try to reach for my blind spot and they all whisper their stories from the other side of the world to me and for the rest of the night, the four are silent to me.

A/N: thank you for reading. Let me know if you would like pictures for the newer chapters as well... I could get some O just really love pictures so i have a weak spot for posting them here. let me know what you think of the charcters so far and anything ellse you enjoyed from this chapter. thank you so much for reading.

Chapter 6: Outside, the Sky Is Green



Outside, the Sky Is Green -1-

Third Drawer down - Sleep Party People

The three of us enter my house quietly after stumbling over a couple of cracks and pebbles in the road. Ben hangs onto my shoulder weighting me down scoffing as I groan. He steps on the back of my shoes every once and a while. I'd scream if I could but I'd really hate to wake my parents up. His hands pat my head and he laughs as he fiddles with my curls dragging them around his finger. He laughs as I slowly pull the door open for he and his stupid friend. Adam fidgets with his cigarettes swearing he'll get one then, he automatically doesn't want one and in the course of 20 minutes he'd probably decided to quit at least 10 times. He keeps repeating that they'll only make things even worse but I don't pay too much attention to him because as of now I've got my brother mesmerized with the color pink and he won't quit tugging at my jacket strings.

I pull my sweater on tighter as my father sits at the dining room table staring back at us. Adam crumples down onto a small bench at the entrance of our house. He laughs and kicks off his shoes nodding his head at them. He smiles at them then his eyes slowly shift to my father pulling an even bigger smile to his face. I pull the sleeves tighter as our eyes meet. I don't know what to do and anything out of the ordinary would probably stir him into thinking I am a tad beside myself. Or maybe that the boys are a tad beside themselves and we all share glances. The small whisked up smile plays on Ben's lips as he scratches his head. He looks to me and blows air though pursed lips .

"Where the hell have you been?" My father grumbles. I turn to Ben trying to search for a couple of familiar words or perhaps an explanation. I'd never been in trouble before. I slip past him so that his attention isn't directed toward me. I step foot into the kitchen slowly vibrating as I feel him behind me. My hands nonchalantly wrap around a glass and I turn to actually see him standing behind meâ glaring at me like death. I swallow the lump of spit in my throat and I clench my free fist nervously. Within the seconds of me turning and just as my fist clinches the glass cup slips from my hand. He looks different, not anything like my dad. He looks upset with me. I back away as he nears me and my mouth won't register to call for Ben who would have pleasure in helping me. He yanks my arm forward and roles my sleeve up. He drops it and goes for the other arm repeating. He stares me in my eyes. "Do you want to talk about anything?" he asks. Ben joins the two of us as I wipe a stray tear from my eyes. "Why are you crying?" He grumbles.

"What the hell dad, just leave her alone." Ben cries forward.

"Penny, I've lost every inch of patience I've ever had today and I don't think I can just gain all of that back in the snap of a finger if you're not replying to my questions." he growls. I sniffle back a tear trying to suck the

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droplets back into my eyeball swearing to myself that I won't cry. I muffle out a cough to gain a tad bit of composure. He grabs my arm as I simmer down and I try to pull back as my heart beats double over. I am panicking now and I don't want to be seen or touched or heard. He try to pull my arm away and the tears start to play from my eyes and the river in my body roars for him to let go but he won't so instead of letting go, my arm flies out of his hand and I am sent to fall backward.

I ping that even I can register echoes through the room as my head come crashing down onto the counter top. Ben screams pushing my father as I hold my face. Just above my left eye felt like fire. He pushes my father again looking in between the two of us.

"Penny, I'm sorry." He cries. I don't look at him though instead I hold my face looking forward with the sad tears rolling from my eyes silently. He'd hurt me. My parents have never hated me so much. I back away into the dark corner of the kitchen staring at the two who seem to challenge each other.

A/N: hey guys, I hope you like the story. I've gotten pretty far in editing... this is kind of a filler chapter and i just added it to explain more of what's going on. The picture is more for describing her brother and Adam because of their drug abuse... I think the same goes for the next chapter *hint* Hint* haha any who. i hope you liked this one the next chapter should be up in about an hour or half of an hour.

Chapter 7

Outside, the Sky Is Green -2-

Take Me Somewhere Nice - Mogwai

Ben makes me sit on the roof with him after an outburst I have with my father leaving me to cry. My sniffing seems to piss the two off seeing as they sigh every five seconds. My face is swollen. I stay huddled up to myself as my brother and Adam share a bottle. There use to be that time where my father and I would sit and watch TV for hours together and as time went on, people start to get crazier and *he* starts to get crazier and *I* start to go insane. Ben starts doing drugs and the time and space of our family is lost. Everyone see it in his eyes when we try sitting in a circle for dinner. We can't even enjoy each other's silence. It's like a mess of loud when everyone's silent. It's like a circle of friends but, everyone's friends with themselves and no one can fit in with the people around them.

I love it when they just decide to play music. Somehow, I feel that they know how doomed our family is. The only noise to us is the sound of Ben popping pills and me ripping through my skin. We don't care what our parents do in secret. I don't think it's every even crossed my mind. Do they do drugs or cut themselves. Sometimes I let myself think they're a figment of my imagination. They just magically disappear when the leave the range of my ears and eyes. I look to Ben and he scratches his chiseled chin raising an eyebrow. He did that a lot when he found himself thinking. Because of course, he never thinks. Adam catches my eye as he flicks the ashes from his cigarette. He looks at it and shakes his head. He was also thinking but when he thought, his eyes would crunch together frequently and he would exhale as he came to his conclusion.

They don't talk to me. They just stay quiet looking out ahead of them. Their vision blurred and their minds screwed. I wipe the tears from my face not being able to stop them. Ben looks to me and he clears his throat. I don't know if that meant shut up or quit crying. One of the two and I'd be completely fine.

My mom pulls into the drive way. Her lights beam up at us all creating a glare on my right eye. He pulls over to the window and slides back into his room silently. I would have followed him but I didn't want to have to show my mother my face. I think maybe she'd be ashamed of me. Or maybe she would be upset. Adam looks to me and smiles digging into his pocket. He hands over two pills and the bottle. What is he thinking?

"Pancie-Poo should have a little fun." he says. His face is sad. My face is probably as sad as his and I try for scanning over alternatives but instead, I take the pills down coughing as the alcohol burns my throat. He laughs and grabs the bottle. His palm pounds against the glass bottle and he scoffs as I pucker up my lips and cringe shaking the chills from my body. "Why don't you talk to me?" I roll my eyes from him to the other side of the tamed jungle behind my house.

"I don't know you." I repeat. He'd never given me the time or space of his life. I grow nervous as the reason why I'd finally stalled his attention crept into my brain. I could be some fanatical science experiment. I fiddle with the black plastic band around my finger then I fidget to my lip picking at it.

"You said that earlier but I'm starting to be convinced that you probably just hate me." I didn't hate him he just ticked me off sometimes. He was too happy. He scared me a tad bit. I didn't mind his presence but I also felt that when I was present in his company he was trying to strip me down to expose my layers. He pulls into the window and helps me into Ben's room. His hands are soft and moist. I hated that because in the grasp I felt as though they would drop my on my face. In a literal since he actually would. I follow him downstairs to hear my mother and Ben having a whisper fight. She flicks her head into my direction and smiles this disgusting

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sympathetic smile that makes me turn up my lips. She grabs my hand and pulls me over to her. She grabs my face and examines it tilting it up. Her eyes scroll over the bruise.

"What happened to your face?" she asks. It was more of a scream. I push her hands away. I ignore her question staring into her eyes. Adam and Ben leave the two of us to stare at each other. I think she wants to say something important but right now I want to be in her presence because I know that I love when she's in mine. She has this smell that makes me glow on the outside of my body and her voice is one that always excited me. "I want you to um." she clears her voice. "Strip down to your underwear." I look from her and back into the doorway of Ben's room. Fuck her presence!

I bite my lip clenching my jaw to hold back words that shouldn't leave my face. Her face is stern and she looks into me. I would love to call for Ben. His doorway is dark and no matter how much I try to imagine him there, he won't be.

"No." I tell her. I could go for hearing it come from her mouth. "Why?" She pulls off her pea coat and sets it on the coat rack. Her scent races toward me and I rotate my jaw.

"Penny, they put those pictures all over your father's car." she cries. "Please just listen to me."

"What pictures?" I ask letting my face play this blank grin. I am sad as of now but, I don't even think I'd like for her to know. Something in my body wants me to just be happy and smile. She rolls her eyes and pinches the bridge of her nose to groan. Her body slows and my mouth slowly slides open before I even notice and I quickly gain my composure again.

"Jim!" she calls. I pull my hands into my pockets. He walks out scratching his head. His eyes are red and bruised. "You need to do what I say." she commands. She'd never been this mean to me. Her body slows again and I notice my hands are pulled from my pockets. I clench my fist at her.

"No, I don't really want to." I scoff. My mom wipes her eyes as a tear sneaks through.

"Do it Penny." my father groans.

"Do you guys hate me?" I ask. The question was as serious as my mind would let me make it. But it was about time to strip down away from seriousness. "It seems like you do. Why does it matter that I cut myself? Just today you pushed me and I hit my face, maybe that's why I cut myself." I start. I can feel my heart beating in my chest. Usually you can't actually feel it unless you concentrate on it but that was the last thing I was actually thinking about.

"Don't talk to me like that Penny." he scolds. I laugh and the room blurs.

"I don't want to talk to you anymore." slips from me just before my knees buckle and I fall to the ground. My mother stands by my side as I laugh. I can't stop laughing. The room around me spins. My mother pulls to my side and grabs my arm. I slide it away from her.

"What the hell are you doing Penny?" I can't stop laughing and the room spins less than before but it still swivels out of control. My father lifts me rushing me past the long hallways. My hand dangles dusting the air and I can feel it dangling. I am particularly cold and my toes curl as I laugh in his arms. He drops me into the tub as my laughing slows. He turns on the water running it onto my head. I scream being startled and I'm done laughing. My body feels like it's sinking. My hands and feet are burning as the hot water smashes onto them.

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"Penny!" my mother yells. My father sits on the ground beside me rubbing the wet hair from my face. He watches me like a child from the outside of the shower. His head rest on his arm. I look from him to the tiled wall. The feeling is actually bearable. I felt as though my cheeks were melting or maybe that was my eyes. I can't decipher the difference between real and imagination.

"What's going on?" I hear Ben.

"She's okay right?" Adam echoes into the room. I bite the fatty side of my cheek letting my eyes glance around the room to create pictures for me. The thin lines swirl into things that aren't actually lines. I pull my hand to my cheek to rub the soft skin. My father pulls my hand back and grabs the other one.

"Ben, go get me a couple of band-aids." He orders. I scoff as I look into his eyes.

"The walls are moving." I whisper.

"Penny, did you take anything from Beth?" Ben asks. I nod my head. Hoping he wouldn't blame Adam. I'd really feel bad if he did. "What was it?" I hold up two fingers and I stop smiling. My father lifts me forward sticking his hands into my mouth. His finger tickles the back of my throat. Out comes everything and by then, the sky is green. The sky is green just like my puke that lies at the bottom of the tub.

Chapter 8: Small Things



Small Things

Goblin - Tyler, The Creator

I wake in my bed with my mother's fingers pulling through my hair. Her fingers tangle through the strands slowly pulling. My father sleeps in the chair beside my bed. His snoring wakes me. She massages my head and hums softly as his nose rattles loudly in the background of the noise in my room. My cheek tickles and burns as it stretches. I pull a hand to it swiftly lifting from the bed. A band-aid rest on my cheek and I can feel it but, since when did we ever have band-aids? I wear one of my father's massive shirts and its sprinkles with his stench. He smells of paper most of the time as a mask for his water cologne. My mother makes him wear it but I like his natural smell. The smell he makes when we go camping. We usually stay out in the wilderness for about 5 days and on the second day when that cologne is gone, he smells like my dad should always smell. My hair is tied back and pulled from my face by a head band. She looks to me and smiles but, again, the smile is fake and sickening.

"Why do you do it?" she asks. I roll my eyes from her to my father who leans against a sweater of mine. I wish he will get up soon because he looks annoying stretched out onto my things. "Is it something that we do?" she sighs as I ignore her pulling from bed looking down on my slashed up thighs. I think it's completely fine, it's actually a lot better than doing it to other people. "I don't understand." I stay silent wiping the sleep from my eyes. "And the drugs Penny, I didn't think you were that type of kid."

"Mom, why don't you just stop talking to me?" I groan. "I'm not suicidal or anything." *That type of kid* ! I am not a kid. I am not a person. I'm usually just her imagination. She is such a *fucking idiot*.

"I'm going to call a therapist that you can see." I pull on a pair of shorts that sit in the middle of my floor. There are always things all over my floor because I never clean. I just never make things too dirty to withstand. There was always that one thing I'd pull out and I'd usually put it back. Maybe I'd put it back in the wrong spot but I'd definitely put it back. I walk out of my room and down the hallway into my brother's room. I love being in his room. Perhaps it's because it isn't my room. He has this smell that excites me but it is also a

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stench. His is always dirty. Sometimes I just sit on his stairs hoping he will invite me inside but he never does. He just ignores me. His lights are down as I enter and the two sleep. Adam holds his hand over his face snoring gently stretched out on the ground. He is wrapped in this peachy cover that Ben'd stolen from my room. Ben lies in his bed stretched out with his hand on his chest. He sleeps like a fat man all of the time. I grab his radio and a stack of CDs and his cigarettes within their slumber. I always just listen to music on his stairs and I love his music. A beer can falls making its static like noise and Adam's hand pops up. He looks up at me as I freeze then I bite my lip scrambling to catch everything. I decide to slowly tip toe over to his window. Maybe he would just doze back off and forget I was ever even here.

"You're gonna need the lighter." he tells me. His voice is so alive for someone who's just woken up. I walk to him to grab the lighter from in between his two fingers. He lifts and slowly fluffs his shirt out pilling it from his sweaty skin. I go through the window only to be followed by him. He yawns and stretches then he sits beside me as I put a CD into the radio. I try to look cool while I pretend I'm all alone. He laughs as I pull a cigarette from the pack packing it into my mouth. I press play as he puts a stick into his mouth. The music starts and he laughs lighting his cigarette. He fiddles his long fingers to the beat and bobs his head but, I can tell he's just trying to keep up with me. He's actually very groggy and he could probably go for some more sleep. "Pantie-Poo listens to this kind of music." he nudges me and mouths the words looking out onto our back yard.

"Could you stop calling me that?" he laughs and pulls his phone from his pocket. He puts it on the inside of the window. "What is wrong with you?" his smile grows. As I gulp in the smoke. It burns art the back of my throat and I try not to cough.

"I don't know." we sit still in silence listening to the music. If he didn't come programmed with so many questions there would be nothing to talk about and it would make me feel totally sane with myself and I would be able to convince myself that I was absolutely fine with my life right now. If he wasn't asking questions I would be able to think about possible options and the next action I am going to make with my family.

Isn't he a devil worshiper cause I'm to fucking ignorant to do some research?

We both mouth the words. He stops smiling and flicks the ash from the cigarette he holds in his hand. His train of thought changes and I scoff as he actually frowns.

"You seriously let me believe you didn't cut yourself." he adds softly. I look to him then to the cigarette. Why did he sound so betrayed? I am not friends with him and he won't stop sighing. Yesterday is the first day he ever talked to me involuntarily. I groan thinking about it. He is actually the only person outside of my family that has talked to me in a really long time.

Here put this middle finger in your ear.

"You don't really matter to me." I scoff. He looks deeper out into the woods behind our house. He sighs again smoking more of his cigarette. I don't know why but, his eye brows crunch up. This is the only time he wasn't on drugs in my presence. I can tell by the way he scratches his head because, he doesn't. He doesn't do anything strange or twitch he's just calm. He's usually hyped up on something and the fact that he's my brother's smartest friend makes it strange.

I hate my fucking life... I sit in grandmother's living room and pout and shout loud inside sometimes I just wanna die!

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I look up to him as the song ends. He grabs the cigarette from my hand rough. I feel as though he'll crunch it up in his hand. I rub the skin around my mouth.

"You don't smoke cigarettes." he hisses. I look from him as he puts it into his mouth. I groan as the smoke leaves his nose. I hate this. He is taunting more than he ever does, which is never. I turn the music up as he scoffs. "This whole time we were convinced you were on crack or something but you don't even know what the hell to do with drugs."

"Apparently you do." I scoff pulling the shorts further down from off of my belly button. He groans and wipes the sleep from his face. I crawl over my legs with my fingers.

