

Sucks To Be You

# Sucks To Be You

By : **AtomicBlackCherry**

Alexandra Ellisson has been exiled to boarding school in England. Her crime? Her sense of adventure and lack of dignity. On her way she meets the hyper and caring guy that is Frank Iero. I solemnly swear that they are up to no good.

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## **Table of Contents**

Exile

Swimming Lessons

Could Give Hell A Run For It's Money

Alarm Clocks and Grand Entrances

Table Trouble

Head Bangers

Unique Uniform

Ellinor: Relationships and flirts

Ellinor: Rejection and Revenge

## Chapter 1: Exile

I was not having a good day. Sure, i've had worse, like the time when I was playing truth or dare in school (which, from experience, is not a good idea). I was dared to jump out the first floor window during the class. It wasn't that high so i thought 'what the hell!' and did it. Problem was, the window i thought was open was actually closed. One trip to A&E, four more dangerous incidents (that may or may not include joy riding) and two suspensions later, my parentals thought it would be better to try boarding school in England. Whoopy fricken doo. So, two weeks later after a lot of bitching and door slamming I was dumped at Newark airport. Of course my parents didn't stay long ('your a grown up girl now, time you made your own way in the world'). More like they wanted shot of me asap. I supposed one plus side was the credit card in my back pocket that had a direct link to daddy's bank account; the perfect way to take revenge. After checking in, I wondered around the airport, weaving through various holiday go-ers and business people and dipping in and out of shops buying crap that I'd probably never need. I sat down on one of the hard plastic seats lining the place and contemplated my looming fate. I leaned my head back and closed my eyes, listening to the hustle and bustle of the crowd. 'I wonder how Leah's coping in Japan?' Day-dreaming images of my sister dancing with pokÃ©mon in Tokyo, I started to drift off to sleep.

"If you fall asleep you'll miss your flight" said a somebody in a sing-song voice.

"Mum, let me sleep if you want to live." I grumbled. The stranger let out a light chuckle.

"Sorry hun, but I'm not your mom." It took a moment for my sleep clouded brain to register this. Startled, I jumped and fell on to the floor with an 'oof'. The mystery guy, who (for the record) bore no resemblance to my mum, sat there, laughing. I stood up and brushed my jeans off. Straightening my shirt, I took a moment to glance around to see who else had witnessed my less-than-graceful wake up call. Nobody seemed to have noticed, thank god.

"Well, that was interesting. Is that how you normally get up in the mornings?" I blushed in embarrassment. I struggled to try and come up with a witty comment when he shoved his hand in my direction.

"The name's Frank Anthony Iero." Gingerly I took his hand and shook it.

"Alexandrea Cordelia Ellisson. And I only fall every other third day. I congratulate you on being able to witness my kultz-ness." He wrapped his arm around my shoulder

"And it was adorable."

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## Chapter 2: Swimming Lessons

One hour and thirty six minutes later, Frank and I were walking towards the departure gate. As luck would have it, my new friend was being exiled to the same boarding school; at least now my sentence wouldn't be as dull. For the length of time we'd been together I'd discovered that Frank; a) preferred Marvel over DC b) Was a vegetarian and c) loved animals, especially dogs. In return I revealed that I was born in Belfast but moved to Belleville when my dad's company hit it big in the US, and now I was being sent to England for my 'childish' behavior. We reached the gate and parted with a hug to our respective seats.

I stuck my ear phones on and fell asleep to the soothing voice of Bill Kaulitz

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It's about a 7 hour flight between NJ and London, but in that time I had managed to flood the plane's toilet (apparently a full bar of soap is not meant to go down the drain) and tip the food trolley over, semi-accidentally. I was elated when the plane landed. I hated sitting in cramped spaces for long periods of time. Making my way towards the baggage claim, I heard someone screech my name. But before I could turn towards the source of the sound, I found myself on the ground, with Frank's arms around me. I sat up and hugged him back, amazed at the strength that the small guy had. Standing up, we glanced around at the bewildered expressions on the faces of people around us; they we're hilarious!

The baggage claim seemed to be working slower than ever and I was really getting bored waiting for my suitcase. Frank had disappeared. I guessed it was for coffee as the kid was addicted to the stuff, but I instantly knew that the coffee theory was wrong went a young boy pointed to the bag-covered carousel and cried 'Mommy, I wanna do that!' It was hard to even contemplate keeping a straight face with the sight that was laid out before me. Frank, doing the breast-stroke on the conveyor belt. I doubled up laughing whilst airport security pulled the prankster away from his 'pool'.

