

Teens Wander Around a House

by Darius Kazemi -- a NaNoGenMo Draft, 11/12/13, 108k words

Philomena, Dita, Vivianna, Darby, Kiah, and Gale found themselves dropped off at the same party at the same time by their respective mothers. How awkward.

The garage was empty. Finally, Dita thought, somewhere she could think. Dita tried to jimmy the lock on the car and ended up setting off the alarm. Whoops.

Philomena and Gale ran into each other in the front yard. "What is the best bit of advice you can give in only 2 words?" asked Philomena.

"the build up to christmas."

Philomena found Gale in the front yard. Gale stiffened and began to ramble, not noticing Philomena, as if in a fugue state. "I was sleeping over at my friend's house, and we were having a great time. I took a shower and used their shampoo, when I got my friend's brother started screaming how the shampoo cost hundreds of dollars and he was going to kill me. I got scared and started to run because he was coming after me with an axe. My friend was trying to calm him down, it was just a big chase scene, and the whole time all I had on was a towel."

Kiah entered the living room. "Wow, check out that coffee table," she said to no one in particular. She didn't give it a second thought.

Darby entered the front yard. Vivianna was there, as if waiting. "why do you have your pants sagging to your knees in the first place ?"

Vivianna laughed. "because I'm black I'm sagging on purpose ☐."

Gale entered the front yard to find Vivianna standing there. Gale stared at Vivianna suspiciously. She thought about school, and how Vivianna and Vivianna thought they were

so much better than everyone else. Were they jealous of her somehow? Not likely. How could that even be possible? They walked around the school like they owned the place. They never invited her to parties; it was a fluke she ended up at this one. They always got they wanted. Always. Did they suspect she thought about them so much?

The front yard was empty. Finally, Philomena thought, somewhere she could think. Philomena ran her fingers through the well-manicured grass, dreaming of better days.

The dining room held two items of interest to Dita: the silverware and Kiah. Dita stared at Kiah suspiciously.

Vivianna looked around the foyer. Vivianna debated just leaving the house. She thought about Philomena. Why couldn't she be more like her? Just thinking about it made her want to puke. Why did she come to this stupid house party in the first place?

Darby and Gale ran into each other in the living room. Darby avoided Gale. She thought about Gale. Gale and that teal shirt of hers. Maybe if they could just be real with each other for once... Nobody really knew how she felt. Just thinking about it made her want to puke. Kiah found Dita in the dining room. Dita was crying. Kiah acted on instinct. "Tell me all about it." she said. Dita obliged in an unbecoming outpouring. "I can't remember it very well. A woman came to the school and talked to us about the effects of poverty on daily life. I remember her showing us how people brush their teeth without toothpaste." The living room held two items of interest to Gale: the coffee table and Darby. "Dreams," Gale said. "Tell me about your dreams." Darby almost said nothing, but thought better of it. "I was at my grandparents house and my friend Dee came downstairs to get some melatonin. Then the next day I was still at their house and this person got shot. The person that shot them looked like Jennifer Aniston (the girl from "Friends"). Then I chased after her and the dream ended."

Nobody was in the back yard, so Dita found herself uncharacteristically at ease. She stared at the lawn furniture uncomprehendingly. She wished the booze would kick in.

The front yard held two items of interest to Darby: the tree and Philomena. "why would you

show up so uninvited?" Darby inquired.

Philomena yawned. "because I uninvited them to my party because they tried to bring smoke and people I dont like to my house."

Vivianna and Gale ran into each other in the foyer. "What's the best present to get a guy?"

" Your friendship," said Gale.

As Philomena entered the front yard, she saw Darby making trouble. Philomena avoided Darby.

Darby entered the front yard to find Philomena standing there. Darby avoided Philomena.

Kiah entered the living room. The coffee table reminded her of her mother. Barf. Things. The house was full of things. When she got old enough to have a house, she'd own nothing.

Gale found Darby in the front yard. Gale eyed Darby's emerald coat with envy.

Dita breathed deeply and took in sights of the garage. The next thing she saw was the BMW, which left her feeling disquieted. Why she noticed in the first place was beyond her.

Vivianna encountered Philomena in the foyer. "Where did you get that phone, Philomena?" Philomena ignored her.

The living room held two items of interest to Kiah: the coffee table and Darby. Kiah played nervously with her purse in a successful bid to avoid talking to Darby.

Nobody was in the front yard, so Gale found herself uncharacteristically at ease. Gale started to climb the tree, then thought better of it.

"Perfect, I've got the garage all to myself," thought Dita. Dita peered in the car door for some kind of clue as to whose house this was.

Nobody was in the back yard, so Dita found herself uncharacteristically at ease. The lawn furniture caught her eye. She thought it was the ugliest thing she'd ever seen. She heard a

noise from somewhere else in the house.

After some time, Darby found herself in the kitchen. Darby rifled through the cabinets for alcohol.

The front yard held two items of interest to Kiah: the lawn and Gale. "What's the best coffee I get in a store (in terms of ability to keep me awake not taste)?"

Gale yelled. "Free racetrack coffee."

The garage was empty. Finally, Dita thought, somewhere she could think. Dita tried to jimmy the lock on the car and ended up setting off the alarm. Whoops.

"Perfect, I've got the library all to myself," thought Vivianna. She noticed the mahogany work desk. Kinda tacky. She heard a noise from somewhere else in the house. She thought about Philomena. Philomena and that crimson phone of hers. She envied her so damn much. It was almost too much to deal with. Why did everyone want to be like her?

Nobody was in the breakfast nook, so Darby found herself uncharacteristically at ease. Darby drank some juice, fuck it, right? Whose house even was this?

Kiah entered the front yard. Philomena was there, as if waiting. Kiah played nervously with her purse in a successful bid to avoid talking to Philomena. She thought about Philomena. Philomena and that fashionable scarf of hers. She liked her so damn much. Maybe if they could just be real with each other for once... Nobody really knew how she felt.

"Perfect, I've got the garage all to myself," thought Dita. She stared at the riding lawnmower uncomprehendingly. Part of her, a larger part than she cared to admit, wanted to smash it. The front yard held two items of interest to Kiah: the tree and Philomena. "Dreams," Kiah said. "Tell me about your dreams." Philomena almost said nothing, but thought better of it. "I forget most except that these 2 guys get in a fight. The one who wins is saying "Would you do this to me?" The other guy just laughs. The guy who wins says, "Well, then suck this." He puts his penis all over the other guy's mouth. Later they are walking on rocky hills and the guy who lost is wiping his mouth with a towel and saying "Aw, that's disgusting.""

Darby entered the closet. Darby surreptitiously rearranged the supplies.

Nobody was in the front yard, so Kiah found herself uncharacteristically at ease. The next thing she saw was the tree, which left her feeling disquieted. Part of her, a larger part than she cared to admit, wanted to smash it.

Gale and Dita ran into each other in the dining room. Gale stared at Dita suspiciously.

Philomena and Vivianna ran into each other in the foyer. Philomena appeared angry. "Why would you go raw in a female you have no intentions in building something with?" she inquired.

"because I know that cameron has intentions in ruining ANTM for me," said Vivianna.

Darby breathed deeply and took in sights of the closet. She stared at the bric-a-brac uncomprehendingly. Why she noticed in the first place was beyond her. Gale entered the living room. Vivianna was there, as if waiting. Vivianna looked directly at Gale. "I had the weirdest dream," she said. "All I can remember is a piece of paper. I think in the dream I was taking notes in a class. I was bored and doodling this picture on the paper. The paper looked like an eye."

Kiah entered the living room. She dutifully avoided the coffee table out of some primal respect for its otherness. Part of her, a larger part than she cared to admit, wanted to smash it.

The foyer was empty. Finally, Philomena thought, somewhere she could think. Philomena debated just leaving the house.

Dita looked around the kitchen. The next thing she saw was the oven, which left her feeling disquieted. She heard a noise from somewhere else in the house. She thought about Vivianna. Nobody really knew how she felt. Just thinking about it made her want to puke.

Kiah looked around the living room. The flat screen TV caught her eye. She thought it was the ugliest thing she'd ever seen. She didn't give it a second thought.

Gale looked around the garage. Gale peered in the car door for some kind of clue as to whose house this was. She thought about Philomena. Why couldn't she be more like her? Why did everyone want to be like her? Just thinking about it made her want to puke.

Vivianna found Darby in the back yard.

Philomena breathed deeply and took in sights of the living room. Philomena bounced on the sofa, hoping to recapture her childhood innocence.

The closet was empty. Finally, Dita thought, somewhere she could think. She noticed the mop. Kinda tacky. Things. The house was full of things. When she got old enough to have a house, she'd own nothing. She thought about school, and how Dita and Philomena didn't have to try hard to be liked. They were always laughing with their perfect friends. They were queen bees and they knew it. But life was probably hard for them too, in its own way. It always is.

Darby looked around the garage. Darby tried to jimmy the lock on the car and ended up setting off the alarm. Whoops.

The front yard held two items of interest to Gale: the tree and Kiah. Gale avoided Kiah.

The closet was empty. Finally, Dita thought, somewhere she could think. Dita surrepticiously rearranged the supplies.

Gale looked around the foyer. The side table reminded her of her mother. Barf. She heard a noise from somewhere else in the house.

Philomena breathed deeply and took in sights of the garage. Philomena considered getting on that lawnmower and riding it out of this place.

The closet was empty. Finally, Dita thought, somewhere she could think. The next thing she saw was the bric-a-brac, which left her feeling disquieted. She wished the booze would kick in.

After some time, Darby found herself in the great hall. Darby took off her shoes, got a

running start, a slid in her socks down the slick hardwood floors. She thought about school, and how Vivianna and Philomena didn't have to try hard to be liked. Why did they leave whenever she entered a room? They walked around the school like they owned the place. They never invited her to parties; it was a fluke she ended up at this one.

Gale breathed deeply and took in sights of the front yard. Gale ran her fingers through the well-manicured grass, dreaming of better days.

Philomena looked around the great hall. Philomena took off her shoes, got a running start, a slid in her socks down the slick hardwood floors.

Vivianna entered the dining room. She noticed the dining room table. Kinda tacky. She heard a noise from somewhere else in the house. She thought about Darby. She loved her so damn much. She wanted that shirt. Nothing else would do. It was almost too much to deal with. Why did everyone want to be like her? Just thinking about it made her want to puke.

Gale entered the foyer. Kiah was there, as if waiting. Gale stared at Kiah suspiciously.

Kiah walked into the foyer and saw Gale. Great. Kiah seemed angry. "what's your favourite apple dessert?" she asked.

"Red delicious."

"Perfect, I've got the great hall all to myself," thought Philomena. Philomena stared down the hall, which seemed longer than it had any right to be. She thought about school, and how Darby and Dita thought they were so much better than everyone else. Were they jealous of her somehow? Not likely. Did they secretly like her after all? It didn't matter anyway. They were queen bees and they knew it. They never invited her to parties; it was a fluke she ended up at this one. They always got they wanted. Always.

"Perfect, I've got the master bedroom all to myself," thought Darby. "Wow, check out that king-sized bed," she said to no one in particular. Why she noticed in the first place was beyond her.

Philomena breathed deeply and took in sights of the master bedroom. The teak dresser caught her eye. She thought it was the ugliest thing she'd ever seen. Why she noticed in the first place was beyond her. She thought about Gale. Gale and that aquamarine skirt of hers. She liked her so damn much. Why couldn't she be more like her? Maybe if they could just be real with each other for once... Nobody really knew how she felt. Why did everyone want to be like her? Just thinking about it made her want to puke.

The closet was empty. Finally, Dita thought, somewhere she could think. The mop reminded her of her mother. Barf. Why she noticed in the first place was beyond her. She thought about school, and how Darby and Vivianna got better grades than her. They were queen bees and they knew it. They never invited her to parties; it was a fluke she ended up at this one. They always got they wanted. Always. But life was probably hard for them too, in its own way. It always is. Did they suspect she thought about them so much?

Vivianna breathed deeply and took in sights of the foyer. Vivianna debated just leaving the house. She thought about Darby. It was almost too much to deal with. Why couldn't she be more like her? Just thinking about it made her want to puke. The library held two items of interest to Gale: the mahogany work desk and Kiah. Kiah was crying. Gale acted on instinct. "Tell me all about it." she said. Kiah obliged in an unbecoming outpouring. "Me and a few other classmates were chosen to join in a space launch with aliens. Before we got to the launch door, Hillary & Melissa were shot by the aliens. But then I looked further up and Melissa & Hillary were there. The aliens had been imitating them. We went onto the launch & after we had taken off, they told us we had too many people. We had to choose the one to go. We chose Emily because she didn't hear us. Someone gave her an Orio and said he wanted to record exactly how she ate it. She willingly took one cookie and described it as she went along. She pulled it apart and said she had to lick the cream filling first, and then she ate the outside. Immediately after eating it, she looked at her arm and it started to turn green with red splotches, just like the aliens. She was pretty angry at us for tricking her. I somehow became their leader and one day I got so stressed out that I went for a walk and swim in a gorgeous little pond. After my swim, I went down to some sort of store and outside was a man. That's all I remember."

The great hall was empty. Finally, Philomena thought, somewhere she could think. The family portrait caught her eye. She thought it was the ugliest thing she'd ever seen. Things. The house was full of things. When she got old enough to have a house, she'd own nothing.

The kitchen was empty. Finally, Dita thought, somewhere she could think. Dita rifled through the cabinets for alcohol.

"Perfect, I've got the living room all to myself," thought Vivianna. Vivianna turned on the TV for a while. She thought about Darby. Darby and that ostentatious shirt of hers. She envied her so damn much. She wanted that coat. Nothing else would do. Why couldn't she be more like her? Nobody really knew how she felt. Just thinking about it made her want to puke.

Nobody was in the master bedroom, so Darby found herself uncharacteristically at ease. The next thing she saw was the teak dresser, which left her feeling disquieted. Things. The house was full of things. When she got old enough to have a house, she'd own nothing.

Gale walked into the foyer and saw Kiah. Great. Gale seemed angry. "why would you come to school drunk?" she demanded.

Kiah yelled. "because I now have time between school &work."

After some time, Philomena found herself in the bathroom. Philomena was afraid, as she always was, that a murderer lay in ambush behind the shower curtain.

Dita entered the dining room. She stared at the dining room table uncomprehendingly. She didn't give it a second thought.

Nobody was in the library, so Gale found herself uncharacteristically at ease. Gale flipped through some books.

Philomena entered the great hall. She stared at the tribal Afghan rug uncomprehendingly. Things. The house was full of things. When she got old enough to have a house, she'd own nothing.

Dita looked around the back yard. She stared at the lawn furniture uncomprehendingly. She didn't give it a second thought. She thought about school, and how Dita and Kiah were such total bitches. Why did they leave whenever she entered a room? Did they secretly like her after all? It didn't matter anyway. They were queen bees and they knew it. They never invited her to parties; it was a fluke she ended up at this one. But life was probably hard for them too, in its own way. It always is.

Vivianna looked around the foyer. Vivianna debated just leaving the house.

Kiah breathed deeply and took in sights of the front yard. The tree caught her eye. She thought it was the ugliest thing she'd ever seen. Part of her, a larger part than she cared to admit, wanted to smash it.

"Perfect, I've got the library all to myself," thought Gale. "Wow, check out that bookshelf," she said to no one in particular. She heard a noise from somewhere else in the house.

"Perfect, I've got the living room all to myself," thought Kiah. Kiah bounced on the sofa, hoping to recapture her childhood innocence.

Gale encountered Philomena in the great hall. Gale stared at Philomena suspiciously. She thought about school, and how Philomena and Philomena never talked to her. Why did they leave whenever she entered a room? How could that even be possible? They walked around the school like they owned the place. They always got they wanted. Always. But life was probably hard for them too, in its own way. It always is. Did they suspect she thought about them so much?

Philomena breathed deeply and took in sights of the great hall. The tribal Afghan rug reminded her of her mother. Barf. Why she noticed in the first place was beyond her. She thought about Darby. Darby and that ostentatious shirt of hers. She wanted that coat. Nothing else would do. Why couldn't she be more like her? Just thinking about it made her want to puke.

Dita breathed deeply and took in sights of the kitchen. Dita rifled through the cabinets for

alcohol.

The foyer was empty. Finally, Vivianna thought, somewhere she could think. Vivianna debated just leaving the house.

Kiah looked around the dining room. She stared at the dining room table uncomprehendingly. She was hoping it would distract her, if for some brief moment, from her life.

Darby found Gale in the master bedroom.

"Perfect, I've got the front yard all to myself," thought Vivianna. She noticed the tree. Kinda tacky. She heard a noise from somewhere else in the house.

Darby looked around the master bedroom. She stared at the king-sized bed uncomprehendingly. She was hoping it would distract her, if for some brief moment, from her life. She thought about school, and how Gale and Vivianna didn't have to try hard to be liked. Were they jealous of her somehow? Not likely. They were always laughing with their perfect friends. They were queen bees and they knew it. They always got they wanted. Always.

The kitchen was empty. Finally, Kiah thought, somewhere she could think. Kiah checked the fridge for snacks.

Philomena walked into the master bedroom and saw Darby. Great. Philomena avoided Darby.

Dita breathed deeply and took in sights of the dining room. She noticed the dining room table. Kinda tacky. Part of her, a larger part than she cared to admit, wanted to smash it. She thought about school, and how Dita and Darby were such total bitches. Why did they leave whenever she entered a room? How could that even be possible? They were always laughing with their perfect friends. They always got they wanted. Always. But life was probably hard for them too, in its own way. It always is. Did they suspect she thought about them so much?

Darby entered the master bedroom. Philomena was there, as if waiting. "Where did you get that scarf, Philomena?" Philomena ignored her. She thought about school, and how Philomena and Darby got better grades than her. Why did they leave whenever she entered a room? They were always laughing with their perfect friends. They were queen bees and they knew it. But life was probably hard for them too, in its own way. It always is.

The back yard was empty. Finally, Kiah thought, somewhere she could think. "Wow, check out that gas grill," she said to no one in particular. Things. The house was full of things. When she got old enough to have a house, she'd own nothing.

"Perfect, I've got the great hall all to myself," thought Gale. Gale took off her shoes, got a running start, a slid in her socks down the slick hardwood floors.

Dita entered the living room. Dita turned on the TV for a while. She thought about Darby. Darby and that ostentatious shirt of hers. She wanted that coat. Nothing else would do. Maybe if they could just be real with each other for once...

Nobody was in the front yard, so Vivianna found herself uncharacteristically at ease. Vivianna started to climb the tree, then thought better of it.

"Perfect, I've got the great hall all to myself," thought Gale. Gale took off her shoes, got a running start, a slid in her socks down the slick hardwood floors.

Philomena breathed deeply and took in sights of the great hall. The family portrait caught her eye. She thought it was the ugliest thing she'd ever seen. Things. The house was full of things. When she got old enough to have a house, she'd own nothing.

"Perfect, I've got the front yard all to myself," thought Dita. Dita ran her fingers through the well-manicured grass, dreaming of better days.

"Perfect, I've got the foyer all to myself," thought Vivianna. Vivianna debated just leaving the house.

Darby breathed deeply and took in sights of the master bedroom. The king-sized bed caught her eye. She thought it was the ugliest thing she'd ever seen. She wished the booze

would kick in.

"Perfect, I've got the kitchen all to myself," thought Kiah. Kiah rifled through the cabinets for alcohol.

After some time, Gale found herself in the bathroom. Gale was afraid, as she always was, that a murderer lay in ambush behind the shower curtain. She thought about Kiah. It was almost too much to deal with. Why did everyone want to be like her?

Darby breathed deeply and took in sights of the master bathroom. She stared at the blonde onyx toilet uncomprehendingly. She was hoping it would distract her, if for some brief moment, from her life.

Kiah looked around the breakfast nook. Kiah drank some juice, fuck it, right? Whose house even was this?

Gale encountered Philomena in the great hall. "why do you have to go and make things so complicated?" inquired Gale.

"because I'm complicated af hahaha," said Philomena.

After some time, Philomena found herself in the bathroom. Philomena was afraid, as she always was, that a murderer lay in ambush behind the shower curtain. She thought about Darby. She hated her so damn much. It was almost too much to deal with. Why couldn't she be more like her? Nobody really knew how she felt. Why did she come to this stupid house party in the first place?

Dita entered the foyer. The side table reminded her of her mother. Barf. She wished the booze would kick in.

Vivianna entered the living room. Vivianna turned on the TV for a while.

The master bedroom was empty. Finally, Darby thought, somewhere she could think.

"Wow, check out that king-sized bed," she said to no one in particular. Why she noticed in the first place was beyond her. She thought about Vivianna. Maybe if they could just be real

with each other for once... Why did everyone want to be like her? Just thinking about it made her want to puke.

Nobody was in the guest bedroom, so Gale found herself uncharacteristically at ease. Gale imagined what kind of people had stayed in the bed. How many people had had sex in it?

Nobody was in the great hall, so Philomena found herself uncharacteristically at ease. Philomena took off her shoes, got a running start, and slid in her socks down the slick hardwood floors. She thought about school, and how Gale and Philomena got better grades than her. Why did they leave whenever she entered a room? How could that even be possible? Did they secretly like her after all? It didn't matter anyway. They never invited her to parties; it was a fluke she ended up at this one. But life was probably hard for them too, in its own way. It always is. Did they suspect she thought about them so much?

Dita entered the living room. Dita turned on the TV for a while.

Vivianna breathed deeply and took in sights of the foyer. "Wow, check out that chandelier," she said to no one in particular. She was hoping it would distract her, if for some brief moment, from her life.

After some time, Darby found herself in the master bedroom. The next thing she saw was the king-sized bed, which left her feeling disquieted. Part of her, a larger part than she cared to admit, wanted to smash it. She thought about school, and how Gale and Vivianna never talked to her. Why did they leave whenever she entered a room? How could that even be possible? Did they secretly like her after all? It didn't matter anyway. They were queen bees and they knew it. They never invited her to parties; it was a fluke she ended up at this one.

Philomena looked around the great hall. Philomena took off her shoes, got a running start, and slid in her socks down the slick hardwood floors.

Dita breathed deeply and took in sights of the front yard. The lawn reminded her of her mother. Barf. Things. The house was full of things. When she got old enough to have a

house, she'd own nothing.

Nobody was in the foyer, so Vivianna found herself uncharacteristically at ease. She dutifully avoided the chandelier out of some primal respect for its otherness. She heard a noise from somewhere else in the house. She thought about school, and how Kiah and Vivianna thought they were so much better than everyone else. Were they jealous of her somehow? Not likely. They walked around the school like they owned the place.

Darby looked around the master bathroom. She noticed the blonde onyx toilet. Kinda tacky. She was hoping it would distract her, if for some brief moment, from her life.

Kiah breathed deeply and took in sights of the kitchen. Kiah rifled through the cabinets for alcohol.

Gale looked around the guest bedroom. Gale guessed that this was the most boring room in the house. She thought about school, and how Kiah and Philomena didn't have to try hard to be liked. How could that even be possible? They were queen bees and they knew it. They always got they wanted. Always. But life was probably hard for them too, in its own way. It always is.

The bathroom was empty. Finally, Philomena thought, somewhere she could think. Philomena jiggled the toilet handle.

The library was empty. Finally, Vivianna thought, somewhere she could think. The mahogany work desk reminded her of her mother. Barf. Part of her, a larger part than she cared to admit, wanted to smash it.

Kiah looked around the kitchen. She stared at the oven uncomprehendingly. Things. The house was full of things. When she got old enough to have a house, she'd own nothing.

After some time, Gale found herself in the great hall. Gale stared down the hall, which seemed longer than it had any right to be.

After some time, Dita found herself in the garage. The BMW reminded her of her mother.

Barf. Why she noticed in the first place was beyond her.

Vivianna looked around the library. She dutifully avoided the bookshelf out of some primal respect for its otherness. Why she noticed in the first place was beyond her.

After some time, Darby found herself in the master bedroom. "Wow, check out that teak dresser," she said to no one in particular. She was hoping it would distract her, if for some brief moment, from her life.

"Perfect, I've got the back yard all to myself," thought Kiah. "Wow, check out that lawn furniture," she said to no one in particular. She didn't give it a second thought. She thought about school, and how Darby and Kiah thought they were so much better than everyone else. Did they secretly like her after all? It didn't matter anyway. They were always laughing with their perfect friends. They always got they wanted. Always. But life was probably hard for them too, in its own way. It always is. Did they suspect she thought about them so much?

The bathroom held two items of interest to Gale: the nautical themed shower curtain and Philomena. "Why would you ever get the super man symbol tattooed on you ?"

Philomena laughed. "because I get tattooed when I'm really down and sad."

"Perfect, I've got the great hall all to myself," thought Philomena. Philomena took off her shoes, got a running start, a slid in her socks down the slick hardwood floors.

Dita entered the front yard. She stared at the tree uncomprehendingly. Part of her, a larger part than she cared to admit, wanted to smash it.

"Perfect, I've got the master bedroom all to myself," thought Darby. The king-sized bed reminded her of her mother. Barf. Things. The house was full of things. When she got old enough to have a house, she'd own nothing.

Kiah entered the garage. Kiah peered in the car door for some kind of clue as to whose house this was.

After some time, Gale found herself in the bathroom. The toilet caught her eye. She thought it was the ugliest thing she'd ever seen. Things. The house was full of things. When she got old enough to have a house, she'd own nothing. She thought about school, and how Kiah and Vivianna never talked to her. How could that even be possible? They were always laughing with their perfect friends. But life was probably hard for them too, in its own way. It always is.

Philomena looked around the guest bedroom. Philomena guessed that this was the most boring room in the house.

The foyer was empty. Finally, Vivianna thought, somewhere she could think. The side table caught her eye. She thought it was the ugliest thing she'd ever seen. She heard a noise from somewhere else in the house.

As Kiah entered the great hall, she saw Gale making trouble. Kiah eyed Gale's teal shirt with envy. She thought about Gale. Gale and that teal shirt of hers. She loved her so damn much. She wanted that shirt. Nothing else would do. Why couldn't she be more like her? Maybe if they could just be real with each other for once... Just thinking about it made her want to puke.

Philomena entered the guest bedroom. Philomena guessed that this was the most boring room in the house.

The foyer was empty. Finally, Dita thought, somewhere she could think. Dita debated just leaving the house.

The great hall was empty. Finally, Kiah thought, somewhere she could think. Kiah took off her shoes, got a running start, a slid in her socks down the slick hardwood floors.

The bathroom was empty. Finally, Gale thought, somewhere she could think. She stared at the toilet uncomprehendingly. She was hoping it would distract her, if for some brief moment, from her life.

"Perfect, I've got the front yard all to myself," thought Vivianna. "Wow, check out that tree,"

she said to no one in particular. She was hoping it would distract her, if for some brief moment, from her life. She thought about school, and how Philomena and Darby got better grades than her. Why did they leave whenever she entered a room? Were they jealous of her somehow? Not likely. Did they secretly like her after all? It didn't matter anyway. They were queen bees and they knew it. They always got they wanted. Always.

Kiah entered the guest bedroom. The set of curtains reminded her of her mother. Barf. Why she noticed in the first place was beyond her.

The bathroom was empty. Finally, Gale thought, somewhere she could think. She noticed the framed photo of a fish. Kinda tacky. Why she noticed in the first place was beyond her.

Philomena encountered Darby in the great hall. Philomena looked concerned. "why would you keep dwelling on that shit?" she asked.

"because I want to be happy," said Darby.

Philomena entered the great hall to find Kiah standing there. "Where did you get that watch, Kiah?" Kiah ignored her. As Dita entered the great hall, she saw Kiah making trouble. Kiah stiffened and began to ramble, not noticing Dita, as if in a fugue state. "We were in writing class, and we had to write a brief speech because we were going to this funeral. It was for my friend Nina's grandfather who just died. We all were sitting around a table reading our speeches. One of the lines in my speech was "Even though I don't know you, I feel your pain." We then got up to go to the funeral."

Darby entered the library. Darby flipped through some books.

After some time, Gale found herself in the bathroom. She dutifully avoided the framed photo of a fish out of some primal respect for its otherness. Why she noticed in the first place was beyond her.

"Perfect, I've got the bathroom all to myself," thought Philomena. Philomena looked around for tampons, finding none.

Vivianna breathed deeply and took in sights of the front yard. She noticed the lawn. Kinda

tacky. She was hoping it would distract her, if for some brief moment, from her life.

Darby breathed deeply and took in sights of the foyer. She stared at the side table uncomprehendingly. Why she noticed in the first place was beyond her.

As Dita entered the great hall, she saw Philomena making trouble. Dita avoided Philomena.

The library was empty. Finally, Darby thought, somewhere she could think. She dutifully avoided the mahogany work desk out of some primal respect for its otherness. She didn't give it a second thought. Gale found Philomena in the great hall. Philomena was crying. Gale acted on instinct. "Tell me all about it." she said. Philomena obliged in an unbecoming outpouring. "I don't remember any details about this dream. I just know they were going to draft 7 women in the army (Vietnam war) and they went down the line of women and said, "Do you want to fight for your country?" I wasn't in the dream. It was like I was watching it happen."

Philomena entered the great hall. Kiah was there, as if waiting. "What is the best treatment for hives?"

"Princess treatment," said Kiah.

Vivianna looked around the front yard. Vivianna started to climb the tree, then thought better of it. Darby entered the library. Kiah was there, as if waiting. Kiah looked directly at Darby. "I had the weirdest dream," she said. "I drove in my friend Chloe's car and her mom dropped us off on some unrecognizable road. Chloe, another friend, and I played on the street for a while, then rollerbladed (or maybe ice skated) to like a movie theater/bar/disco. The movie playing was a horror movie. As I left walked through the bar into the disco. Chloe and Robin eventually joined me, then Chloe's mom picked us up again, and dropped us off at the road we'd started on. We then discovered that one of the houses on the block belonged to our principal. Then we stole a bottle of Peach Nectarine sparkling juice that was outside his house, drank most of it...I can't remember past there..." Kiah walked into the library and saw Darby. Great. Darby looked directly at Kiah. "I had the weirdest dream,"

she said. "First I was talking to my grandma, then we were trying to find a seat in this huge lecture hall. Then I sat down in the first row next to my cousin. Then this lady came with a tray and gave me a cup of orange juice and a cup of soda. I was holding both and I couldn't balance myself at all. I finally got the cups under my seat. Then I was kind of nowhere but my cousin was telling me her family was going with mine to the shopping center."

Gale and Dita ran into each other in the great hall. "why do you deserve to enter heaven?" Gale demanded.

"because I'm a woman," said Dita.

Philomena encountered Kiah in the great hall. Philomena stared at Kiah suspiciously. She thought about school, and how Kiah and Vivianna were such total bitches. Were they jealous of her somehow? Not likely. How could that even be possible? Did they secretly like her after all? It didn't matter anyway. They walked around the school like they owned the place. They never invited her to parties; it was a fluke she ended up at this one. They always got they wanted. Always.

Vivianna entered the foyer. Vivianna debated just leaving the house. She thought about Philomena. She envied her so damn much. It was almost too much to deal with. Nobody really knew how she felt. Just thinking about it made her want to puke. Why did she come to this stupid house party in the first place?

The library was empty. Finally, Darby thought, somewhere she could think. Darby tried and failed to open the lock on the desk.

Philomena entered the guest bedroom. She noticed the poster of a... Monet?. Kinda tacky. She heard a noise from somewhere else in the house. Darby encountered Gale in the great hall. "Dreams," Darby said. "Tell me about your dreams." Gale almost said nothing, but thought better of it. "It was a really windy night. The wind blew my back door open. My cat got outside. (Once outside, she gets scared of people.) I went out into the backyard to call for her, but it was really windy and whenever I would call for her the wind would carry my voice away. Then she was sitting on the garden gate laughing at me, and I couldn't move

towards her because the wind was too strong."

Vivianna breathed deeply and took in sights of the library. Vivianna tried and failed to open the lock on the desk.

Gale walked into the great hall and saw Dita. Great. "Where did you get that sweater, Dita?" Dita ignored her. She thought about school, and how Dita and Vivianna were such total bitches. How could that even be possible? Did they secretly like her after all? It didn't matter anyway. They walked around the school like they owned the place. They never invited her to parties; it was a fluke she ended up at this one. Did they suspect she thought about them so much?

The great hall held two items of interest to Philomena: the tribal Afghan rug and Kiah. "What is the best ready-made cuisine ?"

"Runny Ready Brek," said Kiah.

Dita looked around the great hall. Dita stared down the hall, which seemed longer than it had any right to be.

Nobody was in the master bathroom, so Darby found herself uncharacteristically at ease. She dutifully avoided the blonde onyx bathtub out of some primal respect for its otherness. Part of her, a larger part than she cared to admit, wanted to smash it. She thought about Gale. Gale and that aquamarine skirt of hers. She loved her so damn much. Why couldn't she be more like her? Maybe if they could just be real with each other for once... Nobody really knew how she felt.

"Perfect, I've got the bathroom all to myself," thought Kiah. Kiah jiggled the toilet handle. She thought about school, and how Philomena and Vivianna didn't have to try hard to be liked. Why did they leave whenever she entered a room? Were they jealous of her somehow? Not likely. How could that even be possible? They walked around the school like they owned the place. They were queen bees and they knew it. They never invited her to parties; it was a fluke she ended up at this one. They always got they wanted. Always.

Did they suspect she thought about them so much?

"Perfect, I've got the guest bedroom all to myself," thought Gale. Gale guessed that this was the most boring room in the house.

Vivianna found Philomena in the library.

Philomena entered the library. She stared at the mahogany work desk uncomprehendingly. Part of her, a larger part than she cared to admit, wanted to smash it.

Vivianna breathed deeply and took in sights of the foyer. Vivianna debated just leaving the house.

Gale breathed deeply and took in sights of the guest bedroom. Gale imagined what kind of people had stayed in the bed. How many people had had sex in it? She thought about school, and how Dita and Gale didn't have to try hard to be liked. Did they secretly like her after all? It didn't matter anyway. They walked around the school like they owned the place.

The great hall held two items of interest to Dita: the family portrait and Kiah. Dita looked cross. "What's the best free text editor these days?" she asked.

"Bynum."

The great hall held two items of interest to Kiah: the family portrait and Dita. "what's your favourite apple dessert?"

"Red delicious."

After some time, Philomena found herself in the library. Philomena tried and failed to open the lock on the desk. She thought about Kiah. Kiah and that fashionable purse of hers. She liked her so damn much. Why couldn't she be more like her? Nobody really knew how she felt.

Vivianna entered the foyer. Vivianna debated just leaving the house.

