

NO DREAMS FOR TOMORROW: FE/MALE TEENAGER

Skank, stoners, smackhead, baghead, king bong, druggie, crackhead, losers. Off there heads and out of hope. No life, no aspirations, no dreams for tomorrow, they all just get by, beg steal and borrow. What life is that? Drug dens and crack houses, tin foil and spoons, lighters and smoke, scoring to get high and deals to live by. The only things that matter. The only things these people care about. I don't get it. I never want to be one of them. My childhood hasn't been great, I've seen it all. I've been part of it. Used as a decoy, a safe bet. Who'd use their kids to score? Who'd use their kids to make a deal and get away with it? You see, that's why I want to be different. I want to be better, I want to do more. I don't want to be like my family. People say make your parents proud. My parents don't actually have any emotions they're dead behind the eyes. They wouldn't be proud if I ruled the world. The only thing that'd make them proud is if I was a druggie or a dealer. They might even love me if I could supply them. It's not easy though, trying to get out of this cycle. Sometimes I could easily give up, it'd be much easier to just become one of them. To join the lost race, to not care about getting anywhere in life except high. I often think it'd be great to escape this world and then I remember the come downs, the way it made them treat me, their lack of respect for themselves, the shakes, the desperation for a hit. The fact that drugs become the only thing in the world before friendship, family, loyalty, love and I don't want that. I definitely don't want that. I don't want people calling me a skank, a stoner, a smackhead, baghead, king bong, druggie, crackhead, loser. I don't want to be off my head and out of hope. No life, no aspirations, no dreams for tomorrow, just getting by, having to beg steal and borrow. I don't want that.

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ESCAPE REALITY: FEMALE TEENAGER

I sometimes imagine I'm Harry Potter. It helps me escape this World. I often take myself off on my broomstick, in my mind of course. It gives me a different perspective on things, especially when Mrs Brown is rambling on about the shift of tectonic plates. I'm climbing on my air powered zoom broom, taking to the ceiling, and just about to start my next mission. Firstly I hover over my motley classmates picking today's target. Enemy in sight - The ever orange Chelsea Boggins, the loud mouthed, lardy, bully of the class. She's the leader of the Umpa Lumpa's orange brigade. She ridiculed me this morning for being a freak. I smirk to myself. I carefully load up a water bomb into the power jet, I zoom in on the target and adjust the sights. I press the blaze button and the balloon of water whizzes out and forcefully splats onto Chelsea Boggins' head. The colour drains from her cheeks leaving a well of what looks like tomato soup resting in her skirt. I'm satisfied my work here is done. Next, to move on to one of Chelsea's minions. I do a triumphant lap of the room before coming to a resting hover over Sinead Dodd. Her bright orange hair blending with her tangerine tan. She is the Ron Weasley of the class. I load up a ketchup cartridge into the splat gun and get ready to pull the trigger. I'm adjusting the sights, hovering silently over my target when I start to feel a piercing burn in my aura. My being is under scrutiny. I can sense eyes on me. I zoom out from my intrepid mission to splat, and see Mrs Brown's eyes staring straight at me. I focus on her presence. She's stood hand on hip, pointing at the white board. I can't hear her as yet. I'm not fully back in the room, but she is definitely mouthing a question in my direction. I re-establish myself back into the mundane world of reality. I can hear her now. Nicola Lancaster what is continental drift? That's my name. That question is aimed at me, but I have no idea what the answer is. Do I justify why I don't know the answer by sharing my mission to destroy the orange army? I think better of it. I don't know Miss. Why don't I know? Erm, er, I just wasn't paying attention Miss.

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