'Does anybody own this boy' one of the burly security men asked. I stuck my hand up, still laughing.

Unsuccessfully, I tried to regain composure as I walked towards the small group.

'I'm very sorry sir. I'll make sure to not let my brother out of my sight again.' The guards released Frank, nodded gruffly and walked away. I turned to face him, and he had a huge grin on his face. I laughed and walked to the carousel to grab my bag.

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## Chapter 3: Could Give Hell A Run For It's Money

After the airport, you'd think that Frank would have been mischieved out, but he was worse than a hyper child. Add in the factor of a city he's never been to, and you can only guess what sort of mayhem he got up too. One to many run ins with the police lead to me buying a leash and attaching it to his jeans. Eventually I was able to drag him away from the hustle and bustle of the city to a familiar looking house. My mother's sister, Elliose, lived here and was supposed to drive me to my new school. I hoped that she would give Frank a ride to, mostly because I didn't want London to get destroyed by the whirlwind wonder that was my new friend. The door opened to reveal my aunt. She hadn't changed much from the last time I saw her. She was small with brown hair and ocean blue eyes.

'Your hair colour's changed Alexandra.' was her way of greeting me. I should probably mention that she 'disagrees with my way of life' (as she put it to my mum in her last e-mail which I hacked and read.) She basically hates me. She adores my sister, so I tolerate her on Leah's request.

'Brown hair is dull. But you can bitch at me in the car. Let's hit the road.' I retorted, letting venom slip into my tone.

'Wait, who's the boy? I'm not driving some hill-billy you brought with you around the country.' She said pointing at Frank.

'With all due respect, m'am,' he started before I interrupted.

'For your information, he is about to attend the same hell-hole as me. I thought since you were the 'unprejudiced saint' of the family that you'd kindly give him a lift.' She stared down her long, thin nose at him then muttered an 'ok'. The car ride was silent. I would have chatted with Frank, but Elliose made me sit in the front, 'where she could keep an eye on me.' (You set the back seat on fire one time and suddenly your as trust worthy as the News of the World paper!) It was one long, excruciating hour, but finally I saw my new school, and home for the foreseeable future. I just wondered how long it'll last.

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I trudged up the gravel drive way of my dorm hall, The Hanley Wing. I must admit that the building was beautiful. It was old and gothic, with high arching windows and crumbling brick wall. On the campus there were only two dorm halls; The Hanley Wing for the girls and the Alcott wing for the boys. Both were surrounded with vast gardens with various types of flowers. The school building sat between the two halls, probably so the two groups wouldn't have to cross paths between school and 'home'. I was sad to have to say goodbye to Frank, but I knew that we would be hanging out again soon, either abiding or disobeying the rules.

I entered the hall, and was disappointed immediately. The inside was filled with garish rugs, carpets and curtains. There was a small desk with a older lady sitting at it; the reception I assumed. I walked over and told her my name.

'Yes, we've been expecting you. We thought you'd arrive earlier though.'

'The flight was delayed and there was a slight mishap at the airport' A mishap with the name Frank.

'Well, no matter.' She handed me a key and some papers. 'Your room is on the fourth floor, number 483. That's a map of the school and it's grounds as well as your timetable, the set of rules and regulations with a list of when meal times are, and this weeks menu. Inform the kitchen staff if you have any dietary requirements.'

'Thanks' I turned and headed towards the stairs. Lugging my suitcase up them was a challenge, but as soon as I opened the door to my new room, it actually seemed like fun.

The room was small with an ensuite bathroom (thank heavens for small mercies). The wallpaper was old and faded, the window was barred (barred! There goes my plans of sneaking out) and the bed was creaky. There was a desk along one of the walls, with a shelve above it. I set out on the task to make the room more 'homely'

## Sucks To Be You

Ha! Who was I kidding. This place could give hell a run for it's money.

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## Chapter 4: Alarm Clocks and Grand Entrances

No matter how dire my situation looked, sleep always made things look better. Well, that only worked if I woke up naturally. Being woken by someone banging on my door only pissed me off, big time. I stood up from the floor, where I had probably passed out from exhaustion, I stomped to the door and flung it open. I glared at the trainee alarm clock. She wasn't much taller than me, with long, curly blonde hair.

'Hi there! I'm Rose. I wanted to welcome you to Blackwell Academy!' The grin on her face was larger than the Joker's. It made me nauseous how happy she was.

'Thanks, I guess. So what's it like here?' I crossed my arms and leaned against the door frame.

'Oh, it's really good fun. You're bound to love it. The food's great, and on weekends we get take-out.'