"Perfect, I've got the great hall all to myself," thought Darby. Darby took off her shoes, got a

running start, a slid in her socks down the slick hardwood floors.

Kiah breathed deeply and took in sights of the master bedroom. She noticed the teak dresser. Kinda tacky. She wished the booze would kick in.

Gale entered the guest bedroom. Dita was there, as if waiting. "why do you follow me?"

Dita recoiled. "because I don't follow them back."

The library was empty. Finally, Philomena thought, somewhere she could think. The next thing she saw was the bookshelf, which left her feeling disquieted. She wished the booze would kick in.

Dita entered the great hall. The family portrait reminded her of her mother. Barf. She wished the booze would kick in. She thought about school, and how Gale and Vivianna didn't have to try hard to be liked. Why did they leave whenever she entered a room? Did they secretly like her after all? It didn't matter anyway. They were always laughing with their perfect friends. Did they suspect she thought about them so much?

After some time, Darby found herself in the bathroom. The framed photo of a fish caught her eye. She thought it was the ugliest thing she'd ever seen. She didn't give it a second thought.

Nobody was in the guest bedroom, so Gale found herself uncharacteristically at ease. Gale imagined what kind of people had stayed in the bed. How many people had had sex in it?

After some time, Vivianna found herself in the living room. The coffee table caught her eye. She thought it was the ugliest thing she'd ever seen. Things. The house was full of things. When she got old enough to have a house, she'd own nothing. She thought about school, and how Philomena and Dita had more money than she did. Why did they leave whenever she entered a room? Were they jealous of her somehow? Not likely. They were always laughing with their perfect friends. They never invited her to parties; it was a fluke she ended up at this one. But life was probably hard for them too, in its own way. It always is.

The master bathroom was empty. Finally, Kiah thought, somewhere she could think. She

dutifully avoided the blonde onyx toilet out of some primal respect for its otherness. Things. The house was full of things. When she got old enough to have a house, she'd own nothing.

"Perfect, I've got the dining room all to myself," thought Vivianna. She stared at the silverware uncomprehendingly. Part of her, a larger part than she cared to admit, wanted to smash it.

Gale walked into the great hall and saw Dita. Great. Gale eyed Dita's incredible sweater with envy.

Dita encountered Gale in the great hall.

"Perfect, I've got the bathroom all to myself," thought Dita. She dutifully avoided the nautical themed shower curtain out of some primal respect for its otherness. She heard a noise from somewhere else in the house.

After some time, Vivianna found herself in the back yard. She dutifully avoided the lawn furniture out of some primal respect for its otherness. Part of her, a larger part than she cared to admit, wanted to smash it.

After some time, Dita found herself in the bathroom. Dita relieved herself. She thought about school, and how Vivianna and Gale didn't have to try hard to be liked. Why did they leave whenever she entered a room? How could that even be possible? They were always laughing with their perfect friends. They walked around the school like they owned the place. They were queen bees and they knew it.

Vivianna breathed deeply and took in sights of the garage. Vivianna tried to jimmy the lock on the car and ended up setting off the alarm. Whoops. She thought about Philomena. She hated her so damn much. She wanted that phone. Nothing else would do. It was almost too much to deal with. Why did everyone want to be like her? Just thinking about it made her want to puke.

After some time, Darby found herself in the guest bedroom. "Wow, check out that bed," she said to no one in particular. She didn't give it a second thought.

The great hall held two items of interest to Philomena: the family portrait and Kiah.

Kiah found Philomena in the great hall. "What's the best gift for my bestfriend?"

"Victoria Secret and LOVE PINK."

After some time, Philomena found herself in the library. The next thing she saw was the mahogany work desk, which left her feeling disquieted. She wished the booze would kick in. She thought about school, and how Kiah and Vivianna never talked to her. How could that even be possible? They walked around the school like they owned the place. They were queen bees and they knew it. They never invited her to parties; it was a fluke she ended up at this one. But life was probably hard for them too, in its own way. It always is.

After some time, Dita found herself in the great hall. The family portrait reminded her of her mother. Barf. Why she noticed in the first place was beyond her.

After some time, Vivianna found herself in the front yard. She noticed the lawn. Kinda tacky. She heard a noise from somewhere else in the house. She thought about school, and how Kiah and Vivianna never talked to her. Why did they leave whenever she entered a room? Did they secretly like her after all? It didn't matter anyway. They were always laughing with their perfect friends. They never invited her to parties; it was a fluke she ended up at this one. But life was probably hard for them too, in its own way. It always is.

"Perfect, I've got the guest bedroom all to myself," thought Darby. She stared at the set of curtains uncomprehendingly. Things. The house was full of things. When she got old enough to have a house, she'd own nothing. She thought about school, and how Vivianna and Kiah had more money than she did. Were they jealous of her somehow? Not likely. How could that even be possible? They were always laughing with their perfect friends. They walked around the school like they owned the place. They were queen bees and they knew it.

Gale breathed deeply and took in sights of the master bathroom. She noticed the blonde onyx bathtub. Kinda tacky. Why she noticed in the first place was beyond her.

Nobody was in the foyer, so Philomena found herself uncharacteristically at ease. Philomena debated just leaving the house.

The front yard was empty. Finally, Vivianna thought, somewhere she could think. She noticed the tree. Kinda tacky. Part of her, a larger part than she cared to admit, wanted to smash it.

Darby entered the guest bedroom. Darby guessed that this was the most boring room in the house.

Philomena entered the foyer. Vivianna was there, as if waiting. Philomena avoided Vivianna.

Nobody was in the library, so Dita found herself uncharacteristically at ease. Dita tried and failed to open the lock on the desk.

Darby looked around the great hall. Darby stared down the hall, which seemed longer than it had any right to be.

Gale entered the master bedroom to find Kiah standing there. Gale played nervously with her skirt in a successful bid to avoid talking to Kiah. She thought about Kiah. Kiah and that ostentatious watch of hers. She wanted that watch. Nothing else would do. Nobody really knew how she felt. Why did everyone want to be like her? Why did she come to this stupid house party in the first place?

Kiah encountered Gale in the master bedroom. Kiah seemed concerned. "Why do my cats try to dig on the couch cushions?" she demanded.

"because I spend the majority of my time looking for my pen that's lost in the cushions than actually studying," said Gale.

The foyer was empty. Finally, Philomena thought, somewhere she could think. She dutifully avoided the chandelier out of some primal respect for its otherness. She was hoping it would distract her, if for some brief moment, from her life.

After some time, Vivianna found herself in the front yard. "Wow, check out that tree," she said to no one in particular. She heard a noise from somewhere else in the house. She thought about Darby. She loved her so damn much. It was almost too much to deal with. Why did everyone want to be like her?

Kiah walked into the great hall and saw Gale. Great. Kiah played nervously with her watch in a successful bid to avoid talking to Gale.

Gale and Kiah ran into each other in the great hall. Gale avoided Kiah.

Darby and Dita ran into each other in the library. "What is the best MOVIE you've ever watched?"

Dita recoiled. "Pirates of the Caribbean."

Philomena entered the foyer to find Dita standing there. Philomena stared at Dita suspiciously.

After some time, Vivianna found herself in the front yard. Vivianna ran her fingers through the well-manicured grass, dreaming of better days.

Kiah breathed deeply and took in sights of the master bedroom. She stared at the teak dresser uncomprehendingly. She wished the booze would kick in.

Gale looked around the great hall. She noticed the tribal Afghan rug. Kinda tacky. Things. The house was full of things. When she got old enough to have a house, she'd own nothing. She thought about school, and how Darby and Dita never talked to her. How could that even be possible? Did they secretly like her after all? It didn't matter anyway. They never invited her to parties; it was a fluke she ended up at this one. But life was probably hard for them too, in its own way. It always is. Did they suspect she thought about them so much?

Dita found Darby in the foyer. "What's the best advice you've ever been given?" Dita asked.

"Advice about life from strangers that you never even caught the name of," said Darby.

Dita entered the living room. She noticed the flat screen TV. Kinda tacky. Why she noticed in the first place was beyond her. She thought about school, and how Gale and Darby never talked to her. Were they jealous of her somehow? Not likely. They never invited her to parties; it was a fluke she ended up at this one. They always got they wanted. Always. Did they suspect she thought about them so much?

"Perfect, I've got the front yard all to myself," thought Vivianna. She dutifully avoided the tree out of some primal respect for its otherness. She didn't give it a second thought.

Gale breathed deeply and took in sights of the great hall. The tribal Afghan rug reminded her of her mother. Barf. She heard a noise from somewhere else in the house.

After some time, Vivianna found herself in the garage. Vivianna considered getting on that lawnmower and riding it out of this place.

Nobody was in the great hall, so Gale found herself uncharacteristically at ease. She stared at the family portrait uncomprehendingly. She was hoping it would distract her, if for some brief moment, from her life.

The library held two items of interest to Darby: the mahogany work desk and Philomena. Darby appeared concerned. "what's your favourite memory of this years rugby tweet us here?" she asked.

"Dancing with you in my kitchen."

Philomena breathed deeply and took in sights of the library. Philomena flipped through some books.

Vivianna entered the back yard. The gas grill reminded her of her mother. Barf. She was hoping it would distract her, if for some brief moment, from her life. She thought about school, and how Darby and Vivianna had more money than she did. How could that even be possible? They were queen bees and they knew it. They never invited her to parties; it was a fluke she ended up at this one. But life was probably hard for them too, in its own way. It always is.

Darby entered the great hall. The family portrait reminded her of her mother. Barf. She didn't give it a second thought. She thought about school, and how Dita and Vivianna got better grades than her. How could that even be possible? They walked around the school like they owned the place. They were queen bees and they knew it. They never invited her to parties; it was a fluke she ended up at this one.

"Perfect, I've got the bathroom all to myself," thought Gale. Gale was afraid, as she always was, that a murderer lay in ambush behind the shower curtain.

Vivianna entered the dining room. The silverware reminded her of her mother. Barf. She was hoping it would distract her, if for some brief moment, from her life.

Nobody was in the library, so Philomena found herself uncharacteristically at ease. She noticed the mahogany work desk. Kinda tacky. She heard a noise from somewhere else in the house.

Dita breathed deeply and took in sights of the garage. Dita tried to jimmy the lock on the car and ended up setting off the alarm. Whoops.

Kiah entered the great hall. Gale was there, as if waiting. "why would you believe everything you hear when people talk so much shite now a days?" Kiah inquired.

Gale yelled. "because i've learned you can't trust telling everything to one person."

Gale and Kiah ran into each other in the great hall. "what's your favourite apple dessert?" Gale inquired.

"Honey Crisp," said Kiah.

Philomena looked around the foyer. "Wow, check out that chandelier," she said to no one in particular. She was hoping it would distract her, if for some brief moment, from her life.

Gale looked around the bathroom. Gale relieved herself. She thought about Gale. Gale and that aquamarine skirt of hers. She hated her so damn much. She wanted that shirt. Nothing else would do. Maybe if they could just be real with each other for once... Just thinking

about it made her want to puke. Why did she come to this stupid house party in the first place?

"Perfect, I've got the library all to myself," thought Philomena. Philomena tried and failed to open the lock on the desk.

Dita looked around the back yard. She noticed the lawn furniture. Kinda tacky. Things. The house was full of things. When she got old enough to have a house, she'd own nothing.

After some time, Vivianna found herself in the dining room. "Wow, check out that dining room table," she said to no one in particular. She was hoping it would distract her, if for some brief moment, from her life. She thought about school, and how Vivianna and Gale thought they were so much better than everyone else. Why did they leave whenever she entered a room? How could that even be possible? They walked around the school like they owned the place. They were queen bees and they knew it. They never invited her to parties; it was a fluke she ended up at this one. They always got they wanted. Always. But life was probably hard for them too, in its own way. It always is. Did they suspect she thought about them so much?

The great hall was empty. Finally, Kiah thought, somewhere she could think. Kiah took off her shoes, got a running start, a slid in her socks down the slick hardwood floors. She thought about school, and how Philomena and Kiah never talked to her. How could that even be possible? Did they secretly like her after all? It didn't matter anyway. They were always laughing with their perfect friends. They walked around the school like they owned the place. They never invited her to parties; it was a fluke she ended up at this one. But life was probably hard for them too, in its own way. It always is.

"Perfect, I've got the bathroom all to myself," thought Gale. Gale was afraid, as she always was, that a murderer lay in ambush behind the shower curtain.

After some time, Philomena found herself in the great hall. The next thing she saw was the family portrait, which left her feeling disquieted. She didn't give it a second thought.

The master bathroom was empty. Finally, Darby thought, somewhere she could think. She

noticed the blonde onyx bathtub. Kinda tacky. Part of her, a larger part than she cared to admit, wanted to smash it. She thought about Gale. Gale and that teal shirt of hers. She wanted that skirt. Nothing else would do. Why did everyone want to be like her? Just thinking about it made her want to puke.

Nobody was in the bathroom, so Gale found herself uncharacteristically at ease. She dutifully avoided the framed photo of a fish out of some primal respect for its otherness. Part of her, a larger part than she cared to admit, wanted to smash it.

After some time, Philomena found herself in the great hall. Philomena took off her shoes, got a running start, a slid in her socks down the slick hardwood floors.

Vivianna entered the living room. Vивиanna bounced on the sofa, hoping to recapture her childhood innocence. She thought about school, and how Vивиanna and Gale didn't have to try hard to be liked. Were they jealous of her somehow? Not likely. They never invited her to parties; it was a fluke she ended up at this one. They always got they wanted. Always.

Gale looked around the bathroom. The next thing she saw was the toilet, which left her feeling disquieted. She wished the booze would kick in.

Vivianna looked around the foyer. Vивиanna debated just leaving the house. She thought about school, and how Philomena and Darby were such total bitches. How could that even be possible? They were always laughing with their perfect friends. They never invited her to parties; it was a fluke she ended up at this one.

The master bathroom was empty. Finally, Darby thought, somewhere she could think. "Wow, check out that blonde onyx countertop," she said to no one in particular. Part of her, a larger part than she cared to admit, wanted to smash it.

Gale encountered Philomena in the great hall. "What is the best hair to get for my bob?" asked Gale.

" Gray."

Nobody was in the foyer, so Vивиanna found herself uncharacteristically at ease. Vивиanna

debated just leaving the house.

Kiah found Gale in the great hall. Kiah eyed Gale's teal shirt with envy.

Philomena found Darby in the master bedroom. "Why do you surround yourself with these peoples?" asked Philomena.

"because I'm trying to surround myself with the right people, if they don't have your back from the get go then deuces," said Darby.

As Gale entered the great hall, she saw Kiah making trouble. "What is your favorite cooking show?" inquired Gale.

"Chopped."

After some time, Philomena found herself in the master bathroom. "Wow, check out that blonde onyx toilet," she said to no one in particular. She didn't give it a second thought.

Dita breathed deeply and took in sights of the living room. She dutifully avoided the flat screen TV out of some primal respect for its otherness. She was hoping it would distract her, if for some brief moment, from her life. She thought about Kiah. Kiah and that ostentatious watch of hers. She envied her so damn much. It was almost too much to deal with. Why couldn't she be more like her? Maybe if they could just be real with each other for once... Nobody really knew how she felt. Just thinking about it made her want to puke. Why did she come to this stupid house party in the first place?

Vivianna looked around the front yard. Vivianna started to climb the tree, then thought better of it.

Gale looked around the bathroom. She stared at the nautical themed shower curtain uncomprehendingly. She didn't give it a second thought. She thought about Dita. She liked her so damn much. Nobody really knew how she felt. Just thinking about it made her want to puke.

Darby entered the great hall. Kiah was there, as if waiting. Darby looked cross. "What's the

best blog you've ever sponsored?" she asked.

"but which," said Kiah.

"Perfect, I've got the living room all to myself," thought Dita. Dita bounced on the sofa, hoping to recapture her childhood innocence.

After some time, Vivianna found herself in the front yard. She dutifully avoided the lawn out of some primal respect for its otherness. Things. The house was full of things. When she got old enough to have a house, she'd own nothing.

Darby walked into the great hall and saw Gale. Great. "Where did you get that shirt, Gale?" Gale ignored her. Gale found Darby in the great hall. "Dreams," Gale said. "Tell me about your dreams." Darby almost said nothing, but thought better of it. "All I remember was coming out of some building with Haley and seeing this hella cool car (some little cute red sports car) and then my mom gets out. My friend and I were like, "Oh, my god!" and I asked my mom "Where'd you get that car?" and she goes, "On 19th and Sutter. I couldn't find our car so I took this one." So my friend and I said "cool" and jumped into the car. Then I woke up."

"Perfect, I've got the living room all to myself," thought Dita. Dita turned on the TV for a while. She thought about school, and how Kiah and Philomena had more money than she did. Why did they leave whenever she entered a room? How could that even be possible? Did they secretly like her after all? It didn't matter anyway. They never invited her to parties; it was a fluke she ended up at this one.

Vivianna breathed deeply and took in sights of the front yard. "Wow, check out that tree," she said to no one in particular. Part of her, a larger part than she cared to admit, wanted to smash it.

As Gale entered the great hall, she saw Darby making trouble. "What is the best treatment for hives?"

Darby yelled. " and so do white girls bc head and a sandwich."

As Kiah entered the great hall, she saw Gale making trouble. "WHY would you sit there and flirt with her?" Kiah asked.

Gale squirmed. "Because I was in a coma for the last million years, I JUST started watching Breaking Bad."

Nobody was in the living room, so Dita found herself uncharacteristically at ease. The coffee table reminded her of her mother. Barf. She didn't give it a second thought. She thought about Kiah. She wanted that watch. Nothing else would do. It was almost too much to deal with. Nobody really knew how she felt. Why did everyone want to be like her?

Kiah found Darby in the library. Kiah avoided Darby.

Philomena encountered Kiah in the great hall. Philomena avoided Kiah. She thought about school, and how Kiah and Vivianna never talked to her. Why did they leave whenever she entered a room? How could that even be possible? Did they secretly like her after all? It didn't matter anyway. They were always laughing with their perfect friends. They walked around the school like they owned the place. They were queen bees and they knew it. They never invited her to parties; it was a fluke she ended up at this one. They always got they wanted. Always. But life was probably hard for them too, in its own way. It always is.

The front yard was empty. Finally, Dita thought, somewhere she could think. Dita started to climb the tree, then thought better of it. She thought about Darby. She wanted that shirt. Nothing else would do. Maybe if they could just be real with each other for once... Nobody really knew how she felt.

Kiah walked into the great hall and saw Philomena. Great. "Where did you get that phone, Philomena?" Philomena ignored her.

Gale entered the great hall to find Philomena standing there. Gale stared at Philomena suspiciously.

The great hall held two items of interest to Philomena: the tribal Afghan rug and Darby. Philomena stared at Darby suspiciously.

After some time, Dita found herself in the living room. She dutifully avoided the coffee table out of some primal respect for its otherness. She wished the booze would kick in.

Vivianna entered the library. Vivianna tried and failed to open the lock on the desk.

Darby walked into the great hall and saw Philomena. Great. Darby eyed Philomena's fashionable scarf with envy.

After some time, Philomena found herself in the library. She dutifully avoided the mahogany work desk out of some primal respect for its otherness. She was hoping it would distract her, if for some brief moment, from her life. She thought about school, and how Philomena and Gale thought they were so much better than everyone else. They were queen bees and they knew it. They never invited her to parties; it was a fluke she ended up at this one. Did they suspect she thought about them so much?

"Perfect, I've got the foyer all to myself," thought Vivianna. She noticed the chandelier. Kinda tacky. She wished the booze would kick in.

Kiah entered the great hall to find Darby standing there. "Where did you get that shirt, Darby?" Darby ignored her.

After some time, Gale found herself in the bathroom. Gale relieved herself.

Philomena and Darby ran into each other in the great hall. Philomena played nervously with her phone in a successful bid to avoid talking to Darby. She thought about school, and how Darby and Gale thought they were so much better than everyone else. Were they jealous of her somehow? Not likely. Did they secretly like her after all? It didn't matter anyway. They were always laughing with their perfect friends. They walked around the school like they owned the place. They never invited her to parties; it was a fluke she ended up at this one. They always got they wanted. Always.

Vivianna breathed deeply and took in sights of the foyer. "Wow, check out that side table," she said to no one in particular. She heard a noise from somewhere else in the house. She thought about Kiah. Why did everyone want to be like her?

The great hall held two items of interest to Kiah: the family portrait and Gale. "WHAT IS YOUR FAVORITE BONUS TRACK?" Kiah inquired.

Gale beamed. "Desperation."

Vivianna looked around the living room. Vivianna turned on the TV for a while.

Kiah encountered Darby in the bathroom. Kiah played nervously with her purse in a successful bid to avoid talking to Darby.

After some time, Gale found herself in the great hall. She dutifully avoided the family portrait out of some primal respect for its otherness. She was hoping it would distract her, if for some brief moment, from her life.

"Perfect, I've got the living room all to myself," thought Vivianna. Vivianna bounced on the sofa, hoping to recapture her childhood innocence. She thought about Gale. Gale and that aquamarine skirt of hers. She loved her so damn much. Why couldn't she be more like her? Maybe if they could just be real with each other for once... Just thinking about it made her want to puke. Gale and Darby ran into each other in the bathroom. "Dreams," Gale said. "Tell me about your dreams." Darby almost said nothing, but thought better of it. "I was watching 90210, and one girl was mad at the other and she was sending vicious notes to the other. Then all of a sudden I was in this room and there was this huge open door leading into an eating room, like a summer camp type eating room. In the room I was in there were letters on the wall like the ones on 90210, which was strange. Anyway, I got into the eating room and I see P. At the same time we both made that signal with our index fingers to come to each other and mouthed the words, "yeah, we're not shy." Then we walked towards each other. My mom then woke me up."

Dita entered the breakfast nook. Dita drank some juice, fuck it, right? Whose house even was this?

"Perfect, I've got the bathroom all to myself," thought Darby. Darby jiggled the toilet handle. Gale found Kiah in the great hall. "Kiah, what did you dream about last night?" asked Gale. Kiah seemed wary, but her face softened. "When it started we were at some sort of party."

All the kids from my class were there, although I didn't see them all. I just knew they were there. All the teachers were there too. I can't remember what went on for a while, but then Steve told Melissa to share what happened to her. She said, "No, that's all right. I don't really have to." Steve and Todd told her she had to. So she told everyone she passed her math exam and everyone applauded. The somehow it was Nina who had told the news, and tears came to her eyes and she went running to the bathroom, and Courtney and I followed. When we got there, she had locked herself in the stall. I said, "Nina, why are you crying? You passed your math exam!" And she said, "Get away from me, you fat, ugly bitch." Anne had also come in the bathroom in time to hear this, and she walked to the stall, unlocked it, and went in. Then Julia went in too. I don't remember what happened, but a lot of the 7th graders came in, including Anna. For some reason we were throwing a tomato around the room and it bounced off Anna's shoulder. She was worried that she'd smashed it, but Nina said, "Don't worry, you're not fat like Hilary." I can't remember what happened after that. I think I woke up, but the dream continued for a minute, then changed."

"Perfect, I've got the kitchen all to myself," thought Dita. She stared at the knife set uncomprehendingly. She heard a noise from somewhere else in the house.

Nobody was in the garage, so Vivianna found herself uncharacteristically at ease. She stared at the riding lawnmower uncomprehendingly. Part of her, a larger part than she cared to admit, wanted to smash it.

"Perfect, I've got the bathroom all to myself," thought Darby. The framed photo of a fish reminded her of her mother. Barf. She wished the booze would kick in.

The guest bedroom was empty. Finally, Gale thought, somewhere she could think. Gale imagined what kind of people had stayed in the bed. How many people had had sex in it?

Nobody was in the kitchen, so Dita found herself uncharacteristically at ease. "Wow, check out that fridge," she said to no one in particular. She was hoping it would distract her, if for some brief moment, from her life.

Vivianna encountered Gale in the great hall. "Why would you screen shot my snapchat story

if I never even talk to you ?"

Gale recoiled. "BECAUSE I SNAPCHAT NOONE EVER DYLAN (HAYES) IS ONE OF MY BESTFRIENDS HAHAHA."

"Perfect, I've got the kitchen all to myself," thought Dita. "Wow, check out that fridge," she said to no one in particular. Why she noticed in the first place was beyond her.

The guest bedroom was empty. Finally, Gale thought, somewhere she could think. Gale guessed that this was the most boring room in the house. As Darby entered the great hall, she saw Vivianna making trouble. "Dreams," Darby said. "Tell me about your dreams." Vivianna almost said nothing, but thought better of it. "I was Dorothy from the Wizard of Oz, and the Witch was chasing me around this pillar inside the castle. We kept going around and around for the longest time, but it was never repetitive at all. She never caught me."

Philomena entered the master bathroom. She stared at the blonde onyx toilet uncomprehendingly. She wished the booze would kick in.

Kiah entered the great hall to find Vivianna standing there. Kiah stared at Vivianna suspiciously.

Philomena encountered Vivianna in the master bedroom. Philomena played nervously with her phone in a successful bid to avoid talking to Vivianna.

Nobody was in the kitchen, so Dita found herself uncharacteristically at ease. The knife set reminded her of her mother. Barf. She wished the booze would kick in.

Vivianna entered the master bedroom. Gale was there, as if waiting. Vivianna eyed Gale's teal shirt with envy.

Nobody was in the library, so Darby found herself uncharacteristically at ease. Darby tried and failed to open the lock on the desk. She thought about Kiah. Kiah and that ostentatious watch of hers. She hated her so damn much. She wanted that purse. Nothing else would do. It was almost too much to deal with. Why couldn't she be more like her? Maybe if they could just be real with each other for once... Just thinking about it made her want to puke.

Why did she come to this stupid house party in the first place?

Gale entered the master bedroom. Vivianna was there, as if waiting. "what's your favourite colour?"

Vivianna laughed. "To say yellow."

After some time, Philomena found herself in the bathroom. "Wow, check out that framed photo of a fish," she said to no one in particular. She wished the booze would kick in.

Darby breathed deeply and took in sights of the foyer. The chandelier reminded her of her mother. Barf. She wished the booze would kick in.

The library was empty. Finally, Kiah thought, somewhere she could think. She dutifully avoided the bookshelf out of some primal respect for its otherness. Why she noticed in the first place was beyond her. She thought about school, and how Dita and Vivianna had more money than she did. Why did they leave whenever she entered a room? They were always laughing with their perfect friends. They walked around the school like they owned the place. They always got they wanted. Always. But life was probably hard for them too, in its own way. It always is.

Vivianna breathed deeply and took in sights of the master bathroom. She dutifully avoided the blonde onyx bathtub out of some primal respect for its otherness. She didn't give it a second thought.

Darby breathed deeply and took in sights of the foyer. She dutifully avoided the chandelier out of some primal respect for its otherness. Why she noticed in the first place was beyond her.

Kiah entered the great hall. Philomena was there, as if waiting. Kiah stared at Philomena suspiciously.

Philomena entered the great hall. Kiah was there, as if waiting. "What is the best YouTube video that gave someone 15 minutes of fame?" Philomena asked.

Kiah flinched. "Alltime10s Is ."

Nobody was in the great hall, so Philomena found herself uncharacteristically at ease. Philomena stared down the hall, which seemed longer than it had any right to be.

Nobody was in the dining room, so Dita found herself uncharacteristically at ease. The silverware caught her eye. She thought it was the ugliest thing she'd ever seen. She was hoping it would distract her, if for some brief moment, from her life.

Darby breathed deeply and took in sights of the foyer. The next thing she saw was the chandelier, which left her feeling disquieted. She was hoping it would distract her, if for some brief moment, from her life.

Nobody was in the bathroom, so Kiah found herself uncharacteristically at ease. Kiah was afraid, as she always was, that a murderer lay in ambush behind the shower curtain. She thought about Darby. She wanted that shirt. Nothing else would do. Why couldn't she be more like her? Nobody really knew how she felt.

As Vivianna entered the master bedroom, she saw Gale making trouble.

Darby breathed deeply and took in sights of the front yard. Darby ran her fingers through the well-manicured grass, dreaming of better days. She thought about Kiah. She envied her so damn much. She wanted that purse. Nothing else would do. Just thinking about it made her want to puke.

Philomena breathed deeply and took in sights of the guest bedroom. "Wow, check out that bed," she said to no one in particular. She was hoping it would distract her, if for some brief moment, from her life.

Dita looked around the back yard. She stared at the lawn furniture uncomprehendingly. She wished the booze would kick in.

Vivianna and Gale ran into each other in the master bedroom. Vivianna avoided Gale.

The front yard was empty. Finally, Darby thought, somewhere she could think. Darby

started to climb the tree, then thought better of it.

"Perfect, I've got the bathroom all to myself," thought Kiah. Kiah relieved herself. Gale found Vivianna in the master bedroom. "Dreams," Gale said. "Tell me about your dreams."

Vivianna almost said nothing, but thought better of it. "I was at home with my mom (we had just walked in the door), and this lady asked if she could come in. I asked for her name and who she was, and she started yelling at me. Then they broke into the house. Then we were at an apartment complex and I was in my PJs. Those same robbers came and stabbed me and my mom with some bamboo stick. I ran and called 911 and they came very quickly. But when the ambulance came, our wounds had healed and we were all fine. But they caught the robbers, and put them in jail."

Vivianna breathed deeply and took in sights of the master bedroom. She noticed the teak dresser. Kinda tacky. Part of her, a larger part than she cared to admit, wanted to smash it.

Darby looked around the living room. The coffee table caught her eye. She thought it was the ugliest thing she'd ever seen. Why she noticed in the first place was beyond her.

After some time, Philomena found herself in the bathroom. Philomena jiggled the toilet handle.

"Perfect, I've got the living room all to myself," thought Dita. Dita turned on the TV for a while.

Nobody was in the foyer, so Darby found herself uncharacteristically at ease. "Wow, check out that side table," she said to no one in particular. Things. The house was full of things. When she got old enough to have a house, she'd own nothing.

Gale found Vivianna in the great hall. "What's the best shitty fast food place?" inquired Gale.

"This."

As Dita entered the foyer, she saw Darby making trouble. Dita stared at Darby

suspiciously.

After some time, Vivianna found herself in the library. Vivianna flipped through some books.

Darby and Dita ran into each other in the foyer. Darby stared at Dita suspiciously.

Gale encountered Philomena in the bathroom.

The foyer was empty. Finally, Dita thought, somewhere she could think. She stared at the chandelier uncomprehendingly. She was hoping it would distract her, if for some brief moment, from her life.

Vivianna encountered Gale in the great hall. "Where did you get that shirt, Gale?" Gale ignored her.

After some time, Kiah found herself in the master bedroom. She stared at the king-sized bed uncomprehendingly. She didn't give it a second thought.

Gale encountered Philomena in the great hall. "why do you treat me like this?"

Philomena flinched. "because I allow you to treat me like shit."

The front yard was empty. Finally, Dita thought, somewhere she could think. The next thing she saw was the tree, which left her feeling disquieted. Things. The house was full of things. When she got old enough to have a house, she'd own nothing.

Darby looked around the garage. Darby tried to jimmy the lock on the car and ended up setting off the alarm. Whoops. Kiah walked into the master bedroom and saw Gale. Great. "Gale, what did you dream about last night?" asked Kiah. Gale seemed wary, but her face softened. "I was an Indian on a reservation but it was also a ski resort. All day we went up and down the mountain. There was a border which was marking white man's land. There was a bathroom right across it. I really had to go so I did. Because I trespassed I started this whole war, and the whites started invading and attacking us. It was cold, and I managed to get a fire started to keep warm, and all the Indians were huddled around it

while the whites moved closer and closer in on us."

As Gale entered the master bedroom, she saw Kiah making trouble. Gale eyed Kiah's ostentatious watch with envy.

Philomena looked around the bathroom. Philomena relieved herself.

"Perfect, I've got the great hall all to myself," thought Vivianna. The family portrait caught her eye. She thought it was the ugliest thing she'd ever seen. She wished the booze would kick in.

Nobody was in the back yard, so Darby found herself uncharacteristically at ease. The gas grill caught her eye. She thought it was the ugliest thing she'd ever seen. Things. The house was full of things. When she got old enough to have a house, she'd own nothing. Kiah found Gale in the master bedroom. "Gale, what did you dream about last night?" asked Kiah.

Gale seemed wary, but her face softened. "Me and a few other classmates were chosen to join in a space launch with aliens. Before we got to the launch door, Hillary & Melissa were shot by the aliens. But then I looked further up and Melissa & Hillary were there. The aliens had been imitating them. We went onto the launch & after we had taken off, they told us we had too many people. We had to choose the one to go. We chose Emily because she didn't hear us. Someone gave her an Orio and said he wanted to record exactly how she ate it. She willingly took one cookie and described it as she went along. She pulled it apart and said she had to lick the cream filling first, and then she ate the outside. Immediately after eating it, she looked at her arm and it started to turn green with red splotches, just like the aliens. She was pretty angry at us for tricking her. I somehow became their leader and one day I got so stressed out that I went for a walk and swim in a gorgeous little pond. After my swim, I went down to some sort of store and outside was a man. That's all I remember."

Dita breathed deeply and took in sights of the front yard. The next thing she saw was the lawn, which left her feeling disquieted. Things. The house was full of things. When she got old enough to have a house, she'd own nothing.

After some time, Vivianna found herself in the master bedroom. The king-sized bed

reminded her of her mother. Barf. Why she noticed in the first place was beyond her.

Philomena entered the bathroom. Philomena jiggled the toilet handle.

"Perfect, I've got the foyer all to myself," thought Dita. Dita debated just leaving the house.

"Perfect, I've got the library all to myself," thought Dita. She stared at the mahogany work desk uncomprehendingly. She heard a noise from somewhere else in the house.

Nobody was in the back yard, so Darby found herself uncharacteristically at ease. The gas grill reminded her of her mother. Barf. Things. The house was full of things. When she got old enough to have a house, she'd own nothing. Kiah entered the master bathroom to find Vivianna standing there. "Dreams," Kiah said. "Tell me about your dreams." Vivianna almost said nothing, but thought better of it. "I can't remember it very well. A woman came to the school and talked to us about the effects of poverty on daily life. I remember her showing us how people brush their teeth without toothpaste."

The guest bedroom was empty. Finally, Philomena thought, somewhere she could think. Philomena imagined what kind of people had stayed in the bed. How many people had had sex in it?

"Perfect, I've got the great hall all to myself," thought Gale. The next thing she saw was the tribal Afghan rug, which left her feeling disquieted. She wished the booze would kick in.

Kiah found Vivianna in the master bathroom. "Why Would You Take A Picture In Your Underwear & Post It On A Social Network ?" asked Kiah.

