

## Chapter 1

I'm very clumsy and I know it, so it was not shocking that I bumped into someone in the hallway while I was rushing to get to the library, mind it happens a lot, but this time it turned out to be my English teacher, not one of my snobby classmates.

"Geez, watch where you are going" he shouted like, seriously there was no need for him to shout at all when I was clearly in front of him. He was looking annoyed which didn't make a difference to me because he was always annoyed just like me. I didn't like anyone in this school. I'm invisible, which I don't mind. I loved being in the side-lines watching, but not being noticed so I learned to dress the part.

Dress down, but not too down that you get bullied. Just enough for them not to notice you but don't get me wrong, I may be quiet but I had an attitude of a thousand teenagers in one, which was one of the reasons I glared at Mr. Daniels, before getting up and continuing my walk to the library before the "it" people of the school started roaming the hallways. You would think they don't eat, and for them, I guess s\*x is much better than food, but how would I know? Because hating people meant

no boyfriend either.

You see, I always have my lunch at the library. It gives me time to nish the pending projects. Sorry, I forgot to introduce myself. I'm Lilian Black, but I liked to be called Lily. Lilian made me sound like an old woman which I was not because I was only eighteen and in my last year of high school.

Yes, in only three more months I will be able to leave this dump, even though they were not sure when I actually turned eighteen at the orphanage, they gave a date closer to when I got there which was given by me. Who cared anyway? Certainly not me, I already had many things to worry about, like the fact that why my parents gave me away anyway? Did they hate me or are they dead? But that question also had to be put in the back if my kind because I knew my adopted parents knew less than I did.

Right now all I was doing was surviving. After my adoptive parents added another child to the mix, they couldn't even look after me. Why did they have to add another child I will never tell you, but their house, their rules I guess. I shook my head at that thought because in this world the only person you can depend on it's yourself and no one else. I had to learn that the hard way but I did learn.

I went to the library and had my lunch while I did my project for the remaining week. I knew that once I get home, I wouldn't be able to do them since I will be helping with the new 'addition'. Don't get me wrong, I don't hate the baby, I just hate the work that increased since she got here, but I learned to like the little munchkin. I nished my lunch in peace and nished about three assignment due next week without any disturbance.

At least I only have an English essay I have to write talking about my family, which is due in two weeks. Maybe you are wondering how can I write about my family if I don't even like them? That's where creative writing comes along. I know how to paint a really pretty picture with words and that's how I got adopted in the rst place. I just smiled and portrayed myself as the perfect child and two weeks on my acting, I had a foster home, then adoption. Sometimes I wonder, who am I really? I've gotten so used to play the part at home I think I lost myself somewhere in there.

When the bell rang, I went to my next period which is English. Unfortunately, because Mr. Daniels will denitely take his revenge, as he always does when he feels disrespected or just trying to prove a point to other children.

When I got there, I went to the back seat next to the window overlooking the forest. I love the forest. It makes me feel at ease. Class started and ended without him saying anything to me, I guess he forgot about me, or I'm invisible enough not to be noticed as I said.