"You don't even know me."

"Whatever, I came out here to listen to music." I whisper to myself. I don't know why but I like being here, in this spot right now, with the cigarette that I'd recently had. It felt dirty against my lips. It made me feel grungy and it satisfied me with this strange excitement.

"Your taste in music sucks." he laughs. I ignore him making him hand me the cigarette. I take it pulling the smoke into my mouth. I blow it back out having him smile at me. "You look like your mom when you do that." I repeat it only looking from him. The other side of my house was always brighter.

"Why are you hanging out with me?" I ask. He clears his voice and he becomes less audible. I don't really care why he's here because it doesn't matter why he's here. What matters is that he leaves.

"I just don't want you to want to die or anything." He adds shyly. I look to him rolling my eyes to the clouds.

"And you really think hanging out with you will fix that?" I groan. His presence is a searing feeling in my heart.

"Hey, I can be so fun." he laughs. I nudge him pushing him away, his heavy body bounces back making my arms go slack as I shove him away.

"Calm down. I don't want you to bust a gut." I tell him. He laughs as I take in more smoke.

"So, you're implying that you're cooler than me?" he chuckles. No, he is cooler than me and that's exactly why we will never be friends. I don't even deserve friends and I never actually will.

"You act like a small child." I tell him sinking into the roof softly. I pull my hand above my eye to see deeper into the sky. Maybe I'll be able to see the stars or something.

"That's what I'm supposed to do." he looks up then back over at me. "Can I see them?"

"See what, the stars?" I flick the cigarette to the ground. My eye brows try to raise but I never learned how to do that so I'm pretty sure I just look like that sun is shining too bright in my face.

"Your cuts." he whispers. I scoff and look from him. He sits in silent. I look at him and that same face is there. I shake my head looking to my right. "Oh come on. Why would that be a problem?" I look to him as his face darkens. I slowly count my options. I could refuse and he could do nothing at all and leave me alone. I could refuse and he could bother the hell out of me. I could show him and he could laugh at me. I could show him and he could leave me alone thinking I'm crazy. I slowly pull off my shorts looking to him sliding a hand over my left thigh. His eyes widen and he peers deeper into the cuts. I pull my leg from him and his eyes shift to

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mine. "Why did you do it?" he asks softly concern in his voice.

"I felt like it." I tell him. It's like a painting of red lines. I think they're beautiful, that my skin can create art better than I can myself.

"You didn't have to."

"I wanted to."

"You were hurting yourself."

"It makes me feel better."

"Does anything bad come out of this for you?"

"If you're going to judge me then you can just leave me here. I know it's disgusting you don't have to tell me." I scold lifting from the shingles. I dust the dirt from my clothes.

"What do you mean it's disgusting?"

"My parents want me to get married and stuff but I like doing this and no one's going to want to marry this." I laugh. My heart is pounding. My hand lifts on top of them. I would never get married and what will even happen if I do. I know that I'll just marry some guy as unattractive in personality as me and we won't ever actually love each other. We'll just be in it all for the sex that we will have together and even that won't be mutual sometimes. We won't ever talk and we won't ever *actually* get along. We will just have a child and raise it to be as strange us somehow.

"Why do you do them?" he repeats.

"I like to Adam." I add in roughly. I brush the hair from my shoulder groaning under my breath and just as I'm about to tell him to shut up and opens his mouth but he yawns and it totally throws me off because when he yawns he reminds me of someone that's totally innocent to the world around them.

"Why would you say you weren't suicidal?" he asks. I clear my throat. Why did he keep asking questions? They were ever lasting. I hate questions especially ones about myself because then, I actually doubt whether or not I actually know myself.

"I'm afraid to die. I just like to free my body of the bad."

"I'm going to try it."

"You can't."

"Why can't I?"

"You are a very happy child. There is absolutely no reason you need to. That's why the Purple Phase was written." he scoffs and rolls his eyes.

"What do you mean?" he asks skeptical of the whole issue at hand. I rub my leg feeling the pain shoot through me and I shy away from the spot.

The Purple Phase

"They can't feel sad because they don't deserve to feel sad. That's something that you have to earn." I run a finger over the cuts again then I look up to him. "Can I tell you something?" I ask. He nods "The sky plays out my emotions."

"What?"

"The color of the sky matches me." he laughs.

"I am so confused."

"At least that's the way I like to pretend things are." I stop rubbing the skin and I look to him. "When Melony hurts me, I feel as though the sky is turning grey."

"What color is the sky when you hang out with us?"

"It's usually blue." I look to him from the sky. It is a lot harder to imagine when you're completely staring at your subject.

"Well that's nice." he hums. I pull my shorts back on. "Well, I should probably get going. My parents are going to want me to help at the store today." he lifts and the music gets louder in my mind. I sit listening to the soft sounds all alone as the sky turns this bubble gum pink color and I don't know why but I do feel my cheeks explode.

Chapter 9: The Air Here Is Warm

The Air Here Is Warm

Frank Ocean - Super Rick Kids

I lay in my bed under a close eye. My parents, for some reason, find it in themselves to be afraid to leave me alone. For some reason, no matter how alone I want to be, they don't want to leave me alone and back off. It is completely stupid and in some alternate universe, I am being left alone. I am so jealous of the other me because she can sit for days all alone. She is able to have no one care about them for days at a time. I play with a small toy monkey Ben'd thrown at me when he found out I was on his roof. I don't know why, but he hates when I'm anywhere near his things. I don't know whether it's that he doesn't trust me or maybe he just doesn't want me to be around. He acts strange whenever I sit in his room and he starts to exaggerate things to the extreme when he doesn't actually have to. All he has to do is sit and shut the fuck up. I wouldn't mind that.

I imagine me sitting in his room sometimes but, when I have this image slowly playing in my mind his room is spotless. I sit down and centered on the ground with my legs crossed and my hands rest on them and forever, we will sit staring at each other. We mutually enjoy the silence and no one says anything or does anything and it's just the most perfect time to sit and stare at each other. In the end, small particles of dirty bury me and the room starts to rumble and growl at me then finally he stands and screams and I slip through the floor to not be in his room anymore.

A knock on my door echoes and I don't care too much about answering. I just keep pulling at the monkey's fur. The knock repeats and I repeat ignoring it. It could have been my father, or my mother. If I am lucky it's Ben, to come and get this foul monkey out of my hands and scream at me some more. My door opens and a very lean woman walks in. Her hair is long and blond. She looks around at my messy dim room and sits on the chair at the side of my bed. I look from her back to the monkey. She looks like I should feel desperately bad for her. I hated people like that because they made me want to feel sad for them. They make me want to cry endlessly alongside the. They make me want to hand over all of my "happy" and let them keep it until the day that they die. And that's why I want her out of my room, because she is making me feel terrible. I won't make eye contact with her either. I'll just keep staring at the monkey and make it stare at me.

"I'm Jule." she tells me. I don't care though. She still doesn't matter to me. I "I'm a close friend of your mother. I'll be your therapist for a couple of days." I still ignore her. "Do you want to tell me what's going on?" I clear my throat trying to fill the silence in my life. "I don't think your parents are giving you this as an option." she says softly. "I'll just be here longer if you don't respond." I sigh and I look up to my ceiling away from the monkey. Her voice makes me want to scream. It's very soft and it has this hum in it that seem to be like a high pitched shriek.

"What is life?" I ask her. She scribbles that down into her notepad and looks back to me. I can't think of anything else to say, or ask, or do. I just couldn't think I hate this place. I absolutely hate where I am right now. It makes me erupt into angry that I can't quite control.

"What do you mean?"

"It's like a cluster fuck of events. Everyone has a different life." I roll onto my side with the monkey to see her. She looks tired and taps on the note pad that sits on her lap. She was anticipating the minute I would open my mouth so instead of immediately opening my mouth I scoff and I yawn this phony yawn. My fingers slide from the bear to the bed. "My events include me waking up and going to school and if she's feeling up to it, Melony Hanson will have a couple of rounds with me. I come back home and I lay in bed and I lie there

The Purple Phase

making up my own perfect world. I think of the things my family could be doing because they aren't a whole. They just float away from each other and luckily for an hour a day we have dinner, but, that's only if we're lucky. The razor does its handy work. I then do my homework which is composed of bull shit I'll never even use because my cluster fuck of events never leads me anywhere." I groan. It feels strange to have a ping of excitement whenever you're sixteen and you have no clue of what you're going to be. You have to know. Everyone knows that you have to know what you want to be. In my bull shit life, there is nothing I want to be.

"Your parents told me you have been hanging out with your older brother, how is that?" I chaff looking into her eyes after the question leaves her face. That there is something I've never actually thought of. I just let it pass by in my life. I just let it disappear into seams of a timeline. Hanging out with them is absolutely okay. I don't hate it but I don't love it.

"They do drugs all day. They listen to music, fuck and do drugs." I utter. I bite my lip and I challenge the question that starts to leave my mouth. Is that a bad thing? I don't know whether she'll talk to my parents about this or just ignore the issue and just worry about me and tell my parents about me. I clinch down and I grow afraid. My stomach drops for an endless fall. I feel nauseas. What will they do if they find out that he does drugs, if they don't already know that is? Will they send him away? "I mean, sometimes they do drugs and stuff like that. but not really. Maybe- maybe just that once." I stammer biting down on my lip.

"Do you enjoy hanging out with them?"

"There's always that one person in the group that you can't find time to listen to or pay attention to and maybe they'll just disappear. That's me. I guess I could say I enjoy the company but, I'm ignored for fractions of the whole reunion."

"Do you have any crushes?" I roll my eyes and scoff. Who is there to like, Adam? I think that maybe he is the only guy I even know outside of my shitty family. He is actually the image of a perfect guy but, I'm not going to let my mind wrap itself around that idea because that's just ridiculous. Adam and I. date? That is like shoving an onion into the center of a cake. It never actually works and I'm pretty sure he even knows this.

"Of course I don't like anyone." I cry making her rotate her foot. Is that a twitch or did she only feel like doing that. Am I agitating her?

"Why don't you have any crushes?" she ask. Skepticism rings in her voice and it makes me a tad bit frantic. Was her thought of me: *wanna be* sad? What exactly is she thinking? I know she can't be thinking too much about me.

"Because I don't need to like someone to survive." she pauses. "Oh Jule, did you see that new kid? His shoes are so nice and his hair is so cool and his face is so cute and his body is so buff." she pauses her shaking foot and I only pick at the monkey more. "I don't even think they care anymore."

"Who are they?"

"You sit here and branch off on all of this bull shit that means nothing when not too long ago I told you that Melony Hanson beats the shit out of me every day." I cry. I put the monkey down and I nearly scream. I am slowly getting anxious. My mind tumbles over random things. What is her mind doing?

"Who is Melony Hanson?" I feel like some how everyone should know Melony Hanson because she is just that damn special.

The Purple Phase

"Melony Hanson is a senior and she use to watch her brother and I at the park when we were little. He brother and I stopped being friends. Her parents split up and he moved with his dad. Maybe you should be talking to her. She's the crazy one." I tell her. "Anyways, it doesn't matter what we talk about because I don't have a problem. I just enjoy being me. It's nice." I peel over everything I hate about myself and right about now anything would be great other than actually *being me*. Why who else would I *be*?

"Who are they?"

"What?"

"You said you don't even think they care anymore." *They* don't even matter right now. What matters at this point is me.

"*They* are the cool kids, the ones that make you invisible and they start the 'purple phase' and it's all so stupid. That's when people start to notice me. When the cool kids hop onto my band wagon and I'm like the conductor of this contraption. Not everyone has to *like* the conductor, actually if you tell them they're doing something wrong they start to revolt against you." I tell her. "I walked in on Melony while she was cutting and I told her she needed to stop and she rebelled against me."

"What did you tell her?"

"She didn't know what sad was. Sad is a feeling. She can't feel sad."

"That's interesting." No, that is correct. That is the reason why I am here now because it's no longer a privilege I have. I can't be sad anymore. They strip me of my rights and now I'm stuck trying not to feel sad because once I'm not sad anymore no one will care about what I do.

"I don't want you to feel like I'm giving in. It makes me feel like I actually need help but sometimes I go without talking and my body gets anxious."

"What did you do when you were little?" and once again, one of those questions that have nothing to do with me but I like that she asks that. I love the years previous to this one, *the good ole days*.

"I read books and listened to music. I liked writing poems."

"What else?"

"I use to play with the stars."

"How do you do that?"

"Ben got a microscope when he was 8 and he use to call me to the roof to look at the stars with him but, he would leave me to go play with his friends. I would talk to them because he told me that they were my friends." I jeer. "One day I fell off of the roof and broke my arm. I couldn't play at the park alone so Ben would always come with me and Melony had this weird crush on him." I sneer. "I told him and she pushed me into a tree breaking my arm again."

"Does that bother you?"

"No, I laughed as soon as I felt it crack."

The Purple Phase

"When did you start cutting?"

"Two years ago."

"Why?"

"I was eating lunch and a new kid sat next to me and I usually sat alone. He asked me if I was sad I told him no. He asked me why I wasn't and suggested I should be because I sat alone. I told him to leave me alone." I lay in my bed remembering his black hair. "He told me that he was sad and showed me his arm and I thought it was beautiful. I started on my left arm but he disappeared and I was told he'd gotten in trouble so I stopped doing it on that arm."

"Do you miss him?"

"When he first showed me, he touched my arm and my skin tingled a bit." I tell her. "His name was Tj and once I scratched a t into my leg." And I find myself ignoring her question as she pulls further forward on her seat.

"So you do?"

"He showed me a couple of new things and insight and helped me think deeper." I look to her. "I liked him a lot."

"Did you ever tell him?"

"No, he use to come over and write poems with me and he would pick and poke at my thoughts like you're doing."

"What else did you guys do together."

"We use to sit under his black light and paint over each other with dark light paint. We would write things we hated."

"If you guys were so close why don't you talk to him?"

"Because he committed suicide and he totally got away with it."

"Why?"

"He didn't want to live anymore." I bite my lip. "Usually, you don't want to live and the last step is your body not wanting to live."

"Do you want to live?"

"Why wouldn't I? The air here is warm and the people are easy." she scribbles that down. The people here are a load of easy. It's the kind of easy that's just hated to you for free. I can see how they all feel. I can see how my mother feels when she doesn't notice I'm around and I can see the way Ben feels when I am around. But, Tj was hard and I could never actually see his feelings I just knew them because he told me. "He was the most complex person I've ever met in my life. He'd left me this poem, his journal and a tape." I laugh. "Metaphorically speaking, we are all dependent clauses and it drives most crazy. With you, I'm independent and you are too." she writes more down. "That was on the last page of his journal."

The Purple Phase

"That's really sweet. Don't you miss him?"

"No, because he left me here with all of these easy people and he didn't even ask me if I would be okay with it. Have you ever thought about why whenever someone commits suicide the first thing for people to ask is 'why?'"

"What are you getting at?" I groan and I sit mirroring her.

"The world of the dead is the most complicated place in the world because everyone wants to try to figure out why these people don't want to live anymore and millions of other questions and I like the easy way out." I look to her. She likes the easy way too. She wears a skirt and a sweater and peaking out of the sweater was a cotton shirt. She has these ugly brown and purple socks and flats. She pulls things from her closet blindly. Her makeup is worn out and her hair tied back. She looks like me, like she'd been lying in bed all day. Maybe she'd partied last night. She doesn't look like she has children. My mother is bothering her by asking her for this favor. She yawns and I smile. I lie back down pulling my covers over me closing my eyes as she watches me. I fall asleep as she sits there.

Chapter 10: Deck The Halls

Deck the Halls

Sleep Party People - Things Will Disappear Like Tears In the Rain

I slide out of bed Monday morning scratching my head. My face stuffs into my covers concealed away from the sun. I hum a groan as I slowly twist to stretch my cracking bones. I pull the cover from head and I catch sight of my mother who smiles back at me. My mother turns back into my closet shuffling through it. I groan and pull back into my bed. I hide underneath the covers making the world around me darker. I grumble and hiss underneath the cover twisting and turning to get comfortable for more sleep.

"Good morning." She greets me cheery. I groan in response and we sit in silence longer. She clicks her tongue against the roof of her mouth. I turn from the covers and I stretch.

"Mom, please give me my space." I look to her as she slides a plastic bag from my closet. She smiles at me and waves a shy wave. Boxes lie on the ground piling up high. I groan at the mess in the middle of my room. Tags line the floor and papers and plastic lace the brown carpet. I groan more and I pull my finders over my face. "What time is it?"