Vivianna beamed. "because I fell up the stairs trying to run in my underwear, that hurt like a bitch."

After some time, Philomena found herself in the great hall. Philomena took off her shoes, got a running start, a slid in her socks down the slick hardwood floors.

The living room was empty. Finally, Dita thought, somewhere she could think. Dita bounced on the sofa, hoping to recapture her childhood innocence.

Nobody was in the garage, so Darby found herself uncharacteristically at ease. Darby considered getting on that lawnmower and riding it out of this place.

Gale entered the library. The mahogany work desk reminded her of her mother. Barf. She heard a noise from somewhere else in the house. She thought about Vivianna. She envied her so damn much. Why couldn't she be more like her? Maybe if they could just be real with each other for once... Nobody really knew how she felt. Just thinking about it made her want to puke. Why did she come to this stupid house party in the first place?

Dita looked around the living room. Dita bounced on the sofa, hoping to recapture her childhood innocence.

Darby looked around the front yard. The tree caught her eye. She thought it was the ugliest thing she'd ever seen. Why she noticed in the first place was beyond her.

Kiah looked around the master bathroom. She stared at the blonde onyx flooring uncomprehendingly. Part of her, a larger part than she cared to admit, wanted to smash it.

Dita looked around the dining room. The dining room table caught her eye. She thought it was the ugliest thing she'd ever seen. Things. The house was full of things. When she got old enough to have a house, she'd own nothing.

Vivianna entered the great hall. Gale was there, as if waiting. Vivianna played nervously with her sweater in a successful bid to avoid talking to Gale. She thought about school, and how Gale and Vivianna got better grades than her. Were they jealous of her somehow? Not likely. They walked around the school like they owned the place. They never invited her to parties; it was a fluke she ended up at this one. They always got they wanted. Always. But life was probably hard for them too, in its own way. It always is.

Nobody was in the front yard, so Darby found herself uncharacteristically at ease. The lawn caught her eye. She thought it was the ugliest thing she'd ever seen. Things. The house was full of things. When she got old enough to have a house, she'd own nothing.

Nobody was in the kitchen, so Dita found herself uncharacteristically at ease. Dita checked

the fridge for snacks.

Nobody was in the garage, so Darby found herself uncharacteristically at ease. Darby tried to jimmy the lock on the car and ended up setting off the alarm. Whoops.

As Kiah entered the master bedroom, she saw Philomena making trouble. Kiah stared at Philomena suspiciously.

"Perfect, I've got the great hall all to myself," thought Gale. Gale took off her shoes, got a running start, and slid in her socks down the slick hardwood floors. As Philomena entered the great hall, she saw Vivianna making trouble. "Vivianna, what did you dream about last night?" asked Philomena. Vivianna seemed wary, but her face softened. "I was staying with Patrick for the summer. It wasn't his house, though. It was way out in the middle of nowhere, and his parents weren't around. He could drive (he backed out of the driveway at 50 mph), but we both rode mountain bikes to some dimly lit store where he wanted to buy a wooden model airplane. It was a long dream, but in most of it I seemed to be changing clothes. I would just get out of bed and change from sleepwear to normal clothes, or vice versa. I had a broken leg."

Dita entered the back yard. The next thing she saw was the gas grill, which left her feeling disquieted. Things. The house was full of things. When she got old enough to have a house, she'd own nothing. She thought about school, and how Gale and Philomena got better grades than her. How could that even be possible? They walked around the school like they owned the place. They never invited her to parties; it was a fluke she ended up at this one. They always got they wanted. Always. The great hall held two items of interest to Vivianna: the tribal Afghan rug and Philomena. Philomena stiffened and began to ramble, not noticing Vivianna, as if in a fugue state. "Melissa and I went to a Beatles concert at Sand Harbor. Only the stage was in a different spot. There was this cabin where you get tickets and we're looking for my mom to get a blanket to sit down on. We were just walking around and then there was a pause where nothing happened. Then the dream ended."

"Perfect, I've got the guest bedroom all to myself," thought Gale. Gale imagined what kind

of people had stayed in the bed. How many people had had sex in it?

Gale entered the guest bedroom to find Philomena standing there.

After some time, Dita found herself in the kitchen. Dita rifled through the cabinets for alcohol.

Vivianna walked into the great hall and saw Kiah. Great. Vivianna eyed Kiah's ostentatious watch with envy.

Darby looked around the back yard. She noticed the gas grill. Kinda tacky. She heard a noise from somewhere else in the house. She thought about Vivianna. She loved her so damn much. She wanted that sweater. Nothing else would do. Just thinking about it made her want to puke. Why did she come to this stupid house party in the first place? As Gale entered the guest bedroom, she saw Philomena making trouble. Philomena stiffened and began to ramble, not noticing Gale, as if in a fugue state. "I was walking through a jail when I came to a room where everybody was wearing bikinis. One weirdo said that soon the whole world would be wearing bikinis. The I left and went through a thin hallway that had barred windows in it, with people's hands reaching out and touching me. Then I came to a room filled with weird people. I even saw a rat person come out from under the table. The owner of the place took him away. Then I became friends with the owner and he told me that some people were coming to look at the prison soon. He asked me my opinion of the place. I suggested that he doesn't let them go through the hallway with the hands. So we built another hallway with nothing in it."

"Perfect, I've got the kitchen all to myself," thought Dita. She noticed the oven. Kinda tacky. Why she noticed in the first place was beyond her.

Darby entered the back yard. She stared at the lawn furniture uncomprehendingly. She wished the booze would kick in.

As Gale entered the great hall, she saw Philomena making trouble. Gale eyed Philomena's crimson phone with envy.

As Kiah entered the master bedroom, she saw Vivianna making trouble. Kiah looked angry. "what's your favourite colour ?" she asked.

"They say I'm red but Gold," said Vivianna.

The garage was empty. Finally, Darby thought, somewhere she could think. Darby considered getting on that lawnmower and riding it out of this place.

The bathroom was empty. Finally, Gale thought, somewhere she could think. Gale was afraid, as she always was, that a murderer lay in ambush behind the shower curtain. She thought about Vivianna. She envied her so damn much. She wanted that sweater. Nothing else would do. Why couldn't she be more like her? Maybe if they could just be real with each other for once... Nobody really knew how she felt. Just thinking about it made her want to puke.

"Perfect, I've got the kitchen all to myself," thought Dita. Dita checked the fridge for snacks. She thought about school, and how Vivianna and Gale had more money than she did. They were always laughing with their perfect friends. They walked around the school like they owned the place. They never invited her to parties; it was a fluke she ended up at this one. They always got they wanted. Always. But life was probably hard for them too, in its own way. It always is. Did they suspect she thought about them so much?

Gale breathed deeply and took in sights of the bathroom. Gale relieved herself. She thought about school, and how Kiah and Dita were such total bitches. Were they jealous of her somehow? Not likely. Did they secretly like her after all? It didn't matter anyway. They were always laughing with their perfect friends. They walked around the school like they owned the place. But life was probably hard for them too, in its own way. It always is. Did they suspect she thought about them so much?

The great hall held two items of interest to Philomena: the family portrait and Vivianna.

"What is the best musical of all time, there's only 1 correct answer?" demanded Philomena.

Vivianna recoiled. "Blues brothers."

Vivianna found Darby in the great hall. "What's your favorite color?"

" but black."

As Kiah entered the great hall, she saw Darby making trouble. "why would you schedule a license test after school?" Kiah inquired.

Darby recoiled. "because i love them both."

After some time, Gale found herself in the great hall. Gale stared down the hall, which seemed longer than it had any right to be. She thought about school, and how Philomena and Kiah thought they were so much better than everyone else. Were they jealous of her somehow? Not likely. They were always laughing with their perfect friends. They walked around the school like they owned the place. They never invited her to parties; it was a fluke she ended up at this one.

"Perfect, I've got the master bathroom all to myself," thought Philomena. The blonde onyx bathtub caught her eye. She thought it was the ugliest thing she'd ever seen. She was hoping it would distract her, if for some brief moment, from her life.

The kitchen was empty. Finally, Dita thought, somewhere she could think. The fridge caught her eye. She thought it was the ugliest thing she'd ever seen. She didn't give it a second thought.

Gale encountered Darby in the great hall. Gale stared at Darby suspiciously.

Kiah entered the bathroom. Vivianna was there, as if waiting. "what's your favorite color?"

" food."

Dita breathed deeply and took in sights of the breakfast nook. The next thing she saw was the juicer, which left her feeling disquieted. She didn't give it a second thought.

Darby entered the master bedroom to find Philomena standing there. Darby played nervously with her shirt in a successful bid to avoid talking to Philomena. Kiah encountered Vivianna in the great hall. Vivianna looked directly at Kiah. "I had the weirdest dream," she

said. "I was leaving a hospital, and some guy stepped on my foot. My leg was pronounced broken. They gave me a cast thing that velcroed on. When I got home I called Jacob. I woke up right before I left for camp. I was carried home just like Kerri Strug was at the Olympics."

Gale breathed deeply and took in sights of the bathroom. Gale was afraid, as she always was, that a murderer lay in ambush behind the shower curtain.

Philomena and Darby ran into each other in the master bedroom. "What's the best movie out right now that you've seen?"

Darby chuckled. "Detroit Rock City."

Nobody was in the kitchen, so Dita found herself uncharacteristically at ease. She noticed the knife set. Kinda tacky. She heard a noise from somewhere else in the house.

The bathroom held two items of interest to Vivianna: the nautical themed shower curtain and Gale. Vivianna eyed Gale's teal shirt with envy. Gale entered the bathroom to find Vivianna standing there. "Dreams," Gale said. "Tell me about your dreams." Vivianna almost said nothing, but thought better of it. "We got an assignment at school and they handed it out to everyone. Later on, I saw knife stabbings in the wall all over. It was a big knife. Leticia was on the phone, and I was on the phone in the alley."

After some time, Philomena found herself in the master bathroom. "Wow, check out that blonde onyx flooring," she said to no one in particular. Things. The house was full of things. When she got old enough to have a house, she'd own nothing. She thought about school, and how Philomena and Dita had more money than she did. They were always laughing with their perfect friends. They were queen bees and they knew it. They never invited her to parties; it was a fluke she ended up at this one.

After some time, Dita found herself in the closet. "Wow, check out that bric-a-brac," she said to no one in particular. She wished the booze would kick in.

Gale found Vivianna in the bathroom. Gale stared at Vivianna suspiciously. She thought about Vivianna. It was almost too much to deal with. Nobody really knew how she felt. Why

did everyone want to be like her?

Philomena looked around the master bedroom. The king-sized bed caught her eye. She thought it was the ugliest thing she'd ever seen. Things. The house was full of things. When she got old enough to have a house, she'd own nothing.

Vivianna walked into the bathroom and saw Gale. Great. Vivianna played nervously with her belt in a successful bid to avoid talking to Gale.

Darby entered the great hall. Darby took off her shoes, got a running start, and slid in her socks down the slick hardwood floors. She thought about school, and how Kiah and Darby had more money than she did. Were they jealous of her somehow? Not likely. How could that even be possible? Did they secretly like her after all? It didn't matter anyway. They were always laughing with their perfect friends. They never invited her to parties; it was a fluke she ended up at this one.

Nobody was in the library, so Kiah found herself uncharacteristically at ease. Kiah flipped through some books. She thought about school, and how Philomena and Vivianna were such total bitches. They always got they wanted. Always. Did they suspect she thought about them so much?

Dita breathed deeply and took in sights of the kitchen. The fridge reminded her of her mother. Barf. Part of her, a larger part than she cared to admit, wanted to smash it.

Vivianna entered the great hall to find Philomena standing there. "Where did you get that phone, Philomena?" Philomena ignored her. She thought about Philomena. Why couldn't she be more like her? Why did everyone want to be like her?

Darby entered the library. The mahogany work desk reminded her of her mother. Barf. She was hoping it would distract her, if for some brief moment, from her life. She thought about school, and how Gale and Darby got better grades than her. They never invited her to parties; it was a fluke she ended up at this one. But life was probably hard for them too, in its own way. It always is. Did they suspect she thought about them so much?

The foyer was empty. Finally, Kiah thought, somewhere she could think. She stared at the side table uncomprehendingly. She heard a noise from somewhere else in the house.

Gale looked around the bathroom. Gale was afraid, as she always was, that a murderer lay in ambush behind the shower curtain.

After some time, Vivianna found herself in the library. She dutifully avoided the mahogany work desk out of some primal respect for its otherness. Things. The house was full of things. When she got old enough to have a house, she'd own nothing.

Nobody was in the front yard, so Kiah found herself uncharacteristically at ease. Kiah started to climb the tree, then thought better of it.

After some time, Gale found herself in the bathroom. "Wow, check out that framed photo of a fish," she said to no one in particular. Why she noticed in the first place was beyond her.

Dita entered the kitchen. Dita checked the fridge for snacks. As Kiah entered the foyer, she saw Vivianna making trouble. "Vivianna, what did you dream about last night?" asked Kiah. Vivianna seemed wary, but her face softened. "I can't remember it very well. A woman came to the school and talked to us about the effects of poverty on daily life. I remember her showing us how people brush their teeth without toothpaste."

Vivianna encountered Kiah in the foyer. "what's the best app to get free music on?" Vivianna asked.

"I swear QuizUp."

Philomena looked around the great hall. Philomena took off her shoes, got a running start, a slid in her socks down the slick hardwood floors. She thought about school, and how Dita and Kiah didn't have to try hard to be liked. Why did they leave whenever she entered a room? Were they jealous of her somehow? Not likely. They were always laughing with their perfect friends. They were queen bees and they knew it. They never invited her to parties; it was a fluke she ended up at this one. They always got they wanted. Always. But life was probably hard for them too, in its own way. It always is.

Dita entered the breakfast nook. Dita drank some juice, fuck it, right? Whose house even was this? Kiah encountered Vivianna in the library. "Dreams," Kiah said. "Tell me about your dreams." Vivianna almost said nothing, but thought better of it. "I went to summer camp, met a girl who liked my straightforwardness, and she gave me some false eyelashes. I remember thinking I'd forgotten all my hair products. Then I saw a little boy being beat up, so I went over to one of the guys and told him he was a fuck-up. He then asked me if I wanted my head twisted off, and got really pissed. So I told him he had misunderstood my comment, and what I really said was "I wanna fuck you up." So he changed his mind and fell in love with me, and we did this dancing-flying kind of thing. After we did this, I accidentally let go and flew into another room, and changed into a twin of the man in there. Then there was something in there about Dorothy/Judy Garland, but I don't remember. I don't remember the ending."

Vivianna found Kiah in the library. "What's the best independent music group out?" asked Vivianna.

"Long Island Ducks."

Darby entered the bathroom to find Gale standing there. Darby appeared angry. "what's your favourite memory of this years rugby tweet us here?" she demanded.

"being accused of getting high and drinking in new york because we were late for the bus one morning," said Gale.

Philomena breathed deeply and took in sights of the library. Philomena flipped through some books.

Dita entered the kitchen. "Wow, check out that oven," she said to no one in particular. She didn't give it a second thought. She thought about Kiah. Maybe if they could just be real with each other for once...

The foyer held two items of interest to Kiah: the side table and Vivianna. Kiah avoided Vivianna.

As Vivianna entered the living room, she saw Kiah making trouble. Vivianna eyed Kiah's fashionable purse with envy. She thought about Kiah. She loved her so damn much. She wanted that purse. Nothing else would do. Why couldn't she be more like her? Darby entered the great hall. Gale was there, as if waiting. "Dreams," Darby said. "Tell me about your dreams." Gale almost said nothing, but thought better of it. "I was with some school friends and we went to classes that were very weird. There was a religious class, a musical singing class and two others I can't remember. We were in the religious class even though one of my friends is Jewish and another is Catholic, and we were being rowdy and the nun sent us out of the class and we ran amok."

Gale entered the great hall to find Darby standing there. Gale eyed Darby's ostentatious shirt with envy.

Philomena found Darby in the great hall.

Vivianna entered the front yard. Vivianna started to climb the tree, then thought better of it. She thought about Vivianna. Vivianna and that ostentatious belt of hers. It was almost too much to deal with. Why couldn't she be more like her? Why did everyone want to be like her?

Kiah breathed deeply and took in sights of the living room. Kiah turned on the TV for a while. She thought about Gale. Maybe if they could just be real with each other for once... Just thinking about it made her want to puke.

Dita looked around the back yard. The lawn furniture reminded her of her mother. Barf. She wished the booze would kick in. She thought about Philomena. She wanted that scarf. Nothing else would do. Why couldn't she be more like her? Maybe if they could just be real with each other for once... Nobody really knew how she felt. Why did everyone want to be like her? Just thinking about it made her want to puke.

"Perfect, I've got the living room all to myself," thought Vivianna. Vivianna bounced on the sofa, hoping to recapture her childhood innocence.

Darby entered the bathroom. She noticed the nautical themed shower curtain. Kinda tacky.

She heard a noise from somewhere else in the house.

Kiah looked around the front yard. The lawn caught her eye. She thought it was the ugliest thing she'd ever seen. Why she noticed in the first place was beyond her.

The guest bedroom was empty. Finally, Philomena thought, somewhere she could think. "Wow, check out that poster of a... Monet?," she said to no one in particular. She wished the booze would kick in. She thought about Dita. Dita and that incredible phone of hers. She envied her so damn much. Why did everyone want to be like her?

After some time, Dita found herself in the back yard. She noticed the lawn furniture. Kinda tacky. Part of her, a larger part than she cared to admit, wanted to smash it.

The foyer was empty. Finally, Vivianna thought, somewhere she could think. Vivianna debated just leaving the house. She thought about Gale. She hated her so damn much. She wanted that shirt. Nothing else would do. Why couldn't she be more like her? Just thinking about it made her want to puke. Why did she come to this stupid house party in the first place?

Nobody was in the bathroom, so Darby found herself uncharacteristically at ease. "Wow, check out that toilet," she said to no one in particular. She heard a noise from somewhere else in the house.

After some time, Kiah found herself in the garage. The riding lawnmower caught her eye. She thought it was the ugliest thing she'd ever seen. Things. The house was full of things. When she got old enough to have a house, she'd own nothing.

The great hall was empty. Finally, Gale thought, somewhere she could think. Gale took off her shoes, got a running start, a slid in her socks down the slick hardwood floors.

"Perfect, I've got the great hall all to myself," thought Philomena. The family portrait reminded her of her mother. Barf. She heard a noise from somewhere else in the house. She thought about Vivianna. Why couldn't she be more like her? Why did everyone want to be like her? Why did she come to this stupid house party in the first place?

Dita breathed deeply and took in sights of the dining room. The dining room table reminded her of her mother. Barf. She didn't give it a second thought.

"Perfect, I've got the foyer all to myself," thought Vivianna. The side table reminded her of her mother. Barf. Part of her, a larger part than she cared to admit, wanted to smash it.

Darby entered the bathroom. She stared at the framed photo of a fish uncomprehendingly. She wished the booze would kick in. She thought about Kiah. She wanted that watch. Nothing else would do. Maybe if they could just be real with each other for once...

Kiah looked around the front yard. Kiah started to climb the tree, then thought better of it.

After some time, Gale found herself in the master bedroom. The teak dresser caught her eye. She thought it was the ugliest thing she'd ever seen. Part of her, a larger part than she cared to admit, wanted to smash it. Dita and Kiah ran into each other in the living room. "Kiah, what did you dream about last night?" asked Dita. Kiah seemed wary, but her face softened. "I was staying with Patrick for the summer. It wasn't his house, though. It was way out in the middle of nowhere, and his parents weren't around. He could drive (he backed out of the driveway at 50 mph), but we both rode mountain bikes to some dimly lit store where he wanted to buy a wooden model airplane. It was a long dream, but in most of it I seemed to be changing clothes. I would just get out of bed and change from sleepwear to normal clothes, or vice versa. I had a broken leg."

Vivianna looked around the foyer. "Wow, check out that side table," she said to no one in particular. She was hoping it would distract her, if for some brief moment, from her life. She thought about school, and how Gale and Darby never talked to her. Why did they leave whenever she entered a room? How could that even be possible? They were always laughing with their perfect friends. They walked around the school like they owned the place.

Darby breathed deeply and took in sights of the bathroom. Darby relieved herself.

Kiah found Dita in the living room. Kiah played nervously with her watch in a successful bid

to avoid talking to Dita.

After some time, Gale found herself in the master bedroom. The teak dresser caught her eye. She thought it was the ugliest thing she'd ever seen. Part of her, a larger part than she cared to admit, wanted to smash it.

After some time, Philomena found herself in the guest bedroom. Philomena imagined what kind of people had stayed in the bed. How many people had had sex in it?

The front yard was empty. Finally, Kiah thought, somewhere she could think. Kiah started to climb the tree, then thought better of it.

Vivianna encountered Dita in the foyer. "why would you play her, she's perfect?" Vivianna demanded.

"because I have a perfect God," said Dita.

Philomena looked around the guest bedroom. Philomena guessed that this was the most boring room in the house. She thought about Dita. Dita and that incredible phone of hers. Maybe if they could just be real with each other for once... Nobody really knew how she felt. Just thinking about it made her want to puke.

Dita breathed deeply and took in sights of the library. Dita flipped through some books.

After some time, Kiah found herself in the living room. She stared at the coffee table uncomprehendingly. Why she noticed in the first place was beyond her.

Dita entered the great hall. Philomena was there, as if waiting. Dita stared at Philomena suspiciously.

The living room was empty. Finally, Vivianna thought, somewhere she could think. Vivianna turned on the TV for a while.

Darby entered the great hall to find Philomena standing there. Darby stared at Philomena suspiciously.

After some time, Gale found herself in the guest bedroom. Gale guessed that this was the most boring room in the house. She thought about Gale. Gale and that aquamarine skirt of hers. She wanted that skirt. Nothing else would do. Why couldn't she be more like her? Maybe if they could just be real with each other for once... Why did she come to this stupid house party in the first place?

"Perfect, I've got the guest bedroom all to myself," thought Philomena. "Wow, check out that poster of a... Monet?," she said to no one in particular. She was hoping it would distract her, if for some brief moment, from her life.

Dita entered the bathroom. Dita was afraid, as she always was, that a murderer lay in ambush behind the shower curtain. She thought about school, and how Darby and Vivianna had more money than she did. They were queen bees and they knew it. They always got they wanted. Always.

"Perfect, I've got the front yard all to myself," thought Vivianna. Vivianna ran her fingers through the well-manicured grass, dreaming of better days.

The foyer was empty. Finally, Kiah thought, somewhere she could think. She noticed the chandelier. Kinda tacky. Things. The house was full of things. When she got old enough to have a house, she'd own nothing. She thought about Darby. She envied her so damn much. It was almost too much to deal with. Just thinking about it made her want to puke.

Gale looked around the great hall. She dutifully avoided the tribal Afghan rug out of some primal respect for its otherness. She was hoping it would distract her, if for some brief moment, from her life.

"Perfect, I've got the front yard all to myself," thought Vivianna. She noticed the tree. Kinda tacky. She was hoping it would distract her, if for some brief moment, from her life.

As Darby entered the great hall, she saw Dita making trouble. Darby eyed Dita's incredible sweater with envy.

Kiah entered the foyer. Kiah debated just leaving the house.

Philomena walked into the great hall and saw Darby. Great. Philomena looked cross. "what's your favourite colour?" she demanded.

"but blue," said Darby.

Philomena looked around the great hall. The next thing she saw was the family portrait, which left her feeling disquieted. She didn't give it a second thought.

"Perfect, I've got the bathroom all to myself," thought Dita. Dita relieved herself.

Nobody was in the guest bedroom, so Darby found herself uncharacteristically at ease. She noticed the bed. Kinda tacky. She was hoping it would distract her, if for some brief moment, from her life.

"Perfect, I've got the master bathroom all to myself," thought Gale. The blonde onyx flooring reminded her of her mother. Barf. Why she noticed in the first place was beyond her. She thought about Darby. Darby and that ostentatious shirt of hers. She wanted that coat. Nothing else would do. It was almost too much to deal with. Maybe if they could just be real with each other for once... Nobody really knew how she felt. Why did everyone want to be like her?

As Kiah entered the living room, she saw Vivianna making trouble. "What is the best YouTube video that gave someone 15 minutes of fame?"

Vivianna recoiled. "mpgis."

Vivianna and Kiah ran into each other in the living room. "What's the best brand of toilet paper to tp someone's house with?" Vivianna asked.

"Nike," said Kiah.

Philomena encountered Gale in the master bedroom. Gale was crying. Philomena acted on instinct. "Tell me all about it." she said. Gale obliged in an unbecoming outpouring. "I was with my family. We went to buy something at a store and I found this CD I kind of wanted so I put it in a bag. Then I tried on these ugly rainbow-colored shoes. I put these in a

bag. Later, we're driving and I see that I have stolen both these things, which I didn't mean to do. Then we see some black gangsters fighting and my mom sighs, "please don't start." Then they start punching people out and Tupac gets rolled in front of our car & starts screaming something at us."

Dita found Darby in the great hall. "What is your favorite holiday to decorate for?"

"Thanksgiving."

The master bedroom held two items of interest to Gale: the king-sized bed and Philomena. Gale seemed concerned. "Why would you knock out a random person for the fun if it?" she asked.

"because i just ended up listening to a bunch of random Japanese metal bands," said Philomena.

Vivianna entered the living room. Vивиanna bounced on the sofa, hoping to recapture her childhood innocence.

The dining room was empty. Finally, Kiah thought, somewhere she could think. She stared at the silverware uncomprehendingly. Part of her, a larger part than she cared to admit, wanted to smash it. She thought about school, and how Darby and Vивиanna got better grades than her. Why did they leave whenever she entered a room? How could that even be possible? They were always laughing with their perfect friends. They never invited her to parties; it was a fluke she ended up at this one. They always got they wanted. Always. But life was probably hard for them too, in its own way. It always is.

Gale walked into the master bedroom and saw Philomena. Great. Gale played nervously with her skirt in a successful bid to avoid talking to Philomena.

Dita encountered Darby in the great hall.

After some time, Dita found herself in the bathroom. Dita jiggled the toilet handle.

Nobody was in the great hall, so Darby found herself uncharacteristically at ease. "Wow,

check out that tribal Afghan rug," she said to no one in particular. She was hoping it would distract her, if for some brief moment, from her life.

The master bedroom held two items of interest to Gale: the king-sized bed and Philomena. Gale stared at Philomena suspiciously. As Philomena entered the great hall, she saw Dita making trouble. Dita was crying. Philomena acted on instinct. "Tell me all about it." she said. Dita obliged in an unbecoming outpouring. "Well, me and a whole bunch of teenagers were in a circle at a park in the City. We were hangin' out, playin' football and, weird enough, smoking weed. I only took one or two puffs but it was crazy. I knew two people there. They were close friends but not my age: 17-18."

Nobody was in the master bedroom, so Darby found herself uncharacteristically at ease. She dutifully avoided the king-sized bed out of some primal respect for its otherness. She wished the booze would kick in.

Kiah entered the foyer to find Vivianna standing there. Kiah eyed Vivianna's aquamarine sweater with envy.

Gale breathed deeply and took in sights of the master bathroom. She noticed the blonde onyx flooring. Kinda tacky. She didn't give it a second thought.

Dita encountered Philomena in the great hall. "What's the best thing to get at black rock?"

Philomena yawned. "Not loving you."

Vivianna entered the foyer to find Kiah standing there. "why do you care what people say ?" asked Vivianna.

Kiah yelled. "because I hate when people do it to me."

"Perfect, I've got the library all to myself," thought Vivianna. She noticed the mahogany work desk. Kinda tacky. Things. The house was full of things. When she got old enough to have a house, she'd own nothing. She thought about Dita. It was almost too much to deal with. Why couldn't she be more like her? Maybe if they could just be real with each other for once...

Why did everyone want to be like her? Darby found Philomena in the great hall. "Dreams,"

Darby said. "Tell me about your dreams." Philomena almost said nothing, but thought better of it. "I was in Nintendo 64's Mario Brothers gameland, and this big baracuda was chasing me around a sunken ship. I was swimming as fast as I could. It was really strange and fast."

The foyer was empty. Finally, Kiah thought, somewhere she could think. The chandelier reminded her of her mother. Barf. She heard a noise from somewhere else in the house.

Gale looked around the master bedroom. The king-sized bed reminded her of her mother. Barf. She was hoping it would distract her, if for some brief moment, from her life. She thought about school, and how Philomena and Darby got better grades than her. Did they secretly like her after all? It didn't matter anyway. They were always laughing with their perfect friends. They were queen bees and they knew it. They never invited her to parties; it was a fluke she ended up at this one. They always got they wanted. Always. Did they suspect she thought about them so much?

After some time, Philomena found herself in the guest bedroom. The bed reminded her of her mother. Barf. She wished the booze would kick in.

Vivianna entered the foyer. Vivianna debated just leaving the house.

Kiah looked around the library. Kiah tried and failed to open the lock on the desk.

Darby found Dita in the great hall. Darby looked cross. "Why would you even post something like that □□□□□□?" she demanded.

"because I have something to look forward to on the weekend," said Dita.

Dita entered the bathroom. Dita was afraid, as she always was, that a murderer lay in ambush behind the shower curtain.

Vivianna breathed deeply and took in sights of the front yard. Vivianna started to climb the tree, then thought better of it.

Darby encountered Kiah in the great hall. Darby looked concerned. "why do you hate me ?"

she asked.

"because I either hate you or think you're a person I could hate," said Kiah.

Nobody was in the foyer, so Vivianna found herself uncharacteristically at ease. Vivianna debated just leaving the house.

"Perfect, I've got the guest bedroom all to myself," thought Darby. Darby guessed that this was the most boring room in the house.

"Perfect, I've got the bathroom all to myself," thought Kiah. Kiah looked around for tampons, finding none.

Dita entered the great hall. Gale was there, as if waiting. "What's the best time to go to an all dayer?"

"Being home alone."

Gale encountered Dita in the great hall.

Nobody was in the library, so Philomena found herself uncharacteristically at ease.

Philomena tried and failed to open the lock on the desk. She thought about Philomena.

Philomena and that fashionable scarf of hers. She wanted that scarf. Nothing else would do. Maybe if they could just be real with each other for once... Just thinking about it made her want to puke.

The bathroom held two items of interest to Kiah: the nautical themed shower curtain and Dita.

Dita found Kiah in the bathroom. "What's the best way to express your feelings?"

Kiah sighed. "Being yourself."

Nobody was in the foyer, so Philomena found herself uncharacteristically at ease.

Philomena debated just leaving the house. She thought about Dita. Dita and that incredible sweater of hers. She loved her so damn much. It was almost too much to deal with. Why

couldn't she be more like her? Maybe if they could just be real with each other for once... Nobody really knew how she felt. Why did everyone want to be like her? Just thinking about it made her want to puke.

Nobody was in the living room, so Vivianna found herself uncharacteristically at ease. Vivianna bounced on the sofa, hoping to recapture her childhood innocence. She thought about school, and how Dita and Kiah had more money than she did. Why did they leave whenever she entered a room? How could that even be possible? Did they secretly like her after all? It didn't matter anyway. They were always laughing with their perfect friends. They walked around the school like they owned the place. They were queen bees and they knew it.

Gale entered the guest bedroom. Darby was there, as if waiting. Gale stared at Darby suspiciously. She thought about school, and how Darby and Gale got better grades than her. How could that even be possible? They never invited her to parties; it was a fluke she ended up at this one. They always got they wanted. Always.

Kiah walked into the bathroom and saw Dita. Great. "Why Do You Feel The Need To Lie About What You Do ?"

Dita squirmed. "Because I hate cold weather."

The foyer was empty. Finally, Philomena thought, somewhere she could think. Philomena debated just leaving the house. She thought about Philomena. She wanted that scarf. Nothing else would do. Why couldn't she be more like her? Maybe if they could just be real with each other for once...

"Perfect, I've got the dining room all to myself," thought Vivianna. The silverware caught her eye. She thought it was the ugliest thing she'd ever seen. She wished the booze would kick in.

Kiah entered the great hall. Dita was there, as if waiting. "why would you put your child through so much stress just to lose, it's really sad?"

Dita chuckled. "because I know the things I have been through have made me the person I am today."

Nobody was in the living room, so Philomena found herself uncharacteristically at ease. Philomena turned on the TV for a while.

Nobody was in the back yard, so Vivianna found herself uncharacteristically at ease. She dutifully avoided the lawn furniture out of some primal respect for its otherness. Things. The house was full of things. When she got old enough to have a house, she'd own nothing.

"Perfect, I've got the bathroom all to myself," thought Darby. Darby was afraid, as she always was, that a murderer lay in ambush behind the shower curtain. She thought about Dita. Dita and that incredible sweater of hers. It was almost too much to deal with. Why did she come to this stupid house party in the first place?

Kiah looked around the great hall. Kiah stared down the hall, which seemed longer than it had any right to be. She thought about Dita. Dita and that incredible phone of hers. It was almost too much to deal with. Why did everyone want to be like her? Just thinking about it made her want to puke.

After some time, Gale found herself in the guest bedroom. Gale imagined what kind of people had stayed in the bed. How many people had had sex in it? She thought about Philomena. She wanted that phone. Nothing else would do. It was almost too much to deal with. Maybe if they could just be real with each other for once... Nobody really knew how she felt.

After some time, Philomena found herself in the living room. Philomena bounced on the sofa, hoping to recapture her childhood innocence. She thought about school, and how Kiah and Gale had more money than she did. Were they jealous of her somehow? Not likely. How could that even be possible? Did they secretly like her after all? It didn't matter anyway. They never invited her to parties; it was a fluke she ended up at this one. But life was probably hard for them too, in its own way. It always is.

Vivianna breathed deeply and took in sights of the back yard. The lawn furniture caught her

eye. She thought it was the ugliest thing she'd ever seen. She was hoping it would distract her, if for some brief moment, from her life. She thought about school, and how Darby and Gale didn't have to try hard to be liked. Were they jealous of her somehow? Not likely. They never invited her to parties; it was a fluke she ended up at this one. They always got they wanted. Always. Did they suspect she thought about them so much?

Philomena breathed deeply and took in sights of the foyer. Philomena debated just leaving the house.

Nobody was in the great hall, so Dita found herself uncharacteristically at ease. She noticed the family portrait. Kinda tacky. She wished the booze would kick in.

Darby breathed deeply and took in sights of the guest bedroom. Darby imagined what kind of people had stayed in the bed. How many people had had sex in it?

Kiah looked around the master bathroom. She dutifully avoided the blonde onyx countertop out of some primal respect for its otherness. Part of her, a larger part than she cared to admit, wanted to smash it.