'Yipee!' Sarcasm dripped from the word, but she didn't notice. 'And lemme guess, boys are allowed everywhere except our rooms?'

'Yes, that's right' she nodded enthusiastically. Alex, I thought to myself. Your mission, if you choose to accept it, is to sneak one Frank Iero into your dorm room. I chuckled to myself.

'What time's dinner at?' I asked, a plan already forming in my head. She looked at her watch, then back at me.

'Now, actually. Would you like me to show to the dining hall? It's shared with the boys' She looked at me, hopefully.

'Sure, just gimme a sec.' I walked back into my room and lifted my phone, Ipod and switched my top for one that was tighter. Might as well make my entrance in style. After lacing up my converse, I stood up, donned a jacket and left my room. Rose was standing expectantly in the hall. She noticed my new shirt and her eyes widened slightly.

'Lead the way Rosie girl.' I said, pointedly. She turned on her heel, and walked away with an elegant grace. Slipping my hands into my jeans pocket, I lazily strolled after her, careful not to lose sight of her blonde bobbing hair. Once we reached the hall, she turned back to me, still grinning that annoying Joker grin.

'If you want, you can sit with my friends and I.' The offer was kind, and I almost considered it. But I saw a streak of black hair in my peripheral vision.

'I'm sorry, but I'll have to decline. Now if you'll excuse me, I'm about to be knocked down.' And just after I'd finished saying the n in down, Frank tackled me.

'Aleeeexx! Sit with me.' He cried, hugging me. I hugged him back, laughing.

'Of course. Now, can you please get off me.' He stood up and held out his hand. I grabbed it and hoisted myself up.

'Uhm, Alex?' Rose started sheepishly. 'The girls and boys aren't meant to sit together.'

'Ist mir egal.' My minimal knowledge of German came in use. I grabbed Frank's hand and we made our grand entrance. Once we sat at a table furthest away from anyone, the fun and games began.

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## Chapter 5: Table Trouble

The room was large, and silent. A few stared at Frank and I but most just stared at their meal. Rose nimbly walked over and sat down demurely. I looked at her, slightly confused, but then smiled. She smiled a small smile back. Our peace, however, was not fated to last. A lady, who I assumed was the Headteacher, walked over to our table. I looked up at the wrinkled face of the teacher, plastering a faux innocent expression on my face.

'I assume that you two are our new students. Welcome!' She smiled momentarily, then addressed us again.

'I hope you will settle in well here. Your father mentioned that you can be quite...outspoken at times, Alexandra.' The way she said my name made my skin come out in goosebumps. I pretended to look shocked and hung my head in 'shame'. More like I just wanted to hide my smirk.

'I assure you, miss, that I'll be on my best behaviour.' I kept my tone light but monotonous. Just wait until she saw my interpretation of 'best behaviour'

'Well, the , you may start now. The young men and women of this academy are supposed to sit at their allocated tables, and not together.' Allocated tables?! What sort of school had my parents sent me to? I put researching the school on my to-do list, next to sneaking my best friend into my room. Frank intervened, clearing his throat and putting on a charming smile.

'Ma'am, I hope that this does not come over as impertinent but, Alex and I have been friends for a long time and we are both quite shy. It'll take time for us to make friends, so in the mean time, I hope you will allow us to sit together.' I sat there staring slack jawed at him. I didn't know that he had that type of guy in him. I quickly regained my composure and turned my attention back to the teacher. She still hadn't introduced herself to us, but I wasn't going to ask her to. I planned to properly get acquainted once I'd pulled off one of my many planned pranks. She looked slightly flabbergasted, but a couple of seconds later she smiled.

'Mr Iero, that will be only suitable for 3 days. But no longer. We wouldn't want the other students getting any ideas that mixed gender seating is allowed.' And as soon as she finished her sentence, an idea popped into my head. Good thing I know people in high places. As I stared into space, developing my plan\* something clattered onto the table. A plate of food had somehow materialised in front of me. Some sort of meat, limp veg, lumpy mash and flavourless gravy. No wonder the poor sods looked forward to take away nights. Rose gave an apologetic smile.

'Sorry, but it was the best I could get for you two.' So, she was the food fairy. I nodded my thanks and started picking at my dinner. Once I finished my `meal` a dessert was offered to me by Rose. I gladly accepted, hoping the sweetness would get rid of the taste of the crappy dinner. I wasn't let down; apple pie with ice-cream. After the much needed pie, I clambered up to my room. I didn't realise how tired I was. Tomorrow was my first school day at Blackwell, so I decided to get some rest before I began my fun.