"It's twelve. Your teacher will be here soon." My teacher I want to scream. My legs kick underneath the tangled covers. I hear her sigh over the rustle of my covers.

"What are you doing in my room?" I nearly yell.

"I bought you new clothes." I groan loudly pulling at my hair. My head burns as my hair tangles around my fingers. Why did she think she could go from not caring to caring. It irks me just thinking about it because I hate when people want to notice things once the *important* people start to notice things. She is being a follower by caring. It is strange. It should be a sin to care about things that you never truly have intentions on caring about. I was being shoved into the front of her head like play-dough going through mold. I bite my tongue a little harder before I look to her. She smiles at me and holds a dress up in front of her. The dress flares at the bottom and along with this my mind becomes shattered. I stuff my head back into the covers and I groan louder.

"Mom, get out of my room."

"Your brother is on the way with your lunch." I can't wait for him to get here. Maybe he'll make her quit touching my things and talking to me and breathing my air and thinking that it's okay for her to taunt me with her classy ways. I hate it all. I hate that she becomes so perfect. My whole family were all standing in a square facing away from each other.

"I don't want you to keep talking." I complain pulling the pillow over my head. I muffle out her noise and I sink deeper into my bed.

"You need to get dressed." She cries. I can't really think of a reason why this would ever become valid in any situation.

"I don't need to get dressed when I'm being home schooled." I roll over to look up at the ceiling and pick through the yellow stars I'd painted there when I'd gotten bored one day. I hum a tune to block her out and I pull my hands over my eyes to block out the sun.

The Purple Phase

"Your therapist told me to make this normal for you" she appends. I hear her but it's hard to actually live in a world where she actually is choosing to care about what I do as first instinct.

"I'm wearing what I have on now." I tell her biting the inside of my cheek.

"Oh come on Penny, could you just reason with me?"

"I don't feel like it."

"It's your first day."

"You're still talking."

"Please Penny, just get out of bed and look at all of this new awesome stuff I got you." she requests enthusiastically. I can tell that she's standing the way one of those perfect girls stand. Her blond hair finds itself peeling down her back. She has her hands in her pockets and her hips are poking out slightly. I don't even want to bother turning to see if that actually how she's standing. I just make up the image for myself. Why couldn't I have been born with blond hair? My father's hair is brown. He passed that down to me. This dark brown hair and I get her curls. But, curls are so useless because they can be made. I'd rather have stringy hair. It would be perfect and look soft all of the time. If I had blonde stringy hair then people would ask to touch it because they would actually notice me. They would notice me because I would have blond stringy hair. Everyone notices blond string hair no matter what.

"You're making me want to slit open my throat, that's what you're making me want to do." I insert grimly. I lift to see her face. She is shocked. I know she has to be shocked. She walks out slamming the door behind her. She is acting like the prissy little bitch she was raised to be. I sit pulling at this curl that wrapped around my neck with the layer of sweat from the previous night and I twist it around my finger. It helps its way back to my neck once I let it go. My room hisses around me and I can think straight. I can think about why she would be upset. What reason does she actually have for being upset? There aren't any. So instead of giving a shit of why she is upset with me I run my fingers through my hair and I sit and I think about how my family wants to go to all of Ben's baseball games in the spring and how stupid of a plan that is. I can imagine us all sitting in the crowd and everything fixated with Ben would turn into a ball of light and then you have me in a heap of grunge. I would just sit in between my parents as they cheered for him and I will only stare at a small speck in the middle of the field. The door opens after I listen to my thoughts. She pulls my covers from me and walks into my closet. Clothes land on my back and for a second, I feel like I'll start suffocating under the heap of clothes on top of me.

"Put your god damn clothes on!" she cries. I look to her as she wipes her tears from her face. Who the hell does she think she is? I don't think it's okay to scream at me for no reason and considering our circumstances it only makes me want to scream at her for a fraction longer than I usually would have. I've never been afraid of her because she has never been scary and that one thing will always remain the same but I bite back on words before I decide to talk because, of course, she is already crying and I decide to have a calmer approach to it all so that maybe she'll leave

"Why the hell are you crying? Do you feel like you've lost control or something?" I lift from the pillow and I pull my arms into the air to stretch.

"Penny put your clothes on." I lift. She sits in silence as I look back for the clothes. My hands find the black dress but I drop it on the floor after looking at it. "God Penny don't you see that we only love you."

The Purple Phase

"I was joking." I yell. I pull off the chunky sweater and I flash this cheeky smile at myself. But, when is Ben going to get here?

"Please just be my daughter again." she sniffles. I grab my towel and I throw it to her as she sniffles and she wipes her eyes with it slowly rubbing the material afterwards. Her eyes fix onto me. "You would be so pretty in that dress Pens."

"Get out please." I request. I hate the nickname. I'd rather people sit around and call me Pantcie-Poo on end. Ben walks into my room and scoffs as he lets his eyes climb around the boxes and crap. He lets out a silly laugh and throws the food onto my bed letting his key ring revolve around his finger.

"Here" he laughs. He leans against the post and watches me as my mother quickly wipes the tears from her eyes. "What's wrong?" he tries to sound sympathetic but I can tell that he isn't because his voice is bland and he's barely even asking a question.

"Get your clothes on please." She asks softly. Her eyes flick to Ben. "I'm fine Ben." I laugh and walk to my closet.

"There's a lady in the living room." Adam joins him in the doorway. "Hey." I sigh slipping into my closet.

"Everyone get out of my room please." I ask softly. When I was younger I would lock myself in this dark box and with its darkness came the matching clothes. All of my clothes are dark. Every item I wear barley has color to it. I choose to be blank like my feelings sometimes. I look around my dark closet plastered in whites and blacks and *pinks*, pinks? Pinks! I look to my mother then back into the closet. I pull forward looking around for my clothes, my jeans. Dresses line the walls. I could go for a scream. I stomp forward and I pull toward the back to see nothing but skirts and dresses. Blouses tuck away into the drawers and my hands find things and I pull them from the drawers and I pull the hangers and I pull the shoes and everything goes falling to the ground. "Get out of my room!" I pull through the clothes throwing them all to the ground screaming as I pull out the dresses. All of my jeans are thrown away. I scream even louder throwing things that I'd already even thrown looking for my sweat shirts.

"Penny calm down." I hear. I don't know who the voice belongs to because at this moment everything as dropped a couple of octaves so that I can hear my panic. Hearing my panic makes an even more dramatic situation. I continue to throw things and drop things and slam things. A hand lands on my shoulder slowly pulling me back away from the clothes and I perhaps help it pull me away from the mess because as of now, my hands hurt from its encounter with objects. I push back looking into Adams eyes. He holds out his hand with an eye brow up. His face is serious and he slowly starts to slide things out of my reach. I scream and I drop to the floor. The tears threaten to come from my eyes at some point but I don't know whether that was before my mother enters the closet entrance or after.

"Just leave me alone." I cry and my heart pounds. My mother watches and I hope her heart drops. "You are a very sad human being." I cry from underneath my hands. I pull my hair over my face to hide the tears peaking from my eyes.

"She's only trying to help." Ben tells me nonchalantly. I ignore him though because he doesn't know anything and for all I know he could be on drugs right this second and no one knows because none of us witnessed him do it.

"Ben if I wanted to wear a dress I would." I propose. I feel him get upset.

"Well you've been acting like a bitch." He declares. "Quit your crying you blade runner."

The Purple Phase

"Maybe I've always been a bitch. You guys never even pay attention to me so you wouldn't even know how I really am." I let the blade runner play at the back of my head thoughâ partly, because I am a blade runner, half because I would love to know where he'd gotten that from, the other fourth is because it is mean and it wants to allow itself to echo at the back of my head just like all of the other things.

"Just put on a god damn dress." he cries. I bite my tongue with no response. I look to my mother then to Ben. In between the two I see these monsters that are placed on earth to taunt me. They taunt me and only me. I walk to my dresser and I pull the big white box from on top of it. I look into her eyes as I dump it out onto the floor. Razors and folded scraps of paper fall from the box. The junk sprinkles my floor and I lift a razor from the pile and I look at it. My eyes then make light of hers. I put the sharp tip to my skin running it across my arm staring into her eyes. To me, this is equivalent to Ben doing drugs in front of the family. He's done a bump or two in front of my parents and they never actually care to notice. She covers her mouth and looks to Ben who starts toward me. I feel like maybe he'll punch me in the face or something and I am afraid. He gets closer to me and the closer he gets the more afraid I am. I pull my wrist into my hand and I back away. This moment of my life is a possession and it doesn't feel as sweet as it usually does when I am all alone in my room with the lights down. Adam leaves us all. My mother sobs and I know she can't register what I'd just done because I can even register what I've done. I feel horribly bad now. I pass it forward to her and my mind still can't register anything. Ben grabs that blade from my hand and he sighs to himself.

Maybe I do need help. Maybe I do need to sit in front of someone for an hour a day to talk about feelings. Maybe u need someone that will understand me at least a little. I know that for one thing, I need someone to help me not hurt the people around me. Ben starts for the box and picks everything up from the floor. His hands fumble for all of the metal and I slowly sink further away from him. I can't even cry anymore. I can only stand so far away from him that my knees smash into the back of my bed. He walks out of my room leaving her to cry. I felt bad by then but my body was angry.

"I can see it in your face." I start. "You hate me." she cries harder. I would hug her but she is too sad and an oddly fragile and if I hug her she might explode. I can see that she hates me and it makes me a little sad because if she hates me no one will ever love me. Her love is supposed to be unconditional and the fact that she cries even harder after my conclusion and her mouth stays shut helps me understand he hatred for me. She feels bad about hating me. She feels bad because she knows she isn't supposed to hate me. I groan as the tears creep from my eyes and the room around me blurs out. I can't express how sorry I am so I don't but deep don't inside, I know that I'm a very sorry person. She walks out of the room leaving me to stand.

Chapter 11: Tipped

Tipped

Sleep Party People - Third Drawer Down

I sit under the small waves of music that crash into my walls and rush over head. My hands tap on the peaking skin on my stomach. I have worn the same shirt all day now. The same shirt I slept in last night because it's my last memory of what I had before. What I had before my life decided to become simple. My door slowly peaks light into my room and I look to see Adam. He walks into my room with an ice cream in his hand. He brings it to me sitting in the chair beside my bed. I take it into my warm hands and I take a spoon of the chocolate into my mouth. I feel like a servant locked in a room as the sweets touch my tongue. My body melts with joy as it tickles my taste buds. He stares at me for a while and clears his throat to sigh. I lick the spoon and I look into his eyes as he stares around the room after I notice his staring.

"I think you tipped the bitch scale today." He hums softly tacking onto a picture behind me hanging on my wall. I look back at it. It's a Nirvana poster that Ben'd gotten me a long time ago. I take another spoonful of the ice cream and it melts onto my tongue more.

"Why do you keep bothering me?" I ask in between my third spoon. My eyes find a white bag on the other end of my room just behind him. He clears his throat and scratches his head.

"I have a session with your dad today." he starts. "Why don't you ever talk to him about your problems?" he asks. But, he still has not answered my question so I refuse to sit and answer his questions.

"I don't have problems." I scold. He pulls a pen from my desk and a sheet of paper pulls from a heap of crap underneath my bed. I take another spoon of the ice-cream and I feel a little happy as it meets my tongue. He scribbles on six circles. I stare at a perfect circle to the left of the paper.

"This is everyone involved in your problem." he draws another circle. "This is the second therapist for extra insight." another circle and this one swirls a bit more than the others. "The trainer they're going to make you get sooner or later." he laughs and adds two more and I still don't understand what the circles have to do with me. "Here are those extra friends they're going to get you." he makes four more circles. I clear my throat to ease the itching chill in my throat. "Friends branch off but these are the friends like me. They want you to be happy but you aren't happy with me." The words plant themselves in my head and I finally find time to look up at him. I pull the paper from him and I look at it. I pull the pen from him and scribble out a circle smiling to myself.

"That was you." I burn throwing the paper onto the floor. It floats down softly and gracefully while he laughs.

The Purple Phase

"That wasn't me." he sneers. He picks up the paper and sets it on his lap. I pick at the invisible crust in my eyes and ignore the words leaving his mouth. "I need your help." I roll my eyes to my pillow and I lie down. "I overheard your therapist talking about that kid and he taught you how to be sad. Do you think you could teach me?"

"I was sad before. Now, I'm happy." he stares into my eyes. I bat my lashes four times. He rubs his pant legs and looks away from me. Is my face that bad to stare at, that unbearable?

"When you cry, you look so innocent." I moan and turn from him. "You *have* to be sad." We sit in his silence for longer and of course he smacks his teeth. I roll over onto my stomach wrapping into my covers. "Are you going to help me?" I eat more of the ice cream.

"No." I say in between two bites.

"Why aren't you going to help me?"

"You aren't sad. You have to start out sad." I tell him off lifting from my stomach. I set the bowl onto my dresser. He looks to it and then his eyes brush over to the other end of my room.

"In our sessions we always talk about the same thing." I turn to him sitting up to poke him in his chest.

"You only came here to talk to me so you could tell my dad what I say." I scold. I slap him. He screams and grabs onto his cheek. "Get out of my room." I order sternly pointing toward the door.

"I swear I didn't." he cries. "We always talk about ways to fix things with my family and stuff and the drugs and everything." His eyes shift down to my thigh. Can he see the cuts through my pants. I pull my hand over my leg and I rub it. My hand sends a burn throughout my body that feels just right for the occasion. "I just, I should be really sad Penny." I cringe as the words leave his lips. I recoil as my name leaves his mouth. My name leaves his mouth so crisp and sharp. He'd said it so normal but my brain made it explode into being this extravagant thing.

"Why? Nothing bad ever happens to you. You have perfect everything. The girls like you, you have so many friends." he looks back into my eyes. I shy away from him rubbing harder and deeper into my skin.

"I'm not going to tell you why. I just kind of figured maybe I could be a little like Tj and write poems with you and stuff." He will never ever have a chance to replace Tj. Where do I ever begin on the things that are wrong with that sentence? "I want something new for myself." he tells me. He pulls off his jacket. His smell whisks into my face as the jacket leaves his skin. He smells sweet and strong. The jacket lands on my bed and it lies in a small puddle of sweet. "Here, your mom threw away all of your jackets, why don't you keep mine. I can bring you sweat pants." My eyes catch him and I make this face automatically questioning whether or not he's being serious. "I can teach you how to be happy."

"You all keep making me look like such a horrible person. I'm not happy you say. I'm suicidal, I have bad taste in music, I'm doing this wrong, and I'm being too depressed." I tell him. "I like what I am. If I wanted help I would slit my wrist and my cheeks and my hands because then it would show how serious I was about getting help. Please refrain from calling me the bad person. You guys live being so happy all the time and just because I don't smile I'm the bad person." I chant forward at him. I lie back down slamming my head into the pillow. I pull the remote to the stereo from my right and I start to turn up the music.

"What makes you the bad person is that you let your mother cry and you let her know that there's nothing she can do to make you appear happy." I turn from him as my face warms. I keep turning up the music to block

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him out.

"She makes me cry too!" I cry. He lifts from the seat and the music suddenly stops making me turn to him. He stands with the plug in his hand. I scream loud standing from my bed. I push him and I snatch the cord away. "I like to sit in my room alone and think and all of a sudden I have all of this *company*." I wipe a tear from my eyes. I swallow the spit piling up in my mouth as I sob. I look down to the cut pulling it into my hand. "I'm sorry that I make her cry." I sob. "I miss when he would sit in my bed with me and thumb over my cuts telling me how I was doing them too small." I sniffle. "When it rained he would lie down with me and we would play music in the background and slowly pick at their meanings arguing over the small things." I wipe my face. "He kissed me on August 24th and told me that he was complete." I admit. "Do you think anyone has ever said anything like that to me or showed me any type of appreciation for my existence?" he clears his throat as I sigh. "I don't even feel sad anymore. I'm not angry or depressed. I'm so numb. I'm elated half of the time and I feel like the contours of my body are dancing around. I get so anxious when I see my brother but, I don't ever want him to talk to me." I turn back to him. "Why do you listen in on my mother and therapist?"

"I don't know."

"Well you do know." I cry.