The master bedroom was empty. Finally, Gale thought, somewhere she could think. She noticed the king-sized bed. Kinda tacky. Things. The house was full of things. When she got old enough to have a house, she'd own nothing. She thought about Darby. She wanted that coat. Nothing else would do. It was almost too much to deal with. Maybe if they could just be real with each other for once... Just thinking about it made her want to puke.

After some time, Philomena found herself in the library. She noticed the bookshelf. Kinda tacky. Things. The house was full of things. When she got old enough to have a house, she'd own nothing.

Vivianna breathed deeply and took in sights of the kitchen. Vivianna checked the fridge for snacks. She thought about school, and how Dita and Philomena had more money than she did. Why did they leave whenever she entered a room? Were they jealous of her somehow? Not likely. Did they secretly like her after all? It didn't matter anyway. They

walked around the school like they owned the place.

Darby entered the guest bedroom. "Wow, check out that bed," she said to no one in particular. She didn't give it a second thought.

After some time, Kiah found herself in the master bathroom. She noticed the blonde onyx toilet. Kinda tacky. Why she noticed in the first place was beyond her.

Philomena encountered Dita in the great hall. "Where did you get that phone, Dita?" Dita ignored her.

Nobody was in the closet, so Vivianna found herself uncharacteristically at ease. "Wow, check out that bric-a-brac," she said to no one in particular. She wished the booze would kick in. She thought about Philomena. She envied her so damn much. Maybe if they could just be real with each other for once... Why did everyone want to be like her? Just thinking about it made her want to puke. Why did she come to this stupid house party in the first place?

The guest bedroom was empty. Finally, Darby thought, somewhere she could think. Darby imagined what kind of people had stayed in the bed. How many people had had sex in it?

Dita entered the great hall to find Philomena standing there. "why would you?" Dita demanded.

"because I like to practice burning in hell," said Philomena.

Nobody was in the closet, so Vivianna found herself uncharacteristically at ease. She stared at the bric-a-brac incomprehendingly. She didn't give it a second thought. She thought about Darby. Darby and that ostentatious shirt of hers. She wanted that shirt. Nothing else would do. Maybe if they could just be real with each other for once... Why did she come to this stupid house party in the first place?

After some time, Darby found herself in the guest bedroom. She dutifully avoided the bed out of some primal respect for its otherness. Things. The house was full of things. When

she got old enough to have a house, she'd own nothing.

Kiah breathed deeply and took in sights of the master bathroom. She noticed the blonde onyx countertop. Kinda tacky. She heard a noise from somewhere else in the house.

As Dita entered the great hall, she saw Philomena making trouble. Dita looked concerned. "What is the best YouTube video that gave someone 15 minutes of fame?" she asked.

"Majestic Casual."

Dita entered the bathroom. Dita relieved herself.

Darby entered the guest bedroom. Darby imagined what kind of people had stayed in the bed. How many people had had sex in it? She thought about school, and how Darby and Philomena never talked to her. Were they jealous of her somehow? Not likely. How could that even be possible? Did they secretly like her after all? It didn't matter anyway. They never invited her to parties; it was a fluke she ended up at this one. They always got they wanted. Always. Did they suspect she thought about them so much?

Kiah walked into the master bedroom and saw Philomena. Great. Kiah looked concerned. "what's the best pizza place in the city?" she inquired.

"Chicago pizza."

Philomena entered the master bedroom to find Kiah standing there. Philomena seemed disinterested. "Why do you put condoms inside your fridge?" she asked.

Kiah yawned. "because I'm going to ban condoms and child support."

After some time, Vivianna found herself in the kitchen. Vivianna rifled through the cabinets for alcohol.

Darby breathed deeply and took in sights of the guest bedroom. She stared at the bed uncomprehendingly. She was hoping it would distract her, if for some brief moment, from her life. Kiah and Dita ran into each other in the great hall. "Dita, what did you dream about last night?" asked Kiah. Dita seemed wary, but her face softened. "I was leaving a hospital,

and some guy stepped on my foot. My leg was pronounced broken. They gave me a cast thing that velcroed on. When I got home I called Jacob. I woke up right before I left for camp. I was carried home just like Kerri Strug was at the Olympics."

Dita encountered Kiah in the great hall.

Philomena looked around the library. She noticed the bookshelf. Kinda tacky. Things. The house was full of things. When she got old enough to have a house, she'd own nothing.

After some time, Darby found herself in the guest bedroom. Darby guessed that this was the most boring room in the house.

After some time, Gale found herself in the master bathroom. She dutifully avoided the blonde onyx countertop out of some primal respect for its otherness. Why she noticed in the first place was beyond her. She thought about school, and how Gale and Kiah never talked to her. Why did they leave whenever she entered a room? Were they jealous of her somehow? Not likely. How could that even be possible? Did they secretly like her after all? It didn't matter anyway. They always got they wanted. Always. But life was probably hard for them too, in its own way. It always is. Did they suspect she thought about them so much?

After some time, Philomena found herself in the foyer. She dutifully avoided the side table out of some primal respect for its otherness. She heard a noise from somewhere else in the house. She thought about Gale. Gale and that teal shirt of hers. It was almost too much to deal with. Why did everyone want to be like her? Just thinking about it made her want to puke. Why did she come to this stupid house party in the first place?

Gale looked around the master bathroom. "Wow, check out that blonde onyx flooring," she said to no one in particular. Why she noticed in the first place was beyond her.

Kiah walked into the great hall and saw Darby. Great. "What's the best wine for pairing with cinnamon oatmeal?"

Darby recoiled. "Stella Rosa redwine."

After some time, Kiah found herself in the library. Kiah tried and failed to open the lock on

the desk.

"Perfect, I've got the master bedroom all to myself," thought Gale. The teak dresser caught her eye. She thought it was the ugliest thing she'd ever seen. She wished the booze would kick in.

Vivianna entered the foyer to find Philomena standing there. "Why would you get a tattoo on your face?" demanded Vivianna.

"because I can't even think of one cool tattoo to get," said Philomena.

Philomena entered the foyer. Philomena debated just leaving the house. She thought about Vivianna. She wanted that belt. Nothing else would do.

Nobody was in the library, so Vivianna found herself uncharacteristically at ease. Vivianna flipped through some books.

Kiah walked into the great hall and saw Darby. Great. "What is the best musical of all time, there's only 1 correct answer?"

"hairspray."

Darby encountered Kiah in the great hall. Darby seemed angry. "why would you try and talk to someone while they're wearing headphones?" she asked.

Kiah squirmed. "because I have my headphones in."

After some time, Philomena found herself in the front yard. She noticed the lawn. Kinda tacky. She was hoping it would distract her, if for some brief moment, from her life.

The library was empty. Finally, Vivianna thought, somewhere she could think. Vivianna tried and failed to open the lock on the desk.

The great hall was empty. Finally, Darby thought, somewhere she could think. Darby took off her shoes, got a running start, a slid in her socks down the slick hardwood floors.

The living room was empty. Finally, Philomena thought, somewhere she could think. The

coffee table caught her eye. She thought it was the ugliest thing she'd ever seen. She was hoping it would distract her, if for some brief moment, from her life. She thought about school, and how Vivianna and Philomena had more money than she did. How could that even be possible? They walked around the school like they owned the place. They never invited her to parties; it was a fluke she ended up at this one. They always got they wanted. Always. But life was probably hard for them too, in its own way. It always is.

Vivianna breathed deeply and took in sights of the foyer. The side table caught her eye. She thought it was the ugliest thing she'd ever seen. Things. The house was full of things. When she got old enough to have a house, she'd own nothing. She thought about Gale. She liked her so damn much. It was almost too much to deal with. Why couldn't she be more like her? Maybe if they could just be real with each other for once... Just thinking about it made her want to puke.

After some time, Darby found herself in the library. She noticed the bookshelf. Kinda tacky. She didn't give it a second thought.

Dita entered the great hall to find Gale standing there. "What's the best wine for pairing with cinnamon oatmeal?" Dita inquired.

Gale beamed. "Screaming Eagle."

After some time, Philomena found herself in the dining room. The dining room table reminded her of her mother. Barf. Things. The house was full of things. When she got old enough to have a house, she'd own nothing. She thought about Philomena. Philomena and that fashionable scarf of hers. She wanted that phone. Nothing else would do. Why did she come to this stupid house party in the first place?

"Perfect, I've got the bathroom all to myself," thought Gale. The toilet reminded her of her mother. Barf. Part of her, a larger part than she cared to admit, wanted to smash it.

Darby walked into the great hall and saw Dita. Great. "why do you not share all that you have?" asked Darby.

"because I don't want my feed filled up with the stuff they have to share with society," said Dita.

The great hall held two items of interest to Dita: the family portrait and Gale. "What's the best laptop to record music on?"

"The MacBook Air," said Gale.

Vivianna looked around the library. Vivianna flipped through some books. She thought about Vivianna. It was almost too much to deal with. Maybe if they could just be real with each other for once... Nobody really knew how she felt. Why did everyone want to be like her? Just thinking about it made her want to puke. Why did she come to this stupid house party in the first place?

Gale found Darby in the great hall. Gale played nervously with her shirt in a successful bid to avoid talking to Darby.

Darby entered the great hall. Gale was there, as if waiting. "what's your favourite colour?" Darby demanded.

" that blue that the skyright now is ."

Philomena entered the great hall. Gale was there, as if waiting. Philomena stared at Gale suspiciously.

After some time, Dita found herself in the library. Dita flipped through some books. She thought about Kiah. It was almost too much to deal with. Maybe if they could just be real with each other for once...

Nobody was in the foyer, so Vivianna found herself uncharacteristically at ease. Vivianna debated just leaving the house.

Darby entered the guest bedroom. She dutifully avoided the bed out of some primal respect for its otherness. Part of her, a larger part than she cared to admit, wanted to smash it. She thought about Darby. She hated her so damn much. It was almost too much

to deal with. Why couldn't she be more like her?

After some time, Kiah found herself in the master bathroom. The next thing she saw was the blonde onyx countertop, which left her feeling disquieted. Part of her, a larger part than she cared to admit, wanted to smash it.

Philomena entered the guest bedroom. Philomena imagined what kind of people had stayed in the bed. How many people had had sex in it? She thought about school, and how Kiah and Dita had more money than she did. Why did they leave whenever she entered a room? Were they jealous of her somehow? Not likely. Did they secretly like her after all? It didn't matter anyway. They walked around the school like they owned the place. They always got they wanted. Always. Did they suspect she thought about them so much?

Nobody was in the library, so Dita found herself uncharacteristically at ease. Dita tried and failed to open the lock on the desk.

After some time, Vivianna found herself in the living room. "Wow, check out that coffee table," she said to no one in particular. She wished the booze would kick in.

The great hall was empty. Finally, Darby thought, somewhere she could think. Darby stared down the hall, which seemed longer than it had any right to be.

Gale looked around the bathroom. She stared at the toilet uncomprehendingly. She heard a noise from somewhere else in the house.

"Perfect, I've got the living room all to myself," thought Vivianna. The flat screen TV reminded her of her mother. Barf. Why she noticed in the first place was beyond her.

After some time, Gale found herself in the great hall. Gale took off her shoes, got a running start, a slid in her socks down the slick hardwood floors. She thought about Philomena. She wanted that scarf. Nothing else would do. Maybe if they could just be real with each other for once... Nobody really knew how she felt.

Philomena entered the guest bedroom to find Gale standing there. Philomena eyed Gale's

aquamarine skirt with envy.

Vivianna looked around the living room. Vivianna turned on the TV for a while. She thought about school, and how Kiah and Vivianna thought they were so much better than everyone else. Why did they leave whenever she entered a room? Were they jealous of her somehow? Not likely.

Darby entered the foyer. She noticed the chandelier. Kinda tacky. She heard a noise from somewhere else in the house.

Gale walked into the guest bedroom and saw Philomena. Great. Gale avoided Philomena.

Kiah and Dita ran into each other in the great hall.

The living room was empty. Finally, Vivianna thought, somewhere she could think. Vivianna bounced on the sofa, hoping to recapture her childhood innocence.

Nobody was in the foyer, so Darby found herself uncharacteristically at ease. She noticed the side table. Kinda tacky. She wished the booze would kick in.

Philomena and Gale ran into each other in the great hall. "what's your favourite colour?" asked Philomena.

"BLACK IS ," said Gale.

Dita found Kiah in the guest bedroom.

Philomena found Darby in the library. Philomena avoided Darby.

Dita looked around the guest bedroom. Dita imagined what kind of people had stayed in the bed. How many people had had sex in it?

After some time, Vivianna found herself in the living room. Vivianna turned on the TV for a while. She thought about school, and how Darby and Dita didn't have to try hard to be liked. How could that even be possible? They were always laughing with their perfect friends. They always got they wanted. Always.

Darby walked into the library and saw Philomena. Great. "why would you ever think that they will support you?" asked Darby.

Philomena chuckled. "because I support him 100 percent."

The great hall was empty. Finally, Dita thought, somewhere she could think. Dita took off her shoes, got a running start, a slid in her socks down the slick hardwood floors.

The living room was empty. Finally, Vivianna thought, somewhere she could think. Vivianna turned on the TV for a while.

Philomena found Darby in the foyer. "What's the best way to express your feelings?" inquired Philomena.

"Being single," said Darby.

Nobody was in the foyer, so Philomena found herself uncharacteristically at ease. The chandelier reminded her of her mother. Barf. She wished the booze would kick in.

After some time, Vivianna found herself in the front yard. Vivianna started to climb the tree, then thought better of it. She thought about Dita. She hated her so damn much. She wanted that sweater. Nothing else would do. Maybe if they could just be real with each other for once... Nobody really knew how she felt. Why did everyone want to be like her?

Darby entered the living room. "Wow, check out that coffee table," she said to no one in particular. She heard a noise from somewhere else in the house.

As Gale entered the great hall, she saw Dita making trouble. Gale stared at Dita suspiciously.

Philomena entered the foyer. Philomena debated just leaving the house.

"Perfect, I've got the front yard all to myself," thought Vivianna. Vivianna started to climb the tree, then thought better of it.

The guest bedroom was empty. Finally, Gale thought, somewhere she could think. Gale

imagined what kind of people had stayed in the bed. How many people had had sex in it?

Philomena breathed deeply and took in sights of the foyer. Philomena debated just leaving the house.

"Perfect, I've got the bathroom all to myself," thought Dita. The toilet reminded her of her mother. Barf. She wished the booze would kick in.

The garage was empty. Finally, Vivianna thought, somewhere she could think. The riding lawnmower reminded her of her mother. Barf. She didn't give it a second thought.

The library was empty. Finally, Kiah thought, somewhere she could think. Kiah flipped through some books.

Nobody was in the guest bedroom, so Gale found herself uncharacteristically at ease. She stared at the poster of a... Monet? uncomprehendingly. She was hoping it would distract her, if for some brief moment, from her life.

Philomena breathed deeply and took in sights of the living room. Philomena turned on the TV for a while.

The garage was empty. Finally, Vivianna thought, somewhere she could think. Vivianna considered getting on that lawnmower and riding it out of this place.

The kitchen was empty. Finally, Darby thought, somewhere she could think. Darby rifled through the cabinets for alcohol.

"Perfect, I've got the library all to myself," thought Kiah. Kiah tried and failed to open the lock on the desk.

As Gale entered the great hall, she saw Dita making trouble. Gale eyed Dita's incredible phone with envy.

The foyer was empty. Finally, Kiah thought, somewhere she could think. Kiah debated just leaving the house.

Philomena breathed deeply and took in sights of the living room. Philomena bounced on the sofa, hoping to recapture her childhood innocence.

Vivianna looked around the front yard. Vivianna started to climb the tree, then thought better of it. She thought about school, and how Vivianna and Gale never talked to her. Were they jealous of her somehow? Not likely. How could that even be possible? Did they secretly like her after all? It didn't matter anyway. They were always laughing with their perfect friends. Did they suspect she thought about them so much?

After some time, Darby found herself in the closet. The broom reminded her of her mother. Barf. Part of her, a larger part than she cared to admit, wanted to smash it.

Kiah encountered Gale in the library. Kiah played nervously with her watch in a successful bid to avoid talking to Gale. She thought about school, and how Gale and Kiah were such total bitches. How could that even be possible? They were always laughing with their perfect friends. They were queen bees and they knew it. They never invited her to parties; it was a fluke she ended up at this one.

Philomena entered the front yard. Philomena ran her fingers through the well-manicured grass, dreaming of better days.

The living room was empty. Finally, Vivianna thought, somewhere she could think. Vivianna bounced on the sofa, hoping to recapture her childhood innocence.

The closet was empty. Finally, Darby thought, somewhere she could think. Darby looked for some paper towels.

Kiah breathed deeply and took in sights of the library. Kiah flipped through some books.

The foyer was empty. Finally, Gale thought, somewhere she could think. Gale debated just leaving the house.

"Perfect, I've got the front yard all to myself," thought Philomena. Philomena started to climb the tree, then thought better of it. Dita entered the great hall. Kiah was there, as if waiting. Kiah was crying. Dita acted on instinct. "Tell me all about it." she said. Kiah obliged in an

unbecoming outpouring. "I was at Great America and I was on the Drop Zone and the breaks failed. We all went into the ground. I separated from my body and watched myself get taken to the hospital. I woke up with a headache and was wondering where my room went. My cat baked cookies for me. They had pot in them so I got high. The nurse found me stoned, wandering around the kitchen eating kumquats."

Darby breathed deeply and took in sights of the kitchen. Darby rifled through the cabinets for alcohol.

Vivianna entered the living room to find Gale standing there. "What is the best MOVIE you've ever watched?"

"Space Jam."

Gale found Vivianna in the living room. Gale seemed disinterested. "Why would you play Taylor Swift here?" she demanded.

Vivianna flinched. "because I love writing my own music."

"Perfect, I've got the front yard all to myself," thought Philomena. Philomena ran her fingers through the well-manicured grass, dreaming of better days.

Dita entered the guest bedroom. Dita imagined what kind of people had stayed in the bed. How many people had had sex in it? As Vivianna entered the foyer, she saw Gale making trouble. "Gale, what did you dream about last night?" asked Vivianna. Gale seemed wary, but her face softened. "I was watching 90210, and one girl was mad at the other and she was sending vicious notes to the other. Then all of a sudden I was in this room and there was this huge open door leading into an eating room, like a summer camp type eating room. In the room I was in there were letters on the wall like the ones on 90210, which was strange. Anyway, I got into the eating room and I see P. At the same time we both made that signal with our index fingers to come to each other and mouthed the words, "yeah, we're not shy." Then we walked towards each other. My mom then woke me up."

Darby breathed deeply and took in sights of the kitchen. Darby checked the fridge for

snacks.

Nobody was in the bathroom, so Kiah found herself uncharacteristically at ease. Kiah relieved herself. She thought about school, and how Kiah and Philomena didn't have to try hard to be liked. How could that even be possible? They were always laughing with their perfect friends. They always got they wanted. Always. But life was probably hard for them too, in its own way. It always is.

"Perfect, I've got the living room all to myself," thought Philomena. Philomena turned on the TV for a while.

Dita breathed deeply and took in sights of the guest bedroom. She noticed the poster of a... Monet?. Kinda tacky. She heard a noise from somewhere else in the house.

Nobody was in the closet, so Darby found herself uncharacteristically at ease. Darby surreptitiously rearranged the supplies.

Kiah breathed deeply and took in sights of the great hall. Kiah stared down the hall, which seemed longer than it had any right to be. She thought about school, and how Dita and Kiah had more money than she did. How could that even be possible? Did they secretly like her after all? It didn't matter anyway. They walked around the school like they owned the place. They were queen bees and they knew it. They never invited her to parties; it was a fluke she ended up at this one. But life was probably hard for them too, in its own way. It always is. Did they suspect she thought about them so much?

The foyer held two items of interest to Gale: the chandelier and Vivianna. Gale eyed Vivianna's ostentatious belt with envy.

Vivianna found Gale in the foyer. Vivianna seemed cross. "what is your favourite Christmas record?" she asked.

Gale chuckled. "merry christmas jack Howard."

Philomena found Gale in the foyer. "Gale, what did you dream about last night?" asked Philomena. Gale seemed wary, but her face softened. "There were two humans, a man and

a woman, who were dressed like cavemen. They were running down a very steep ridge with pink fire coming out of their mouths, eyes, and hands. Then two aliens came along dressed in long robes and pointy hats. They took the power from the humans, and were soon spitting fire too. They were also male and female, though I saw the female most. Then two different humans came along who seemed to be Adam and Eve. Then the two aliens started acting like God and his wife to the humans. All I remember for the rest of the night is being in a big room with all my classmates, male and female, having a slumber party."

Dita entered the great hall. She stared at the family portrait uncomprehendingly. She didn't give it a second thought.

Nobody was in the front yard, so Vivianna found herself uncharacteristically at ease. The tree reminded her of her mother. Barf. She wished the booze would kick in.

Darby entered the kitchen. Darby checked the fridge for snacks.

Gale encountered Philomena in the foyer. "what's your favourite part of your body?"

"Eric," said Philomena.

After some time, Darby found herself in the breakfast nook. The table reminded her of her mother. Barf. Part of her, a larger part than she cared to admit, wanted to smash it.

Nobody was in the bathroom, so Kiah found herself uncharacteristically at ease. She stared at the toilet uncomprehendingly. Part of her, a larger part than she cared to admit, wanted to smash it. She thought about school, and how Dita and Philomena had more money than she did. They were queen bees and they knew it. They always got they wanted. Always.

Philomena entered the living room. Vivianna was there, as if waiting. "What is the best bit of advice you can give in only 2 words?"

"the build up to Christmas," said Vivianna.

The living room held two items of interest to Philomena: the coffee table and Vivianna.

"Vivianna, what did you dream about last night?" asked Philomena. Vivianna seemed wary, but her face softened. "I was sitting at home, back in my Mom's bedroom, lying in bed. Then I heard the dog barking really loud. I yelled at my mom to ask why she was barking but I got no response. I got up out of bed & no one else was home."

Vivianna encountered Philomena in the living room. Vivianna avoided Philomena.

Kiah breathed deeply and took in sights of the great hall. Kiah took off her shoes, got a running start, and slid in her socks down the slick hardwood floors.

Dita and Gale ran into each other in the foyer. "What is the best MOVIE you've ever watched?" asked Dita.

"Project x," said Gale.

Gale and Dita ran into each other in the foyer.

After some time, Philomena found herself in the living room. Philomena bounced on the sofa, hoping to recapture her childhood innocence. Vivianna entered the foyer to find Dita standing there. Dita looked directly at Vivianna. "I had the weirdest dream," she said. "I was watching 90210, and one girl was mad at the other and she was sending vicious notes to the other. Then all of a sudden I was in this room and there was this huge open door leading into an eating room, like a summer camp type eating room. In the room I was in there were letters on the wall like the ones on 90210, which was strange. Anyway, I got into the eating room and I see P. At the same time we both made that signal with our index fingers to come to each other and mouthed the words, "yeah, we're not shy." Then we walked towards each other. My mom then woke me up."

"Perfect, I've got the front yard all to myself," thought Gale. "Wow, check out that lawn," she said to no one in particular. She didn't give it a second thought.

As Dita entered the foyer, she saw Kiah making trouble. "Where did you get that purse, Kiah?" Kiah ignored her. She thought about school, and how Kiah and Gale never talked to her. How could that even be possible? They walked around the school like they owned the

place. They never invited her to parties; it was a fluke she ended up at this one. But life was probably hard for them too, in its own way. It always is.

Vivianna found Philomena in the living room. "Where did you get that phone, Philomena?" Philomena ignored her. She thought about Philomena. Philomena and that crimson phone of hers. She loved her so damn much. It was almost too much to deal with. Why couldn't she be more like her? Maybe if they could just be real with each other for once... Nobody really knew how she felt. Why did she come to this stupid house party in the first place?

Darby breathed deeply and took in sights of the breakfast nook. Darby drank some juice, fuck it, right? Whose house even was this?

Philomena entered the living room to find Vivianna standing there. "What is your favorite MALL in NJ ?"

"I've decided that Gloucester Center," said Vivianna.

Philomena entered the front yard. Vivianna was there, as if waiting. "Where did you get that belt, Vivianna?" Vivianna ignored her.

Dita looked around the foyer. Dita debated just leaving the house.

"Perfect, I've got the breakfast nook all to myself," thought Darby. She dutifully avoided the juicer out of some primal respect for its otherness. She was hoping it would distract her, if for some brief moment, from her life.

Nobody was in the library, so Kiah found herself uncharacteristically at ease. She noticed the mahogany work desk. Kinda tacky. Part of her, a larger part than she cared to admit, wanted to smash it.

Nobody was in the living room, so Gale found herself uncharacteristically at ease. Gale turned on the TV for a while.

After some time, Philomena found herself in the front yard. Philomena started to climb the tree, then thought better of it. She thought about Philomena. Nobody really knew how she

felt.

Dita entered the living room to find Gale standing there. Dita stared at Gale suspiciously.

Darby entered the kitchen. She noticed the oven. Kinda tacky. She didn't give it a second thought.

After some time, Kiah found herself in the great hall. Kiah took off her shoes, got a running start, and slid in her socks down the slick hardwood floors.

Gale entered the living room to find Dita standing there. "What is the best musical of all time, there's only 1 correct answer?"

" Helena Bonham Carter."

Philomena looked around the front yard. Philomena ran her fingers through the well-manicured grass, dreaming of better days. She thought about school, and how Dita and Darby thought they were so much better than everyone else. Why did they leave whenever she entered a room? How could that even be possible? They were always laughing with their perfect friends. They were queen bees and they knew it. They never invited her to parties; it was a fluke she ended up at this one.

Vivianna looked around the foyer. She dutifully avoided the chandelier out of some primal respect for its otherness. Things. The house was full of things. When she got old enough to have a house, she'd own nothing.

Darby entered the dining room. The dining room table caught her eye. She thought it was the ugliest thing she'd ever seen. Why she noticed in the first place was beyond her.

Kiah breathed deeply and took in sights of the library. "Wow, check out that bookshelf," she said to no one in particular. Why she noticed in the first place was beyond her.

Gale walked into the living room and saw Dita. Great. "What is your favourite group?"

Dita beamed. "Restless Road."

As Philomena entered the living room, she saw Dita making trouble. Dita looked directly at Philomena. "I had the weirdest dream," she said. "I had just spent the night over at my best friend's house and we were waking up on a gorgeous spring morning. She had to go to school, but I didn't, so I wanted to go with her. She lives less than a block away from her school, and I was jealous that she could wake up at 7:30 and make it to school by 8. I was shaving my legs with her electric razor and then we went into her back yard and went swimming in the cool water."

Dita entered the living room to find Philomena standing there. Dita eyed Philomena's fashionable scarf with envy.

Vivianna walked into the foyer and saw Kiah. Great. Vivianna eyed Kiah's fashionable purse with envy.

The back yard was empty. Finally, Darby thought, somewhere she could think. The gas grill caught her eye. She thought it was the ugliest thing she'd ever seen. She was hoping it would distract her, if for some brief moment, from her life.

Nobody was in the front yard, so Gale found herself uncharacteristically at ease. Gale ran her fingers through the well-manicured grass, dreaming of better days. She thought about school, and how Gale and Philomena got better grades than her. Were they jealous of her somehow? Not likely. They walked around the school like they owned the place. But life was probably hard for them too, in its own way. It always is.

Kiah encountered Vivianna in the foyer. "What is your favourite group?"

Vivianna beamed. " This."

Dita entered the front yard. Gale was there, as if waiting. Dita played nervously with her phone in a successful bid to avoid talking to Gale.

The foyer held two items of interest to Kiah: the chandelier and Philomena. Kiah eyed Philomena's crimson phone with envy. She thought about school, and how Philomena and Philomena thought they were so much better than everyone else. How could that even be

possible? Did they secretly like her after all? It didn't matter anyway. They were always laughing with their perfect friends. They always got they wanted. Always. Did they suspect she thought about them so much?

Philomena encountered Kiah in the foyer. "what's your favourite sex position?" asked Philomena.

"Straight fckin," said Kiah.

Gale entered the front yard to find Dita standing there. "What's the best time to go to an all dayer?"

"Winter," said Dita.

"Perfect, I've got the library all to myself," thought Philomena. Philomena tried and failed to open the lock on the desk.

"Perfect, I've got the kitchen all to myself," thought Darby. She noticed the oven. Kinda tacky. Things. The house was full of things. When she got old enough to have a house, she'd own nothing. Kiah walked into the front yard and saw Vivianna. Great. "Dreams," Kiah said. "Tell me about your dreams." Vivianna almost said nothing, but thought better of it. "It is very, very hard to describe what happened. Well, in this dream, which is a nightmare, there is a big smooth piece of white satin and a corner in an alleyway filled with trash. I run back and forth to the satin then the trash, back and forth and back and forth. But in the middle of the piece of satin is a woman. It winds up being my mom and her bed because I jump out of bed and run back and forth (in real life, but I'm mostly asleep)."

Gale breathed deeply and took in sights of the foyer. Gale debated just leaving the house.

As Dita entered the front yard, she saw Kiah making trouble. Dita looked angry. "What is your favorite environment for an event?" she asked.

Kiah sighed. "The Dojo."

As Vivianna entered the front yard, she saw Kiah making trouble. "Why do you think I would

trust y'all?" asked Vivianna.

"because I don't think that they'd understand," said Kiah.

Philomena breathed deeply and took in sights of the great hall. The family portrait reminded her of her mother. Barf. She wished the booze would kick in.

Vivianna breathed deeply and took in sights of the garage. Vivianna tried to jimmy the lock on the car and ended up setting off the alarm. Whoops.

Darby entered the dining room. She stared at the silverware uncomprehendingly. She didn't give it a second thought.

Kiah encountered Dita in the living room. Kiah avoided Dita.

Gale encountered Kiah in the living room. Gale eyed Kiah's ostentatious watch with envy.

After some time, Philomena found herself in the great hall. Philomena stared down the hall, which seemed longer than it had any right to be. She thought about school, and how Kiah and Vivianna didn't have to try hard to be liked. Why did they leave whenever she entered a room? Were they jealous of her somehow? Not likely. Did they secretly like her after all? It didn't matter anyway. They were queen bees and they knew it. But life was probably hard for them too, in its own way. It always is.

Dita and Kiah ran into each other in the living room. Dita eyed Kiah's ostentatious watch with envy. She thought about Kiah. Kiah and that ostentatious watch of hers. She liked her so damn much. She wanted that purse. Nothing else would do. It was almost too much to deal with. Why couldn't she be more like her? Maybe if they could just be real with each other for once... Darby walked into the back yard and saw Vivianna. Great. Vivianna stiffened and began to ramble, not noticing Darby, as if in a fugue state. "I was talking to this girl I have never met before, and Leah comes up and yells the fire drill at us, and we all run up to the upper parking lot at My school. When we get there no one else is there. So we look at Leah, but she's not Leah anymore, she is a snake. She chases us up a tree where we get stuck. Then I woke up." Kiah entered the living room to find Dita standing there. Dita

looked directly at Kiah. "I had the weirdest dream," she said. "I was in my room making outfits any everything, with some guy helping me, and the next thing I know I was in my yard at 9:00 a.m. drowning in the rain with my best friend. A car went by and my friend said that was her mom, so we better get inside and get ready to go. She started really shivering so I said fine. We tried to grab all the paper. She ran inside with a bunch of scraps of paper, well I tried to get the rest. Then my mom and dad pulled in so I ran inside and my sisters were on the couch and we started talking. Then I noticed there was muddy paw prints from my dog going up the stairs. So I thought I have to go clean it."

Vivianna looked around the kitchen. Vivianna checked the fridge for snacks.

As Kiah entered the front yard, she saw Dita making trouble. "what's your favorite couple?" Kiah asked.

Dita squirmed. "Ciara & Future."

Nobody was in the living room, so Dita found herself uncharacteristically at ease. She stared at the coffee table uncomprehendingly. Why she noticed in the first place was beyond her.

Vivianna looked around the kitchen. "Wow, check out that oven," she said to no one in particular. Why she noticed in the first place was beyond her.

Gale and Darby ran into each other in the back yard. Gale played nervously with her skirt in a successful bid to avoid talking to Darby. She thought about Darby. It was almost too much to deal with. Why couldn't she be more like her?

Philomena breathed deeply and took in sights of the master bathroom. She stared at the blonde onyx flooring uncomprehendingly. She didn't give it a second thought.

Nobody was in the foyer, so Dita found herself uncharacteristically at ease. Dita debated just leaving the house. She thought about school, and how Gale and Vivianna never talked to her. Why did they leave whenever she entered a room? Were they jealous of her somehow? Not likely. They were always laughing with their perfect friends. They were

queen bees and they knew it. They never invited her to parties; it was a fluke she ended up at this one. But life was probably hard for them too, in its own way. It always is.

Vivianna entered the kitchen. Vivianna checked the fridge for snacks.

After some time, Darby found herself in the garage. Darby peered in the car door for some kind of clue as to whose house this was.

Gale breathed deeply and took in sights of the back yard. She noticed the gas grill. Kinda tacky. She heard a noise from somewhere else in the house.

Dita entered the foyer. Dita debated just leaving the house. She thought about Gale. Gale and that aquamarine skirt of hers. It was almost too much to deal with. Why couldn't she be more like her? Maybe if they could just be real with each other for once... Nobody really knew how she felt. Just thinking about it made her want to puke.

The kitchen was empty. Finally, Vivianna thought, somewhere she could think. She noticed the knife set. Kinda tacky. Why she noticed in the first place was beyond her.

"Perfect, I've got the front yard all to myself," thought Darby. The lawn caught her eye. She thought it was the ugliest thing she'd ever seen. She wished the booze would kick in.

Gale looked around the dining room. The silverware caught her eye. She thought it was the ugliest thing she'd ever seen. Things. The house was full of things. When she got old enough to have a house, she'd own nothing. She thought about school, and how Darby and Gale got better grades than her. They were always laughing with their perfect friends. They always got they wanted. Always. But life was probably hard for them too, in its own way. It always is. Did they suspect she thought about them so much?

After some time, Philomena found herself in the master bathroom. The blonde onyx countertop caught her eye. She thought it was the ugliest thing she'd ever seen. Things. The house was full of things. When she got old enough to have a house, she'd own nothing. She thought about school, and how Philomena and Gale thought they were so much better than everyone else. Why did they leave whenever she entered a room? Were they jealous of her

somehow? Not likely. They were queen bees and they knew it. They always got they wanted. Always.

Vivianna entered the kitchen. She dutifully avoided the fridge out of some primal respect for its otherness. Why she noticed in the first place was beyond her.