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## Chapter 6: Head Bangers

Coffee; an essential to wake me up. Mum used to haul me out of my safe haven bedroom, drag me down the stairs and into the kitchen where a steaming mug of the black liquid nectar would be waiting for me. But the best coffee, and hot chocolate for that matter, came from Starbucks. So many different flavours and types of syrup. It really was my heaven. Blackwell only had cheap and tacky coffee that tasted like feet. (And yes, I do know what that tastes like. Please don't ask.) Once I managed to rouse myself and get dressed in my uniform, the thought of coffee made me somewhat happy. But upon reaching the food hall and grabbing myself a cup, disappointment overwhelmed me. Sluggishly I made my way to the same table that I sat at last night. I slumped over the table and contemplated my next move. Start a food fight? No, that was too simple. Bubbles in the water feature at the front of the school? Possible, but that would have to wait until I could be washing powder of something. My thoughts were disturbed by some person continually poking at my ribs. 'You dead?' whispered a familiar voice. The poking didn't stop, and I couldn't be bothered speaking up to stop it.

'Is she okay?' came another familiar voice. Lazily I lifted my head and grimaced at the two of them. Frank let out a fake horror movie scream and several heads turned in our direction. Rose's face started to go bright red. 'It's a zombie!' Frank mimicked a girl's voice. The on-lookers either rolled their eyes and smirked or shook their heads in disgust and looked away. At least some people had a sense of humour. I turned to Frank and smiled.

'Yeah, I'm a zombie. A de-caffeinated zombie. Who's hungry. Feed me or I'll eat you.' I said in a ghoulish voice.

'Sounds kinky' he smirked before walking away, adding a hop here and there. I turned my attention to Rose, who was silently reading a book whilst eating a bowl of Cornflakes. She had a half empty glass of orange juice and a half full cup of tea in front of her. Without disturbing her I tried to read the title of her book. However, when I attempted to tilt my head just a little to the right, to finish reading the title, my s.o.b body decided to jerk my head to the right instead. This caused my head and the table to collide and I swore colourfully, earning a disapproving look from the dining hall supervisor. My reign of terror had begun.

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## Chapter 7: Unique Uniform

Once breakfast was over (a bowl of Coco-Pops and a cinnamon danish), I returned to my room to grab my bag, my mp3, phone and a jacket. My bag and jacket, although they were in regulation colours, were bound to land me in trouble. I didn't think the teachers would appreciate my 'artistic' additions on them. But a few pins wouldn't hurt anyoneâ hopefully. Anyway, it was retribution; they didn't buy decent coffee, I wouldn't wear a decent uniform. I checked the small alarm clock on the bedside table, lifted my stuff and left the room. My trusty companion Rose was waiting outside my door. She offered to show me to my classes, but I declined; I wanted to be late. I couldn't make a good impression on my first day! Anyway my first class was phys ed and I could not be active so early in the morning.

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The school building wasn't much to look at. It looked like your average schoolâ or prison. I wandered aimlessly around the halls and I had planned to keep doing so until some teacher busted me.

'And what do you think your doing?' His voice was loud and he sounded like he was gargling pebbles. I attempted to put an innocent expression on my face to try and cover up the fact that this man revolted me.

'I'm sorry sir, but I'm lost' I hoped that my puppy eyes were working. Mr whatever-his-name-is took my class timetable out of my hands and studied it. He then looked at me and opened his mouth to speak. God his breath stank.

'I will inform your teacher that you will not be attending his class. Now, you are to go to your room and change into the correct uniform. Immediately.'

I guess I should explain. The girls' uniform consists of a white shirt under a grey pinafore with either black tights or white socks and shoes with a small heel. The boys' uniform is basically a normal boy's uniform; white shirt, tie, black trousers, socks (or tights if they really wanted) and, of course, black shoes. I decided to combine the two; the girls shirt, tights and shoes and the boys trousers.

'Sir, wearing skirts is against my religion.' I kept my voice light and innocent. And it had the desired effect. He looked taken aback.

'Oh, and what religion is that? It said on your record that you were an Atheist' I kept my face straight and politely smile.

'Feminism'

Needless to say I was marched straight to the head's office for 'insolence'. Such fun!

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## Chapter 8: Ellinor; Relationships and flirts

'What the H.E double hockey sticks?' exclaimed Rose. That is, after I explained my...exciting morning. It was lunch and Frank, Rose and I were sitting on one of the school's 'nature areas' ( so students could reach and connect with the earth; or at least that's what the sign said) We'd all finished our lunch and were trying to catch a glimpse of the sun before Winter took it way. The rest of the day has passed uneventfully. I made sure that I was polite and quiet, so that when I carried out my planned pranks, I would not seem suspicious. I turned my face to the sky and took a deep breath. After the 1 hour lecture that I'd received, I was forced to change into the horrible nun like uniform. I'd promised Mrs. Bonemeade, the principal, that I would not 'display such childish behaviour again'.