"You're really interesting." he stares at me longer. A smile grows onto his face. "Your nose turns so red when you cry." I cover it with my hand looking from him to hurry back into my bed. I bury myself underneath the covers again. The music starts to blast loudly and I let all of my tears drip out onto my pillow and on my covers and everywhere. I feel him leave but I like that and I lie there for a while then I lift. All of a sudden I hate being alone. The music makes me feel pathetic. My heart thumps harder for help but no one actually wants to answer me. I turn off the stereo and I walk out of my room to the living room to join the two boys in front of the TV. My intentions are not to join the two but I actually feel like I want to be alone and the part of watching TV excites me. Adam looks to me and smiles slightly. Ben's eyes never make my way. I sit still in their silence and Ben lifts from the seat leaving Adam and I. I follow behind him to stand in his door way. He stops to turn to me and he pushes me back away from the door.

"Ben, I'm sorry." I tell him.

"You were the worse thing that's ever happened to this family." he rumbles. He says it softly but from what I hear it's a rumble. My face pours again as I follow him into his room.

"I'm sorry Ben." I sob. My hands pull at each other as I fidget. I grow anxious and upset.

"Get out of my room."

"Please, just talk to me." I weep.

"Penny, just get out." He howls and I can feel the anger come out of his lungs and coil up into those words. I back out into a wall watching him slam the door in my face. I feel mute and stiff. My jaw tightens and I don't know what to do. I rub my thigh more tightening my hand around the bruised flesh. Sooner or later I find my way back into the living room to sit on the couch. I sit alone. I sit in silence picking at the dried blood on my arm and pulling at strands of my hair. I am in a vegetated state now and I don't want to move or eat or sleep. My tears dry onto my cheeks making my face feel tight. I can't think as straight as I wish. My hands pull at the long strands of my hair twisting them and braiding them. I'm the only one in the room and I hate it. I absolutely hate being alone now. The thing I enjoyed the most is now the thing I despise. The kitchen light flips on but I don't look into the direction. The water runs for a second then the fridge is opened. A couple of foods are shuffled around. The TV screen flips on and my father walks in gasping as he spots me. I coil up in my seat

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and I wipe my eyes before he can actually see that something is wrong. I stand to try to rush out of the room but he laughs and grabs onto my arm.

"What are you doing?" he chuckles. He gets a better look and lets his hands slide from my arms. "Don't cry Penny." he whispers. He pulls me into a hug and kisses my forehead. "You don't mind spending an hour or two with me do you?" Ben's stares rumble and the two boys join us back in the living room. Ben flings his keys around his finger.

"Dad, we're going to go to the movie."

"Why don't you take your sister?" he suggest looking down on me. I want Ben to just say yes now. Then I don't have to spend an afternoon with the physiatrist.

"no." he adds plainly. I pull away from my dad having him sigh and the tears want to fall again and I rush back to my room.

"Penny, you can come." Adam yells after me. I slam my door falling into my bed pulling the cover over my head. This box will house me forever. It'd be crazy to run away because I have nowhere to go. I don't have family or friends or acquaintances. I don't have anything. The door opens and a body joins me in my bed. They don't touch me though, their smell, sweet and tangy. I know its Adam and I sniffle back my tears.

"Get out."

"Penny." I look to see Adam lying there. I like the way my name leaves his mouth because it's a different mouth to say my name. "Can I tell you something?"

"No, please just leave me alone." I don't want Ben to come into my room and threaten to make me upset. I don't want Adam here to make Ben come. I don't want anyone around. I just want me. I want me all by myself. I want to wrap up in my covers and be alone again just for as long as the day lasts.

"I'm going to tell you anyways because I don't know how to tell anyone else." he scoffs. "I wish I could just scream it to everyone but I don't know how they're going to take it. I feel like they'll all be upset with me." I look to the profile of his face looking into the corner of his eyes as they gloss over. His blue eyes bob over the stars on the ceiling. "My mom found out and she started making me talk to these people and do treatments." He hums beside me vibrating the coils of my bed. I turn to face him.

"Are you gay?" I whisper. He smiles and turns to me. His hand pushes the hair back from his face and a light laugh leaves his mouth.

"I have cancer." he whispers. He stares at me longer. His long eye lashes bat like butterfly wings. I breath softly sure not to blow air into his eyes. "Can you be my friend or something?" I ignore the question though. Of course I can't be his friend because he can't be my friend and I can't be his friendâ and *he can't be my friend*. "What's today's date?"

"It's February 5th." I whisper. He pulls forward to kiss me. Our lips collide and my eyes close but nothing stops me from feeling the *wrong* in all of this and I push him back making him fall from my bed. I turn wiping him from my lips. He laughs whimpering on the floor.

"God Penny." he laughs. My heart thumps harder than it usually does. My lips quiver underneath my hand.

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"Get out." I wail from the bed. He looks up at me and I quickly turn from him and I pull the cover over my head tucking the cover underneath my body. He laughs harder.

"Your face is so red." he chuckles. I pull a hand to my cheek. They burn and I can feel the thick blush underneath my skin because the room is a little too hot now.

"Please just leave?"

"Why are you so embarrassed? I should be embarrassed I just got knock out of bed." he laughs. "Do you not like me?" I ignore him. He sits back on my bed. "Do you?" he laughs. "It's totally okay if you don't. I don't want you to feel bad because of my problem."

"I don't feel bad at all." I mumble from underneath the cover.

"Well that's just great." he blurts.

"Adam Come on!" Ben echoes throughout the house.

"Come with us." he pulls the cover from my face. I still hold my hand over my cheek. "Please come with us."

"I don't really want to."

"So, do you like me?" he laughs. I groan as he turns the situation back into a joke. I push him from my bed pulling back underneath the cover.

"Please get out."

"You avoid the question over and over again." he cries. He whistles a tune as he waits for me to answer his question but, I'm not going to answer.

"That's what people do when they don't want to answer child-like questions." I pull the covers from my head as Ben enters the door way. Adam looks from me to him.

"Why do you keep talking to her? Do you like her or something?" He groans. The look of disgust finds his face as his eyes lay on me.

"Just get out of my space." I cry. "He doesn't like me." I tell him.

"Come on Adam."

"Maybe I really should kill myself; I don't see the point in not doing it." I add sympathetically.

"Dad!" he calls out. I turn lying down back in bed. My father enters as they leave. He walks to my desk and thumbs through music to play. The song slowly starts. He sits at the edge of my bed. He runs his hand over my back and sighs.

"I don't really know what to do in this situation."

"I don't either."

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"You're my little girl and I'm supposed to protect you." he whispers. But he isn't and he has never helped me in any situation he just helps everyone other than me. It's impossible that he doesn't see that state I'm in.

"I know." I lie but I don't know. I don't know that I'm his little girl because I'm really not.

"Do you want to cry about it or something?"

"I almost want to cry."

"Come on, just cry about it and get it out of your system."

"I don't have tears left."

"Can I tell you a story?" I nod rolling over to look to him. "When we found out we were going to have a girl I panicked and I was scared shitless. I started to talk to my mother and your mother's mother and my friends and I panicked. I just knew that deep down inside it would be impossible to teach you self worth and how to pick the right guys and how to talk. Everything started to hit me like a stray bullet. Then, I thought maybe you would be everything I never wanted. You would be beautiful and the boys wouldn't be able to keep their hands off of you and its true now but, I also thought you wouldn't be able to keep your hands off of boys. I started plotting to make you fat and make you wear boy clothes but I didn't want you to come out on the wrong end of the stick I was throwing." he clears his throat. "You were covered in blood when you opened your eyes and I peered into your eyes and I was stunned. I knew you would be just the way I wanted you." he wipes his face and smiles. "The second time I saw you I cried hovering over you and I thought it was strange since I hadn't cried when your brother was born. Ben kept peaking over me and he kept asking me to change you into a little boy. He was two. While I sat with you in my arms he climbed up into my lap and do you want to know what he said to me?" he laughs as I nod. "He said, 'daddy, I don't think she's going to like the monsters under her bed so can I share a room with her?'" he laughs. "He would make me rock you to sleep but every time I picked you up you would cry and I started to think I was the monster." he runs his hand over my hair. "Am I the monster that you're afraid of?"

"No dad."

"How is Adam as a person to you?" my cheeks flare and I turn from him. His hand finds my back and he rubs it laughing under his breath.

"What?"

"I mean, I know that you know."

"You're interested in me dating him." I suggest sheepishly. I pull my hand to my cheek to hide the blush surfacing.

"I really like the kid. I think that you could give it a try."

"Could you tell me more stories?" I quickly turn away from the previous conversation because it is stupid.

"Why don't you tell me a story?"

"When I was little and I broke my arm I really liked it because you paid a lot more attention to me." I tell him. "You let me sleep in the bed with you and mom and you would always let me come to your office and sit under your desk."

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"I think you're too big to fit underneath my desk now." he chuckles. I don't think it's funny though so I don't laugh. Now, I would love to be that age again and bundle up underneath his desk. "Is it because we don't pay enough attention to you?"

"No, why does it have to be a problem?" I cry lifting. "It's because I do it. There's no reason. I guess I don't know self worth, I picked a suicidal fuck that left me here all alone, whenever I open my mouth I piss people off." I groan. "I'm not beautiful dad. It's completely fine that things don't work out that way."

"You are beautiful." I turn to see him and he smiles down at me and rubs the hair from my forehead.

"Does mom hate me now?"

"I promise you that she'll love you forever."

Chapter 12

The Promise Land

Tyler, The Creator - Bastard

I wake late in the night to someone shuffling around through my closet. Their soft racket pulls my attention from my sleep along with the loud collapsing something that seems to find itself peeking out from the closet. I lift from my bed in the dim light of the moon that cracks through my ceiling window to see a body hunched over in my closet. I clear my throat having the figure turn to see me. Adam pulls from the dark closet and he smiles at me in the dim lighting of the room. What is he doing in my room? He smiles perfectly at me and, at this hour particularly, I'm concerned because the reasons for him being here are questionable.

"Hey, do you want to go somewhere fun?" he asks pulling back from the closet. A black blob lays hanging over his arm. His smile gets even crazier as his face catches the light. He lays a dress onto my chair and smiles at me as I stand from the bed. I scratch my head tugging at the shirt I wear. My legs ride up underneath the shirt and I feel underdressed.

"Where are we going?" I question. I sit back on the bed and I pull at the shirt making it slide down to my knee caps.

"I like to call it the promise land." he chuckles. He pulls a box from below the chair and smiles sliding it over to me. At the moment I feel like he is crazy but as of now, I am the only crazy person in the room. "I saved these for you." he snickers. I pull open the flaps of the brown box to see a pair of black sneakers. I can't help but smile pulling them from the box. He disappears back into my closet and shuffles around more and hops back out. In his hand are a jacket and a head band with cat ears on it. I smile grabbing the two from him. He smiles down at the shoes pulling his hand to his hair to ease it back from off of his forehead. A crease forms in between my eyebrows and I scratch my head again.

"What are you up to?" I whisper. I try to keep my voice low because I feel as if the only other pitch I have is a high scream that would even wake my neighbors. If I wake Ben there's no telling what he'll do. And that's one reason why the hour concerns me, because Ben is unpredictable and he tends to be mildly aggressive.

"It's a surprise." he chuckles. "Put those on, my bike is outside." he walks from my room slowly pulling the door closed. I sit staring around the dark room. Why is he creeping around my room? Why did he save my shoes? The shoes that happened to be my favorite, it could be by chance. That's fits better into character for him. I slowly slip on the dress sitting in the silence of my room. I never actually wear dresses. Maybe a skirt to school but, I never wear dresses. They fit pretty awkwardly in my bust area. I pull on the kitten ears and I slide on the chubby sneakers. My life feels a tad bit better as I look down at them they fit my feet perfectly. I feel like a princess looking into the mirror at myself. I don't even know why. I don't know whether it is because of the dress or the ears. I slide the jacket on and I quietly tip toe out into the hallway. Adam turns to me and his eyes widen a bit and he smiles reaching out for my hand. He pulls me forward and out of the front door. He smiles back at me as he pulls his motor cycle from the driveway. He keeps telling me to be quiet and I know that he feels as tingly as I do at the moment. I run to catch up with him. He laughs and hands me a helmet. I pull off the ears letting him pull them onto his head. He makes a face and smiles as I laugh.

He drags the metal bike out onto the street even away from my house all the way over to my neighbor's house with me following closely behind like a lost puppy with this smile on my face. He gets on first and starts up the bike and I hop on behind him. He pulls my hands around him and starts up the street. I lay my head on his back and I smile against his coat. He smells like sweet lavender and bubble gum. He screams something loud

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but I can't understand what he's saying. I don't even think it is in my interest to hear him. I squeeze my eyes shut and I imagine I'm on a cloud. The wind whips my hair back and I can feel the excitement coursing through my veins. Is this how Ben feels when he's high? We slow down and I open my eyes to look at the dark forest around us. Small lanterns dangle from the trees. We pass an old gate covered in moss and colored lights.

A gigantic house sits deep beyond the gate surrounded by a dark forest. He stops the bike laughing as his hand reaches for mine. He mounts the bike on the muddy ground. I smile as it digs deeper into the mud. My shoes slush down into the sludge. The dark woods seem to sing a soft melody to the two of us as he helps the helmet from my head. He pulls the head band onto my head to hold my bang back. He grabs my hand and he helps me forward to the house. He laughs and opens the door and the sound blast through. He holds my hand tighter and the music plays in my mind two times louder.

"A-town!" a man yells nearly dropping a glass bottle. He smiles to me and reaches out for my hand. "I am Thomas." he laughs. "Thomas Hickman." He dusts a black strand from his hair into place. He smiles and pops a piece of gum into his mouth. He looks a lot like Adam too.

"This is Pancie-Poo." Adam laughs.

"Is she your girlfriend?" he asks winking at me as the question leaves his mouth. I hold Adam's hand tighter.

"She is my friends little sister." he corrects.

"I am his girl." I sneak in quietly. He looks back at me and smiles this nervous smile that tugs at his cheeks.

"She is my girl." He adds unsure of the words to come. I look up to him taking a glance at his fuzzy jaw and he is flushed. He rubs my thumb softly with his and turns back to me.

"What do you need petit frÃ"re?" he asks pulling his hand out for mine. My fingers meet with his for a very perfect handshake. I like him because he's nice.

"Just here to show her a good time." Thomas rubs his hand to his forehead with this smile plastered onto his face. He moves from the way letting us pass him. Two doors sit behind him. I exhale as the excitement kills me. Adam goes for the first door entering it. The light is so bright that it burns my eyes. He slowly steps in and looks around followed by me. The walls are covered with words and letters. Pictures speckle the space on the wall. He walks further as I run my hands against the wall. He grabs my hand pulling me to him pointing toward my face, my face in that grey pixel with a big read "dead" over it. He laughs as my eyes find it. "They love you." he points to the picture of Melony Hanson. It sits still like "love" itself. Pretty is scribbled around it. In a big black sloppy dripping marker marks "the cutter." he pulls over to his picture and smiles pulling a marker from his pocket. He scribbles on 'charity case' in a red pen but I don't understand why they do these things. Sit around in a room scribbling all over the place. I nudge him and I look over to the left to my brother's picture. It sits alone with a couple of quotes around it and 'funny kid' etched in on his forehead. I wonder if drugs were common amongst these people. A couple of funny things speckles in small handwriting around his picture. I smile as he points at the world in this picture. His eye is winked and he smiles the most crooked smile that could ever find his face. That's it though, and in the past day I hadn't felt him being funny, I hadn't felt him being anything other than mean. I look to Adam who stares at my picture. "This wall means that you matter." he tells me over the music. He grabs my hand and we walk out of the room. He pulls me to the second door and we enter to see people piling the floor. He smiles holding onto my hand tighter. We walk deeper into the room and we sit at a table. He smiles over at me as I stare at the shadow of hair on his chin. His jaw is perfect and so are his eyes, and his nose is even perfect. His smile melts me and I grow pinched in the face as he laughs.

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"What?" I finally decide to ask.

"You just make me a little happier. Which is a bit strange." he scoffs. That's something I've never actually heard. I've never made anyone happy. We sit in about 3 seconds of silence and he lets the smile tame it. "This is 'the promise land' I can make all of your wishes come through behind these walls."

"Sounds like it could be your famous pick up line." I scoff. I look at the picture fingering over sketches.

"That's the first time I've used that." he chuckles. "You get three wishes Pancie-Poo."

"I really wish you would stop calling me that." I groan. I am starting to get tired of the name seeing as it's what you would usually call a small child.

"Wish granted. What else do you want?"

"I wish that someone could be happy with the things I do." I grumble. I lay my head down on the table and I smile.

"Wish granted."