The living room was empty. Finally, Gale thought, somewhere she could think. Gale bounced on the sofa, hoping to recapture her childhood innocence. She thought about Philomena. Philomena and that fashionable scarf of hers. She loved her so damn much. She wanted that scarf. Nothing else would do. Why couldn't she be more like her? Why did everyone want to be like her?

Darby entered the living room. She stared at the flat screen TV uncomprehendingly. She wished the booze would kick in.

The front yard held two items of interest to Gale: the lawn and Dita. Gale avoided Dita.

Dita entered the front yard to find Gale standing there. "what is the best decision you'll ever make?" Dita demanded.

Gale recoiled. "This slurpee."

Dita entered the front yard. "Wow, check out that lawn," she said to no one in particular. She was hoping it would distract her, if for some brief moment, from her life.

Vivianna looked around the kitchen. The fridge caught her eye. She thought it was the ugliest thing she'd ever seen. She wished the booze would kick in.

After some time, Darby found herself in the foyer. The side table caught her eye. She thought it was the ugliest thing she'd ever seen. Things. The house was full of things. When she got old enough to have a house, she'd own nothing.

"Perfect, I've got the master bedroom all to myself," thought Kiah. The king-sized bed reminded her of her mother. Barf. She didn't give it a second thought.

Nobody was in the living room, so Gale found herself uncharacteristically at ease. Gale

bounced on the sofa, hoping to recapture her childhood innocence. She thought about school, and how Kiah and Vivianna had more money than she did. How could that even be possible? They always got they wanted. Always.

Philomena and Kiah ran into each other in the master bathroom. Philomena played nervously with her phone in a successful bid to avoid talking to Kiah.

Darby entered the front yard. Dita was there, as if waiting. "Where did you get that sweater, Dita?" Dita ignored her. She thought about school, and how Dita and Gale didn't have to try hard to be liked. Were they jealous of her somehow? Not likely. Did they secretly like her after all? It didn't matter anyway.

The living room was empty. Finally, Gale thought, somewhere she could think. The next thing she saw was the coffee table, which left her feeling disquieted. She heard a noise from somewhere else in the house.

As Kiah entered the master bathroom, she saw Philomena making trouble. "what's your favourite memory of this years rugby tweet us here?"

"Dancing with you in my kitchen."

After some time, Darby found herself in the front yard. Darby started to climb the tree, then thought better of it.

Dita found Gale in the foyer. Dita seemed cross. "what's your favorite couple?" she asked.

"Ciara & Future," said Gale.

Gale walked into the foyer and saw Dita. Great. "What's the best laptop to record music on?"

"this."

Nobody was in the great hall, so Philomena found herself uncharacteristically at ease. The next thing she saw was the family portrait, which left her feeling disquieted. She was hoping

it would distract her, if for some brief moment, from her life.

After some time, Dita found herself in the living room. The flat screen TV caught her eye. She thought it was the ugliest thing she'd ever seen. Why she noticed in the first place was beyond her.

After some time, Vivianna found herself in the kitchen. She dutifully avoided the knife set out of some primal respect for its otherness. Part of her, a larger part than she cared to admit, wanted to smash it. She thought about Dita. She envied her so damn much. Maybe if they could just be real with each other for once... Why did everyone want to be like her? Why did she come to this stupid house party in the first place?

Nobody was in the garage, so Darby found herself uncharacteristically at ease. She noticed the BMW. Kinda tacky. Why she noticed in the first place was beyond her.

Gale entered the front yard. She stared at the lawn uncomprehendingly. Why she noticed in the first place was beyond her.

Philomena breathed deeply and took in sights of the library. Philomena flipped through some books.

"Perfect, I've got the living room all to myself," thought Dita. The next thing she saw was the coffee table, which left her feeling disquieted. She was hoping it would distract her, if for some brief moment, from her life. She thought about school, and how Darby and Dita didn't have to try hard to be liked. Why did they leave whenever she entered a room? They walked around the school like they owned the place. But life was probably hard for them too, in its own way. It always is.

After some time, Vivianna found herself in the back yard. She noticed the gas grill. Kinda tacky. She heard a noise from somewhere else in the house.

After some time, Kiah found herself in the great hall. Kiah took off her shoes, got a running start, a slid in her socks down the slick hardwood floors.

Gale encountered Darby in the garage. Gale avoided Darby.

The library was empty. Finally, Philomena thought, somewhere she could think. She stared at the bookshelf uncomprehendingly. Things. The house was full of things. When she got old enough to have a house, she'd own nothing.

Dita entered the living room. The flat screen TV caught her eye. She thought it was the ugliest thing she'd ever seen. Why she noticed in the first place was beyond her.

After some time, Kiah found herself in the great hall. She stared at the tribal Afghan rug uncomprehendingly. She was hoping it would distract her, if for some brief moment, from her life.

The great hall was empty. Finally, Philomena thought, somewhere she could think. "Wow, check out that tribal Afghan rug," she said to no one in particular. She wished the booze would kick in. She thought about Gale. She wanted that skirt. Nothing else would do. Nobody really knew how she felt.

Vivianna walked into the living room and saw Dita. Great. Vivianna eyed Dita's incredible phone with envy. She thought about school, and how Dita and Philomena had more money than she did. Why did they leave whenever she entered a room? How could that even be possible? They always got they wanted. Always. But life was probably hard for them too, in its own way. It always is. Did they suspect she thought about them so much?

The master bedroom was empty. Finally, Kiah thought, somewhere she could think. The teak dresser caught her eye. She thought it was the ugliest thing she'd ever seen. Why she noticed in the first place was beyond her.

Philomena breathed deeply and took in sights of the great hall. She stared at the tribal Afghan rug uncomprehendingly. She was hoping it would distract her, if for some brief moment, from her life. She thought about school, and how Vivianna and Kiah had more money than she did. Why did they leave whenever she entered a room? How could that even be possible? They were queen bees and they knew it. But life was probably hard for

them too, in its own way. It always is. Did they suspect she thought about them so much?

The front yard was empty. Finally, Dita thought, somewhere she could think. She noticed the lawn. Kinda tacky. She wished the booze would kick in.

Vivianna entered the living room. She dutifully avoided the flat screen TV out of some primal respect for its otherness. She heard a noise from somewhere else in the house. She thought about school, and how Kiah and Gale had more money than she did. Did they secretly like her after all? It didn't matter anyway. They were queen bees and they knew it. But life was probably hard for them too, in its own way. It always is.

Kiah entered the master bathroom. The next thing she saw was the blonde onyx flooring, which left her feeling disquieted. Why she noticed in the first place was beyond her. She thought about Dita. She hated her so damn much. It was almost too much to deal with. Why did everyone want to be like her? Just thinking about it made her want to puke.

"Perfect, I've got the foyer all to myself," thought Dita. Dita debated just leaving the house.

Darby entered the back yard. The next thing she saw was the lawn furniture, which left her feeling disquieted. She was hoping it would distract her, if for some brief moment, from her life.

After some time, Kiah found herself in the master bathroom. The blonde onyx countertop reminded her of her mother. Barf. She didn't give it a second thought. She thought about school, and how Vivianna and Dita were such total bitches. They were always laughing with their perfect friends. They walked around the school like they owned the place. They never invited her to parties; it was a fluke she ended up at this one. But life was probably hard for them too, in its own way. It always is. Did they suspect she thought about them so much?

After some time, Gale found herself in the garage. The BMW reminded her of her mother. Barf. She heard a noise from somewhere else in the house. She thought about Gale. She loved her so damn much. It was almost too much to deal with. Why couldn't she be more like her? Maybe if they could just be real with each other for once... Nobody really knew how she felt. Why did everyone want to be like her? Just thinking about it made her want to

puke. Why did she come to this stupid house party in the first place?

Philomena entered the library. Philomena flipped through some books.

Dita looked around the foyer. "Wow, check out that side table," she said to no one in particular. She was hoping it would distract her, if for some brief moment, from her life.

"Perfect, I've got the garage all to myself," thought Vivianna. She stared at the BMW uncomprehendingly. She didn't give it a second thought. She thought about Philomena. She liked her so damn much. It was almost too much to deal with. Nobody really knew how she felt. Why did everyone want to be like her? Just thinking about it made her want to puke.

Darby breathed deeply and took in sights of the kitchen. She stared at the knife set uncomprehendingly. She heard a noise from somewhere else in the house.

After some time, Kiah found herself in the master bedroom. The king-sized bed reminded her of her mother. Barf. She wished the booze would kick in.

Philomena encountered Dita in the foyer. Philomena avoided Dita. Dita found Philomena in the foyer. "Philomena, what did you dream about last night?" asked Dita. Philomena seemed wary, but her face softened. "I was in the war hospital running around trying to take care of patients, but I was running out of time or something. Then some other nurses came (Lt. Bfjik, and General Camand) and told me to take a break. The weird thing was that I knew that I was the one running around, caring for patients, but I didn't look like myself at all. The two nurses were my friends, Nina and Hilary, but they didn't look how they look now, either!"

After some time, Darby found herself in the breakfast nook. "Wow, check out that toaster," she said to no one in particular. She was hoping it would distract her, if for some brief moment, from her life.

As Gale entered the back yard, she saw Vivianna making trouble. "Why would you feel bad, you played soccer am I wrong?"

"because i thought you say 'plaid' like 'played' when really you say it like 'plad' wow i hate me," said Vivianna.

The living room was empty. Finally, Philomena thought, somewhere she could think. The flat screen TV caught her eye. She thought it was the ugliest thing she'd ever seen. She wished the booze would kick in.

The library was empty. Finally, Dita thought, somewhere she could think. She noticed the bookshelf. Kinda tacky. She didn't give it a second thought. She thought about Vivianna. Vivianna and that aquamarine sweater of hers. She wanted that sweater. Nothing else would do. It was almost too much to deal with. Maybe if they could just be real with each other for once... Nobody really knew how she felt. Just thinking about it made her want to puke. Why did she come to this stupid house party in the first place?

Vivianna looked around the garage. She dutifully avoided the BMW out of some primal respect for its otherness. She wished the booze would kick in. She thought about Philomena. Philomena and that fashionable scarf of hers. She liked her so damn much. Why couldn't she be more like her? Maybe if they could just be real with each other for once... Why did everyone want to be like her? Just thinking about it made her want to puke.

As Darby entered the kitchen, she saw Gale making trouble. "Where did you get that shirt, Gale?" Gale ignored her.

As Gale entered the kitchen, she saw Darby making trouble. "why do you hit my phone?" Gale asked.

Darby chuckled. "because I am always on my phone during his class."

"Perfect, I've got the foyer all to myself," thought Philomena. Philomena debated just leaving the house.

The great hall was empty. Finally, Vivianna thought, somewhere she could think. She stared at the family portrait uncomprehendingly. Why she noticed in the first place was beyond her. She thought about Kiah. She liked her so damn much. It was almost too much to deal with.

Why did everyone want to be like her? Just thinking about it made her want to puke.

Kiah entered the master bedroom. "Wow, check out that teak dresser," she said to no one in particular. Why she noticed in the first place was beyond her. She thought about school, and how Philomena and Kiah were such total bitches. Why did they leave whenever she entered a room? How could that even be possible? They always got they wanted. Always.

The great hall was empty. Finally, Dita thought, somewhere she could think. Dita took off her shoes, got a running start, a slid in her socks down the slick hardwood floors.

"Perfect, I've got the master bathroom all to myself," thought Kiah. "Wow, check out that blonde onyx toilet," she said to no one in particular. She was hoping it would distract her, if for some brief moment, from her life.

Nobody was in the bathroom, so Dita found herself uncharacteristically at ease. She noticed the framed photo of a fish. Kinda tacky. Things. The house was full of things. When she got old enough to have a house, she'd own nothing.

Vivianna breathed deeply and took in sights of the great hall. Vivianna took off her shoes, got a running start, a slid in her socks down the slick hardwood floors.

Gale breathed deeply and took in sights of the kitchen. She stared at the oven uncomprehendingly. Why she noticed in the first place was beyond her.

Vivianna encountered Dita in the great hall. Vivianna played nervously with her belt in a successful bid to avoid talking to Dita. She thought about school, and how Dita and Dita thought they were so much better than everyone else. Why did they leave whenever she entered a room? Were they jealous of her somehow? Not likely. Did they secretly like her after all? It didn't matter anyway. They walked around the school like they owned the place. But life was probably hard for them too, in its own way. It always is.

After some time, Darby found herself in the living room. She dutifully avoided the flat screen TV out of some primal respect for its otherness. She was hoping it would distract her, if for some brief moment, from her life.

"Perfect, I've got the master bedroom all to myself," thought Kiah. She noticed the king-sized bed. Kinda tacky. Things. The house was full of things. When she got old enough to have a house, she'd own nothing. She thought about school, and how Kiah and Vivianna didn't have to try hard to be liked. How could that even be possible? They walked around the school like they owned the place. They never invited her to parties; it was a fluke she ended up at this one.

Philomena entered the foyer. Philomena debated just leaving the house.

Dita looked around the great hall. "Wow, check out that family portrait," she said to no one in particular. She was hoping it would distract her, if for some brief moment, from her life.

The guest bedroom was empty. Finally, Vivianna thought, somewhere she could think. "Wow, check out that poster of a... Monet?," she said to no one in particular. Why she noticed in the first place was beyond her. Philomena found Dita in the library. Dita looked directly at Philomena. "I had the weirdest dream," she said. "I was sitting on my bed and I looked up and saw a centaur. It fit the description of "Chem" in the Nords of Zanth by Peirs Anthony. On her back rode a women (sic) with green hair. They told me to get on the centaur's back and go with them. I did and we left. We ended up at a house in S.F. They told me to go knock on the door. I did and the person who opened it was my current crush." Dita found Philomena in the library. "Dreams," Dita said. "Tell me about your dreams." Philomena almost said nothing, but thought better of it. "I was having a birthday party and my friends started to arrive at my house. But before I knew it there were hundreds of people in my house who I didn't know. I was trying to get them to leave, but it was so crazy and there were just too many of them. My mom was going insane because the house was getting trashed, but my friends weren't helping, they were just partying away."

Vivianna and Kiah ran into each other in the great hall. Vivianna avoided Kiah.

"Perfect, I've got the dining room all to myself," thought Darby. She stared at the silverware uncomprehendingly. Part of her, a larger part than she cared to admit, wanted to smash it.

"Perfect, I've got the kitchen all to myself," thought Gale. Gale checked the fridge for

snacks.

Nobody was in the library, so Dita found herself uncharacteristically at ease. Dita flipped through some books.

After some time, Vivianna found herself in the guest bedroom. Vivianna guessed that this was the most boring room in the house. She thought about Vivianna. She wanted that sweater. Nothing else would do. Why couldn't she be more like her? Maybe if they could just be real with each other for once... Nobody really knew how she felt. Why did everyone want to be like her?

Gale entered the kitchen. Gale rifled through the cabinets for alcohol.

After some time, Philomena found herself in the foyer. She noticed the chandelier. Kinda tacky. She heard a noise from somewhere else in the house.

The great hall held two items of interest to Dita: the tribal Afghan rug and Vivianna. "Where did you get that sweater, Vivianna?" Vivianna ignored her.

The dining room was empty. Finally, Darby thought, somewhere she could think. The next thing she saw was the silverware, which left her feeling disquieted. Things. The house was full of things. When she got old enough to have a house, she'd own nothing.

Gale entered the kitchen. She dutifully avoided the fridge out of some primal respect for its otherness. Part of her, a larger part than she cared to admit, wanted to smash it.

"Perfect, I've got the foyer all to myself," thought Philomena. Philomena debated just leaving the house.

Vivianna entered the great hall. Dita was there, as if waiting. Vivianna played nervously with her sweater in a successful bid to avoid talking to Dita.

After some time, Gale found herself in the closet. The broom reminded her of her mother. Barf. She heard a noise from somewhere else in the house.

Kiah walked into the great hall and saw Dita. Great. "what's the best app to get free music

on?" asked Kiah.

"Vine," said Dita.

Philomena looked around the foyer. Philomena debated just leaving the house.

Dita entered the library. Kiah was there, as if waiting. Dita eyed Kiah's fashionable purse with envy. She thought about Kiah. She envied her so damn much. She wanted that watch. Nothing else would do. It was almost too much to deal with. Nobody really knew how she felt.

Vivianna looked around the bathroom. The next thing she saw was the nautical themed shower curtain, which left her feeling disquieted. She was hoping it would distract her, if for some brief moment, from her life.

The garage was empty. Finally, Darby thought, somewhere she could think. The riding lawnmower reminded her of her mother. Barf. She wished the booze would kick in.

"Perfect, I've got the kitchen all to myself," thought Gale. "Wow, check out that knife set," she said to no one in particular. She heard a noise from somewhere else in the house. She thought about school, and how Dita and Darby never talked to her. Why did they leave whenever she entered a room? They were queen bees and they knew it. They never invited her to parties; it was a fluke she ended up at this one. They always got they wanted. Always.

Kiah and Dita ran into each other in the library. "What's your favourite group fitness class to attend?"

"omg sweet suspense."

Philomena breathed deeply and took in sights of the library. Philomena flipped through some books. Dita found Vivianna in the great hall. "Dreams," Dita said. "Tell me about your dreams." Vivianna almost said nothing, but thought better of it. "I was at my friend Arlie's house and her mom suggested that we take their dog for a walk. I know that Joey lived down the street and we might see him. So I convinced her to go with me. We were heading

out the door with her dog, when all of a sudden these grownups (maybe friends of her parents) showed up and Arlie's parents and them decided to come with us. We were trying to get away from them so we wouldn't be seen together. Finally, all the adults except one who had a little two year old girl. When we got to Joey's house, we noticed that we were wearing our ugly My school sweats and T shirts (which are from our school that we have to wear every morning and on trips sometimes - when Arlie and I went on a school "midyear retreat" and we had to wear our school clothes it was really embarrassing). This is especially embarrassing but we realized it didn't matter because Joey wasn't there. Also, I forgot earlier, there were two fine guys walking around who we saw and briefly talked to. I don't remember what we said."

Darby breathed deeply and took in sights of the garage. She noticed the riding lawnmower. Kinda tacky. Things. The house was full of things. When she got old enough to have a house, she'd own nothing.

"Perfect, I've got the foyer all to myself," thought Kiah. Kiah debated just leaving the house. She thought about school, and how Dita and Kiah never talked to her. How could that even be possible? They never invited her to parties; it was a fluke she ended up at this one.

After some time, Gale found herself in the kitchen. She dutifully avoided the knife set out of some primal respect for its otherness. She was hoping it would distract her, if for some brief moment, from her life.

Philomena entered the great hall. Vivianna was there, as if waiting. Philomena stared at Vivianna suspiciously. She thought about Vivianna. She envied her so damn much. She wanted that belt. Nothing else would do. It was almost too much to deal with. Why couldn't she be more like her? Maybe if they could just be real with each other for once... Why did everyone want to be like her?

After some time, Dita found herself in the library. Dita flipped through some books.

Vivianna found Philomena in the great hall. Vivianna played nervously with her belt in a successful bid to avoid talking to Philomena.

Nobody was in the dining room, so Gale found herself uncharacteristically at ease. The next thing she saw was the dining room table, which left her feeling disquieted. She wished the booze would kick in.

Nobody was in the foyer, so Dita found herself uncharacteristically at ease. She stared at the chandelier uncomprehendingly. Part of her, a larger part than she cared to admit, wanted to smash it.

The garage was empty. Finally, Darby thought, somewhere she could think. The next thing she saw was the riding lawnmower, which left her feeling disquieted. She heard a noise from somewhere else in the house. She thought about school, and how Gale and Dita got better grades than her. Were they jealous of her somehow? Not likely. How could that even be possible? Did they secretly like her after all? It didn't matter anyway. They were always laughing with their perfect friends. They never invited her to parties; it was a fluke she ended up at this one. They always got they wanted. Always.

Kiah looked around the front yard. Kiah started to climb the tree, then thought better of it.

Dita breathed deeply and took in sights of the living room. Dita bounced on the sofa, hoping to recapture her childhood innocence.

After some time, Vivianna found herself in the library. The mahogany work desk caught her eye. She thought it was the ugliest thing she'd ever seen. She wished the booze would kick in.

The kitchen was empty. Finally, Gale thought, somewhere she could think. Gale rifled through the cabinets for alcohol.

Darby entered the garage. Kiah was there, as if waiting. "why would you try to talk to MY best friend about me?" Darby demanded.

"because I'm going to my friend Jennifer house tomorrow and we be getting high lol xD," said Kiah.

Kiah and Darby ran into each other in the garage. Kiah seemed angry. "what is your

favourite Christmas record?" she asked.

"This Christmas (I'll Burn It To The Ground)."

After some time, Philomena found herself in the great hall. The family portrait reminded her of her mother. Barf. She wished the booze would kick in.

Dita looked around the living room. She stared at the coffee table uncomprehendingly. She heard a noise from somewhere else in the house.

Vivianna looked around the foyer. "Wow, check out that side table," she said to no one in particular. She heard a noise from somewhere else in the house.

After some time, Darby found herself in the garage. Darby tried to jimmy the lock on the car and ended up setting off the alarm. Whoops.

After some time, Philomena found herself in the bathroom. Philomena looked around for tampons, finding none.

After some time, Vivianna found herself in the library. The mahogany work desk caught her eye. She thought it was the ugliest thing she'd ever seen. She was hoping it would distract her, if for some brief moment, from her life.

The living room was empty. Finally, Gale thought, somewhere she could think. The flat screen TV caught her eye. She thought it was the ugliest thing she'd ever seen. Things. The house was full of things. When she got old enough to have a house, she'd own nothing.

Dita entered the living room to find Gale standing there. Dita played nervously with her sweater in a successful bid to avoid talking to Gale.

Nobody was in the back yard, so Darby found herself uncharacteristically at ease. She dutifully avoided the gas grill out of some primal respect for its otherness. Why she noticed in the first place was beyond her.

The kitchen was empty. Finally, Kiah thought, somewhere she could think. She noticed the

knife set. Kinda tacky. Why she noticed in the first place was beyond her.

As Vivianna entered the great hall, she saw Philomena making trouble. "What's YOuR favorite thing to DO?"

Philomena squirmed. "usually organizing pictures."

"Perfect, I've got the bathroom all to myself," thought Philomena. Philomena looked around for tampons, finding none.

Kiah entered the kitchen. Darby was there, as if waiting. Kiah played nervously with her purse in a successful bid to avoid talking to Darby.

Gale breathed deeply and took in sights of the foyer. "Wow, check out that chandelier," she said to no one in particular. She heard a noise from somewhere else in the house.

Dita looked around the front yard. Dita ran her fingers through the well-manicured grass, dreaming of better days.

Darby breathed deeply and took in sights of the breakfast nook. Darby drank some juice, fuck it, right? Whose house even was this? She thought about Kiah. Kiah and that fashionable purse of hers. She loved her so damn much. She wanted that purse. Nothing else would do. Nobody really knew how she felt. Why did she come to this stupid house party in the first place?

"Perfect, I've got the closet all to myself," thought Kiah. Kiah surreptitiously rearranged the supplies.

Gale breathed deeply and took in sights of the living room. Gale bounced on the sofa, hoping to recapture her childhood innocence.

Nobody was in the master bedroom, so Philomena found herself uncharacteristically at ease. "Wow, check out that king-sized bed," she said to no one in particular. Why she noticed in the first place was beyond her.

The kitchen was empty. Finally, Kiah thought, somewhere she could think. Kiah checked

the fridge for snacks.

Dita looked around the garage. Dita tried to jimmy the lock on the car and ended up setting off the alarm. Whoops.

Vivianna breathed deeply and took in sights of the guest bedroom. She noticed the poster of a... Monet?. Kinda tacky. Why she noticed in the first place was beyond her.

The breakfast nook was empty. Finally, Darby thought, somewhere she could think. Darby drank some juice, fuck it, right? Whose house even was this?

After some time, Kiah found herself in the closet. Kiah looked for some paper towels.

After some time, Gale found herself in the living room. Gale bounced on the sofa, hoping to recapture her childhood innocence.

Nobody was in the garage, so Dita found herself uncharacteristically at ease. Dita tried to jimmy the lock on the car and ended up setting off the alarm. Whoops.

Vivianna looked around the guest bedroom. Vivianna imagined what kind of people had stayed in the bed. How many people had had sex in it?

Darby breathed deeply and took in sights of the breakfast nook. Darby drank some juice, fuck it, right? Whose house even was this?

The kitchen was empty. Finally, Kiah thought, somewhere she could think. Kiah rifled through the cabinets for alcohol.

The living room was empty. Finally, Gale thought, somewhere she could think. Gale turned on the TV for a while. She thought about Dita. Dita and that incredible phone of hers. Maybe if they could just be real with each other for once... Why did everyone want to be like her? Just thinking about it made her want to puke. Why did she come to this stupid house party in the first place?

After some time, Vivianna found herself in the great hall. Vivianna took off her shoes, got a

running start, a slid in her socks down the slick hardwood floors.

Nobody was in the kitchen, so Darby found herself uncharacteristically at ease. She dutifully avoided the oven out of some primal respect for its otherness. Part of her, a larger part than she cared to admit, wanted to smash it.

Gale looked around the living room. Gale turned on the TV for a while.

Philomena breathed deeply and took in sights of the master bedroom. The king-sized bed caught her eye. She thought it was the ugliest thing she'd ever seen. She didn't give it a second thought. She thought about school, and how Darby and Philomena had more money than she did. Why did they leave whenever she entered a room?

Nobody was in the garage, so Dita found herself uncharacteristically at ease. The riding lawnmower caught her eye. She thought it was the ugliest thing she'd ever seen. She heard a noise from somewhere else in the house.

The bathroom was empty. Finally, Vivianna thought, somewhere she could think. The toilet reminded her of her mother. Barf. Why she noticed in the first place was beyond her.

Darby entered the kitchen. The oven reminded her of her mother. Barf. She wished the booze would kick in. She thought about Darby. It was almost too much to deal with. Why couldn't she be more like her? Why did everyone want to be like her? Just thinking about it made her want to puke.

After some time, Gale found herself in the front yard. Gale ran her fingers through the well-manicured grass, dreaming of better days.

Philomena entered the master bedroom. "Wow, check out that teak dresser," she said to no one in particular. Why she noticed in the first place was beyond her.

Vivianna breathed deeply and took in sights of the bathroom. Vivianna jiggled the toilet handle. She thought about school, and how Darby and Kiah got better grades than her. They were queen bees and they knew it. They never invited her to parties; it was a fluke she

ended up at this one.

The kitchen was empty. Finally, Kiah thought, somewhere she could think. Kiah checked the fridge for snacks.

Gale entered the garage. Gale considered getting on that lawnmower and riding it out of this place.

As Darby entered the back yard, she saw Dita making trouble. "Why do you keep subtweeting me?" asked Darby.

"because I'm not sure the subtweet is tome," said Dita.

Dita entered the back yard to find Darby standing there. "Why would you tell the whole world our business?" asked Dita.

Darby yelled. "because I went during business hours."

Philomena entered the master bathroom. She dutifully avoided the blonde onyx flooring out of some primal respect for its otherness. She wished the booze would kick in.

"Perfect, I've got the bathroom all to myself," thought Vivianna. Vivianna looked around for tampons, finding none.

Kiah breathed deeply and took in sights of the closet. Kiah surrepticiously rearranged the supplies. She thought about school, and how Dita and Gale thought they were so much better than everyone else. How could that even be possible? They were always laughing with their perfect friends. They were queen bees and they knew it. They always got they wanted. Always. Did they suspect she thought about them so much?

The front yard was empty. Finally, Gale thought, somewhere she could think. The tree caught her eye. She thought it was the ugliest thing she'd ever seen. She wished the booze would kick in.

Vivianna entered the bathroom. "Wow, check out that nautical themed shower curtain," she said to no one in particular. She was hoping it would distract her, if for some brief moment,

from her life.

Nobody was in the back yard, so Darby found herself uncharacteristically at ease. She stared at the gas grill uncomprehendingly. She wished the booze would kick in.

The living room was empty. Finally, Gale thought, somewhere she could think. Gale bounced on the sofa, hoping to recapture her childhood innocence. She thought about Philomena. She hated her so damn much. She wanted that scarf. Nothing else would do. Maybe if they could just be real with each other for once... Nobody really knew how she felt. Why did everyone want to be like her? Just thinking about it made her want to puke.

Dita entered the kitchen to find Kiah standing there. Dita played nervously with her phone in a successful bid to avoid talking to Kiah.

"Perfect, I've got the bathroom all to myself," thought Vivianna. "Wow, check out that nautical themed shower curtain," she said to no one in particular. Part of her, a larger part than she cared to admit, wanted to smash it. She thought about school, and how Darby and Kiah had more money than she did. Why did they leave whenever she entered a room? How could that even be possible? They were queen bees and they knew it. They always got they wanted. Always. Did they suspect she thought about them so much?

"Perfect, I've got the garage all to myself," thought Darby. Darby considered getting on that lawnmower and riding it out of this place.

Nobody was in the foyer, so Gale found herself uncharacteristically at ease. She dutifully avoided the chandelier out of some primal respect for its otherness. Part of her, a larger part than she cared to admit, wanted to smash it.

Kiah walked into the kitchen and saw Dita. Great. "what's the best thing to do is always the hardest thing to do?"

"Being happy."

"Perfect, I've got the bathroom all to myself," thought Vivianna. Vivianna jiggled the toilet

handle.

After some time, Gale found herself in the foyer. Gale debated just leaving the house.

As Dita entered the closet, she saw Kiah making trouble. "what's the best like we don't all have preferences?" Dita inquired.

"OMG RIN IS ," said Kiah.

The kitchen held two items of interest to Dita: the fridge and Kiah. Dita avoided Kiah. She thought about school, and how Kiah and Dita never talked to her. Did they secretly like her after all? It didn't matter anyway. They were always laughing with their perfect friends. They were queen bees and they knew it. They never invited her to parties; it was a fluke she ended up at this one. Did they suspect she thought about them so much?

The great hall was empty. Finally, Vivianna thought, somewhere she could think. Vivianna took off her shoes, got a running start, a slid in her socks down the slick hardwood floors. She thought about Darby. Darby and that ostentatious shirt of hers. Why couldn't she be more like her? Nobody really knew how she felt. Why did she come to this stupid house party in the first place?

"Perfect, I've got the front yard all to myself," thought Darby. She noticed the lawn. Kinda tacky. Part of her, a larger part than she cared to admit, wanted to smash it.

Kiah entered the kitchen. Dita was there, as if waiting. Kiah looked disinterested. "What's the best wine for pairing with cinnamon oatmeal?" she inquired.

Dita squirmed. "Free wine."

Dita breathed deeply and took in sights of the kitchen. The oven reminded her of her mother. Barf. Part of her, a larger part than she cared to admit, wanted to smash it.

The library was empty. Finally, Vivianna thought, somewhere she could think. Vivianna tried and failed to open the lock on the desk. She thought about school, and how Gale and Philomena didn't have to try hard to be liked. Why did they leave whenever she entered a

room? Were they jealous of her somehow? Not likely. They were always laughing with their perfect friends. They were queen bees and they knew it. They never invited her to parties; it was a fluke she ended up at this one. But life was probably hard for them too, in its own way. It always is.

After some time, Kiah found herself in the dining room. She stared at the silverware uncomprehendingly. Part of her, a larger part than she cared to admit, wanted to smash it.

After some time, Vivianna found herself in the library. She stared at the bookshelf uncomprehendingly. Part of her, a larger part than she cared to admit, wanted to smash it. She thought about school, and how Dita and Vivianna never talked to her. Were they jealous of her somehow? Not likely. How could that even be possible? They were always laughing with their perfect friends. Did they suspect she thought about them so much?

Darby entered the foyer. Gale was there, as if waiting. Darby avoided Gale.

Gale and Darby ran into each other in the foyer. Gale seemed angry. "what is your favourite Christmas record?" she inquired.

"Santa Baby," said Darby.

Dita breathed deeply and took in sights of the closet. "Wow, check out that mop," she said to no one in particular. She wished the booze would kick in. She thought about Darby. Darby and that emerald coat of hers. She liked her so damn much. She wanted that coat. Nothing else would do. Maybe if they could just be real with each other for once... Why did everyone want to be like her? Just thinking about it made her want to puke.

After some time, Kiah found herself in the living room. She stared at the coffee table uncomprehendingly. Part of her, a larger part than she cared to admit, wanted to smash it.

Philomena found Vivianna in the great hall. "what's your favorite type of candy?" demanded Philomena.

"Idc if it makes me weird but this," said Vivianna.

Gale found Darby in the foyer. "What is the best parking for under \$20; easy access to 35?"

"Pull through parking."

Nobody was in the bathroom, so Philomena found herself uncharacteristically at ease. The next thing she saw was the framed photo of a fish, which left her feeling disquieted. She was hoping it would distract her, if for some brief moment, from her life. She thought about Dita. Dita and that incredible phone of hers. She liked her so damn much. Maybe if they could just be real with each other for once... Nobody really knew how she felt. Just thinking about it made her want to puke. Why did she come to this stupid house party in the first place?

Dita looked around the kitchen. Dita rifled through the cabinets for alcohol.

After some time, Vivianna found herself in the great hall. Vivianna took off her shoes, got a running start, and slid in her socks down the slick hardwood floors. She thought about Gale. Maybe if they could just be real with each other for once... Why did everyone want to be like her? Just thinking about it made her want to puke.

Darby breathed deeply and took in sights of the foyer. Darby debated just leaving the house.

Kiah entered the living room to find Gale standing there. Kiah stared at Gale suspiciously.

Gale entered the living room to find Kiah standing there. "what's the best thing to do is always the hardest thing to do?" Gale asked.

" AND YET IT IS ."

Nobody was in the bathroom, so Vivianna found herself uncharacteristically at ease. Vivianna relieved herself.

Darby encountered Gale in the foyer. Darby eyed Gale's teal shirt with envy.

The living room was empty. Finally, Kiah thought, somewhere she could think. Kiah

bounced on the sofa, hoping to recapture her childhood innocence. She thought about school, and how Dita and Philomena had more money than she did. Were they jealous of her somehow? Not likely. They were always laughing with their perfect friends. They were queen bees and they knew it.

Philomena breathed deeply and took in sights of the bathroom. Philomena looked around for tampons, finding none.

After some time, Vivianna found herself in the great hall. The next thing she saw was the tribal Afghan rug, which left her feeling disquieted. Part of her, a larger part than she cared to admit, wanted to smash it. She thought about school, and how Gale and Kiah got better grades than her. Were they jealous of her somehow? Not likely. Did they secretly like her after all? It didn't matter anyway. They were always laughing with their perfect friends. They walked around the school like they owned the place. They always got they wanted. Always. Did they suspect she thought about them so much?

