



The Carrot Boy: Chapter 1

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Published on Stories Space on 18 Oct 2013

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My name is Amanda Fitzgerald. I lived with my foster parents George and Stacy Smith. What happened to my parents you ask? My mom died giving birth to me and when I was 5 my dad died in a car accident. A drunk driver hit him and he died upon impact. He was an amazing dad. He treated me like I was a princess. George and Stacy have beaten and abused me in every possible way for as long as I can remember. One day I was a princess the next I was George and Stacy's personal punching bag. I should probably tell you a little about myself. I am 17 years old. My birthday is January 21. My favorite color is purple. I love to read. I change my hair color once a month. I like One Direction but it hurts too much to listen to them a lot because of Harry, but I am still a die hard 'directioner'. When my foster parents get low on money, they send me out to make money by

standing on a street corner, if you know what I mean. Oh God, George is coming! I have go. I eat quickly, because I don't know when the next time I will be able to eat will be, with my plan. By the way, it's not a very good plan. I will admit that this isn't one of my best plans, but hopefully it will work. I knock on the door, when I'm done eating and George is there with my outfit for tonight. I quickly get changed and walk to the door, when George says "Make \$400, then come straight home." I reply "Yes sir." I grab my keys and drive away. I drive to the back of Hal's Bar and walk in the back door. I am underage but since George paid off the owner, I am allowed to solicit there. I walk in, looking for men, who look like they have lots of money. I see one, walk over next to him and order my usual, a lite beer. (Yes I drink, but only because it helps me forget what happens.) After my drink, I scoot closer to the man and whisper in his ear. He turns to me and I smile. I take his hand and lead him to the back room, which the owner has set up for me. When we're done, he hands me \$100. Usually, I only make \$20. I go back out and shudder at the sight of all the gross men, just looking for sex. At the end of the night, I walk out of the room with my money and finally, leave the bar. I walk to my bike, turn it on and check the time. It's already 4:30 A.M. I hurry home, but I'm met with a beating that leaves me bloody and bruised. I hand them the money and hurry upstairs. When I get up there, I head straight for my razor and cut myself up and down my arms. I walk out of my room to complete silence. I go to the stairs, look down and there's nobody there. I run back to where they keep my school clothes, change into a Jack Skellington hat with tassels, a yellow Ninjas Need Love Too shirt, some grey distressed skinny jeans, some black buckle cuffs, a black and purple Green Day sweater, and silver skull earrings. I change into some black and blue Converse. I grab a blue with brown trimming backpack and stuff it with: a Purple Ribbon Corset Hoodie, an Avenged Sevenfold Hoodie, a Bye Bye Kitty Hoodie, a black Gir Shirt, a Blue Monster Shirt, a pair of grey super skinny jeans, a pair of purple ripped skinny jeans, a pair of light blue skinny jeans, a pair of regular purple skinny jeans, a pair of leopard print pocketed jean shorts, an Alice in Wonderland Cheshire Cat hat, an I (heart) Music tank top, an Evil Friend Voodoo Teddy T-shirt, a pair of black and purple Converse, some colorful lo-cut socks, a Freak Out purple pillow, a few razor blades, a Batman logo necklace, a solid black bellybutton ring, a pair of zipper earrings, some Nerds candy, a Hershey candy bar, some Fairy and Angel Wings and a Share Bear Care Bear. I quickly run out of the house to the bike and grab the spare key. I remember the tracking device and after 5 minutes of looking, I finally, find and remove it. After that, I climb on and speed away never looking back. The next town away, I pull over at a car lot and ask if I can trade in this bike for one just like it, but purple. They say sure and I ask "How much is it going to be?" The salesman replies "It is your lucky day! You are our 100,000 customer and your purchase is FREE!" I stand there with my mouth hanging open. "F-f-fr-free???" The salesman says "That's right! Your purchase is FREE!" He hands me the keys and I run outside. I start screaming and jumping up and down. I jump on my new bike and drive away. I keep driving for 3 hours until I arrive in London. When I get there, I look for a coffee shop. When I finally spot one, my bike accidentally bumps into someone. I look up and I see a blond girl. She says "Excuse me." I get off my bike and say, "I'm so sorry! I didn't mean to hit you. Please forgive me?" She looks at me, laughs and says with a smile on her face, "It's fine. Really, I'm not hurt or anything. By the way I'm Carissa Miller and this is

my best friend Desirae Schlais." She points to another blond girl who waves at me and smiles. I wave back and say, "It's nice to meet you! I'm Amanda Fitzgerald." Out of nowhere, Carissa and Desirae start jumping up and down screaming, "We met our first English person!" I start giggling at their randomness. I say, "I'm guessing you two aren't from around here?" Carissa answers my question by saying, "OHMIGOSH! DES, BIG BEN IS RIGHT THERE!!!" She calms down a little and asks, "Wait did you say something?" I laugh and say "Yes I did. I said 'I'm guessing you girls aren't from around here.'" "Actually," Carissa says. "Des and I are from the United States. We're foreign exchange students." "Well it was nice meeting you, but I should get going. Actually, would you lovely people like to join me for coffee?" They both say sure and we go inside the nearest coffee shop. We all order and find a place to sit. We become friends instantly. *By the way the picture at the top is the stuff she took with her and the outfit she changed into.* **Also I would like thank Calvin aka frogprince for editing this story.**