"I wish that..." I look around the room and I bite my lip. I look him back into his eyes. His icy eyes are calm now and they remind me more of a wave or rain but the rain that finds itself being exciting, the rain that you give yourself time to play in. "I wish that I had a friend."

"granted." he smiles. I mellow out lifting from the table. I look around the massive room. The ceiling is about three stories high and you can see the strangers stumble around upstairs from where I sit. I look to him. He smiles as he catches my face.

"What is this place?"

"The story is that this house has been here for a really long time. Thomas likes to say it's the *place where sinners can be free and saints can be sinners*. I like to say it's the *promise land*. Your brother calls it the *holy hell*. No one really knows what it is but we all know that we like It." he smiles. But all of the reasons for the names are very strange. "every couple of years someone new takes over. They say Lenni Lewisch will take over next year." he looks around. "Ten times better if you ask Me." he chuckles.

"Who is that?"

"She's Richards girlfriend, you know, the star athlete?" I nod. "Her father is like the biggest mob boss in the world and once she gets this place into her hands I think it'll be heaven on earth."

"Why?"

"She's like Satan's angle." he laughs. "She can do whatever she wants and never look bad doing it. I've met her, and Ben has a thing for her." a girl joins us at the table placing a bottle down. She walks away winking to Adam. Her hips sway and the song changes. I look to him and smile as my smile grows.

This is what the devil plays before he goes to sleep.

"You like music like this, why?"

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"There's thought in the lyrics."

"But you like these lyrics in particular."

"I don't know, these particular lyrics are so deep."

"understandable." he looks from me to the corner. I turn to see a girl. Her blond hair bounces swinging every which way. She smiles to him. Her hair whips as she stumbles to us.

"Hey Adam, is this your girlfriend?"

"No."

"Yes." I tell her quickly, perhaps at the same time as his no. She flips her hair pulling at the pink strands that hide in the cluster of perfectly blond strands.

"She's kinda cute."

"Kinda? I think she's pretty." he throws back at her.

"Hey, do you want to see something cool?" she asks him. He smiles. "My brother got this for me yesterday." she pulls out a small plastic bag with two white pills in it. "I took one a ten minutes ago." she giggles. He grabs the bag. I look from him to her. She wears a black chiffon dress that looks cheap but I can see the price written across it with its silk layer underneath it. She laughs as he hands one to me between pinched fingers. I grab it and I look into his eyes. I swallow it and I smile at him as he swallows his. He looks back to her as she twirls her finger around her hair. "Hey, so, how is your relationship?" I sink into my seat as she looks to me. "How smooth is my cousin?"

"He's nice." I look to him as he fiddles with his fingers. He doesn't look sick and he doesn't act sick. He doesn't sound sick. I wonder if he feels sick. He looks up at me and smiles.

"Hey, so, I wanna show you guys something. Can I?" I stand nearly tipping over. She laughs as I pull my head into my hand. The room spins and I smile to Adam as he laughs grabbing my hand.

We follow her up a labor of stayers snickering to each other about nothing. She smiles at the two of us and she grabs my hand pulling me to a door. I open it and she pushes me in. It's dark and I can only register a scream. The thick emptiness of the space around me scares me. I can hear her giggle hard on the other side of the door and I laugh with her but I'm afraid of the dark and I clutch on the handle screaming for her to let me out. She laughs harder as I shake the door and finally I cry trying to push the door open. The dark pulls my body into it and I scream louder.

"LET ME OUT!" I yell. I pull from the door to sit on the ground as she laughs. Why is she laughing so hard? I feel like an idiot as she laughs and the light in the room has escaped. I lift to feel around the wall and I find a switch to flip it. A black light shines on me and around me in a small closet are images of myself staring back at me, a square box of mirrors. I spin around watching my face and I swirl into my own mind thinking of the possibilities of this room. I stop at a shattered mirror and I look down at my hand which leaks with blood and the door swings open. She laughs grabbing my hand and she looks me in the eyes.

"What is wrong with you?" she giggles hardly breathing. Adam grabs my hand and pulls me into him. He looks at the bloody figure and scoffs.

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"What did you do?" he asks as calm as he can register. He pulls my hand up to see it better and looks into the room.

"I didn't do anything." I mouth. He pulls me back and away from her as she shuts the door behind her. We continue and he yanks me off of our path to another door. He smiles and steps inside away from me but I follow. Around us are flowers, walls of flowers. He smiles around us and grabs one flower from the wall. He giggles as we walk through a second door. Around us is a wall of fish. I smile as we stop and he looks around in awe. They swim around the water slowly.

"This is why I like to call it the promise land." he adds in our amazement. "Because everything you would love to see is here." he drives his hand into his pocket and pulls his phone to his ear. "hey." he whispers. "What? Maybe she's walking around or something." he pauses and looks to me. "I'll go look for her. I'm already out running errands." he walks to me grabbing my hand again. "No problem brah, you just wait at home just in case she comes back home." he pulls me back through the flower room and out into the hallway.

"Where are we going?"

"Ben thinks you ran away." he rushes in. "I'm taking you home."

Chapter 13: They Drop Like Flies

They Drop Like Flies

Adam helps me off of his bike and looks to me to grab his helmet. Ignore his hand as he holds it out for me. He walks to the door and opens it poking his head into the small crack. I hold my breath as he scoffs.

"I found your girl." He whispers. He pulls me in and in front of Ben who stares at me pilling up and down me. I pull my hands behind my back and I try to start past him with Adam close behind me.

"What did you do to yourself?" he nearly yells. I pull away backing into Adam. Adam pulls a hand to my arm and lets it slide from me. I turn to look back at him as he stares a Ben.

"I was walking and I decided to go into the woods and I fell." I tell him softly peeling over words. I pull my hand behind my back.

"You're lying. Did you cut yourself?" he growls and pulls my hand to him. I yank it back pulling my hand into my dress.

"No, I promise I didn't cut myself." I cry. He grabs the cat ears from my head and throws them onto the ground. "You're scaring me." I tell him.

"What is your problem Adam? What's up with you and my sister?" He growls toward Adam. I try not to look Adam in the eyes. I just hold my hand behind my back.

"Nothing, I found her walking around. I'm pretty sure she's okay." I feel him turn into my direction. He leans against the arch. He's casual and he looks calm.

"I'm fine." I cry. My heart pounds and I tighten my hand around the dress.

"You are always around her and I know you were at Thomas's. I called him and he told me you were with a girl... A pretty girl." he looks to me as my cheeks turn pink. "He said she was your girl. That's not my sister is it?"

"Of course not!" he cries. "I met that chick Holly there and she goes around telling people that we're dating." He defends. I look up and I clench my jaw. I pull my bang from my forehead.

"You've been acting so fucking weird! You spend more time with her than you spend with Me." he looks to me. "Do you like him?" I shake my head. He starts to me. "Do you need a friend that bad?"

"He has cancer." I whisper. I clinch my hand behind my back and I hold back the lump in my throat.

"What?" he yells. "I can't hear you. I fucking hate you Penny."

"HE HAS CANCER!" I yell. I stomp back to my room. I hear him groan as I leave and I don't know whether or not he feels bad about what he did or whether he feels nothing at all. I can only feel my heart slowly shattering. It feels strange because I never really notice it being there. I cry slamming my door. The room around me rumbles as my father screams in the next room. He must have woken up. I turn into the direction of the door as the three rumbles and fight back and forth. My door flies open and he grabs my hand. I become sad so fast because he's actually convinced that I cut myself. I wipe the dry tears from my face as new ones

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start to form. I yank my hand back. "I didn't cut myself!" I cry. "I swear I didn't cut myself." I sob. My father pulls me to him and hugs me letting me cry into his shirt. "I swear I didn't do it." I tell him. He rubs the hair from my face.

"I believe you." He whispers to me. "Don't cry." He tells me. His hand finds my tears and he rubs them away pulling my hair from the clumps of water. I look up at him. He looks like my dad.

"Penny, fuck you!" Ben sobs. He starts to the door and Adam pulls him away from my father and I as he jumps forward at me hurling his body toward me. My father holds me back and starts to Ben. "I fucking hate you Penny. All that you ever do is turn them against me and I just want you to fucking disappear!" he screams. He stops and slowly drops to the floor pulling at his hair. "I want to fucking disappear." He tells me.

"Jim, what's going on?" I hear my mother. "Ben, baby, what's wrong?" she cries for him. My father pushes past her and walks out of my room. "Ben, why are you crying, come on, calm down." She tells him. Her hand rest on his shoulder and he looks up at her. He pushes Adam away and hits himself in the head.

"I've notice why Melony hates you so much." He looks up at me and quaffs his hair from his forehead. "It's because you are a hypocritical bitch that thinks the world should revolve around you. If you'd like the attention you've got it now." He digs into his pocket and pulls out this old folded up piece of paper and unfolds it. He throws it at me and it lands at my feet. I lift the clump and the purple phase stamps the top of it. The picture of me is plastered in the middle of it. 'They fall like birds... I wonder who's next.' I crumple it up and throw it at him.

"When you wake up in the morning I'll be gone." I run a hand through my hair and I look to my mother who consoles him and I run my arm over my eyes. "I don't care what you guys think of me! You hate me anyways so why don't I just do it now?" I slam my door and I lock it. I turn from the door as my vision blurs with tears. He twists the knob once then the urgency to open the door grows. He jiggles the door banging on it. Adam joins him. My mother joins the. Their feet hit the door along with their fist. The two call my name as I slowly back away from the door. I absolutely hate my life as of now. I pull to my drawer and pull out a bottle of nail polish remover. I twist the cap off then I look to the door as my eyes water again and once again I have this dead alone feeling. I cringe as I smell it pulling the rim of the bottle to my lips. I take the bottle back and it burns my tongue and throat as it goes down. I finish a fourth and by then the taste is hardly present. My door flies open and my father walks to me grabbing the bottle. He throws it then I fall to the ground as the taste swirls around in my mouth. I pull a hand up to his cheek and I smile up at him as he swirls over me.

"What the fuck did you do Ben?" he yells. "Go call the ambulance!" I pull my hands to my ears and my father pulls his hand into my mouth for a second time pulling me to dry heave. Nothing comes up. He screams and tries again. I scream and I wiggle from him. He goes for a third and the vomit comes up in a red pool. He lifts me and walks me outside as I get dizzy. My mother pulls by his side screaming words that I can't hear and she grabs my dangling hand. My vision blurs and I can see the red lights flickering after a minute of his panicking. He rushes me outside screaming in circles and I'm let down onto something soft. My head falls and I see Adam beside Ben. The expression on his face is angry. I close my eyes and the world around me grows dark and I am all alone.

A/N: Sorry for the delay on chapters... I just started my spring break so I've been busy like crazy and I'm now working on a trailer which I should have done by the end of the night or early tomorrow... I'm pretty excited! Thanks for all of the reads and sorry there is no song a bit too busy for a song because I've been editing chapters back to back and trying to finish the story... ALMOST DONE! haha then I can finally Publish so yeah... I'm pretty excited. Thanks again for all of the reads! they mean a lo to me!

Chapter 14: The Reason Why

The Reason Why

Sleep Party People - I'm Not Human At All

I wake lying in a stark white bed. Ben's head lies beside me. His hair curls forward into a mess that finds itself perched on top of his head. His arm stretches over my waist and he holds onto his phone in his hand. I pull a hand to my eyes to rub the burning from them. I look over to see my father sitting in a chair reading a magazine. He looks up to me and sucks in his lips and he scratches his head. I look to Ben as he snores. He always snores when he sleeps. I usually get tired of it before I get used to it.

"Well, you can't leave for a couple of days." my father tells me. He closes the magazine and then closes it. He pulls on his beanie and grabs his keys from his pocket as he stands from the chair.

"Where's mom?" I croak. My dry throat burns as the words leave my mouth and I pull a hand to my throat. I can barely even breathe without my throat hurting. I look to the window on the other end of the room.

"She didn't want to come. She's been crying in bed for a couple of days." He tells me. I pull the hair from my face and I sigh as my throat burns.

"I'm sorry." I whisper.

"I know." he stands. "I really am hurt Penny." But, I don't care about that. I breathe in as he taps Bens shoulder. "Hey, Ben I'm going to leave. Are you coming?" I scratch my head and to find a couple of stitches.

"no." he yawns. He falls back to sleep rubbing his head on the covers. "I'll stay." my father looks to me. He squeezes the beanie in his hands and puffs out a sigh.

"I really don't want to see you right now." he adds harshly. I feel numb now but I'd still like to cry. I look away from him and I pull my hand to my neck.

"Whatever, leaveâ you're really awesome at leaving me when I actually need you."

"You were seriously willing to do that to yourself. You haven't thought of anyone else. How could you possibly be that sad Penny?" he cries. I look down at Ben's jacket running a finger across the leather sleeve. "I thought you were going to die and nearly had a heart attack on the way here." He looks from me and to starts to the door. I let my eyes make it back to see him and he bites a half of his lip.

"Dad, quit yelling at her." Ben hums from the cover. I pull my finger from the leather and I sigh looking to my father.

"You scared the living shit out of me and I have never fucking cried that much in my life Penny. Does that explain to you how much I love you?" he pulls on his coat. It gets harder to find myself staring at him and I pull my hand back to my neck and I look down at the baseball patch on Ben's jacket. "While you're here for a couple of days I would really like for you to think of a million other ways to fix the way you're feeling on the inside." he turns from me. I groan as he walks away. "While you do that I'm going to go try and possibly think of some way to not feel like I failed as a parent." he walks out shutting the door behind him. Ben snores loudly over the beeping in the room. I lay back on the pillow softly closing my eyes.

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"I love you Penny, please don't do that again." he hums. "Penny, don't ever do that again." I shake my head and I lay back on the pillow. We sit in silence together and he snores softly. I pull over to the small remote and I turn the TV on. He lifts and scratches his head. "I'm going to go pick up food. I'll grab your clothes from my car. There are a couple of places to eat here." he looks to his watch. "Adam should be here soon."

"Adam?"

"Yeah, Adam, I need someone to keep you company while I'm gone."

"Why?" my voice croaks as I clear my throat. It burns and feels like blood is spewing through.

"Well, I've been kind of worried about you and your doctors a total spazz. He was pretty worried too." he clears his throat. The door peaks open and a woman walks in. She wears these burgundy scrubs and smiles between the two of us.

"Hey!" she cries. "Okay so, you my friend, aren't safe to eat anything other than soft, bland foods for a couple of days." she pulls to me and smiles as Ben leaves us in the room. "Dear god, you have a very attractive family." she giggles. I roll my eyes and I look to the ground. "Okay, I'm going to be your doctor for a couple of days." she pulls on gloves. "Open your mouth?" she adds. I open my mouth and she grabs my chin. She snaps with her tongue. "Yeah, you're in pretty bad shape." she lets go of my chin and a very pathetic sympathy smile finds her face. "Okay, we are going to hold you here for maybe two or three days. When you step from bed you might feel a little nausea and fatigue, really light headed. You've been out for two days." I roll my eyes to the TV that flashes cartoons on the screen.

"Can I have water?" my voice is horse and she stops smiling and bites her lip. I look to this necklace on her neck. She slowly pulls a hand to her neck and I look up to her eyes.

"For today, we are going to hold off on the water just so that you don't irritate anything." she steps back. "You aren't tired are you?"

"No."

"Okay, I'm going to help you from the bed and was going to go ahead and get your muscles going." I pull the cover from my legs and I slowly slide my legs down. I step onto the floor with her hand around my waist. She pulls the water bag and its stand closer to her wiggling the needle in my arm. I wince and my legs crack along with my spine. She smiles as I step forward. I feel like a baby as her hand rest on my waist.

"What happened?" I ask her as I take another step. Her hand tightens around the stand and she looks down at my feet. Her eyes flash back up at me.

"Well, your heart stopped for two minutes." she adds softly as I walk. My eyes widen and I groan as my ankle cracks. "I've been watching over you." she tells me. "Your brother never left your side." my stomach turns as she stops.

"I have to puke." I cry. I explode onto the ground. She shrieks trying to keep hold of my arm.

"Do you feel better?"

"I'm really hungry."

"You can't eat yet."

The Purple Phase

"So what do I do?" I cry. "I'm just going to sleep." I push her from me and I lay in bed pulling the cover over my head. She clears her throat as the door cracks.

"Penny?"

"She just said she'd be going to sleep." I turn and look to him. Adam stands in the door way with a coat slung over his shoulder. He steps inside and sits beside me smiling as I pull the cover back over my head. The door shuts. He laughs and looks around the room. His scent dances around in my nose and every time he moves I get even more of his smell. I pull my hand to my cheek to rub the blushed red away.