The foyer held two items of interest to Darby: the side table and Gale. Darby avoided Gale.

Gale walked into the foyer and saw Kiah. Great. Gale avoided Kiah.

Nobody was in the great hall, so Philomena found herself uncharacteristically at ease. Philomena took off her shoes, got a running start, a slid in her socks down the slick hardwood floors.

After some time, Vivianna found herself in the library. Vivianna tried and failed to open the lock on the desk.

Darby entered the living room. Darby turned on the TV for a while. Gale encountered Kiah in the foyer. Kiah stiffened and began to ramble, not noticing Gale, as if in a fugue state. "We were at the middle school and my ballet class had ordered pizza. Courtlynd was asking everyone if they had any crust to spare. Some of us sat down outside while others went to classroom 2 and watched a hyped-up video on soccer. Angela kept talking about how it was changed for the Olympics. She said she gave her gold medal to another

teammate. Then people started eating Steamers pizza."

As Kiah entered the foyer, she saw Gale making trouble. "What is your favourite group?"

Gale recoiled. "Zeds Dead."

After some time, Vivianna found herself in the foyer. She dutifully avoided the chandelier out of some primal respect for its otherness. She heard a noise from somewhere else in the house.

Darby looked around the living room. Darby bounced on the sofa, hoping to recapture her childhood innocence. She thought about Philomena. She liked her so damn much. It was almost too much to deal with. Why couldn't she be more like her? Maybe if they could just be real with each other for once... Why did everyone want to be like her?

Kiah entered the front yard. Kiah started to climb the tree, then thought better of it.

Gale entered the library. Gale flipped through some books.

Gale found Vivianna in the library. Gale played nervously with her shirt in a successful bid to avoid talking to Vivianna.

Kiah entered the front yard to find Darby standing there. Kiah appeared concerned.

"What's the best way to express your feelings?" she asked.

"Sometimes silence."

Vivianna breathed deeply and took in sights of the library. She stared at the mahogany work desk uncomprehendingly. Why she noticed in the first place was beyond her. She thought about Vivianna. She envied her so damn much. Nobody really knew how she felt. Why did everyone want to be like her?

Darby entered the foyer to find Gale standing there. Darby stared at Gale suspiciously.

Dita entered the kitchen. She stared at the fridge uncomprehendingly. Why she noticed in the first place was beyond her.

Darby looked around the front yard. Darby ran her fingers through the well-manicured grass, dreaming of better days. She thought about school, and how Darby and Gale were such total bitches. How could that even be possible? Did they secretly like her after all? It didn't matter anyway. They were always laughing with their perfect friends. They walked around the school like they owned the place. They never invited her to parties; it was a fluke she ended up at this one. They always got they wanted. Always. But life was probably hard for them too, in its own way. It always is.

Gale looked around the living room. Gale turned on the TV for a while.

"Perfect, I've got the kitchen all to myself," thought Dita. She noticed the oven. Kinda tacky. She heard a noise from somewhere else in the house.

Vivianna breathed deeply and took in sights of the guest bedroom. Vivianna guessed that this was the most boring room in the house.

The garage was empty. Finally, Darby thought, somewhere she could think. The riding lawnmower caught her eye. She thought it was the ugliest thing she'd ever seen. She was hoping it would distract her, if for some brief moment, from her life.

Gale looked around the front yard. She noticed the lawn. Kinda tacky. She didn't give it a second thought.

Dita breathed deeply and took in sights of the kitchen. Dita rifled through the cabinets for alcohol.

After some time, Darby found herself in the garage. Darby considered getting on that lawnmower and riding it out of this place.

The living room was empty. Finally, Gale thought, somewhere she could think. Gale bounced on the sofa, hoping to recapture her childhood innocence. She thought about school, and how Philomena and Dita had more money than she did. Were they jealous of her somehow? Not likely. They were always laughing with their perfect friends. They never invited her to parties; it was a fluke she ended up at this one.

After some time, Philomena found herself in the master bedroom. She stared at the king-sized bed uncomprehendingly. Part of her, a larger part than she cared to admit, wanted to smash it.

After some time, Dita found herself in the closet. The mop reminded her of her mother. Barf. She didn't give it a second thought.

The great hall was empty. Finally, Vivianna thought, somewhere she could think. Vivianna stared down the hall, which seemed longer than it had any right to be.

After some time, Darby found herself in the front yard. Darby started to climb the tree, then thought better of it.

Nobody was in the living room, so Gale found herself uncharacteristically at ease. Gale bounced on the sofa, hoping to recapture her childhood innocence.

Philomena entered the great hall. Philomena stared down the hall, which seemed longer than it had any right to be. She thought about school, and how Darby and Dita were such total bitches. Did they secretly like her after all? It didn't matter anyway. They were always laughing with their perfect friends. They were queen bees and they knew it. But life was probably hard for them too, in its own way. It always is.

Vivianna breathed deeply and took in sights of the library. The next thing she saw was the mahogany work desk, which left her feeling disquieted. She was hoping it would distract her, if for some brief moment, from her life.

Nobody was in the foyer, so Darby found herself uncharacteristically at ease. Darby debated just leaving the house.

Gale found Kiah in the dining room. "what is the best decision you'll ever make?"

Kiah chuckled. "Sometimes making the hardest decision."

Philomena looked around the great hall. Philomena stared down the hall, which seemed longer than it had any right to be. She thought about school, and how Vivianna and

Philomena got better grades than her. Why did they leave whenever she entered a room? Were they jealous of her somehow? Not likely. Did they secretly like her after all? It didn't matter anyway. They were always laughing with their perfect friends. But life was probably hard for them too, in its own way. It always is. Did they suspect she thought about them so much?

Dita breathed deeply and took in sights of the closet. Dita surreptitiously rearranged the supplies. She thought about Philomena. Philomena and that crimson phone of hers. She wanted that scarf. Nothing else would do. It was almost too much to deal with. Why did everyone want to be like her?

After some time, Kiah found herself in the back yard. She dutifully avoided the gas grill out of some primal respect for its otherness. She wished the booze would kick in.

The living room was empty. Finally, Gale thought, somewhere she could think. Gale bounced on the sofa, hoping to recapture her childhood innocence.

Vivianna walked into the foyer and saw Darby. Great. "what's your favourite part of your body?"

"going to bed."

After some time, Philomena found herself in the great hall. Philomena took off her shoes, got a running start, a slid in her socks down the slick hardwood floors. She thought about school, and how Darby and Gale had more money than she did. Why did they leave whenever she entered a room? How could that even be possible? They never invited her to parties; it was a fluke she ended up at this one. Did they suspect she thought about them so much? Dita found Kiah in the kitchen. Kiah was crying. Dita acted on instinct. "Tell me all about it." she said. Kiah obliged in an unbecoming outpouring. "I had a younger sister who ran away. I had to go look at shirts she had worn to guess what she was wearing, and finally concluded that she was at a middle school I used to attend."

Vivianna entered the foyer. She noticed the side table. Kinda tacky. She didn't give it a second thought. She thought about school, and how Darby and Philomena never talked to

her. Were they jealous of her somehow? Not likely. Did they secretly like her after all? It didn't matter anyway.

The front yard held two items of interest to Darby: the lawn and Gale. "Where did you get that skirt, Gale?" Gale ignored her.

Gale entered the front yard to find Darby standing there. Gale stared at Darby suspiciously.

Kiah found Dita in the kitchen. "what's your favourite sex position?" asked Kiah.

"Home Depot."

Philomena breathed deeply and took in sights of the great hall. Philomena took off her shoes, got a running start, and slid in her socks down the slick hardwood floors.

Dita breathed deeply and took in sights of the closet. The next thing she saw was the broom, which left her feeling disquieted. Things. The house was full of things. When she got old enough to have a house, she'd own nothing.

Vivianna breathed deeply and took in sights of the library. Vivianna tried and failed to open the lock on the desk.

"Perfect, I've got the foyer all to myself," thought Darby. Darby debated just leaving the house.

"Perfect, I've got the kitchen all to myself," thought Kiah. Kiah rifled through the cabinets for alcohol. She thought about school, and how Vivianna and Darby never talked to her. Were they jealous of her somehow? Not likely. Did they secretly like her after all? It didn't matter anyway. But life was probably hard for them too, in its own way. It always is.

The library was empty. Finally, Philomena thought, somewhere she could think. The bookshelf reminded her of her mother. Barf. Things. The house was full of things. When she got old enough to have a house, she'd own nothing.

Nobody was in the kitchen, so Dita found herself uncharacteristically at ease. "Wow, check out that oven," she said to no one in particular. She heard a noise from somewhere else in

the house.

Vivianna looked around the great hall. Vivianna stared down the hall, which seemed longer than it had any right to be.

Darby entered the foyer. Darby debated just leaving the house.

Gale breathed deeply and took in sights of the living room. The flat screen TV caught her eye. She thought it was the ugliest thing she'd ever seen. She didn't give it a second thought.

Dita encountered Kiah in the back yard. Dita played nervously with her phone in a successful bid to avoid talking to Kiah.

Gale looked around the front yard. Gale ran her fingers through the well-manicured grass, dreaming of better days.

As Vivianna entered the library, she saw Philomena making trouble. "Why would you wanna have a see thru purse?" Vivianna asked.

"because I have to pull an all nighter round 2 tonight makes me wanna cry," said Philomena.

As Darby entered the library, she saw Vivianna making trouble. "What's your favorite morning workout?" demanded Darby.

"Tomorrow."

Philomena encountered Vivianna in the great hall. Philomena stared at Vivianna suspiciously.

Dita entered the back yard to find Kiah standing there. Dita stared at Kiah suspiciously.

Darby looked around the library. Darby flipped through some books.

The back yard held two items of interest to Kiah: the lawn furniture and Dita. Kiah played nervously with her watch in a successful bid to avoid talking to Dita. She thought about Dita.

It was almost too much to deal with. Why couldn't she be more like her? Maybe if they could just be real with each other for once... Nobody really knew how she felt. Why did everyone want to be like her?

After some time, Gale found herself in the living room. She stared at the flat screen TV uncomprehendingly. Why she noticed in the first place was beyond her.

Vivianna encountered Philomena in the great hall. "What's the best blunt wrap paper?" Vivianna inquired.

"That first blunt of the day," said Philomena.

"Perfect, I've got the great hall all to myself," thought Philomena. Philomena stared down the hall, which seemed longer than it had any right to be. She thought about school, and how Gale and Dita didn't have to try hard to be liked. Were they jealous of her somehow? Not likely. How could that even be possible? Did they secretly like her after all? It didn't matter anyway. They were always laughing with their perfect friends.

"Perfect, I've got the dining room all to myself," thought Kiah. She noticed the silverware. Kinda tacky. She wished the booze would kick in.

Gale breathed deeply and took in sights of the front yard. Gale ran her fingers through the well-manicured grass, dreaming of better days.

"Perfect, I've got the guest bedroom all to myself," thought Philomena. She dutifully avoided the set of curtains out of some primal respect for its otherness. Why she noticed in the first place was beyond her. She thought about school, and how Dita and Darby didn't have to try hard to be liked. Why did they leave whenever she entered a room? Did they secretly like her after all? It didn't matter anyway. They were queen bees and they knew it. They never invited her to parties; it was a fluke she ended up at this one. But life was probably hard for them too, in its own way. It always is.

Vivianna entered the master bathroom. She noticed the blonde onyx toilet. Kinda tacky. Why she noticed in the first place was beyond her.

Darby breathed deeply and took in sights of the library. Darby tried and failed to open the lock on the desk.

After some time, Kiah found herself in the kitchen. Kiah checked the fridge for snacks. She thought about school, and how Gale and Vivianna were such total bitches. Why did they leave whenever she entered a room? How could that even be possible? They were always laughing with their perfect friends. They were queen bees and they knew it. They never invited her to parties; it was a fluke she ended up at this one. They always got they wanted. Always. But life was probably hard for them too, in its own way. It always is.

Gale looked around the foyer. Gale debated just leaving the house.

Philomena entered the great hall. Philomena stared down the hall, which seemed longer than it had any right to be.

Dita looked around the dining room. The silverware caught her eye. She thought it was the ugliest thing she'd ever seen. She was hoping it would distract her, if for some brief moment, from her life.

Nobody was in the foyer, so Darby found herself uncharacteristically at ease. Darby debated just leaving the house. She thought about school, and how Kiah and Darby didn't have to try hard to be liked. How could that even be possible? They were always laughing with their perfect friends. They walked around the school like they owned the place. They always got they wanted. Always.

"Perfect, I've got the living room all to myself," thought Gale. Gale turned on the TV for a while.

Nobody was in the great hall, so Philomena found herself uncharacteristically at ease. Philomena stared down the hall, which seemed longer than it had any right to be.

After some time, Vivianna found herself in the master bedroom. She stared at the teak dresser uncomprehendingly. She didn't give it a second thought.

Nobody was in the library, so Darby found herself uncharacteristically at ease. The

bookshelf reminded her of her mother. Barf. She was hoping it would distract her, if for some brief moment, from her life.

After some time, Kiah found herself in the kitchen. She noticed the knife set. Kinda tacky. She was hoping it would distract her, if for some brief moment, from her life.

Nobody was in the living room, so Gale found herself uncharacteristically at ease. Gale turned on the TV for a while. She thought about Dita. Dita and that incredible phone of hers. She liked her so damn much. It was almost too much to deal with. Why couldn't she be more like her? Maybe if they could just be real with each other for once... Nobody really knew how she felt. Why did everyone want to be like her? Just thinking about it made her want to puke.

Philomena looked around the great hall. She stared at the tribal Afghan rug uncomprehendingly. Part of her, a larger part than she cared to admit, wanted to smash it.

Nobody was in the library, so Darby found herself uncharacteristically at ease. The bookshelf caught her eye. She thought it was the ugliest thing she'd ever seen. Things. The house was full of things. When she got old enough to have a house, she'd own nothing.

Nobody was in the closet, so Kiah found herself uncharacteristically at ease. The broom caught her eye. She thought it was the ugliest thing she'd ever seen. She heard a noise from somewhere else in the house.

Nobody was in the foyer, so Gale found herself uncharacteristically at ease. The chandelier reminded her of her mother. Barf. Part of her, a larger part than she cared to admit, wanted to smash it.

As Darby entered the great hall, she saw Philomena making trouble. Darby eyed Philomena's fashionable scarf with envy.

"Perfect, I've got the closet all to myself," thought Kiah. Kiah surreptitiously rearranged the supplies.

Nobody was in the front yard, so Gale found herself uncharacteristically at ease. "Wow,

check out that tree," she said to no one in particular. She was hoping it would distract her, if for some brief moment, from her life. The kitchen held two items of interest to Dita: the fridge and Kiah. Kiah looked directly at Dita. "I had the weirdest dream," she said. "I was a Carebear from the show "Carebears" and my Carebear friends and I were riding around on rainbows and having a good time. Suddenly the leader of the carebears got really mad at me for no reason and told me I was banished. I hadn't done anything, so I didn't leave. When he found out, he was going to put me in jail, but I got away before he could."

Gale looked around the living room. She dutifully avoided the flat screen TV out of some primal respect for its otherness. She wished the booze would kick in.

The kitchen was empty. Finally, Dita thought, somewhere she could think. Dita checked the fridge for snacks.

"Perfect, I've got the guest bedroom all to myself," thought Darby. She dutifully avoided the set of curtains out of some primal respect for its otherness. She heard a noise from somewhere else in the house.

"Perfect, I've got the front yard all to myself," thought Gale. She dutifully avoided the lawn out of some primal respect for its otherness. She heard a noise from somewhere else in the house.

Philomena breathed deeply and took in sights of the guest bedroom. Philomena guessed that this was the most boring room in the house. Vivianna encountered Darby in the great hall. Darby was crying. Vivianna acted on instinct. "Tell me all about it." she said. Darby obliged in an unbecoming outpouring. "I was with my mom and our car broke down, so mom called triple-A and towed our car. After that, it was a jumble of being in a somewhat Tom Sawyer neighborhood and being at school. Coming back with a babysitter, we waited for mom to pull up, and she did in a dark turquoise sports car." Darby encountered Vivianna in the great hall. Vivianna looked directly at Darby. "I had the weirdest dream," she said. "I went to summer camp, met a girl who liked my straightforwardness, and she gave me some false eyelashes. I remember thinking I'd forgotten all my hair products. Then I saw a little boy being beat up, so I went over to one of the guys and told him he was a fuck-up. He

then asked me if I wanted my head twisted off, and got really pissed. So I told him he had misunderstood my comment, and what I really said was "I wanna fuck you up." So he changed his mind and fell in love with me, and we did this dancing-flying kind of thing. After we did this, I accidentally let go and flew into another room, and changed into a twin of the man in there. Then there was something in there about Dorothy/Judy Garland, but I don't remember. I don't remember the ending."

Gale entered the living room. She noticed the flat screen TV. Kinda tacky. Why she noticed in the first place was beyond her.

Kiah entered the closet. Dita was there, as if waiting. Kiah appeared cross. "what's your favourite sex position?" she asked.

"Home Depot."

"Perfect, I've got the guest bedroom all to myself," thought Philomena. The poster of a... Monet? caught her eye. She thought it was the ugliest thing she'd ever seen. She heard a noise from somewhere else in the house.

Vivianna entered the library. Vivianna tried and failed to open the lock on the desk.

Kiah entered the kitchen to find Dita standing there. Kiah played nervously with her watch in a successful bid to avoid talking to Dita.

The front yard was empty. Finally, Gale thought, somewhere she could think. Gale ran her fingers through the well-manicured grass, dreaming of better days.

Nobody was in the guest bedroom, so Philomena found herself uncharacteristically at ease. The next thing she saw was the bed, which left her feeling disquieted. She heard a noise from somewhere else in the house.

Dita breathed deeply and took in sights of the kitchen. She stared at the knife set uncomprehendingly. She was hoping it would distract her, if for some brief moment, from her life.

Vivianna breathed deeply and took in sights of the library. Vivianna tried and failed to open the lock on the desk.

"Perfect, I've got the front yard all to myself," thought Gale. Gale started to climb the tree, then thought better of it. Vivianna entered the great hall to find Philomena standing there. Philomena looked directly at Vivianna. "I had the weirdest dream," she said. "All I remember is going through a house then into a garden maze. It turned out to be one of those "group" skills activities, but it took me a while to find my group. They had found many clues already, so I wasn't that helpful. I think we won."

Darby looked around the master bedroom. She noticed the king-sized bed. Kinda tacky. She was hoping it would distract her, if for some brief moment, from her life. She thought about school, and how Kiah and Gale never talked to her. Why did they leave whenever she entered a room? Did they secretly like her after all? It didn't matter anyway. They were always laughing with their perfect friends. They always got they wanted. Always. Did they suspect she thought about them so much?

The living room was empty. Finally, Gale thought, somewhere she could think. "Wow, check out that coffee table," she said to no one in particular. Why she noticed in the first place was beyond her.

Philomena encountered Vivianna in the great hall. "what's your favourite memory of this years rugby tweet us here?" asked Philomena.

Vivianna squirmed. "honestly that bonfire last year w/ tristan and michaela."

Philomena entered the great hall. Darby was there, as if waiting. Philomena stared at Darby suspiciously.

After some time, Kiah found herself in the kitchen. Kiah checked the fridge for snacks.

The living room was empty. Finally, Gale thought, somewhere she could think. The coffee table reminded her of her mother. Barf. She wished the booze would kick in.

Darby entered the great hall to find Philomena standing there. "why would you kidnap

hayley?"

"because I waved my arms around cause I was excited for my grades," said Philomena.

The bathroom was empty. Finally, Philomena thought, somewhere she could think. Philomena relieved herself.

Dita entered the dining room. She dutifully avoided the dining room table out of some primal respect for its otherness. She heard a noise from somewhere else in the house.

The back yard was empty. Finally, Kiah thought, somewhere she could think. She stared at the lawn furniture uncomprehendingly. She was hoping it would distract her, if for some brief moment, from her life.

As Vivianna entered the great hall, she saw Darby making trouble. "what's your favourite colour?" Vivianna asked.

"I'm not an emo but black."

Philomena entered the bathroom. The nautical themed shower curtain caught her eye. She thought it was the ugliest thing she'd ever seen. She heard a noise from somewhere else in the house.

After some time, Dita found herself in the kitchen. The knife set reminded her of her mother. Barf. She wished the booze would kick in.

The guest bedroom held two items of interest to Darby: the poster of a... Monet? and Vivianna. Darby eyed Vivianna's aquamarine sweater with envy. She thought about Vivianna. Why did everyone want to be like her?

Nobody was in the back yard, so Kiah found herself uncharacteristically at ease. "Wow, check out that lawn furniture," she said to no one in particular. Part of her, a larger part than she cared to admit, wanted to smash it.

After some time, Dita found herself in the dining room. The next thing she saw was the dining room table, which left her feeling disquieted. She was hoping it would distract her, if

for some brief moment, from her life. Darby and Philomena ran into each other in the great hall. Philomena stiffened and began to ramble, not noticing Darby, as if in a fugue state. "I was going to fence someone but all of the swords didn't have long blades. I asked some buy to fence and he turned out to be my friend's brother. We were talking and he told me he was taking calculus XZ. Then he smiled at me and I think I liked him. He said two nice things to me and said something about the difference in our age. Then he said, "You aren't using my sister to get to me?" I said no and he said, "I don't want my sister to get hurt." Before that, we were at camp and assigned to jobs before the feast. I went downstairs to this beach; someone was telling me about how people died in a volcano here. It reminded me of Mt. Vesuvius. Then me & Jeanette went down a dark road in a car to go grocery shopping even though it wasn't my job. Then I went down stairs to the boys school where my old crush R. went to school. I was looking for him but I couldn't find him."

"Perfect, I've got the library all to myself," thought Gale. Gale flipped through some books. She thought about Vivianna. Vivianna and that aquamarine sweater of hers. She liked her so damn much. It was almost too much to deal with. Nobody really knew how she felt.

Philomena breathed deeply and took in sights of the guest bedroom. She noticed the poster of a... Monet?. Kinda tacky. She was hoping it would distract her, if for some brief moment, from her life.

Vivianna found Darby in the great hall. Vivianna played nervously with her belt in a successful bid to avoid talking to Darby.

Darby found Vivianna in the great hall. Darby eyed Vivianna's ostentatious belt with envy.

Kiah entered the back yard to find Dita standing there. Kiah stared at Dita suspiciously.

The library was empty. Finally, Gale thought, somewhere she could think. Gale tried and failed to open the lock on the desk.

Nobody was in the garage, so Dita found herself uncharacteristically at ease. Dita tried to jimmy the lock on the car and ended up setting off the alarm. Whoops.

The great hall was empty. Finally, Vivianna thought, somewhere she could think. Vivianna stared down the hall, which seemed longer than it had any right to be.

Nobody was in the master bedroom, so Darby found herself uncharacteristically at ease. "Wow, check out that king-sized bed," she said to no one in particular. She wished the booze would kick in. She thought about Vivianna. Vivianna and that aquamarine sweater of hers. Nobody really knew how she felt. Just thinking about it made her want to puke.

The back yard was empty. Finally, Kiah thought, somewhere she could think. "Wow, check out that lawn furniture," she said to no one in particular. She wished the booze would kick in.

Gale breathed deeply and took in sights of the library. The mahogany work desk caught her eye. She thought it was the ugliest thing she'd ever seen. Things. The house was full of things. When she got old enough to have a house, she'd own nothing.

Philomena entered the great hall. Vivianna was there, as if waiting. Philomena avoided Vivianna. She thought about Vivianna. She loved her so damn much. She wanted that sweater. Nothing else would do. Why couldn't she be more like her?

Dita breathed deeply and took in sights of the garage. Dita peered in the car door for some kind of clue as to whose house this was. She thought about school, and how Gale and Vivianna had more money than she did. Did they secretly like her after all? It didn't matter anyway. They were always laughing with their perfect friends. They walked around the school like they owned the place. They were queen bees and they knew it. They always got they wanted. Always. Did they suspect she thought about them so much?

Vivianna walked into the great hall and saw Philomena. Great. "Where did you get that phone, Philomena?" Philomena ignored her.

Gale entered the library. The bookshelf reminded her of her mother. Barf. Part of her, a larger part than she cared to admit, wanted to smash it.

Philomena and Vivianna ran into each other in the great hall. "Where did you get that

sweater, Vivianna?" Vivianna ignored her.

"Perfect, I've got the garage all to myself," thought Dita. The riding lawnmower caught her eye. She thought it was the ugliest thing she'd ever seen. Part of her, a larger part than she cared to admit, wanted to smash it.

The master bathroom was empty. Finally, Darby thought, somewhere she could think. She stared at the blonde onyx countertop uncomprehendingly. She didn't give it a second thought.

The dining room was empty. Finally, Kiah thought, somewhere she could think. She dutifully avoided the dining room table out of some primal respect for its otherness. Things. The house was full of things. When she got old enough to have a house, she'd own nothing.

Philomena looked around the great hall. She stared at the family portrait uncomprehendingly. She didn't give it a second thought.

Nobody was in the guest bedroom, so Vivianna found herself uncharacteristically at ease. Vivianna guessed that this was the most boring room in the house.

Darby looked around the master bathroom. She dutifully avoided the blonde onyx toilet out of some primal respect for its otherness. She didn't give it a second thought.

Kiah entered the living room. Kiah bounced on the sofa, hoping to recapture her childhood innocence.

Nobody was in the foyer, so Gale found herself uncharacteristically at ease. She dutifully avoided the side table out of some primal respect for its otherness. She didn't give it a second thought. She thought about school, and how Kiah and Darby thought they were so much better than everyone else. How could that even be possible? They walked around the school like they owned the place. They always got they wanted. Always. Did they suspect she thought about them so much?

Dita breathed deeply and took in sights of the back yard. The gas grill caught her eye. She thought it was the ugliest thing she'd ever seen. Things. The house was full of things. When

she got old enough to have a house, she'd own nothing.

Kiah breathed deeply and took in sights of the living room. Kiah turned on the TV for a while.

After some time, Gale found herself in the foyer. Gale debated just leaving the house.

Vivianna and Philomena ran into each other in the great hall. "what is your favorite pen to use for writing postcards - sharpie?"

"this girl keeps taking my pen and I'm laughing but inside I'm not because this," said Philomena.

Philomena walked into the great hall and saw Vivianna. Great. "why would you go back?" Philomena demanded.

Vivianna squirmed. "because I really do not want to go back to del tech."

Philomena looked around the bathroom. Philomena looked around for tampons, finding none.

After some time, Dita found herself in the garage. Dita peered in the car door for some kind of clue as to whose house this was. She thought about Vivianna. Vivianna and that aquamarine sweater of hers. Just thinking about it made her want to puke.

Vivianna entered the great hall. Vivianna stared down the hall, which seemed longer than it had any right to be.

"Perfect, I've got the master bedroom all to myself," thought Darby. She stared at the king-sized bed uncomprehendingly. Part of her, a larger part than she cared to admit, wanted to smash it. She thought about Dita. She wanted that phone. Nothing else would do. It was almost too much to deal with. Why did she come to this stupid house party in the first place?

The living room was empty. Finally, Kiah thought, somewhere she could think. Kiah

bounced on the sofa, hoping to recapture her childhood innocence.

Nobody was in the foyer, so Gale found herself uncharacteristically at ease. Gale debated just leaving the house.

The great hall was empty. Finally, Philomena thought, somewhere she could think. Philomena stared down the hall, which seemed longer than it had any right to be.

The garage was empty. Finally, Dita thought, somewhere she could think. She stared at the riding lawnmower uncomprehendingly. Part of her, a larger part than she cared to admit, wanted to smash it.

Kiah entered the living room. She dutifully avoided the coffee table out of some primal respect for its otherness. She was hoping it would distract her, if for some brief moment, from her life.

Gale entered the front yard. Gale ran her fingers through the well-manicured grass, dreaming of better days.

The guest bedroom was empty. Finally, Philomena thought, somewhere she could think. The next thing she saw was the set of curtains, which left her feeling disquieted. Things. The house was full of things. When she got old enough to have a house, she'd own nothing.

The back yard was empty. Finally, Dita thought, somewhere she could think. She stared at the lawn furniture uncomprehendingly. Things. The house was full of things. When she got old enough to have a house, she'd own nothing. She thought about Dita. Dita and that incredible phone of hers. She wanted that phone. Nothing else would do. Why couldn't she be more like her? Nobody really knew how she felt. Just thinking about it made her want to puke. Why did she come to this stupid house party in the first place? Vivianna and Darby ran into each other in the master bedroom. Darby was crying. Vivianna acted on instinct. "Tell me all about it." she said. Darby obliged in an unbecoming outpouring. "I was sitting with some girlfriends on a grassy hill when all of a sudden a fire broke out and everyone was running. Then the fire disappeared and we all turned into cat people and went

swimming in a pool of milk."

After some time, Kiah found herself in the living room. The next thing she saw was the flat screen TV, which left her feeling disquieted. Why she noticed in the first place was beyond her.

Gale looked around the front yard. Gale ran her fingers through the well-manicured grass, dreaming of better days. She thought about school, and how Gale and Darby never talked to her. How could that even be possible? They always got they wanted. Always.

As Darby entered the master bedroom, she saw Vivianna making trouble. "What's your favorite holiday / winter song?" asked Darby.

Vivianna recoiled. "Thanksgivingmy favorite holiday but I can't help but smile that Christmas music is ."

Vivianna found Philomena in the great hall. Philomena looked directly at Vivianna. "I had the weirdest dream," she said. "I had a younger sister who ran away. I had to go look at shirts she had worn to guess what she was wearing, and finally concluded that she was at a middle school I used to attend."

The living room was empty. Finally, Kiah thought, somewhere she could think. She noticed the coffee table. Kinda tacky. Why she noticed in the first place was beyond her.

After some time, Dita found herself in the garage. The next thing she saw was the riding lawnmower, which left her feeling disquieted. She was hoping it would distract her, if for some brief moment, from her life.

After some time, Kiah found herself in the living room. "Wow, check out that flat screen TV," she said to no one in particular. Why she noticed in the first place was beyond her.

Gale entered the great hall. Philomena was there, as if waiting. Gale avoided Philomena. She thought about school, and how Philomena and Philomena were such total bitches. How could that even be possible? They were always laughing with their perfect friends. They walked around the school like they owned the place. They were queen bees and they

knew it. They never invited her to parties; it was a fluke she ended up at this one. Did they suspect she thought about them so much?

As Darby entered the library, she saw Vivianna making trouble. Darby seemed cross. "what's your favourite colour?" she demanded.

"black," said Vivianna.

Philomena and Dita ran into each other in the great hall. "Dreams," Philomena said. "Tell me about your dreams." Dita almost said nothing, but thought better of it. "I was at home when I answered the door. A person was there who said, "Congratulations, you have won anything and everything you want forever." I fainted but when I came to, I started. I got all of the Barbie stuff I wanted, and all of the everything I wanted. I got my parents big houses and adopted lots of animals. I was very happy."

The front yard was empty. Finally, Kiah thought, somewhere she could think. Kiah ran her fingers through the well-manicured grass, dreaming of better days.

Darby entered the library. Gale was there, as if waiting. "What is your favorite thing about winter?"

"Listening to music in bed."

Dita found Gale in the library. "Where did you get that skirt, Gale?" Gale ignored her.

Vivianna found Darby in the great hall. Vivianna stared at Darby suspiciously.

After some time, Kiah found herself in the garage. The next thing she saw was the BMW, which left her feeling disquieted. She heard a noise from somewhere else in the house.

Gale entered the library. Dita was there, as if waiting. "What's your favorite home cooked meal?" Gale asked.

"Spghetti bolonaise," said Dita.

Dita and Gale ran into each other in the library. Dita stared at Gale suspiciously.

After some time, Darby found herself in the guest bedroom. Darby guessed that this was the most boring room in the house.

Nobody was in the front yard, so Kiah found herself uncharacteristically at ease. Kiah ran her fingers through the well-manicured grass, dreaming of better days.

"Perfect, I've got the foyer all to myself," thought Dita. She dutifully avoided the chandelier out of some primal respect for its otherness. She heard a noise from somewhere else in the house. She thought about Darby. Why couldn't she be more like her?

After some time, Darby found herself in the guest bedroom. Darby guessed that this was the most boring room in the house. She thought about Gale. Gale and that teal shirt of hers. Maybe if they could just be real with each other for once... Nobody really knew how she felt. Why did she come to this stupid house party in the first place?

The front yard was empty. Finally, Kiah thought, somewhere she could think. She stared at the lawn uncomprehendingly. She didn't give it a second thought.

Gale entered the great hall. Gale stared down the hall, which seemed longer than it had any right to be.

Dita entered the foyer. The next thing she saw was the chandelier, which left her feeling disquieted. She wished the booze would kick in.

Vivianna walked into the master bedroom and saw Philomena. Great. Vivianna played nervously with her sweater in a successful bid to avoid talking to Philomena.

Darby entered the great hall to find Gale standing there. Darby stared at Gale suspiciously.

Kiah entered the front yard. Kiah started to climb the tree, then thought better of it.

Philomena walked into the master bedroom and saw Vivianna. Great. "why do you care what people say ?"

"because I'm too good, just always think people are busy or don't wanna be bugged," said

Vivianna.

"Perfect, I've got the front yard all to myself," thought Dita. She dutifully avoided the tree out of some primal respect for its otherness. Things. The house was full of things. When she got old enough to have a house, she'd own nothing. She thought about school, and how Gale and Vivianna didn't have to try hard to be liked. How could that even be possible? They were always laughing with their perfect friends. They walked around the school like they owned the place.

Vivianna entered the master bedroom to find Philomena standing there. Vivianna eyed Philomena's crimson phone with envy.

The bathroom was empty. Finally, Darby thought, somewhere she could think. Darby was afraid, as she always was, that a murderer lay in ambush behind the shower curtain.

Nobody was in the garage, so Kiah found herself uncharacteristically at ease. "Wow, check out that BMW," she said to no one in particular. She wished the booze would kick in.

"Perfect, I've got the guest bedroom all to myself," thought Gale. Gale imagined what kind of people had stayed in the bed. How many people had had sex in it? She thought about school, and how Gale and Darby were such total bitches. Why did they leave whenever she entered a room? Were they jealous of her somehow? Not likely. Did they secretly like her after all? It didn't matter anyway. They were always laughing with their perfect friends. They never invited her to parties; it was a fluke she ended up at this one. But life was probably hard for them too, in its own way. It always is. Did they suspect she thought about them so much?

