Famous: Behind Closed Doors

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This is the start of a story I'm writing please tell me what you think :)

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Famous: Behind Closed Doors (start maybe)

I was used to the flash of the cameras, the never ending intrusive questions and all the fake people that hover around me constantly. But I could never be used to a conventionally normal life and not to mention a love life. "Liza baby, you have the Seventeen photo shoot at 12 so you better get down here or we're gonna be late!" yelled Maria from the bottom of the stairs. "Just one second! I'm trying to find my phone!" As I rummaged through my covers, I flipped over my pillow and there it sat. Thank goodness for my bright blue iPhone cover otherwise it could have blended into my sheets. I shoved it into my bag and raced down the stairs, out the door and into the waiting town car. "Now honey, we have the photo shoot at 12 till like 3 or so because you know Edward he likes to get you to look at the pictures as well. Then we have to get you ready for the charity gala at the Chatswin building, did you find a dress?" babbled Maria. "Yeah, I found one in the back of my closet" I said. "You what!? Oh my god! We'll have to get out of the photo shoot early and find you a new one!" I frowned and sighed. "Whatever" I muttered under my breath. Everyone says that famous people like me are self absorbed, attention seeking and all around ass holes but what people don't know is what goes on behind closed doors. I was about 7 my mother got her big break in acting and by the time I was 9 she was an international star. Now that I'm 17 she is never home and the only one I can really count on is Maria my assistant. She became my assistant after my mum thrust me into my first movie role; and she's been my sister ever since. She has been there with me through the good and bad. Bad, like two years ago when I came out of a party with one of my friends at the time, we tried to walk to her house but instead she walked off and got coached into an alley way and was raped by two older men. She magically kept it all out of the press and where was my mother? Trying to get me a role for a movie in France. I've been in two movies after that and one of them was very successful hence the photo shoot today. "Honey are you okay? You seem kinda flat today" asked Edward invasively. "Oh Eddy, just a bit tired. Shouldn't have partied so hard last night" I winked. He giggled and took the last couple of shots. I was glad to out of there but not glad to have to find a dress; "What are we feeling tonight Liza, Prada or Channel?" "I told you, the dress I found looks perfectly fine!" "Liza, baby! You know the press will murder you if you wear something not labeled!" I rolled my eyes. "Can you please pick something so I can just go home and get dressed... Please Maria!" she stopped in her tracks turned and replied "Go home in the town car and I'll find something" I gave her a quick hug and raced home. Maria returned an hour later with a gorgeous blue gown that started dark blue at the top and ended up light blue down the bottom. The Chatswin building was old but beautiful. I had been to a function once there, it was my mothers 35th birthday party and I was about 10. As the lights of the cameras flashed I greeted other members of the gala with my fake smile. And I headed inside; with Maria hot on my heels I scoped out what I was actually doing here. It appeared we all were just going to stand around then Mr Thyeus (the host) was going to ask us for money. Wonderful. I stood under the large chandelier and gazed up at its beauty. I had admired the people who made them; it showed great creativity on their part because I had never seen two of the same. An intricate web of perfectly moulded glass but still having to plug all of those electrical wires in to make it light up like the night sky. In the midst of my admiring someone bumped into me; it was a waiter. He was immaculate.

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