"She's gone now." he tells me. He flips through the channel on the TV. He groans. "Have you ever watched this?" I pull the cover from my head to see. One of those b horror movies plays. "This is great." a hand is thrown and I look to him. He sits in the chair beside me.

"Yesterday I went to go see a new movie. It was pretty awesome." He tells me. he breaths in and looks to me then the puke on the floor and he laughs lifting from the seat. He fiddles around for a couple of napkins and looks back as me as a man with a mop walks in. He lifts the clump into the trash can and he backs away for the man to mop.

"I messaged Ben. I asked him to bring your sneakers." He utters under his breath. I bite the inside of my cheek and look to the mop on the floor. It swirls around. I always use to watch my mother mop. It was always so fascinating. "Your parents put you back in school and stuff. You can ride with Ben and me instead of that stupid bus." he sits next to me again. He laughs. I look to the TV and he catches my gaze and laughs. "Oh gosh, I'm so lucky I get to skip out on swimming." I clear my throat. "I haven't been okay since I started therapy and stuff." He chuckles again

"Agnes and Agnes." he giggles. "This game me and my sister made up based on these two old people that were arguing about whether they should move their chairs away from the water at the beach one time." he clears his throat and looks to me. "They both are named Agnes and are extremely old. One invented everything, that's me; the other says the other is lying about inventing stuff. They have a friend, Millicent who was put in a rest home called Sunny Hill. We often argue about how the other one is going to put the other one in Sunny Hill. They also have been known to lock each other up in dungeons for long periods of time." I smile as the words slip his mouth. "The 'youngster', our mother, always tells them to "quit playing"." I laugh as he chuckles. "We have old lady voices and everything. It's a lot of fun! I can't help but laugh, yeah my sister has a contagious laugh." he laughs.

"Okay Agnes." I laugh harder coughing as the laughs leave. He laughs with me making me laugh harder. I smiles and the smile won't leave my face. This strange combination of excitement fills my cheeks. I stop the laugh and I clear my throat and I look to the TV.

"There's the other youngster now." he coos standing from his chair. Ben walks in putting a bag onto the bed. He sits in the other chair and eats a burger. He smiles toward Adam and throws crumpled up paper at him.

"How was your day?"

"My day was pretty good." Adam tells him. I slide back into the covers.

"How's mom?" I ask Ben. I pull at the covers picking at its strings.

"I don't know. She's been ignoring me." He tells me in between bites.

The Purple Phase

"Is she going to come here?"

"no." he hums. "You know she hates hospitals."

"What about dad?" I ask and I pull my hand through my hair.

"No, he is not coming back." He tells me and he crumples up his bag and throws them into the trash bag. He pulls his phone from his pocket and types a little.

"Do they hate me?"

"No, they're just upset." He tells me. I look to Adam who watches TV.

"When can I go home?"

"You have to stay here for 72 hours." He mumbles in between texts. I look back to him and I glare at him. I glare at him because he isn't helping me and like the rest of the world, he's going to leave me here.

"That's so stupid!" I cry. "Do they not want me anymore?"

"Killing yourself is also pretty stupid." He grumbles and scratches his jaw. I roll my eyes to the door.

"You're such a scum bag."

"You're a fucking loser, a sore fucking loser." He scoffs. He continues to type on his phone then yawns and scratches his head. He passes it out to Adam who lifts from the bed to grab it. He scrolls through the phone and smiles.

"Why don't you get out?" I groan. I hate when the two come into my space only to ignore me and even though it rarely ever happens, I still really hate it.

"I guess I would have to leave because you can't even fucking walk around without falling flat on your face." he stands from his chair and pulls off this fake laugh. "Now isn't that so funny?"

"You're such a jerk."

"You were going to kill yourself two days ago!" he exclaims. He runs a hand over his jaw turning from me.

"Okay, why don't we just stop arguing?" Adam tells him as he sits on the edge of the bed.

"Are you sticking up for her?" he asks Adam. "I feel like you're sticking up for her." He groans. He runs a hand through his filthy hair and scoffs under his breath.

"I guess I'll just leave." Adam stands.

"You're such a fucking coward. You think that killing yourself is going to make you feel any better than how you feel now? WRONG!" Adam looks to me and scratches his head like a nervous tick.

"I'm going home." He hums underneath Ben's freak out.

"Whatever." I tell him.

The Purple Phase

"Bye." He tells me. His eyes shoot to Ben totally dismissing my presence and I roll my eyes to the ceiling.

"Just leave." I voice to him. He groans and walks from the room. I turn through channels on the TV scratching below the IV in my arm. I groan as it itches. I try to ignore Ben who sits in the chair before me scrolling through his phone. He pulls his jacket over his head and lets out a muffled carp.

"I'm going to sleep." He mumbles.

"I hate you so much."

"Oh no, I might just go swallow a bottle of nail polish remover." He grinds.

"Stop making fun of me Ben!"

"So what I'm making fun of you." He suggests.

"Yeah, right after I tried to kill myself, is it not apparent to you that I would absolutely love to die because of the way you treat me?" I cry. "You're such a dick!"

"Oh, and you're better than me huh?" I cringe as he slowly shuffles underneath the jacket.

"Stop it." I cry. "You're not here for me! You're here so that you don't feel so guilty." I tell him. "Because you're the reason I did it and you know that you're the reason I started to hate my life. You've been there helping mom torture me." I shriek pulling my hands through my hair. "I was completely fine before you started to care about my feelings. I was completely fine sitting all alone and cutting myself. I was completely fine having everyone ignore Me." he picks up his jacket and leaves me in the room alone.

A/N: Let me know if I'm lacking as much quality as the previous chapters... my brain has been somewhere else! URGH! I need to get a song for the trailer then I'll have that finished. let me know what you think and how you like it. THANKS FOR READING!

Chapter 15: Mom

Mom

Jayne Dee - Rules

I wake in the familiar bed. Sniffling circles around me. I slowly lift to see a figure in the seat on the other end of my room. I pull the small light switch which laminates the air around me. My mother covers her mouth as I look to her and the tears run down her cheek. She slowly wipes the tears from her face and hastily fixes her hair. I slide back down into the bed and I pull the cover over my head.

"Penny?" she whispers. I just lie in the bed ignoring her. "Penny I'm so sorry about anything I've ever done to make you feel this way."

"Mom it's not your fault." I tell her. I pull my hand to my neck underneath the warm heat of my breath.

"I just don't want you to hate me. I could get your old clothes back for you." She weeps.

"I don't hate you."

"I love you with all of my heart Penny." She blubbers more. I cover my ears to block her out.

"Mom, stop, I'm not upset I just really want to get sleep." She pulls the cover from my head.

"Penny, I miss you." She cries. She pushes my fringe back and looks at me. Her eyes start to water again and she covers her mouth. "I don't want anything to happen to you."

"Stop mom." I push her hand and I roll over to look toward the door. I hate when people cry around me because, they imply that I should feel bad which, in the situation is a tad bit practical. But, my senses tell me that feeling bad for the way that they all feel will back fire and blow me to bits. Which, is something I hate considering the fact that the time I tried to expel my life, I ended up in a stark white bed with my mother crying beside me.

"Could you please just talk to me?" She cries. "I want my little Penny back." She sobs. A tear escapes my eye and I don't want to give in as soon as I hear her cry. "You use to talk to me all of the time and it hurts me so much to see you this way."

"I'm fine mom." I tell her. She grips onto my arm and rubs it.

"I'm just going to go back home then. I can't stand seeing you so sad." She sobs.

"Don't leave me here! I want to go home mom!" I cry. I lift to her as she grabs her bag. She looks to me and fluffs out her hair. "Mom, don't leave me here."

"You aren't talking. When was the last time you ate anything?" she whispers pulling her hand into her bag.

"The doctor said I couldn't eat." She yanks her hand back out and walks back to me pulling her hand to my forehead.

"Aren't you hungry?" she demands pulling her hand away from my skin.

The Purple Phase

"No, I don't want food or anything I just want to go home."

"You can't Penny." She wipes her eyes and sits on the edge of the bed. "Adam left you a bunch of flowers yesterday and I tried to tell him that you'd hate them." She pulls her hand to her neck and rubs her back. "He's been doing things for you."

"Should he be doing things for me?" I ask. The question leaves me bitterly. She smiles. I haven't wrapped my head around dating him or having feelings for him yet. The whole thing before canceled out and now, I'm confused on how I feel about this kid. She laughs and looks away to her hands. She swirls her ring around her finger.

"I think it's the sweetest thing ever." She adds. "I hated the sight of your father all through high school and we ended up going to the same college and we only knew each other so we took a go at it and he ended up being the most astonishing human being. He could literally jog for hours and he knew tongue twister that were so crazy. He cursed so much." She laughs. "I'm so happy that we had you guys together. You guys are the best thing that's ever happened to me." She starts to cry again wiping her face. "I really just want you to be happy and grow up and know how it feels to have children."

"Children that want to kill themselves." I correct. I wipe my nose to warm it.

"No one can please you." She grates. "Who haven't you argued with?"

"Adam." I scoff. But, I should have watched my tongue because it's strange that I like my brother's best friend. We should be ripping a hole into time and space.

"I'm jealous." I roll my eyes from her.

"Don't be."

"Do you like him?"

"He's just so damn annoying." But I was lying he wasn't annoying at all, not even a little bit.

"What does he do?"

"He wants me to make him sad." I mumble. "And he wants to make me happy."

"That's so sweet."

"It's weird mom."

"Has he asked you out?"

"That's so juvenile! Only underclassmen do that. He kissed me." I laugh. She smiles.

"That's it?"

"Mom?" I cry because I clearly have guys lining up to kiss me every single day. I scoff and I look to my feet which poke out of the cover.

The Purple Phase

"That's so cute." She laughs. "He's been calling every day to check on you." She chuckles. She messes with her hair and sighs.

"That's weird."

"It's sweet." She whines. I laugh at her as she clutches onto her heart.

"I don't want one of those relationships. I want him to just come and see me and tell me about movies and people. We can talk about his feelings." She sinks as the words leave my lips like a sunken ship. I roll my eyes to the doorway and I let myself giggle underneath the embarrassment

"You are so romantic." She gushes.

"No, I'm really anti romantic."

"What else do you guys do?" she asks pulling forward onto my bed. She lets her arms rest on the covers and this smile plays on her face. She twists her ring around her finger as she smiles up at me.

"Well, he sits with me and talks to me. A couple of nights ago he told me I make him happy but I'm not supposed to make him happy. I'm supposed to make him sad." She giggles again and she inch in closer to me gripping at the covers.

"That's usually what they say when they like you."

"I know he likes me I just don't want him to act that way."

"What does he do that you like?"

"He makes fun of me." I laugh. "I like that he makes fun of me."

"That's never a good thing Penny." she cries but the laugh still plays from her throat and she pulls a hand to her chest and I laugh that she's blushing at our conversation.

"In his case it is because he isn't very good at it. He does it to try to make me laugh sometimes." She laughs with me and I pick with the charms on my bracelet. She looks at it and pulls a hand to hers. "What strange romantic things has dad done?" I cackle. She smiles up at me and our eyes meet. She pulls her hand to her hair and she starts to laugh.

"He liked to fold my clothes for me and he would sneak his favorite things into my drawers." She laughs. "That man had boxers and shirts and a bunch of crap in my drawers all of the time when we were first dating." She pulls at her bracelet and looks up at me. I smile and I pull my hand to my cheeks to rub them and our smiles disappear. "He used to sleep with you on his chest when you were a baby and your brother would lie out on his thigh like it was a log and the three of you would sleep together." She tells me softly. "And when it would rain, he would build a fort with your brother and he would drag me inside with you guys." She bites her lip and swirls her finger over the covers. "He doesn't really do anything romantic anymore." She tells me. I roll my eyes back down to my feet and I puff up my cheeks. "Is he coming today?" she asks. "Is Adam coming today?"

"I don't know." I mumble. I coil my fingers together to fiddle with them.

"Do you want him to?" I crease my eyebrows together and I pull my hand to my neck.

The Purple Phase

"Of course I do but I don't really care." She smiles.

"I love you Penny." She laughs and pokes me.

"I love you too."

"I'm going to go in to work." I groan.

"Why do you have to go?" I growl pulling back down into the bed. I pull the covers up over my head and I peak out of the covers to see her.

"I can call Adam and see if he can come on his free period."

"Mom, he isn't going to come on his free period." I groan. She lifts from the seat and grabs her purse pulling it onto her shoulder. She leans forward and kisses my forehead and she leaves me there just like everyone else has been doing and I tilt my head back. I'd only seen four people and I was getting tired of their faces. I groan and I turn on the TV looking around the empty room. I pull the covers higher up on me and a yawn. My day has only just begun.

Chapter 16: Prozac

Prozac

Frank Ocean - Pink Matter

I sit watching the small TV squinting my eyes to see the small print on the screen. The door opens and Ben steps in looking around the room. He burps and tips a can into my direction and his eyes peel over to the TV.

"Happy you could make some friends." He tells me sarcastically but, I only ignore him and I wipe the sleep from my eyes. "You seriously watch this show?" he asks me pointing to the TV with the can. I nod my head and I grab the remote to turn the TV down. He pulls his phone from his pocket and fingers over the screen. "Everyone thinks you're dead." He scoffs and his eyes find me the remote in my hand then, the glide back up to my face. "Ricky Tyson saw it all and he told the whole school that you died."

"What did you do about it?" I grumbles and he only laughs and shakes his head.

"Why would I do something about it? You'll be back at school sooner or later." I roll my eyes to the door then to the bottle of water at the side of my bed. "Adam is coming for his free period." He hums.

"He doesn't have to see me. We don't have to go out or anything." I confess and I pull up from the pillow and I cross my legs and I slide my finger into the gap of my knee.

"He's giving up his free period to be with you. He never does that." He questions himself playing the game alone. He scratches his head and shuffles in his seat a bit.

"That's weird. I don't want him to be weird." My own brother was probably forced to be here anyways. He never cares about the stuff I do and He's wasting one of his free periods to be here when he could be at home or doing drugs or something else productive with his life. I pull a hand up to my mouth and I nibble on my fingers and he chuckles to himself.

"I guess he just likes youâ!" he frowns and puts his phone on his knee. "I mean it isn't weird at all. Maybe not something I'd like or expect but, it's not weird."

"I don't want him to only come because I'm here." I tell him and he fidgets into the direction of the door then back down to his knee.

"Well he's only coming because you're here." He laughs and I would like to throw the remote at him but then again, I only laugh with him and he completely freezes and frowns up at me and rolls his eyes back to his phone. He barely even has any friends so I have no clue what he could be waiting for with his phone. So, I find myself asking him and he frowns and glares up at me. I look away to the door and he clears his throat.

The door opens for a fourth time today. Adam smiles and walks to me to hand me a piece of paper. I take it and Ben groans and coughs loud enough to steal the attention from Adam. He laughs as I turn to Adam who stares over at Ben and The two cackles in between each other.

"What?" I ask. Ben lifts from the seat and stuffs his phone into his pocket.

"I'm gonna go get a soda and some foodâ!" he starts and he stretches ripping his button up from his pants. "Do you guys want anything?" but, he leaves before either of us can answer and Adam smiles down at me and

The Purple Phase

takes a seat on the bed. He scoffs and taps his finger on his pants.

"You left school early to be here?" I ask as if I don't know and I scratch my head which is a little sore.

"I guess I did." He chuckles. His hand finds his hair and he runs it down to his neck pulling at the touch muscle and his face goes a little red. I turn embarrassed by his embarrassment and I clear my throat to make a little noise in between

"What would you like from me?" he asks in the silence and my face goes a bit warm as I freeze. "I mean like, to make this not so awkward. Because I know that this is really awkward." He rambles. I bite my lip and I sit trying to think of something to say. I clear my throat again and he turns away from me to look at the door.

Since I've been here everything has been so calm like I've been holding a gun to my head. Even Ben, usually, he can be the biggest jerk but, he goes easy on me and when he starts a fight, he never actually finishes them. He repeats the question using different words and a different tone of rambling and I repeat everything I'd done before. I finally open my mouth.

"I would like for you to not be so weird with me. I hate it." He wraps his hand around mine and looks up to me.

"It's not weird." He chuckles.

"I want you to make fun of me again." I laugh to him. And everything becomes normal again. Perhaps he'd forgotten that I'd tried to kill myself or maybe his is blocking it out as swiftly as I am.

"What else would you like?"