Dita looked around the front yard. The lawn reminded her of her mother. Barf. Part of her, a larger part than she cared to admit, wanted to smash it.

Nobody was in the library, so Vivianna found herself uncharacteristically at ease. The mahogany work desk caught her eye. She thought it was the ugliest thing she'd ever seen. She heard a noise from somewhere else in the house.

Darby found Philomena in the bathroom. Darby avoided Philomena.

Nobody was in the garage, so Kiah found herself uncharacteristically at ease. The next thing she saw was the BMW, which left her feeling disquieted. She didn't give it a second thought.

Philomena entered the bathroom. Darby was there, as if waiting. "what is the best phone tracker app?" Philomena asked.

"Google Now suggests I read an article on why the Nexus 5."

After some time, Philomena found herself in the bathroom. She noticed the nautical themed shower curtain. Kinda tacky. She heard a noise from somewhere else in the house.

Darby walked into the great hall and saw Kiah. Great. Darby avoided Kiah. She thought about Kiah. Kiah and that ostentatious watch of hers. She hated her so damn much. She wanted that watch. Nothing else would do. Just thinking about it made her want to puke.

As Kiah entered the great hall, she saw Darby making trouble. Kiah stared at Darby suspiciously.

Gale and Vivianna ran into each other in the library. Gale played nervously with her shirt in a successful bid to avoid talking to Vivianna.

Vivianna and Gale ran into each other in the library. "Why would you want a fathead of yourself?" Vivianna inquired.

Gale squirmed. "because I brought in pine needles."

Nobody was in the living room, so Dita found herself uncharacteristically at ease. Dita turned on the TV for a while.

Kiah entered the library to find Gale standing there. "Where did you get that skirt, Gale?" Gale ignored her.

As Gale entered the library, she saw Kiah making trouble. Gale stared at Kiah

suspiciously. She thought about Kiah. It was almost too much to deal with. Maybe if they could just be real with each other for once... Just thinking about it made her want to puke. Why did she come to this stupid house party in the first place?

Nobody was in the living room, so Dita found herself uncharacteristically at ease. She noticed the coffee table. Kinda tacky. She was hoping it would distract her, if for some brief moment, from her life. She thought about school, and how Darby and Gale didn't have to try hard to be liked. Were they jealous of her somehow? Not likely. Did they secretly like her after all? It didn't matter anyway. They never invited her to parties; it was a fluke she ended up at this one. They always got they wanted. Always. But life was probably hard for them too, in its own way. It always is.

Vivianna looked around the foyer. Vivianna debated just leaving the house.

Darby entered the bathroom. The framed photo of a fish caught her eye. She thought it was the ugliest thing she'd ever seen. She heard a noise from somewhere else in the house. She thought about school, and how Vivianna and Kiah didn't have to try hard to be liked. Were they jealous of her somehow? Not likely. How could that even be possible? They were queen bees and they knew it. But life was probably hard for them too, in its own way. It always is. Did they suspect she thought about them so much?

Kiah looked around the library. The mahogany work desk caught her eye. She thought it was the ugliest thing she'd ever seen. She didn't give it a second thought.

Gale entered the great hall to find Philomena standing there. Gale avoided Philomena.

Dita breathed deeply and took in sights of the living room. "Wow, check out that flat screen TV," she said to no one in particular. Things. The house was full of things. When she got old enough to have a house, she'd own nothing. She thought about school, and how Kiah and Vivianna thought they were so much better than everyone else. Were they jealous of her somehow? Not likely. They never invited her to parties; it was a fluke she ended up at this one.

The foyer was empty. Finally, Vivianna thought, somewhere she could think. Vivianna

debated just leaving the house. She thought about school, and how Dita and Gale were such total bitches. Why did they leave whenever she entered a room? Did they secretly like her after all? It didn't matter anyway. They walked around the school like they owned the place. Did they suspect she thought about them so much?

Nobody was in the master bathroom, so Philomena found herself uncharacteristically at ease. She noticed the blonde onyx countertop. Kinda tacky. Part of her, a larger part than she cared to admit, wanted to smash it.

Dita entered the living room. Dita turned on the TV for a while. She thought about school, and how Kiah and Philomena had more money than she did. Why did they leave whenever she entered a room? Did they secretly like her after all? It didn't matter anyway. They never invited her to parties; it was a fluke she ended up at this one. They always got they wanted. Always.

After some time, Vivianna found herself in the front yard. The tree caught her eye. She thought it was the ugliest thing she'd ever seen. She wished the booze would kick in.

"Perfect, I've got the library all to myself," thought Kiah. Kiah tried and failed to open the lock on the desk.

Dita entered the front yard. She noticed the tree. Kinda tacky. Part of her, a larger part than she cared to admit, wanted to smash it.

Vivianna looked around the living room. She dutifully avoided the coffee table out of some primal respect for its otherness. Part of her, a larger part than she cared to admit, wanted to smash it.

After some time, Kiah found herself in the great hall. Kiah stared down the hall, which seemed longer than it had any right to be. She thought about Dita. She wanted that sweater. Nothing else would do. It was almost too much to deal with. Why did everyone want to be like her? Why did she come to this stupid house party in the first place?

Gale looked around the library. The mahogany work desk caught her eye. She thought it

was the ugliest thing she'd ever seen. She heard a noise from somewhere else in the house.

The master bedroom held two items of interest to Darby: the king-sized bed and Philomena. "Why would you do something you don't want people to find out about?" asked Darby.

"because i thought i would have to never see u again but hay if you try to pull something your going jail cops are there," said Philomena.

Vivianna entered the front yard. Vivianna ran her fingers through the well-manicured grass, dreaming of better days. She thought about Kiah. Kiah and that ostentatious watch of hers. She wanted that watch. Nothing else would do. Why couldn't she be more like her? Nobody really knew how she felt. Why did everyone want to be like her? Why did she come to this stupid house party in the first place?

Philomena entered the great hall to find Kiah standing there. "why do you need to question things?" inquired Philomena.

"because I actually laugh at that question every time," said Kiah.

Philomena breathed deeply and took in sights of the bathroom. Philomena relieved herself. She thought about Philomena. Philomena and that crimson phone of hers. She wanted that scarf. Nothing else would do. Just thinking about it made her want to puke. Why did she come to this stupid house party in the first place?

Dita entered the library to find Gale standing there. "Where did you get that skirt, Gale?" Gale ignored her.

Darby entered the master bedroom to find Kiah standing there. Darby stared at Kiah suspiciously. She thought about school, and how Kiah and Vivianna got better grades than her. Why did they leave whenever she entered a room? Were they jealous of her somehow? Not likely. Did they secretly like her after all? It didn't matter anyway. They were queen bees and they knew it. They never invited her to parties; it was a fluke she ended up

at this one. They always got they wanted. Always.

Gale entered the library to find Dita standing there. "Where did you get that sweater, Dita?" Dita ignored her.

"Perfect, I've got the great hall all to myself," thought Philomena. Philomena stared down the hall, which seemed longer than it had any right to be.

"Perfect, I've got the front yard all to myself," thought Vivianna. Vivianna ran her fingers through the well-manicured grass, dreaming of better days.

Darby encountered Kiah in the master bathroom. Darby played nervously with her shirt in a successful bid to avoid talking to Kiah. She thought about school, and how Kiah and Vivianna had more money than she did. Why did they leave whenever she entered a room? Were they jealous of her somehow? Not likely. How could that even be possible? Did they secretly like her after all? It didn't matter anyway. They were always laughing with their perfect friends. They never invited her to parties; it was a fluke she ended up at this one. But life was probably hard for them too, in its own way. It always is.

Gale encountered Dita in the library. Gale stared at Dita suspiciously.

Nobody was in the bathroom, so Philomena found herself uncharacteristically at ease. Philomena looked around for tampons, finding none. She thought about Gale. Nobody really knew how she felt. Why did she come to this stupid house party in the first place?

Nobody was in the master bathroom, so Darby found herself uncharacteristically at ease. She stared at the blonde onyx flooring uncomprehendingly. Part of her, a larger part than she cared to admit, wanted to smash it.

"Perfect, I've got the master bedroom all to myself," thought Kiah. She noticed the king-sized bed. Kinda tacky. Why she noticed in the first place was beyond her.

Gale looked around the library. The bookshelf caught her eye. She thought it was the ugliest thing she'd ever seen. She heard a noise from somewhere else in the house.

After some time, Philomena found herself in the bathroom. Philomena was afraid, as she always was, that a murderer lay in ambush behind the shower curtain.

Dita looked around the great hall. The next thing she saw was the tribal Afghan rug, which left her feeling disquieted. She heard a noise from somewhere else in the house.

After some time, Vivianna found herself in the front yard. Vivianna ran her fingers through the well-manicured grass, dreaming of better days.

After some time, Gale found herself in the foyer. The side table reminded her of her mother. Barf. Things. The house was full of things. When she got old enough to have a house, she'd own nothing.

The front yard was empty. Finally, Vivianna thought, somewhere she could think. Vivianna started to climb the tree, then thought better of it.

Nobody was in the living room, so Gale found herself uncharacteristically at ease. She dutifully avoided the flat screen TV out of some primal respect for its otherness. She didn't give it a second thought. She thought about school, and how Dita and Gale never talked to her. Why did they leave whenever she entered a room? Were they jealous of her somehow? Not likely. They were always laughing with their perfect friends. They walked around the school like they owned the place. Did they suspect she thought about them so much?

Kiah entered the master bathroom. Darby was there, as if waiting. "What's the best twitter app for iPhone?" Kiah asked.

Darby sighed. "THIS IS ."

Philomena entered the great hall. The next thing she saw was the family portrait, which left her feeling disquieted. Why she noticed in the first place was beyond her.

Nobody was in the guest bedroom, so Dita found herself uncharacteristically at ease. She dutifully avoided the poster of a... Monet? out of some primal respect for its otherness. Things. The house was full of things. When she got old enough to have a house, she'd own

nothing.

"Perfect, I've got the front yard all to myself," thought Vivianna. Vivianna started to climb the tree, then thought better of it.

Gale looked around the living room. The flat screen TV reminded her of her mother. Barf. Things. The house was full of things. When she got old enough to have a house, she'd own nothing.

As Kiah entered the master bedroom, she saw Darby making trouble. "why do you have to be 42 days 11 hours 40 minutes and 29 seconds away □□□□?"

Darby beamed. "because I have so many free minutes and texts it would be a waste not to use them."

Dita entered the great hall. Kiah was there, as if waiting. "Where did you get that watch, Kiah?" Kiah ignored her.

Nobody was in the front yard, so Vivianna found herself uncharacteristically at ease. Vivianna ran her fingers through the well-manicured grass, dreaming of better days.

Kiah and Darby ran into each other in the great hall. Kiah played nervously with her watch in a successful bid to avoid talking to Darby.

After some time, Gale found herself in the living room. Gale bounced on the sofa, hoping to recapture her childhood innocence.

Philomena found Dita in the great hall. Philomena looked concerned. "Why would you let some live who almost stabbed you and your kids to death?" she demanded.

Dita squirmed. "because i stabbed my brother multiple times in his stupid fucking face."

Philomena breathed deeply and took in sights of the guest bedroom. Philomena guessed that this was the most boring room in the house.

Vivianna entered the living room. She noticed the coffee table. Kinda tacky. Why she

noticed in the first place was beyond her. She thought about school, and how Darby and Kiah didn't have to try hard to be liked. They were always laughing with their perfect friends. They always got they wanted. Always. But life was probably hard for them too, in its own way. It always is. Did they suspect she thought about them so much?

Kiah looked around the great hall. Kiah stared down the hall, which seemed longer than it had any right to be.

After some time, Gale found herself in the front yard. Gale started to climb the tree, then thought better of it.

Dita entered the bathroom to find Darby standing there. "What's the best damn thing you've lucked into?" Dita asked.

"My puppy."

As Dita entered the great hall, she saw Philomena making trouble. Dita played nervously with her sweater in a successful bid to avoid talking to Philomena. She thought about school, and how Philomena and Vivianna were such total bitches. Why did they leave whenever she entered a room? Were they jealous of her somehow? Not likely. How could that even be possible? Did they secretly like her after all? It didn't matter anyway. They were always laughing with their perfect friends. They never invited her to parties; it was a fluke she ended up at this one. As Kiah entered the great hall, she saw Philomena making trouble. Philomena stiffened and began to ramble, not noticing Kiah, as if in a fugue state. "I was cleaning my room and found a card covered in inches of lint and dust. When I blew on it, it flew up and clogged up my nose." Gale walked into the foyer and saw Vivianna. Great. Vivianna was crying. Gale acted on instinct. "Tell me all about it." she said. Vivianna obliged in an unbecoming outpouring. "I was staying with Patrick for the summer. It wasn't his house, though. It was way out in the middle of nowhere, and his parents weren't around. He could drive (he backed out of the driveway at 50 mph), but we both rode mountain bikes to some dimly lit store where he wanted to buy a wooden model airplane. It was a long dream, but in most of it I seemed to be changing clothes. I would just get out of bed and

change from sleepwear to normal clothes, or vice versa. I had a broken leg."

Nobody was in the guest bedroom, so Philomena found herself uncharacteristically at ease. The set of curtains reminded her of her mother. Barf. She wished the booze would kick in.

After some time, Darby found herself in the great hall. "Wow, check out that family portrait," she said to no one in particular. Why she noticed in the first place was beyond her. As Kiah entered the master bedroom, she saw Dita making trouble. Dita stiffened and began to ramble, not noticing Kiah, as if in a fugue state. "I was a Carebear from the show "Carebears" and my Carebear friends and I were riding around on rainbows and having a good time. Suddenly the leader of the carebears got really mad at me for no reason and told me I was banished. I hadn't done anything, so I didn't leave. When he found out, he was going to put me in jail, but I got away before he could."

Gale encountered Vivianna in the living room. Gale played nervously with her skirt in a successful bid to avoid talking to Vivianna.

Philomena breathed deeply and took in sights of the great hall. Philomena stared down the hall, which seemed longer than it had any right to be. She thought about school, and how Dita and Philomena were such total bitches. Why did they leave whenever she entered a room? How could that even be possible? Did they secretly like her after all? It didn't matter anyway. They were queen bees and they knew it. They always got they wanted. Always. But life was probably hard for them too, in its own way. It always is.

Nobody was in the guest bedroom, so Darby found herself uncharacteristically at ease. She dutifully avoided the set of curtains out of some primal respect for its otherness. She was hoping it would distract her, if for some brief moment, from her life.

Kiah looked around the master bedroom. She stared at the teak dresser uncomprehendingly. She wished the booze would kick in.

Gale entered the living room to find Vivianna standing there. "What's your favourite song to

smoke to?" asked Gale.

"almostnever enough is ," said Vivianna.

After some time, Philomena found herself in the library. The next thing she saw was the mahogany work desk, which left her feeling disquieted. Why she noticed in the first place was beyond her.

Vivianna breathed deeply and took in sights of the dining room. She noticed the silverware. Kinda tacky. Things. The house was full of things. When she got old enough to have a house, she'd own nothing.

Darby looked around the great hall. The family portrait caught her eye. She thought it was the ugliest thing she'd ever seen. She was hoping it would distract her, if for some brief moment, from her life.

Gale breathed deeply and took in sights of the foyer. "Wow, check out that side table," she said to no one in particular. Part of her, a larger part than she cared to admit, wanted to smash it.

As Dita entered the master bathroom, she saw Kiah making trouble. Dita stared at Kiah suspiciously.

Vivianna breathed deeply and took in sights of the kitchen. Vivianna checked the fridge for snacks.

The great hall was empty. Finally, Darby thought, somewhere she could think. Darby stared down the hall, which seemed longer than it had any right to be.

Gale walked into the library and saw Philomena. Great. "What is your favorite snack?" Gale asked.

Philomena laughed. "Snow with maple syrup."

After some time, Vivianna found herself in the breakfast nook. Vivianna drank some juice,

fuck it, right? Whose house even was this?

"Perfect, I've got the guest bedroom all to myself," thought Darby. She stared at the set of curtains uncomprehendingly. Why she noticed in the first place was beyond her.

Gale walked into the great hall and saw Philomena. Great. "Where did you get that scarf, Philomena?" Philomena ignored her.

Philomena and Gale ran into each other in the great hall. Philomena appeared cross.

"What is the best wine that would go with Turkey?" she asked.

Gale sighed. "Coopers Hawks cranberry wine."

Dita and Kiah ran into each other in the master bedroom.

The master bedroom held two items of interest to Kiah: the king-sized bed and Dita. "why would you all me?"

Dita recoiled. "because i want to but have no interest to watch anything all i do is listen to music."

Philomena looked around the master bedroom. She dutifully avoided the king-sized bed out of some primal respect for its otherness. Part of her, a larger part than she cared to admit, wanted to smash it.

Dita entered the great hall to find Darby standing there. Dita eyed Darby's ostentatious shirt with envy. She thought about school, and how Darby and Dita didn't have to try hard to be liked. Why did they leave whenever she entered a room? Did they secretly like her after all? It didn't matter anyway. They walked around the school like they owned the place. They never invited her to parties; it was a fluke she ended up at this one. They always got they wanted. Always. But life was probably hard for them too, in its own way. It always is.

Vivianna entered the kitchen. She stared at the oven uncomprehendingly. Part of her, a larger part than she cared to admit, wanted to smash it. Darby entered the great hall. Dita was there, as if waiting. Dita was crying. Darby acted on instinct. "Tell me all about it." she

said. Dita obliged in an unbecoming outpouring. "All I remember is that I was in this nice big old medieval castle, with stone walls and everything, and I was having a really nice big feast. I also remember something briefly about a pig."

"Perfect, I've got the library all to myself," thought Gale. Gale flipped through some books.

As Philomena entered the great hall, she saw Darby making trouble. Philomena stared at Darby suspiciously.

After some time, Dita found herself in the bathroom. Dita jiggled the toilet handle.

Nobody was in the breakfast nook, so Vivianna found herself uncharacteristically at ease. Vivianna drank some juice, fuck it, right? Whose house even was this?

Darby found Philomena in the great hall. Darby avoided Philomena.

Gale looked around the library. Gale flipped through some books. She thought about Dita. Dita and that incredible phone of hers. She liked her so damn much. She wanted that phone. Nothing else would do. It was almost too much to deal with. Maybe if they could just be real with each other for once... Why did everyone want to be like her? Why did she come to this stupid house party in the first place?

Philomena found Kiah in the master bedroom. Philomena played nervously with her scarf in a successful bid to avoid talking to Kiah.

Nobody was in the kitchen, so Vivianna found herself uncharacteristically at ease. Vivianna checked the fridge for snacks. She thought about school, and how Kiah and Vivianna never talked to her. How could that even be possible? They walked around the school like they owned the place. They never invited her to parties; it was a fluke she ended up at this one. But life was probably hard for them too, in its own way. It always is. Did they suspect she thought about them so much?

The master bedroom held two items of interest to Kiah: the king-sized bed and Philomena. Kiah stared at Philomena suspiciously.

"Perfect, I've got the foyer all to myself," thought Gale. The side table reminded her of her mother. Barf. She was hoping it would distract her, if for some brief moment, from her life.

Philomena looked around the master bedroom. The king-sized bed reminded her of her mother. Barf. Things. The house was full of things. When she got old enough to have a house, she'd own nothing.

"Perfect, I've got the breakfast nook all to myself," thought Vivianna. The juicer reminded her of her mother. Barf. She heard a noise from somewhere else in the house. She thought about Gale. She wanted that shirt. Nothing else would do. Just thinking about it made her want to puke.

The great hall held two items of interest to Darby: the tribal Afghan rug and Dita. Darby eyed Dita's incredible phone with envy.

"Perfect, I've got the foyer all to myself," thought Gale. She stared at the side table uncomprehendingly. She was hoping it would distract her, if for some brief moment, from her life.

Kiah encountered Darby in the great hall. "why would you cone at a whole group soft like that, and by ya self?" inquired Kiah.

"because I was the only child for my whole childhood," said Darby.

Dita entered the great hall. Darby was there, as if waiting. "Where did you get that coat, Darby?" Darby ignored her.

Vivianna looked around the breakfast nook. Vivianna drank some juice, fuck it, right? Whose house even was this?

Vivianna breathed deeply and took in sights of the kitchen. Vivianna rifled through the cabinets for alcohol.

Gale encountered Darby in the great hall. Gale looked angry. "What is the best parking for under \$20; easy access to 35?" she demanded.

Darby sighed. "The only good thing about getting to school at 8 is ."

Dita breathed deeply and took in sights of the foyer. Dita debated just leaving the house.

Kiah looked around the bathroom. Kiah was afraid, as she always was, that a murderer lay in ambush behind the shower curtain.

Gale looked around the guest bedroom. "Wow, check out that set of curtains," she said to no one in particular. She wished the booze would kick in.

Dita entered the foyer. The side table reminded her of her mother. Barf. She heard a noise from somewhere else in the house.

After some time, Vivianna found herself in the breakfast nook. Vivianna drank some juice, fuck it, right? Whose house even was this?

Kiah looked around the bathroom. The next thing she saw was the toilet, which left her feeling disquieted. She heard a noise from somewhere else in the house.

Darby encountered Philomena in the master bedroom.

Philomena walked into the great hall and saw Kiah. Great. Philomena eyed Kiah's fashionable purse with envy.

Dita breathed deeply and took in sights of the foyer. The next thing she saw was the chandelier, which left her feeling disquieted. She was hoping it would distract her, if for some brief moment, from her life.

Vivianna looked around the kitchen. Vivianna checked the fridge for snacks.

As Kiah entered the great hall, she saw Darby making trouble. Kiah avoided Darby. She thought about school, and how Darby and Dita had more money than she did. How could that even be possible? Did they secretly like her after all? It didn't matter anyway. They walked around the school like they owned the place. They always got they wanted. Always. Did they suspect she thought about them so much?

Gale looked around the guest bedroom. The poster of a... Monet? caught her eye. She thought it was the ugliest thing she'd ever seen. She was hoping it would distract her, if for some brief moment, from her life.

The front yard was empty. Finally, Dita thought, somewhere she could think. Dita started to climb the tree, then thought better of it.

"Perfect, I've got the breakfast nook all to myself," thought Vivianna. The next thing she saw was the toaster, which left her feeling disquieted. She didn't give it a second thought.

"Perfect, I've got the library all to myself," thought Kiah. Kiah flipped through some books. She thought about Kiah. She wanted that watch. Nothing else would do. Why couldn't she be more like her? Maybe if they could just be real with each other for once... Why did everyone want to be like her? Just thinking about it made her want to puke. Why did she come to this stupid house party in the first place?

"Perfect, I've got the guest bedroom all to myself," thought Gale. Gale imagined what kind of people had stayed in the bed. How many people had had sex in it?

Nobody was in the kitchen, so Vivianna found herself uncharacteristically at ease. Vivianna checked the fridge for snacks.

Gale encountered Philomena in the great hall. "Why would you be playing a game whilst surfing the web and be in the middle of watching a film as well as waiting for ppl to come online?"

"because I have started getting in the Christmas spirit by decorating early and watching holiday movies in November," said Philomena.

Philomena breathed deeply and took in sights of the bathroom. Philomena looked around for tampons, finding none.

Dita looked around the front yard. Dita ran her fingers through the well-manicured grass, dreaming of better days.

The kitchen was empty. Finally, Vivianna thought, somewhere she could think. "Wow, check out that knife set," she said to no one in particular. Why she noticed in the first place was beyond her.

The great hall was empty. Finally, Kiah thought, somewhere she could think. Kiah stared down the hall, which seemed longer than it had any right to be.

Gale looked around the guest bedroom. The set of curtains reminded her of her mother. Barf. Part of her, a larger part than she cared to admit, wanted to smash it.

Philomena entered the bathroom. Kiah was there, as if waiting. Philomena avoided Kiah.

Dita looked around the front yard. Dita ran her fingers through the well-manicured grass, dreaming of better days.

The kitchen was empty. Finally, Vivianna thought, somewhere she could think. The oven caught her eye. She thought it was the ugliest thing she'd ever seen. She wished the booze would kick in.

The bathroom held two items of interest to Kiah: the framed photo of a fish and Philomena. Kiah eyed Philomena's crimson phone with envy.

Gale looked around the guest bedroom. Gale imagined what kind of people had stayed in the bed. How many people had had sex in it?

Dita breathed deeply and took in sights of the front yard. Dita started to climb the tree, then thought better of it.

Kiah walked into the great hall and saw Darby. Great. Kiah played nervously with her purse in a successful bid to avoid talking to Darby. She thought about Darby. She liked her so damn much. She wanted that coat. Nothing else would do. Why couldn't she be more like her? Nobody really knew how she felt. Why did everyone want to be like her?

Nobody was in the guest bedroom, so Gale found herself uncharacteristically at ease. The next thing she saw was the bed, which left her feeling disquieted. Part of her, a larger part

than she cared to admit, wanted to smash it. She thought about school, and how Kiah and Dita were such total bitches. How could that even be possible? They were always laughing with their perfect friends. They walked around the school like they owned the place. They were queen bees and they knew it. They never invited her to parties; it was a fluke she ended up at this one.

Philomena entered the library. "Wow, check out that mahogany work desk," she said to no one in particular. Why she noticed in the first place was beyond her.

After some time, Dita found herself in the front yard. She dutifully avoided the lawn out of some primal respect for its otherness. Part of her, a larger part than she cared to admit, wanted to smash it. She thought about Gale. Gale and that aquamarine skirt of hers. Maybe if they could just be real with each other for once... Nobody really knew how she felt. Why did everyone want to be like her? Why did she come to this stupid house party in the first place?

Nobody was in the dining room, so Vivianna found herself uncharacteristically at ease. She noticed the dining room table. Kinda tacky. She didn't give it a second thought. She thought about Vivianna. She liked her so damn much. Why couldn't she be more like her?

Gale entered the guest bedroom. "Wow, check out that set of curtains," she said to no one in particular. She heard a noise from somewhere else in the house.

Darby encountered Kiah in the great hall. "What's your favorite tv show (Reality) 16 and pregnant, teen mom, girl code (Written on the app) Friends?"

"Lizard lick towing."

"Perfect, I've got the foyer all to myself," thought Philomena. The next thing she saw was the chandelier, which left her feeling disquieted. Part of her, a larger part than she cared to admit, wanted to smash it.

The living room was empty. Finally, Dita thought, somewhere she could think. Dita turned on the TV for a while. Kiah entered the great hall to find Gale standing there. "Gale, what

did you dream about last night?" asked Kiah. Gale seemed wary, but her face softened. "I was walking down an alley when I came to a corner onto a big street. On the corner inside a big door a girl and boy were making a mattress. The girl hated me but the boy was my friend and he came out to talk with me. Then he held a model helicopter above his head and started to fly, so I followed him. Then we sat on a ridge coming out of a building. He said he could fly like me now but not without the helicopter. All of a sudden the ridge we were on broke, and we fell. Then further down the street I saw a lady in a business suit coming towards us. I started to run, but she was able to catch me. I tried to get away by flying but she was holding onto me so tight I could hardly get off the ground. Then she took me to a store that reminded me of Korea. Then she said I could have anything I wanted but I refused. Then the people from the north came by and got me away from the lady and took me skiing in some odd apparel." Gale entered the great hall to find Kiah standing there. Kiah looked directly at Gale. "I had the weirdest dream," she said. "A male narrator said that women become infatuated with men who don't love them. I saw a black and white picture of several couples with the female beaming and the male with an uneasy look on his face."

Philomena found Vivianna in the living room. "Where did you get that sweater, Vivianna?" Vivianna ignored her.

Dita breathed deeply and took in sights of the dining room. She noticed the dining room table. Kinda tacky. She wished the booze would kick in.

Vivianna walked into the living room and saw Philomena. Great. Vivianna played nervously with her belt in a successful bid to avoid talking to Philomena.

Nobody was in the guest bedroom, so Darby found herself uncharacteristically at ease. Darby guessed that this was the most boring room in the house.

Philomena entered the living room. Philomena bounced on the sofa, hoping to recapture her childhood innocence. She thought about school, and how Philomena and Vivianna had more money than she did. Why did they leave whenever she entered a room? How could that even be possible? They never invited her to parties; it was a fluke she ended up at this

one.

"Perfect, I've got the front yard all to myself," thought Vivianna. Vivianna started to climb the tree, then thought better of it.

Gale walked into the great hall and saw Darby. Great. Gale stared at Darby suspiciously.

"Perfect, I've got the living room all to myself," thought Philomena. Philomena bounced on the sofa, hoping to recapture her childhood innocence.

The back yard was empty. Finally, Dita thought, somewhere she could think. The lawn furniture reminded her of her mother. Barf. Things. The house was full of things. When she got old enough to have a house, she'd own nothing.

Vivianna breathed deeply and took in sights of the front yard. "Wow, check out that tree," she said to no one in particular. She was hoping it would distract her, if for some brief moment, from her life.

Kiah entered the master bedroom. She noticed the teak dresser. Kinda tacky. She heard a noise from somewhere else in the house.

Gale breathed deeply and took in sights of the library. The bookshelf reminded her of her mother. Barf. She didn't give it a second thought.

Philomena entered the foyer. Philomena debated just leaving the house.

The kitchen was empty. Finally, Dita thought, somewhere she could think. Dita rifled through the cabinets for alcohol.

Vivianna breathed deeply and took in sights of the garage. The BMW reminded her of her mother. Barf. She didn't give it a second thought. She thought about Darby. Why couldn't she be more like her? Why did she come to this stupid house party in the first place?

Nobody was in the guest bedroom, so Darby found herself uncharacteristically at ease.

"Wow, check out that set of curtains," she said to no one in particular. She wished the

booze would kick in.

Gale entered the library. Gale tried and failed to open the lock on the desk.

"Perfect, I've got the library all to myself," thought Philomena. Philomena flipped through some books.

Dita breathed deeply and took in sights of the kitchen. Dita rifled through the cabinets for alcohol. Darby and Gale ran into each other in the great hall. "Dreams," Darby said. "Tell me about your dreams." Gale almost said nothing, but thought better of it. "When it started we were at some sort of party. All the kids from my class were there, although I didn't see them all. I just knew they were there. All the teachers were there too. I can't remember what went on for a while, but then Steve told Melissa to share what happened to her. She said, "No, that's all right. I don't really have to." Steve and Todd told her she had to. So she told everyone she passed her math exam and everyone applauded. The somehow it was Nina who had told the news, and tears came to her eyes and she went running to the bathroom, and Courtney and I followed. When we got there, she had locked herself in the stall. I said, "Nina, why are you crying? You passed your math exam!" And she said, "Get away from me, you fat, ugly bitch." Anne had also come in the bathroom in time to hear this, and she walked to the stall, unlocked it, and went in. Then Julia went in too. I don't remember what happened, but a lot of the 7th graders came in, including Anna. For some reason we were throwing a tomato around the room and it bounced off Anna's shoulder. She was worried that she'd smashed it, but Nina said, "Don't worry, you're not fat like Hilary." I can't remember what happened after that. I think I woke up, but the dream continued for a minute, then changed."

Gale and Darby ran into each other in the great hall. "why would you ever fuck it up?" Gale asked.

"Because i'm the only one who ever does anything, but its not appreciated, and neither am I," said Darby.

Philomena looked around the great hall. Philomena took off her shoes, got a running start,

a slid in her socks down the slick hardwood floors.

Dita breathed deeply and took in sights of the back yard. She noticed the lawn furniture. Kinda tacky. Why she noticed in the first place was beyond her.

Vivianna entered the front yard. Vivianna ran her fingers through the well-manicured grass, dreaming of better days. She thought about Dita. Dita and that incredible phone of hers. She liked her so damn much. She wanted that phone. Nothing else would do. Why couldn't she be more like her? Why did she come to this stupid house party in the first place?

Gale looked around the library. She noticed the mahogany work desk. Kinda tacky. Things. The house was full of things. When she got old enough to have a house, she'd own nothing.

Dita entered the kitchen. She dutifully avoided the fridge out of some primal respect for its otherness. She was hoping it would distract her, if for some brief moment, from her life.

"Perfect, I've got the living room all to myself," thought Vivianna. The next thing she saw was the flat screen TV, which left her feeling disquieted. She wished the booze would kick in.

Kiah entered the master bedroom. Darby was there, as if waiting. Kiah avoided Darby.

Gale found Philomena in the library. "Where did you get that phone, Philomena?"

Philomena ignored her.

The great hall was empty. Finally, Philomena thought, somewhere she could think. The family portrait reminded her of her mother. Barf. She heard a noise from somewhere else in the house.

Dita looked around the closet. She dutifully avoided the broom out of some primal respect for its otherness. She heard a noise from somewhere else in the house.

The foyer was empty. Finally, Gale thought, somewhere she could think. Gale debated just leaving the house. She thought about school, and how Kiah and Darby didn't have to try hard to be liked. Why did they leave whenever she entered a room? How could that even be possible? Did they secretly like her after all? It didn't matter anyway. They were queen

bees and they knew it. They never invited her to parties; it was a fluke she ended up at this one. But life was probably hard for them too, in its own way. It always is. Did they suspect she thought about them so much?

Kiah entered the master bedroom. Darby was there, as if waiting. "why would you keep pushing it?" demanded Kiah.

"because I'm progressing," said Darby.

Kiah and Darby ran into each other in the master bedroom. "Where did you get that coat, Darby?" Darby ignored her.

Gale entered the living room. The coffee table reminded her of her mother. Barf. Part of her, a larger part than she cared to admit, wanted to smash it. She thought about Darby. Why couldn't she be more like her? Maybe if they could just be real with each other for once... Nobody really knew how she felt.

After some time, Dita found herself in the closet. Dita surrepticiously rearranged the supplies. She thought about school, and how Kiah and Gale got better grades than her. Did they secretly like her after all? It didn't matter anyway. Did they suspect she thought about them so much?

"Perfect, I've got the dining room all to myself," thought Vivianna. "Wow, check out that silverware," she said to no one in particular. She was hoping it would distract her, if for some brief moment, from her life.

The master bathroom was empty. Finally, Darby thought, somewhere she could think. She stared at the blonde onyx bathtub uncomprehendingly. She didn't give it a second thought.

Nobody was in the kitchen, so Dita found herself uncharacteristically at ease. The next thing she saw was the knife set, which left her feeling disquieted. She heard a noise from somewhere else in the house.

Kiah entered the great hall. Kiah took off her shoes, got a running start, a slid in her socks

down the slick hardwood floors.