I wonder if putting vinegar in the teachers milk supply was childish. Well, I'd be finding that out sooner rather than later.

I lay back and closed my eyes, reminiscing about my childhood. I was always polite and respectful. I guess my rebellious antics now are my way of making up for the fun-less childhood.

I felt something heavy on my stomach. Looking down, I saw Frank using me as a pillow. I let out a soft laugh and closed my eyes again. I was...happy. A happiness that I hadn't felt in a long time. Of course, it wasn't fated to last long. A shadow fell across my face and I opened one eye to see who the perpetrator was. Enter Ellinor.

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The best way to start any relationship that seems like it won't last, is to lie. If the relationship does turn sour, then you can cut all ties with them without having to worry about your secrets getting out. With Frank and Rose, I was willing to take my chances and trust them. They seemed to be decent people and they were fun. (Also I wanted to see how far Frank and I could corrupt Rose, but shhh!)

With Ellinor, I was going to lie 'till the end.

Ellinor was an onomatopoeia. She looked exactly how her name sounded; graceful, elegant, pretty. And she was one of the most arrogant, obnoxious and selfish people that you'd never wanna meet. I sat up, causing one unhappy Frank, and looked up at her. Her straight, ebony hair spilled over her shoulder as she bent over to look down at us. I knew instantly from the way her eyes gleamed that she was trouble.

'Hello' she smiled. It's was a wide grin, showing all her perfect pearly white teeth. It was probably meant to look alluring, but in my opinion, she looked like a oompa loompa. She sat down beside us uninvited, on my jacket (as not to get her uniform dirty), and started to talk. She didn't even bother to introduce herself, assuming that we already knew who she was. And boy, did we. Rose had filled us in on her; a classic date, buck and chuck girl and a reputation as a witch. With a capital B. I was sure we were going to get along horribly. She was drolling on and on, and I completely zoned out. Although I wasn't paying attention to what she was say, I was picking up on what she was doing. Or, at least trying to do. The way she fiddled with her hair, laughed at everything Frank said, leaned towards him. She was trying to flirt! I smiled at the fact that, unknowingly, Ellinor had just provided me with a little bit of entertainment. I cleared my throat.

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## Chapter 9: Ellinor; Rejection and Revenge

I cleared my throat.

'Frank.' I started, keeping my face straight (which was really hard to do). 'Ellinor is obviously flirting with you. She wants to either date you or sleep with you, maybe both. Since her flirtatious attempts of wooing you are giving me a headache, and you please lay down your verdict.'

And then, there was silence. Ellinor narrowed her eyes and gave me a spiteful glare, whilst Rose just sat there, her mouth open like a fly trap. Frank's reaction was the best. He sat there, his eyes closed with a smile trying to worm its way onto his lips. Suddenly his eyes snapped open and he gave me a wink, before addressing his victim (for no other word would describe it better).

'Ellinor. Sweet, beautiful Ellinor, I bear my heart to you in this answer.' His mock British accent was terrible but that made the moment even more enjoyable. He grabbed her hands and she started to turn a nice shade of ruby red and I had to bite my cheek to stop myself laughing.

'Ellinor, my honey darling,' he paused again. 'Nope, not my type. To be honest I prefer girl which have a natural skin colour and not look like they've bathed in baked beans.' He then pulled Rose and I up, linked arms with us and we three skipped away. Rejection burns

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Fact; making yourself an enemy of the most loved (and most manipulative) girl in your school is not a good idea. But, when your male best friend is that aforementioned girl's new date, buck and chuck victim, little harm will be done. Or at least that was my theory.

The rest of that week was...let's say interesting; one shredded uniform, school books in the fountain, pushes and pinches. But other than that, it was mostly uneventful. The weekend came and I snuck Frank into the dorm, with Rose's help. Unfortunately we did get caught...at 4 in the morning...while we were jumping on the bed. We were having a competition to see who could get a splodge of nail polish on the wall the highest. After a trip to the principal's office plus a sentence of 1 week full of detention for Rose and Frank (I got 2 weeks for being a 'repeat offender') we were sent to bed and told to 'reflect on our actions'. Pfft, there was no chance I was doing that, I had revenge plans to carry out. And I knew the best person for the job.

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