"For you to want something from me." He smiles and kisses my hand. His eyes travel back up to mine. And as his lips leave my hand my face warms again and he hold onto the skin tighter. I look to the TV and He scoots closer to me becoming more comfortable.

"I would like for you to kiss me more often." He says shyly. I laugh and turn back to him. My face is steaming hot and my free hand gyrates as I open my mouth again.

"Can I kiss your chin?" I giggle.

"I'd like that." I slowly inch into him and my lips land lightly on his chin nuzzled up against his spiky facial hair.

"Can I kiss your cheek?" He laughs and nods his head. I pull his head to my lips. He laughs and looks from me. "Can you kiss me?" He scoffs and leans closer.

"You can kiss me." He smiles. I pull his face to mine and I kiss him on his lips feeling his eye lashes flutter against mine. My heart thumps and I can't quite breathe or move because if I do that, our world might find time to explode. He pulls away and his hand loosens from mine and my heart patters creating noise in the room and I breathe after he's moved.

"You're good at this." He chuckles. And the weight is lifted from my lungs and my breathing is more of a flutter instead of a tapping. I take a full breath and my lips take a turn in suggesting things.

"Can I kiss you again?" I laugh. And my heart starts back up again at a strange rhythm.

The Purple Phase

"Of course." He croaks. I pull to him to kiss him again. "You don't have to ask." He tells me and I scoff as I back away from his peachy flesh.

"It's awkward, how do I know if you're in the mood for kissing?" I scoff.

"I'm always gonna be in the mood to kiss you." I blush and pull my hands up to my face. "Don't hide it you tomato." He laughs. He pulls my hands down and slides a hand up to my cheek.

"That's weird Adam." I groan but the smile won't leave my face.

"It's the truth." He laughs. "I like kissing you. It's nice."

"No." I laugh. He leans closer.

"Yes." he stands up. "What do you want to do together?" He laughs.

"I don't really care."

"It's totally up to you I just have to leave in an hour." He looks back to me. "Why don't we take a walk or something?" He suggests. He pulls his backpack off and opens it. He smiles to me and pulls out a blue dress. His jacket comes second. He throws the two to me and sits in the chair. "I brought you clothes." And As I go for the jacket he sits back on the bed.

"Are you going to watch me get dressed?" I ask.

"Not if you don't want me to. I was going to give you enough time to get out of bed and stuff."

"I don't mind. As long as you don't laugh at my underwear." I scoff.

"Never."

"You have to help me up." I lift from the pillow and he lifts and puts his hand out for mine. He helps me from the bed and smiles as I groan. "I'm so tired." I groan.

"We'll get you coffee." He laughs. He lets go of my hand as I slowly walk to the dress. I pull the gown off and he turns away from me. I laugh and I pull on the dress. "I wasn't too convinced that you wouldn't mind." He tells me. I put my hand out for his. He looks to me and smiles. "You want to hold my hand?" He questions.

"Never mind loser." I yank my hand back and I pull the jacket onto my shoulders.

"You're the loser." He smiles. "You look cute in dresses."

"You do too."

"My favorite thing in the world." The door opens again and we turn to see the nurse and my father.

"you're coming home today." He grumbles out and he looks to Adam who stares at the nurse.

"Sir, she isn't cleared yet." She cries behind him and she doesn't touch anything in the room but, her hand levitates over everything.

The Purple Phase

"She's fucking smiling." He cries. "Come on we're leaving."

"Sir, she can't leave. She is under suicide watch. I don't make up the rules." She tells him sternly and Adam backs away from me as my father pulls the small vase of flowers from the table beside the bed.

"I make 60 grand a week to talk to people about their fucking feelings." He cries. "I know that there is nothing wrong with her."

"Dad, it's fine." I cry. I sit on the bed and he goes for my arm to lift me.

"I want you home." He cries. "She is my daughter and if I fucking want her home then she can come home. I'm getting tired of the bill shit you guys have been giving me."

"Dad what are you talking about?" I ask him and he turns from her to me.

"They've been giving you anti depressants." He tells me.

"Sir your signed off the right to administer any drugs that would help the pain and we did."

"A fucking drug that is going to mess with her mood is not a part of my plans." Adam starts from the corner he'd found himself in and He starts past my father to the door. He opens it and leaves and I lift from the bed past the nurse who watches me and follows me out. I call for him and he stops and his eyes meet mine.

"Why are you leaving?"

"Those feelings were fake. I thought, maybe I was actually making you happy." I walk to him and I grab his hand.

"You are."

"On my own. I thought I was making you happy on my own." I laugh. And he yanks his hand away and turns from me.

"Why don't you just stay?" I cry for him and he turns keeping his pace and shrugs.

"I can't do this."

"Please don't leave me here Adam. I'm getting tired of being here alone!" I cry. He walks to me and His hand finds mine.

"I'm sorry I really just don't know what to do." He walks with me. "What do you think your dad will do?"

"Whoop and holler about nothing."

"So, I'll just come and see you tomorrow. You can leave tomorrow can't you?" I shrug and he look past me. I turn and the nurse stands alongside my father who argues with her.

"I don't know." I answer and he looks back at me as I swivel into his direction. He groans and stuffs his hands into his pocket. "Adam?" I ask him and his eyes dart back to my father and the nurse.

"Yeah?"

The Purple Phase

"Are you my boyfriend now?" They charge at me and he smiles and laughs and a smile snaps onto my face.

"I thought I was already your boyfriend." He giggles and he coils his fingers into mine.

"Well, we never actually talked about it or anything."

"Well now we are and you are my girlfriend." He laughs.

"Penny!" My father calls. We turn to see him. He points back to the room. "You can go home tomorrow." I turn with Adam and we enter the room and look to the doctor. "Tell her what you just told me." He groans I sit on the edge of the bed and he readies his phone.

"You are to be secluded to this room for the first 24hours and under surveillance for 73 hours you'll be cleared tomorrow since you show no signs of depression"

"And that also means no more medicine." he corrects.

"It's fine." I cut in. Adam sits beside me.

"Penny, we'll take you off of the medicine as long as you're okay with that. What you do is totally up to you at this point."

"How about I go talk to my attorney about this. This is absolute bull shit." He cries.

"What does it do for me?" I ask and Adam groans and runs a hand over his head. He turns away from the three of us.

"Well, we put you on a strand of Prozac which helps with your depression, any panic attacks you may have been having, Obsessive Compulsive Disorder and the eating disorder that you may not have noticed." She clears her throat and looks to my father to clear the information with him and her eyes meet me again. "Prozac will help you get more sleep and make you happy and improve your appetite and energy level. You'll enjoy your life Penny."

"I have to take it daily?" I ask her and I look to Adam who still won't look into our direction.

"Yes."

"Penny, you aren't taking a god damn antidepressant." He grumbles. "This is ridiculous.

"I want it." I tell her and she look to my father who starts for the door.

"I'll be back tomorrow to get you. I love you Penny." He slams the door behind him and the nurse follows out of the door and Adam turns back to see me.

"I feel like this is never going to end"

"It will." He stares into my eyes. He sits in the bed beside me. I pull into him and I lay on his chest. I slowly drift back to sleep on him.

A/N: I'm so sorry I've been slaking with this novel but, I started a schedule so I'll be updating on Mondays this is just to hold you all over until Monday so sorry, I suck so bad but, the next one will be up tomorrow. hahah

The Purple Phase

:D tHAnks for reading!

Chapter 17: Texas

Texas

Tyler, The Creator - IFHY

I wake to him laughing. His laugh vibrates into my ears. The TV plays loud over my breathing and he runs his hand up my arm as I slowly shuffle on him. I look up at him to see the light black out his face and the only thing I can actually see is the stubble on his chin. My breath trickles his throat and he turns down and he smiles at me.

"You're awake." he laughs.

"How long was I asleep?" I ask and he shrugs and his hand caresses my arm more because of my movement. His voice trickles my ears and I dig them deeper into his chest to hear them rumble out past his heart beat.

"A couple of hours." He mumbles down to me. My hand hugs up again his and he pets my thumb and he pinches it just for fun and his eyes dodge me and go back up to the TV.

"You didn't go back to school." I comment and he shrugs his shoulders again and I slide a hand up to my hair to fix it from off of my shoulders. Static finds the strands and they melt onto my face tearing at the skin as I slide them back behind my ears.

"I didn't want to wake you up." He mentions and he slides his hand underneath me to slide me up on his body and lets out a light grunt as he gets me where he's comfortable.

"You didn't want to wake me up or you didn't want to go back to school?"

"You didn't want me to leave." He corrects and I look to the TV to see the blur of a cartoon. He slides his hand up and down my arm and he eventually flicks something from his pants and his hand finds my shoulder again.

"I know." I tell him and he laughs again and I pull a lot closer to hear his heart settle after the excitement.

"I like you." He laughs. He scoops me up into his arms and rolls over on top of me. His nose dusts mine and he lets out a light breath onto my face. "I really do." He repeats and his lips land on my cheek and his body rests more on top of me. I put my hands to his chest to separate his waist from mine. "Are you getting nervous?"

"Yes."

"Why?" he ask and he lifts his belt from me and his eyes dust down to my lips and he keeps them glued there as I slowly breath out into his space.

"You're close." I whisper and His eye make way to mine and his pupils flicker and he looks back down to my lips and his tongue slides over his gently.

"Yeah whatever." He laughs. He finally kisses me and his hand finds my cheek. He pulls away as I moan against his mouth.

The Purple Phase

"It reminds me of sex." His brows crinkle up and he lifts again and his eyes make the hair on my head. Of course, what I'd said was a bit out of line but, he was crossing that line too. And I stay frozen underneath him but I have this urge to stuff my waist into his because that's what I'd like.

"No. It should just remind you of me being close." He corrects and his is dragged back teen miles but, I can still feel his breath in mine and he still hovers above me.

"What is sex like?" I ask and his eyes meet my lips again and he looks as though he'll crush his lips into mine and my heart speeds.

"I don't know. It's like sex." He scoffs. I roll my eyes from him. And he lets out a chuckle. His arms go a little slack for a second and he eases down closer to me as if he wants to tease me and it feels as though he's burning my sex because I can't neglect the thought of him being that close and rough with my parts. "What else do you want me to say?"

"We could try it." I tell him and my heart thumps even harder as I'm no longer myself. His eyes screw into mine and he lifts further way from me.

"No." He scolds. His hand finds his hair and he's about ready to lift from above me. I keep my eyes fixed onto his and with every move he makes, my eyes follow.

"Why not?" I feel like a young child in desperate need of candy and he's candy. I'm in desperate need of Adam because he's making my skin crawl in between my pair of legs and my hand would love to run down to cure the feeling. It taunts me and it feels like white hot movements on my sex.

"We only just started dating Penny." I scoff and my body simmers down a little bit as I try to register the words and the fact that he doesn't want to do it makes me hate myself.

"Okay it doesn't even matter." I pretend and my insides simmer down. My thighs loosen up and I hadn't even known they'd tightened.

"Why do you have to be so difficult?" he asks and I turn my head to see the wilting flowers and he smiles as I make way back to him.

"I'm not!" I defend and I feel uncomfortable underneath him. Just as uncomfortable as I would have a week ago. As if someone stuck me underneath him on accident or we feel in the middle of high school and everyone's watching but we can't manage to separate from each other.

"You are." He kisses me again and snakes his hand underneath my back. I smile and I push his chest up.

"Can we?" I ask as the swelling in my waist starts again.

"No." he chaffs and He kisses my forehead and I moan as his chest grazes mine.

"Why not?"

"No Penny." He kisses me again and pulls his hand from underneath me. I groan as he kisses my forehead again. "It's not special."

"That's such an awesome excuse." He kisses me again and lifts up from over me.

The Purple Phase

"I know you aren't ready for that." I lift behind him and I fix my hair sweeping it from my back to hang over my shoulder.

"I would like to." I tell him. I'd admitted that out loud

"Why, with me?" and he'd rejected me out loud

"I just want to. Obviously it's a good thing." He groans and kisses me again getting on top of me again. I smile up at him feeling my heart pound. I was content with this. He hikes up my dress and fingers over my stomach then exhales.

"I can't." I let out a grumble and he groans and looks away from me and his eyes slowly dart back to me.

"You want to." I admit again

"You're making this too easy."

"You're making this too hard." He lifts and walks out. I groan and scream to myself. I sit alone for longer and I pull my hair up and tie it back. He opens the door again and sits in the chair. "What's your problem?"

"I have to leave soon." He slowly tells me and I lean forward closer to him.

"You already missed school." I tell him and he chaffs for the hundredth time today and he fiddles with his fingers.

"I mean I have to leave soon. I have to go to Texas." I scoff at his response and he looks up at me from his nervous hands.

"You're kidding me right?"

"No. In a 14 days, I leave." He responds and he pulls his hands to his knees.

"You're a fucking jack ass." I call out and I lie back down onto the pillow and I pull the cover over me.

"How?"

"You're leaving me." I tell him.

"I actually have to." He cries. He lifts and sits on the edge of the bed. He lies down beside me and he kisses me. "Don't be upset with me please."

"How long are you going to stay there?"

"I don't really know." He responds. I turn away from him and he grumbles and wraps his arm around me.

"You're the only person that makes me laugh here." I tell him and he pulls me tighter against him.

"I'm sorry Penny."

"You suck." He laughs and pokes at my waist and I push his hand away.

The Purple Phase

"Why don't we do it tomorrow night? It'll be a lot better if we just wait." He says and I turn back to him and he runs his hand over my cheek.

"Do I sound desperate?"

"No. You just don't know what you want right now."

"I do" I scoff. "I'd like you." He laughs and grabs my hand.

"Why?"

"You make me abnormally happy." He scoffs and looks away from me and then he runs his hand on his cheek. "What?"

"You make me pretty sad." He look up to me and then away again.

"Isn't that what you wanted?"

"Yeah, I mean I guess." He turns and pulls me on top of him and looks up to the TV. "I guess I just don't want to be sick anymore." I pull into him and he flips through the channels. I look up at him and I poke him softly picking at his shirt. He groans and ignores me. His breathing is soft and he stays silent.

"You don't want to talk to me?"

"I really do but I don't want to argue anymore." I groan and I pull closer looking to the TV ignoring him as we sit in his silence. The silence that he was starting to create.

Chapter 18: Red and Blue

Red And Blue

Sleep Part People - A Dark God Heart

My father holds a backpack on his back and scribbles his name on papers. His eye jitter down the page and he grumbles a couple of things underneath his breath. His eyes squabble up to me.

"you finally get to leave this hell hole." He chuckles. I smile as he starts for the door and he isn't so scary any more. He's actually fun to be around.

My father walks ahead of me. I look around the crisp building taking it all in. I could finally leave this building and go to see my brother. I could see my brother and my mom and Adam! I could see Adam! He turns to me and smiles.

"What are you smiling about?" he asks.

"I just missed you guys a little bit." And he laughs as the words split my lips. He pulls her arm around me and kisses my head. We make it out of the building to look around. He laughs and I smile to him. I hadn't smiled this much in a really long time and the fact that it was due to the medicine that was sitting at the bottom of my bag made me a little upset. We get into his car and he smiles to me and roughs up my hair. I laugh out a grumble and he laughs along with me and the pieces of us slowly fall together as we bond. He starts up his car and smiles over at me as my hands fiddle forward to his radio.

"Your mother decided to redecorate your room." He adds in and he digs into his cup holder for a peppermint.

"What color is?" I grab one and I pop it into my mouth and he laughs.

"It's red and blue." He muses and pounds his hands on the wheel once I finally decide to choose a song.

"Did she throw any of my things away?" I ask him. He scoffs and turns up the music a smudge. I guess he is trying to keep me from exploding but the smile on my face won't leave because of a couple of colors.

"Nothing major, I made her throw everything in a storage unit." He hums. He taps away on the wheel then looks over at me. "I think it'll be great to be a family again."

"We were family before." I groan I look out the window. And it makes me kind of upset that he decides to single me out.

"I just don't really want to argue." He tells me. Sooner or later we get to my house. He glances forward at the house and it glows a little more than it usually does.

We get out of the car and we walk into the house. He drops my bag on the ground and lifts the mail from the ground. He laughs and throws them onto the table.

"You'd think your brother would do this." He snickers. I pass him and I wonder down the hallway to myroom. My fingers graze the dark walls and I smile as Adam walks out with a piece of pizza in his mouth. Ben follows behind him with a blank face. He looks to Adam and shoves past him.

The Purple Phase

"I guess I'll just start the game." He groans. Adam pulls me over by my arm and pulls me into him.

"Your home." He cries. I smile and I rub his head. I look up to him and he lets go.

"That's great." I tell him and he pulls his hand behind his head.

"You want to watch a movie with us?"

"No." I tell him. "I'm going to just go to my room." He lets my hand slip from his and he leaves. I walk through my door to see the grey walls. The red accents sprinkle all over the room. I lay in the dark bed and I pull the covers over my head. I lie there for at least an hour spinning in my bed trying to catch my own scent back but, it all smells new and I find myself grumbling to myself.

My door opens and I turn to see Ben and Adam. Ben sits in a chair and Adam sits on my bed. Ben clears his throat looking around the room plainly.

"The movie was stupid." Ben lifts. His eyes catch Adam who smiles down at me and he lets a croak leave his throat. "I think I would just rather be alone." But he knows that we would rather be alone. He leaves us two to sit in our own silence. I smile and I pull his hand to me.

"Are you still up for it?" I ask him. His hand slides away from my grip and I slide my hand underneath my head.

"I don't know." He tells me. He pulls his hand up to rub his face.

"Why not?" I scoff.

"What could come from this?" I frown and I roll onto my back. He slides his hand back down into mine.

"What ever." I tell him.

"You've been abnormally happy." I look to him from the ceiling and I smile again.

"What do you mean?"

"Your voice is happier." He lies down beside me and runs my bang from my forehead. "Are you happy with me?" I laugh and I pull his hand from my hair into mine.

"Yeah." He kisses me and pulls me into him. His head rest on top of mine. "Could you take me somewhere other than here?"

"Like where?"

"To the dock or something. I'm getting so tired of being home." His hands fiddle with my hair. His face shows to be surprised and he laughs at me running his hand over my neck.

"Why don't we just talk to each other about stuff?" He suggests and he tickles behind my ear. "you just got home."

"Okay, what kind of stuff?" I ask him and he laughs and pulls my body on top of him and I breathe in his smell. He smells clean like soap. His prickly hairs rub on my cheek and he laughs underneath me as I poke

The Purple Phase

him.

"I don't know stuff like our feelings or something." He suggests and as his eyes catch my smile he stops smiling.

"How do you feel right now?" I ask. His hand finds the small of my back and he rubs my back.

"I'm upset and I get agitated by small things."

"You shouldn't be upset." I tease. I rub his cheek. "You're a very happy child."

"My tumor only got bigger." He cuts in. "My doctor said I've only got a couple of months."

"You're going to go to Texas to get better right?"

"What if I don't make it there in time."

"Stop it!" I scold. "Stop thinking of things that way. You're being so pathetic."

"I'm sorry."

"What do you want really bad?"

"To not be sick."

"I'm sorry."

"What could you do about it?"

"I don't know." He smiles and pulls his face into my neck.

"You don't know anything." He scoffs against my skin. He kisses my neck and drags his hands over my cheek.

"I know everything." I tell him pulling my hand to his chin.

"Of course you do."

"You don't know anything."

"Is it legitimate enough to say that I'm the smartest person you know and you're the smartest person I know?" He hums against my skin. He pulls me closer and takes a small soft bite at my neck.

"You aren't smart." I joke. He kisses my jaw bone and lingers in the area to tease the tender skin.

"I'm a genius."

"You're a retard." I continue.

"I'm not retarded." He insists turning to pull me underneath him.

"you're a loser too." I laugh. He pokes my stomach. He pulls his hair back from his forehead.

The Purple Phase

"Will I still be sexy when I'm bald?"

"Nope, you'll be irresistible."

" please don't shave your head." He chuckles. "I don't think you'll be as irresistible." There hadent been a smile on his face. I pull my hands to his mouth to curve his lips up into a smile on my own.

"You look cute when you smile." He fakes a smile. I tap his cheek. "You suck."

"Do you actually like me?"

"Of course not Adam. I spend so much time with you and I call you my boyfriend because I actually hate you." He breaths out onto my neck and kisses me.

"I really like you."

"I really like you too."

"But that doesn't equal anything bigger."

"What?" He kisses my shoulder and then slowly moves up to my neck.

"I hate it when a person falls in love after a couple of days. It's crazy."

"What are you implying."

"Nothing."

"You were. You wouldn't waste a lot of time to say that if it was nothing."

"It's something." He groans. He kisses me and mashes against my body. "It's a lot of things." His chest rumbles against mine and he kisses my cheek breathing softly on the soft skin. His hand finds mine and his fingers coil into mine and he pinches his lips into a sympathetic smile. "You're special to me."

"I don't have to be special you know? I can be normal to you and stuff."

"I don't want you to be normal to me." He groans. His hand slides to my cheek and he smiles. "Ben has said we've been disgustingly inseparable but I'm so afraid that you're going to try to do it again." He tells me. "I've been afraid since its happened."

"You don't have to." He grabs my hands and lays back on his side. "Why don't you just go hang out with Ben I think he could use a friend."

"He could." he lifts from my bed. "He didn't want you to come but there's a party tonight and you should come."

"I don't want to get in the way."

"It'll be okay it's just so that you can have fun."

"It's fine I could seriously go for some time alone."

The Purple Phase

"I know you want to. You asked me if I could take you somewhere and this is it." I lie down and smile to him.

"I'll think about it." He leaves me to lie in my bed. I look around my room and for this whole crazy month this was about the only time I'd been all alone. I pull a bear over and I pick at its fur. As of now I didn't particularly enjoy being alone. There was this hissing silent over me. I had nothing to occupy my time. I am pretty happy. I could go for talking about anything as of now. As of now I would live to go to an amusement park but I'd have the toughest luck in the middle of winter. I groan and roll over as the silent hisses at me. Pmeghing it hardly use to do. Before when I was all alone there was no silence. My mind created these pictures and thoughts and there was never a dull moment of being alone. I liked being alone but I didn't enjoy it. I lift from my bed and I slip through my door. My feet tip toe forward toward my parents room. They are quiet for now. I knock on their door waiting for one of them to answer but there's nothing. I turn the door knob to invite myself in. I can hear the two now. The talk in their bathroom. They bicker at each other. She tells him she wants him to stop drinking now and he only ignore her repeating that it isn't a problem but I know it is because after he says that I can hear her snuffle. I slowly back away from the room and I slowly tiptoe to Ben's door. I slowly find my way up his stairs and I look around the dark room. He lays on his bed with a rag over his face. Adam looks up at me and let's his eyes flock over to Ben who slowly lifts to see me.

"What's wrong?" He questions. I sit on the ground away from the two and I clasp my hands together.

"I was getting bored." I coo. He falls back onto his bed and groans. "What are you guys doing?" I ask fingering at the carpet.

"Nothing." He barks. I slide him a glare.

"Can I do it too?" Ben lifts again as the words leave my mouth. He lifts from his bed and walks to me stumbling over his feet and he sits in front of me. He pulls my hand up and slaps a pill onto it. "What is this?"

"This is adorole." He slowly states. I put it onto my tongue.

"It's xynax." Adam corrects. I swallow it then I look to Adam. I lie bak to try to get in synch with there feelings but it wasn't possible. I finally feel my eyes open and the room around me is dark and they close.

Chapter 19: The A Word

The A Word

James Blake - We Might Feel Unsound

I wake in Ben's car. He looks back at me and groans. I wipe my eyes and I pull a hand to my hair to help the slithering curls behind from in front of my eyes. He blows out a thick cloud of air and I twist my hand around my wrist taking in the cigarette's smoke coming from his lungs. My eyes slowly find the dim light of the car and Adam who finds my face with his eyes.

"What else did she say?" I lean forward as he gives me all of his attention.

"What?" I grumble and I pull myself from slouching down on the seat. He ignores me having Adam trade glances between the two of us. He pulls a hand to his chin and runs it back to his hair and rolls his eyes from Ben back to me. "What's going on?"

"I think she might have blacked." He assumes and he grips onto the console in between us tighter. My eyes fall to Ben who peers forward at the road.

"Shit!" Ben yells as he lets his hands crack at his wheel. He skids forward taking dangerous turns around corners and somewhere in between it all I find myself leaning forward in between the two. After a silence that lasted two right turns and a left, Adam clears his throat noticing the dramatic shift in tension between Ben and I, or maybe Ben and my mother. But right now I know that I don't care. Adam digs into his pocket and hands me a small pill.

"It's okay." Adam tells him. I grab it from his hand and I ask him what it is but he only laughs and tells me that it's my "happy pill" and I take it. I swallow it down and the smile falls from his face and he might as well just say what he's thinking because I know that what he's thinking is something along the lines of not being able to make me happy. I look forward at the road. We stop in front of a house only so Ben can groan and look back to me.

"Answer if mom calls." He grumbles and his hands pull at a baseball cap on his dash board. He snatches it as if I'm holding it and slaps it onto his head. But, no one cares about his attitude because Adam and I steal a couple of laughs in-between his tantrum and his nearly falling out of his truck.

"I don't know what you're talking about." I laugh and Adam grabs my hand as I stumble from the truck nearly breaking myself on the fall. He laughs and tries for holding me from the ground.

"Just do what I fucking say." He yells. He pulls his hood on over the baseball cap and Adam laughs against my neck where he whispers something that I can't quite hear and I don't ask him what it was because then Ben would probably get pissed off with me for no reason. Adam grabs my hand and we walk to the door to look around the newly trashed lawn. Ben walks into the house and turns back to watch Adam and me. He looks at us as if we're disaster and I try to push Adam toward Ben but his hand stays attached to me and I find the sneer on his lips. We make it to a kitchen past a thick smoke in the living room where music plays. Adam hands me a beer and looks to Adam as he grabs Angela's wrist and pulls her to him. She yanks her hand back.

"How are you?" She mumbles. She leans against the counter and looks to me then back to Ben plainly fiddling with her fingers. "I thought she was dead." He grabs her hand and pulls her into him. She pushes him away. A loud smack from her teeth echoes past me and I roll my eyes to Adam who frowns down at her. "You've been

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acting like such an ass hole lately. I'm just going to go home." He pulls her to him again. Her small hands push at his chest and she manages to move him from her.

"What drugs have you been doing?" He asks pushing her hair from his forehead.

"A lot Benâ Just leave me alone." He lifts her into his arms and passes by Adam and I. The two disappear back into that thick crowd and Adam pulls my hand closer to him. Adam looks to me and leans against the wall beside him. I look at him as he looks around. His eyes only leave me for less than a second and I find that dazzling smile on his lips again.

"You don't have to baby sit me all night." I tell him. A smile starts to pull at my lips and as his eyes flash toward me I sneak a look at Rachel, a random cheerleader who holds a beer in one hand and her shoes in the other.

"I didn't want to leave you alone." He chuckles. I smile and look from Rachel. "These things aren't even fun anymore." I look around to the different sections of the house. My eyes find him and I smile. His hand coils tighter around my fist as I laugh and he leans forward to kiss my cheek.

"You could go play over there." I slowly tell him. He laughs as I point to the stairs. A couple of party appropriate girls stand waiting for him. "The girls are all over there eyeing you down."

"What?" He scoffs and looks to me. Then, his eyes make the girls like he hadn't noticed them but, it's so hard to not notice when someone's eyes are boring into you.

"It's always nice to be flattered." He nudges me. This serious look plays on his cheeks as he tries not to look excited or happy and I look down to his hand around mine. "Seriously, you can go hang out with your friends and stuff." He looks away from me.

"Make some friends." He tells me. He rocks on his feet and exhales. He looks to me. The same look as before, this unbelievably longing look. And he even smiles and licks his lips. His hand loosens from mine and it takes some time for him to actually let go so, instead of waiting for him I do it myself and I cross my arms.

"Go have fun!" I scold him pushing him away. He leaves me to stand and I look around at all of the faces while I'm alone and frankly no one can really see me. A hand finds my shoulder and I look over to see a boy staring down at me. I roll my eyes back over to see Ben and Angela arguing against a wall and I feel as though she might punch him in the face. He might even strike her but, he'd never hit a girl.

"Hey." He starts. "How would you like a beer?" He hands me an open bottle and I look down at mine that is closed. I eye the two and then my eyes shift over to Adam who talks to the other girls. What would taking this beer hurt? Nothing at all because I know that I'm not capable of making anything out of a short conversation over a beer. I'm not even capable of being happy without medicine. I put mine in his open hand and I sip the new one. "What's your name?"

"Penny." I tell him. I drink more of the beer keeping my eyes on Adam. His eyes fish over at me and he winks at me and I blush toward him and a smile cracks my lips and I giggle to myself and the boy beside me find it in himself to scoff.

"How old are you Penny?"

"I'm sixteen." I tell him. He puts his arms around me and pulls his mouth close into my ear. His warm breath tickles and dances with my ear lobe and I try to look as "sane" as possible but, I'm not sane at all. I frown and

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Adam winks at me again and I crack another smile.

"I think you're really pretty." He laughs against the skin of my ear and he pulls his hand to mine.

"I have a boyfriend." I tell him. He backs off and smiles. His smile coils into my thoughts and I find my mind wrapped around him replacing him with Adam and every aspect of him is morphed into Adam so, at first, I hadn't heard what he'd said. I ask him to repeat himself. My eyes find Adam and I ask him to repeat himself for a third time because not seeing the words come out of Adams mouth would make them appear to be more, "real".

"Do you really think he would mind someone sweeping his little lady off of her feet?"

"Actually I think he would." I pull from underneath the guy and I walk to the living room to sit on the couch. My head starts to squeeze my thoughts, making them so much smaller and meaningless. I let my head falls and I look over to see a girl smile at me.

"Hey." She giggles. "You all good?" I look around the room. And then back to her. I nod and my words catch in my throat but, I can't quite say them because, I'm too tired. I don't want to talk right now. I would like to sleep.

"I'm fine." I stand as my body sways back and forth. I grab onto the wall for support. My hands find a door and a hand reaches for my shoulder I turn to see Adam who smiles at Me. His hand wraps around mine and he kisses my knuckles.

"You're okay, right?" I stumble forward ignoring him. I am fine. I could never be more "fine" in my life. But, as my hand finds a door handle and a bathroom I find myself making up a story to get away from everyone around me. There's no particular reason why, I just feel that it's kind of necessary to hug the ground. My skin aches with heat. My mouth waters and I find myself needing to hug a toilet bowl or a trash can.

"I just have to pee." But I would be lying to myself if I really thought I was fine. I close the door and my legs grow weak. My body find the ground against the door where my heart beat slows underneath me and My eyes open and close over and over again and I circle around the room to find the door that I'd forgotten I was holding closed. I need a way out but, I'm too stupid to find my way out and I have no clue what I'm doing here.

"Hey." Someone cries. A hand lands on my thigh and an older guy looks down at me. He laughs and lifts my arm only so it'll fall to the ground like a piece of fabric. A piece of loose fabric falls to my side which is my arm. His hand slides up my leg.

"Stop." I groan pushing his hand trying to lift from the ground. My throat lets out that one word but, I could go for the a word. I could scream it to the heavens and hold that word forever right now but, my heart is beating so slowly. My hand finds my flushed burning cheek and I rub it and pull my hand down to the cold hard ground. My skin stings and tingles against the ground and by the time all of this is finished his hand finds its way further up my thigh.

He continues to slide up my leg. He roughly slides my underwear down. I tighten my legs and push him away. My vision gets blurred and all I can do is push his face back from mine so that he can't kiss me. His lips nibble on mine once my arms go limp and I can barely even breathe so I let him make out with my vegetated body because there's nothing I can do. His hand slides over me and I cry as I start to lose control. My legs tighten and I try to scream but I don't know for sure if that's what comes out of my mouth.

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He scoffs onto my neck and I push him away screaming as he pulls his finger into me. He moans over my lips. My eyes grow heavier. The door rumbles behind me. The room around me spins as he pants above me. The movement he makes over me makes me wiggle trying to get away from him but, I hardly even know what's going on. I can only feel the pinching in between my legs and my breast is gripped onto as he thrust forward on top of me. The door pops open a smidge and Adam's voice rings through.

"are you okay?" he asks. He pulls the door open and flies to me pulling the guys from over me. My eyes close and I finally get some sleep!

A/N: HEY guys, I'm sorry the prvious chapter was only half way edited but, I thought I'd get as many chapters out today as possible. I'm catching up to what I've actually finishe don the first draft but, I'll keep updating on Mondays so, if you want to be updated... Ask me and if you forget make sure to stop by on tuesdays to see The new chapters... THANKS SO MUCH FOR READING AND HAVE A GREAT DAY!!!

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