Dita looked around the closet. The broom caught her eye. She thought it was the ugliest thing she'd ever seen. She was hoping it would distract her, if for some brief moment, from her life. Darby walked into the master bedroom and saw Philomena. Great. "Dreams," Darby said. "Tell me about your dreams." Philomena almost said nothing, but thought better of it. "I was a butterfly flying in a field of yellow flowers. I stopped on one flower and it turned into a boat taking me down the Nile."

Dita looked around the closet. Dita looked for some paper towels.

Kiah entered the great hall. Darby was there, as if waiting. Kiah avoided Darby.

"Perfect, I've got the foyer all to myself," thought Gale. Gale debated just leaving the house.

Nobody was in the closet, so Dita found herself uncharacteristically at ease. The bric-a-brac reminded her of her mother. Barf. She heard a noise from somewhere else in the house.

After some time, Gale found herself in the front yard. "Wow, check out that lawn," she said to no one in particular. Things. The house was full of things. When she got old enough to have a house, she'd own nothing. She thought about Darby. Darby and that ostentatious shirt of hers. She hated her so damn much. It was almost too much to deal with. Nobody really knew how she felt. Why did everyone want to be like her?

Philomena entered the master bathroom. "Wow, check out that blonde onyx bathtub," she said to no one in particular. She wished the booze would kick in. She thought about school, and how Vivianna and Dita had more money than she did. Were they jealous of her somehow? Not likely. They walked around the school like they owned the place. Did they suspect she thought about them so much?

Dita entered the kitchen. Dita checked the fridge for snacks.

The living room was empty. Finally, Vivianna thought, somewhere she could think. "Wow, check out that flat screen TV," she said to no one in particular. She heard a noise from

somewhere else in the house. She thought about school, and how Dita and Gale didn't have to try hard to be liked. Why did they leave whenever she entered a room? They were always laughing with their perfect friends. They never invited her to parties; it was a fluke she ended up at this one. But life was probably hard for them too, in its own way. It always is. Did they suspect she thought about them so much?

Kiah breathed deeply and took in sights of the bathroom. She stared at the toilet uncomprehendingly. She didn't give it a second thought. She thought about school, and how Gale and Vivianna never talked to her. Did they secretly like her after all? It didn't matter anyway. They always got they wanted. Always.

Gale looked around the front yard. She noticed the tree. Kinda tacky. Things. The house was full of things. When she got old enough to have a house, she'd own nothing.

Vivianna entered the foyer. Gale was there, as if waiting. Vivianna stared at Gale suspiciously.

Darby breathed deeply and took in sights of the guest bedroom. She noticed the bed. Kinda tacky. She heard a noise from somewhere else in the house.

Gale and Vivianna ran into each other in the foyer. Gale played nervously with her skirt in a successful bid to avoid talking to Vivianna. She thought about Vivianna. Vivianna and that aquamarine sweater of hers. She wanted that belt. Nothing else would do. Why did everyone want to be like her?

Nobody was in the master bathroom, so Philomena found herself uncharacteristically at ease. She noticed the blonde onyx countertop. Kinda tacky. She heard a noise from somewhere else in the house.

The back yard was empty. Finally, Dita thought, somewhere she could think. The lawn furniture caught her eye. She thought it was the ugliest thing she'd ever seen. She didn't give it a second thought. She thought about school, and how Philomena and Gale thought they were so much better than everyone else. Why did they leave whenever she entered a room? How could that even be possible? Did they secretly like her after all? It didn't matter

anyway. They always got they wanted. Always.

The foyer was empty. Finally, Vivianna thought, somewhere she could think. Vivianna debated just leaving the house.

After some time, Gale found herself in the front yard. Gale ran her fingers through the well-manicured grass, dreaming of better days.

Philomena entered the master bathroom. The blonde onyx bathtub reminded her of her mother. Barf. Why she noticed in the first place was beyond her.

Nobody was in the garage, so Dita found herself uncharacteristically at ease. The riding lawnmower reminded her of her mother. Barf. She was hoping it would distract her, if for some brief moment, from her life.

"Perfect, I've got the guest bedroom all to myself," thought Darby. She stared at the bed uncomprehendingly. She didn't give it a second thought.

Kiah entered the master bedroom. "Wow, check out that teak dresser," she said to no one in particular. She was hoping it would distract her, if for some brief moment, from her life.

After some time, Gale found herself in the foyer. Gale debated just leaving the house.

The great hall held two items of interest to Darby: the family portrait and Kiah. Darby stared at Kiah suspiciously.

Nobody was in the living room, so Gale found herself uncharacteristically at ease. The next thing she saw was the flat screen TV, which left her feeling disquieted. She heard a noise from somewhere else in the house. She thought about Gale. She wanted that skirt. Nothing else would do. Why couldn't she be more like her? Nobody really knew how she felt. Just thinking about it made her want to puke.

Nobody was in the master bedroom, so Philomena found herself uncharacteristically at ease. The king-sized bed caught her eye. She thought it was the ugliest thing she'd ever seen. She was hoping it would distract her, if for some brief moment, from her life.

Dita looked around the guest bedroom. The next thing she saw was the set of curtains, which left her feeling disquieted. She was hoping it would distract her, if for some brief moment, from her life. She thought about Philomena. She hated her so damn much. It was almost too much to deal with. Why did everyone want to be like her?

The front yard was empty. Finally, Vivianna thought, somewhere she could think. Vivianna started to climb the tree, then thought better of it.

Kiah entered the library. Kiah tried and failed to open the lock on the desk.

Philomena and Darby ran into each other in the master bedroom. Philomena played nervously with her phone in a successful bid to avoid talking to Darby.

"Perfect, I've got the guest bedroom all to myself," thought Dita. She stared at the set of curtains uncomprehendingly. Part of her, a larger part than she cared to admit, wanted to smash it.

Vivianna entered the front yard. Vivianna ran her fingers through the well-manicured grass, dreaming of better days.

Darby entered the master bedroom to find Philomena standing there. Darby avoided Philomena. She thought about Philomena. It was almost too much to deal with. Why couldn't she be more like her? Maybe if they could just be real with each other for once... Nobody really knew how she felt. Why did everyone want to be like her?

The foyer was empty. Finally, Kiah thought, somewhere she could think. "Wow, check out that chandelier," she said to no one in particular. She was hoping it would distract her, if for some brief moment, from her life.

Gale breathed deeply and took in sights of the dining room. She stared at the dining room table uncomprehendingly. She was hoping it would distract her, if for some brief moment, from her life.

"Perfect, I've got the master bathroom all to myself," thought Philomena. "Wow, check out that blonde onyx toilet," she said to no one in particular. She wished the booze would kick

in.

The garage was empty. Finally, Vivianna thought, somewhere she could think. Vivianna considered getting on that lawnmower and riding it out of this place.

Nobody was in the foyer, so Kiah found herself uncharacteristically at ease. She noticed the side table. Kinda tacky. She was hoping it would distract her, if for some brief moment, from her life. She thought about school, and how Vivianna and Dita had more money than she did. Were they jealous of her somehow? Not likely. They were always laughing with their perfect friends. They were queen bees and they knew it. But life was probably hard for them too, in its own way. It always is.

Nobody was in the garage, so Vivianna found herself uncharacteristically at ease. The BMW reminded her of her mother. Barf. She wished the booze would kick in. She thought about Philomena. Philomena and that crimson phone of hers. She hated her so damn much. She wanted that phone. Nothing else would do. It was almost too much to deal with. Why couldn't she be more like her? Maybe if they could just be real with each other for once...

Darby entered the bathroom. Darby looked around for tampons, finding none.

The front yard was empty. Finally, Kiah thought, somewhere she could think. Kiah started to climb the tree, then thought better of it.

"Perfect, I've got the back yard all to myself," thought Gale. The lawn furniture reminded her of her mother. Barf. She heard a noise from somewhere else in the house.

Nobody was in the guest bedroom, so Dita found herself uncharacteristically at ease.

"Wow, check out that poster of a... Monet?," she said to no one in particular. She didn't give it a second thought.

Nobody was in the garage, so Vivianna found herself uncharacteristically at ease. The riding lawnmower caught her eye. She thought it was the ugliest thing she'd ever seen. Why she noticed in the first place was beyond her.

Nobody was in the kitchen, so Gale found herself uncharacteristically at ease. She dutifully avoided the knife set out of some primal respect for its otherness. Part of her, a larger part than she cared to admit, wanted to smash it.

As Philomena entered the great hall, she saw Darby making trouble. Philomena stared at Darby suspiciously.

Dita looked around the guest bedroom. Dita imagined what kind of people had stayed in the bed. How many people had had sex in it?

After some time, Vivianna found herself in the front yard. The tree caught her eye. She thought it was the ugliest thing she'd ever seen. Why she noticed in the first place was beyond her.

After some time, Kiah found herself in the foyer. Kiah debated just leaving the house.

Gale entered the kitchen. Gale rifled through the cabinets for alcohol.

Vivianna looked around the front yard. Vivianna started to climb the tree, then thought better of it.

Darby entered the bathroom. Darby was afraid, as she always was, that a murderer lay in ambush behind the shower curtain.

Kiah looked around the foyer. She stared at the chandelier uncomprehendingly. Why she noticed in the first place was beyond her.

Philomena entered the guest bedroom. Dita was there, as if waiting. "What is the best wine that would go with Turkey?" inquired Philomena.

"Screaming Eagle," said Dita.

Darby breathed deeply and took in sights of the bathroom. Darby was afraid, as she always was, that a murderer lay in ambush behind the shower curtain. She thought about school, and how Dita and Philomena were such total bitches. Why did they leave whenever

she entered a room?

The living room was empty. Finally, Kiah thought, somewhere she could think. "Wow, check out that coffee table," she said to no one in particular. She was hoping it would distract her, if for some brief moment, from her life. She thought about school, and how Philomena and Dita never talked to her. Did they secretly like her after all? It didn't matter anyway. They walked around the school like they owned the place. They were queen bees and they knew it. But life was probably hard for them too, in its own way. It always is. Did they suspect she thought about them so much?

Philomena looked around the great hall. The tribal Afghan rug caught her eye. She thought it was the ugliest thing she'd ever seen. Why she noticed in the first place was beyond her.

After some time, Vivianna found herself in the library. Vivianna flipped through some books.

The bathroom was empty. Finally, Darby thought, somewhere she could think. Darby relieved herself. She thought about Dita. Why couldn't she be more like her? Maybe if they could just be real with each other for once... Nobody really knew how she felt.

Kiah entered the front yard. Kiah ran her fingers through the well-manicured grass, dreaming of better days.

Vivianna looked around the great hall. Vivianna took off her shoes, got a running start, a slid in her socks down the slick hardwood floors. She thought about Philomena. Philomena and that fashionable scarf of hers. Maybe if they could just be real with each other for once... Nobody really knew how she felt. Why did everyone want to be like her? Why did she come to this stupid house party in the first place?

"Perfect, I've got the bathroom all to myself," thought Darby. "Wow, check out that toilet," she said to no one in particular. She heard a noise from somewhere else in the house. She thought about school, and how Gale and Dita had more money than she did. They were always laughing with their perfect friends. They never invited her to parties; it was a fluke she ended up at this one. They always got they wanted. Always. Did they suspect she

thought about them so much?

The foyer was empty. Finally, Kiah thought, somewhere she could think. Kiah debated just leaving the house.

Gale entered the breakfast nook. Gale drank some juice, fuck it, right? Whose house even was this?

Philomena found Dita in the guest bedroom. "What is the best Christmas movie?"

"A little biased but Sainsbury's."

As Philomena entered the great hall, she saw Dita making trouble. "Where did you get that sweater, Dita?" Dita ignored her.

Nobody was in the bathroom, so Vivianna found herself uncharacteristically at ease. Vivianna looked around for tampons, finding none.

Kiah breathed deeply and took in sights of the foyer. She stared at the chandelier uncomprehendingly. Things. The house was full of things. When she got old enough to have a house, she'd own nothing.

Gale breathed deeply and took in sights of the kitchen. The next thing she saw was the knife set, which left her feeling disquieted. She heard a noise from somewhere else in the house.

Dita breathed deeply and took in sights of the guest bedroom. The poster of a... Monet? caught her eye. She thought it was the ugliest thing she'd ever seen. Things. The house was full of things. When she got old enough to have a house, she'd own nothing.

Darby entered the library. Darby tried and failed to open the lock on the desk.

Gale breathed deeply and took in sights of the back yard. She dutifully avoided the gas grill out of some primal respect for its otherness. She wished the booze would kick in.

Vivianna encountered Philomena in the great hall. "What's your favourite line from a Soca

chune?"

"oh man that," said Philomena.

Philomena breathed deeply and took in sights of the great hall. Philomena took off her shoes, got a running start, and slid in her socks down the slick hardwood floors.

Dita walked into the guest bedroom and saw Vivianna. Great. Dita played nervously with her phone in a successful bid to avoid talking to Vivianna.

Vivianna and Dita ran into each other in the guest bedroom. Vivianna played nervously with her belt in a successful bid to avoid talking to Dita.

Nobody was in the library, so Darby found herself uncharacteristically at ease. Darby flipped through some books.

Nobody was in the garage, so Kiah found herself uncharacteristically at ease. The riding lawnmower reminded her of her mother. Barf. Things. The house was full of things. When she got old enough to have a house, she'd own nothing.

"Perfect, I've got the bathroom all to myself," thought Philomena. Philomena looked around for tampons, finding none. She thought about school, and how Philomena and Dita were such total bitches. Why did they leave whenever she entered a room? Did they secretly like her after all? It didn't matter anyway. But life was probably hard for them too, in its own way. It always is.

"Perfect, I've got the guest bedroom all to myself," thought Vivianna. "Wow, check out that bed," she said to no one in particular. Part of her, a larger part than she cared to admit, wanted to smash it. Darby entered the great hall to find Dita standing there. "Dreams," Darby said. "Tell me about your dreams." Dita almost said nothing, but thought better of it. "I was in a 7-Eleven, and my father's friend Marie came in. She said to hurry. I bought my gum and ran to the car. Our house had storm shutters and a storm cellar. Dad had already gotten food, clothes and blankets, and we went into the cellar. The hurricane hit and we were safe, though we didn't have power for a while. They named it Hurricane Juno."

Philomena encountered Vivianna in the great hall. "Where did you get that sweater, Vivianna?" Vivianna ignored her.

"Perfect, I've got the library all to myself," thought Dita. Dita tried and failed to open the lock on the desk.

"Perfect, I've got the foyer all to myself," thought Dita. She stared at the chandelier uncomprehendingly. Why she noticed in the first place was beyond her.

Nobody was in the library, so Vivianna found herself uncharacteristically at ease. Vivianna tried and failed to open the lock on the desk.

"Perfect, I've got the great hall all to myself," thought Darby. Darby took off her shoes, got a running start, and slid in her socks down the slick hardwood floors.

After some time, Kiah found herself in the garage. She dutifully avoided the riding lawnmower out of some primal respect for its otherness. She wished the booze would kick in.

The foyer was empty. Finally, Dita thought, somewhere she could think. Dita debated just leaving the house.

As Darby entered the great hall, she saw Vivianna making trouble. Darby stared at Vivianna suspiciously.

Vivianna walked into the great hall and saw Philomena. Great. "What is your favorite quote from Christian Rap music?" asked Vivianna.

Philomena sighed. "Stressed Depressed but Well Dressed."

The guest bedroom held two items of interest to Philomena: the poster of a... Monet? and Vivianna. "Vivianna, what did you dream about last night?" asked Philomena. Vivianna seemed wary, but her face softened. "The first part of the dream I was with a bunch of friends and we felt like doing something stupid and rebellious, but we figured we'd better have my other friend Sally along. Since nobody else knew the way to her house, I drove.

Eventually we just sat around talking, eating cookies, and making scrap-books in the middle of the night, up in Sally's loft. I had some mini-dream about being in a computer game. Me and my family and family friends went to this Club Med, and they were all a part of the Club Med circus team, and they wanted me to do the trapeze. I'm an acrophobic, so they couldn't get me to do it. Right at the end of my dreams, Whitney Houston sang "I will always love you.""

"Perfect, I've got the library all to myself," thought Dita. Dita flipped through some books.

Darby entered the bathroom. Darby relieved herself.

Gale breathed deeply and took in sights of the kitchen. Gale checked the fridge for snacks.

Dita looked around the library. The mahogany work desk caught her eye. She thought it was the ugliest thing she'd ever seen. Part of her, a larger part than she cared to admit, wanted to smash it.

After some time, Kiah found herself in the garage. Kiah tried to jimmy the lock on the car and ended up setting off the alarm. Whoops. She thought about Philomena. Philomena and that crimson phone of hers. She envied her so damn much. She wanted that scarf. Nothing else would do. Maybe if they could just be real with each other for once...

The kitchen was empty. Finally, Gale thought, somewhere she could think. She noticed the fridge. Kinda tacky. She didn't give it a second thought. She thought about Vivianna. Vivianna and that aquamarine sweater of hers. She wanted that belt. Nothing else would do. Why couldn't she be more like her? Maybe if they could just be real with each other for once...

Philomena walked into the guest bedroom and saw Vivianna. Great. "What's your favourite song to smoke to?"

"Pursuit Of Happiness."

Vivianna entered the guest bedroom to find Philomena standing there. "What is the best

deal you found?" inquired Vivianna.

"Taco Tuesday."

Dita and Darby ran into each other in the great hall. Dita eyed Darby's emerald coat with envy. Kiah entered the back yard. Gale was there, as if waiting. Gale stiffened and began to ramble, not noticing Kiah, as if in a fugue state. "Everybody was at My school and it was about 10:00. We were just chillin' at the upper courts in the dark. Me and Will were holding hands and walking together and it was so nice. Will took 6 little kids to some fort and I was pissed off that I couldn't be with him."

Darby found Dita in the great hall. "What's the best messenger app you can suggest?"

"Kik."

After some time, Philomena found herself in the great hall. The tribal Afghan rug caught her eye. She thought it was the ugliest thing she'd ever seen. She was hoping it would distract her, if for some brief moment, from her life.

Dita walked into the bathroom and saw Darby. Great. "Where did you get that coat, Darby?" Darby ignored her. She thought about Darby. It was almost too much to deal with. Why did she come to this stupid house party in the first place?

Vivianna breathed deeply and took in sights of the guest bedroom. The set of curtains reminded her of her mother. Barf. Things. The house was full of things. When she got old enough to have a house, she'd own nothing.

Darby and Dita ran into each other in the bathroom. Darby played nervously with her coat in a successful bid to avoid talking to Dita.

After some time, Kiah found herself in the garage. Kiah peered in the car door for some kind of clue as to whose house this was.

Gale looked around the kitchen. She stared at the oven uncomprehendingly. She heard a noise from somewhere else in the house.

Vivianna and Philomena ran into each other in the great hall. "why do you have to be mean w/ me -_-?" demanded Vivianna.

"because i dont have an expensive cigar and a glass of scotch or whiskey," said Philomena.

Dita found Darby in the great hall. "Darby, what did you dream about last night?" asked Dita. Darby seemed wary, but her face softened. "I turned into a mouse and was being chased by a cat. The cat was a big cat, it slowed down and swallowed me. I went down it's throat like I go down slides. I ended up in a green house with lots of honeysuckles."

Vivianna entered the bathroom. Vivianna jiggled the toilet handle. Darby entered the great hall. Dita was there, as if waiting. Dita was crying. Darby acted on instinct. "Tell me all about it." she said. Dita obliged in an unbecoming outpouring. "I had a dream I was in a supermarket and I was the last in there. They were closing, so I was leaving and the store guy says, "Just for your comfort we have Stottie Pippen and Tupac Shakur here." I played b-ball with Scottie Pippen and with Tupak, and I shook both their hands."

The back yard was empty. Finally, Kiah thought, somewhere she could think. "Wow, check out that gas grill," she said to no one in particular. She was hoping it would distract her, if for some brief moment, from her life.

Nobody was in the closet, so Gale found herself uncharacteristically at ease. Gale surreptitiously rearranged the supplies.

Nobody was in the great hall, so Vivianna found herself uncharacteristically at ease. Vivianna stared down the hall, which seemed longer than it had any right to be. She thought about Dita. Dita and that incredible phone of hers. It was almost too much to deal with. Why couldn't she be more like her? Why did everyone want to be like her? Why did she come to this stupid house party in the first place?

After some time, Darby found herself in the bathroom. She noticed the framed photo of a fish. Kinda tacky. She didn't give it a second thought.

Kiah entered the kitchen to find Gale standing there. Kiah appeared angry. "What is the

best wine that would go with Turkey?" she inquired.

"Wine drunkthe best, wine is ."

Philomena breathed deeply and took in sights of the guest bedroom. Philomena guessed that this was the most boring room in the house. The great hall held two items of interest to Dita: the family portrait and Vivianna. "Dreams," Dita said. "Tell me about your dreams." Vivianna almost said nothing, but thought better of it. "I was in the war hospital running around trying to take care of patients, but I was running out of time or something. Then some other nurses came (Lt. Bfjik, and General Camand) and told me to take a break. The weird thing was that I knew that I was the one running around, caring for patients, but I didn't look like myself at all. The two nurses were my friends, Nina and Hilary, but they didn't look how they look now, either!" Darby encountered Dita in the great hall. "Dreams," Darby said. "Tell me about your dreams." Dita almost said nothing, but thought better of it. "I went to summer camp, met a girl who liked my straightforwardness, and she gave me some false eyelashes. I remember thinking I'd forgotten all my hair products. Then I saw a little boy being beat up, so I went over to one of the guys and told him he was a fuck-up. He then asked me if I wanted my head twisted off, and got really pissed. So I told him he had misunderstood my comment, and what I really said was "I wanna fuck you up." So he changed his mind and fell in love with me, and we did this dancing-flying kind of thing. After we did this, I accidentally let go and flew into another room, and changed into a twin of the man in there. Then there was something in there about Dorothy/Judy Garland, but I don't remember. I don't remember the ending."

Gale looked around the breakfast nook. Gale drank some juice, fuck it, right? Whose house even was this?

Philomena looked around the guest bedroom. She stared at the bed uncomprehendingly. She heard a noise from somewhere else in the house.

Vivianna found Dita in the library. "Where did you get that sweater, Dita?" Dita ignored her.

The great hall was empty. Finally, Darby thought, somewhere she could think. Darby took

off her shoes, got a running start, and slid in her socks down the slick hardwood floors.

As Dita entered the library, she saw Vivianna making trouble. Dita seemed disinterested. "Why do you fucking do this to me?" she asked.

"Because I'm so fucking scared of disappointing," said Vivianna.

Dita entered the foyer. Vivianna was there, as if waiting. Vivianna stiffened and began to ramble, not noticing Dita, as if in a fugue state. "I was a big fish and I was swimming through the air and I fell through a hole in a tree. I fell down to an underground river where a man with a big nose was saying, 'Moo, Oh how I love you.' And he was saying this to a cat sitting on a pedestal. Then I woke up."

Kiah entered the garage. Kiah tried to jimmy the lock on the car and ended up setting off the alarm. Whoops.

Gale looked around the kitchen. Gale checked the fridge for snacks. She thought about school, and how Gale and Kiah got better grades than her. How could that even be possible? Did they secretly like her after all? It didn't matter anyway.

The guest bedroom held two items of interest to Darby: the bed and Philomena. Darby looked concerned. "What is the best Christmas movie?" she inquired.

"All I Want For Christmas Is You."

The great hall was empty. Finally, Philomena thought, somewhere she could think. She stared at the tribal Afghan rug uncomprehendingly. Things. The house was full of things. When she got old enough to have a house, she'd own nothing. She thought about school, and how Vivianna and Kiah didn't have to try hard to be liked. Why did they leave whenever she entered a room? They walked around the school like they owned the place. They never invited her to parties; it was a fluke she ended up at this one. They always got what they wanted. Always.

Nobody was in the foyer, so Dita found herself uncharacteristically at ease. Dita debated

just leaving the house.

After some time, Vivianna found herself in the living room. Vivianna turned on the TV for a while. She thought about school, and how Dita and Philomena got better grades than her. Were they jealous of her somehow? Not likely. How could that even be possible? They walked around the school like they owned the place. They were queen bees and they knew it. They never invited her to parties; it was a fluke she ended up at this one. Did they suspect she thought about them so much?

Darby looked around the guest bedroom. Darby imagined what kind of people had stayed in the bed. How many people had had sex in it?

After some time, Kiah found herself in the front yard. Kiah ran her fingers through the well-manicured grass, dreaming of better days. She thought about Kiah. She wanted that watch. Nothing else would do. It was almost too much to deal with. Maybe if they could just be real with each other for once... Just thinking about it made her want to puke.

The breakfast nook was empty. Finally, Gale thought, somewhere she could think. She stared at the juicer uncomprehendingly. She didn't give it a second thought. She thought about school, and how Philomena and Vivianna didn't have to try hard to be liked. How could that even be possible? They were always laughing with their perfect friends. Did they suspect she thought about them so much?

The front yard held two items of interest to Vivianna: the lawn and Dita. Vivianna played nervously with her sweater in a successful bid to avoid talking to Dita.

Nobody was in the great hall, so Darby found herself uncharacteristically at ease. Darby took off her shoes, got a running start, and slid in her socks down the slick hardwood floors. She thought about Vivianna. She wanted that belt. Nothing else would do. Maybe if they could just be real with each other for once... Why did everyone want to be like her? Kiah found Dita in the front yard. "Dita, what did you dream about last night?" asked Kiah. Dita seemed wary, but her face softened. "I was on a cruise and it was summer. A waiter, Brandon, always brought me ice cream. Suddenly everybody started getting sick and

dying, so I decided to leave the boat before I died. I swam for a long time, and I got to this island with nothing but fruit trees. I lived there for a while, but I was lonely although I was otherwise happy. Then a rescue plane came and took me home."

The breakfast nook was empty. Finally, Gale thought, somewhere she could think. Gale drank some juice, fuck it, right? Whose house even was this?

The master bedroom was empty. Finally, Philomena thought, somewhere she could think. "Wow, check out that teak dresser," she said to no one in particular. Things. The house was full of things. When she got old enough to have a house, she'd own nothing.

Vivianna looked around the garage. Vivianna considered getting on that lawnmower and riding it out of this place.

After some time, Gale found herself in the breakfast nook. Gale drank some juice, fuck it, right? Whose house even was this?

Dita found Kiah in the foyer. "What's the best damn thing you've lucked into?"

"seriously this."

Dita breathed deeply and took in sights of the living room. Dita bounced on the sofa, hoping to recapture her childhood innocence.

Nobody was in the garage, so Vivianna found herself uncharacteristically at ease. Vivianna tried to jimmy the lock on the car and ended up setting off the alarm. Whoops.

Darby entered the great hall. Darby stared down the hall, which seemed longer than it had any right to be.

Kiah looked around the front yard. Kiah started to climb the tree, then thought better of it.

Nobody was in the great hall, so Vivianna found herself uncharacteristically at ease. Vivianna stared down the hall, which seemed longer than it had any right to be. She thought about Darby. She loved her so damn much. She wanted that coat. Nothing else would do.

Nobody really knew how she felt. Why did everyone want to be like her?

Kiah breathed deeply and took in sights of the foyer. Kiah debated just leaving the house.

"Perfect, I've got the master bedroom all to myself," thought Philomena. She dutifully avoided the king-sized bed out of some primal respect for its otherness. Part of her, a larger part than she cared to admit, wanted to smash it. She thought about Dita. Dita and that incredible phone of hers. Maybe if they could just be real with each other for once...

The library was empty. Finally, Vivianna thought, somewhere she could think. Vivianna tried and failed to open the lock on the desk.

"Perfect, I've got the great hall all to myself," thought Darby. Darby took off her shoes, got a running start, and slid in her socks down the slick hardwood floors.

Nobody was in the back yard, so Gale found herself uncharacteristically at ease. She noticed the lawn furniture. Kinda tacky. Things. The house was full of things. When she got old enough to have a house, she'd own nothing. As Kiah entered the dining room, she saw Dita making trouble. "Dreams," Kiah said. "Tell me about your dreams." Dita almost said nothing, but thought better of it. "I was walking down an alley when I came to a corner onto a big street. On the corner inside a big door a girl and boy were making a mattress. The girl hated me but the boy was my friend and he came out to talk with me. Then he held a model helicopter above his head and started to fly, so I followed him. Then we sat on a ridge coming out of a building. He said he could fly like me now but not without the helicopter. All of a sudden the ridge we were on broke, and we fell. Then further down the street I saw a lady in a business suit coming towards us. I started to run, but she was able to catch me. I tried to get away by flying but she was holding onto me so tight I could hardly get off the ground. Then she took me to a store that reminded me of Korea. Then she said I could have anything I wanted but I refused. Then the people from the north came by and got me away from the lady and took me skiing in some odd apparel."

After some time, Darby found herself in the guest bedroom. Darby guessed that this was the most boring room in the house. She thought about Darby. She wanted that shirt.

Nothing else would do. Why couldn't she be more like her? Just thinking about it made her want to puke. Why did she come to this stupid house party in the first place?

Gale looked around the garage. The riding lawnmower reminded her of her mother. Barf. Things. The house was full of things. When she got old enough to have a house, she'd own nothing. She thought about school, and how Gale and Darby never talked to her. Why did they leave whenever she entered a room? Were they jealous of her somehow? Not likely. Did they secretly like her after all? It didn't matter anyway. They walked around the school like they owned the place. They never invited her to parties; it was a fluke she ended up at this one. Philomena found Vivianna in the great hall. "Vivianna, what did you dream about last night?" asked Philomena. Vivianna seemed wary, but her face softened. "I was skiing alone at Badger Pass in Yosemite and everyone just disappeared, no one was there. I was alone and I felt lost, I got scared cause it started snowing, then a blizzard came and I started making a dome out of snow to keep me warm, but it didn't work. A big wind came and I felt my toes freezing (and then I woke up with a big jerk and I was sweating)."

"Perfect, I've got the kitchen all to myself," thought Dita. "Wow, check out that oven," she said to no one in particular. She was hoping it would distract her, if for some brief moment, from her life. She thought about Gale. Gale and that aquamarine skirt of hers. Maybe if they could just be real with each other for once... Why did she come to this stupid house party in the first place?

Vivianna breathed deeply and took in sights of the guest bedroom. The next thing she saw was the poster of a... Monet?, which left her feeling disquieted. She was hoping it would distract her, if for some brief moment, from her life.

The great hall was empty. Finally, Darby thought, somewhere she could think. Darby stared down the hall, which seemed longer than it had any right to be.

After some time, Kiah found herself in the living room. The coffee table reminded her of her mother. Barf. Part of her, a larger part than she cared to admit, wanted to smash it.

Nobody was in the kitchen, so Dita found herself uncharacteristically at ease. Dita checked

the fridge for snacks.

Nobody was in the guest bedroom, so Vivianna found herself uncharacteristically at ease. Vivianna guessed that this was the most boring room in the house. She thought about school, and how Kiah and Dita had more money than she did. Were they jealous of her somehow? Not likely. They walked around the school like they owned the place. They always got they wanted. Always.

Darby and Philomena ran into each other in the great hall. Darby played nervously with her coat in a successful bid to avoid talking to Philomena.

Kiah entered the living room. Kiah turned on the TV for a while.

"Perfect, I've got the library all to myself," thought Philomena. Philomena flipped through some books. She thought about school, and how Darby and Kiah got better grades than her. Were they jealous of her somehow? Not likely. They walked around the school like they owned the place. They were queen bees and they knew it. They always got they wanted. Always. Did they suspect she thought about them so much?

Nobody was in the guest bedroom, so Vivianna found herself uncharacteristically at ease. The next thing she saw was the bed, which left her feeling disquieted. Part of her, a larger part than she cared to admit, wanted to smash it.

The foyer was empty. Finally, Kiah thought, somewhere she could think. Kiah debated just leaving the house.

Nobody was in the great hall, so Gale found herself uncharacteristically at ease. The next thing she saw was the tribal Afghan rug, which left her feeling disquieted. Things. The house was full of things. When she got old enough to have a house, she'd own nothing.

Dita breathed deeply and took in sights of the kitchen. "Wow, check out that knife set," she said to no one in particular. She was hoping it would distract her, if for some brief moment, from her life.

Gale entered the great hall. Vivianna was there, as if waiting. "What is your favourite

BASHMENT tune at the moment?"

"Ever blessed."

Philomena entered the library. Philomena flipped through some books.

Dita breathed deeply and took in sights of the breakfast nook. "Wow, check out that juicer," she said to no one in particular. Part of her, a larger part than she cared to admit, wanted to smash it.

The great hall held two items of interest to Kiah: the tribal Afghan rug and Darby. "Where did you get that shirt, Darby?" Darby ignored her.

Vivianna and Kiah ran into each other in the great hall. "What's the best lunch period in townships?" Vivianna asked.

"Lunch at nan and granddad's."

Philomena walked into the great hall and saw Kiah. Great. Philomena eyed Kiah's fashionable purse with envy.

The breakfast nook was empty. Finally, Dita thought, somewhere she could think. Dita drank some juice, fuck it, right? Whose house even was this? She thought about Philomena. She loved her so damn much. She wanted that phone. Nothing else would do. It was almost too much to deal with. Why did everyone want to be like her? Why did she come to this stupid house party in the first place?

Darby entered the guest bedroom. Darby guessed that this was the most boring room in the house.

Vivianna entered the master bedroom. Gale was there, as if waiting. "Why would you msg me then not tell me who you are?" inquired Vivianna.

"because I like them better then you □," said Gale.

The kitchen was empty. Finally, Dita thought, somewhere she could think. Dita rifled

through the cabinets for alcohol.

Nobody was in the great hall, so Darby found herself uncharacteristically at ease. Darby took off her shoes, got a running start, and slid in her socks down the slick hardwood floors.

Kiah entered the master bedroom to find Gale standing there. Kiah avoided Gale. She thought about Gale. It was almost too much to deal with. Maybe if they could just be real with each other for once... Why did everyone want to be like her? Why did she come to this stupid house party in the first place?

The master bedroom held two items of interest to Gale: the king-sized bed and Philomena. "Where did you get that phone, Philomena?" Philomena ignored her.

Dita breathed deeply and took in sights of the back yard. The next thing she saw was the gas grill, which left her feeling disquieted. She was hoping it would distract her, if for some brief moment, from her life.

Vivianna and Philomena ran into each other in the master bedroom. Vivianna stared at Philomena suspiciously.

Darby breathed deeply and took in sights of the bathroom. "Wow, check out that nautical themed shower curtain," she said to no one in particular. Part of her, a larger part than she cared to admit, wanted to smash it.

Philomena entered the master bedroom to find Vivianna standing there. "why do you niggas hate on QRC?" asked Philomena.

Vivianna squirmed. "because I had surgery fuck niggas and I ain't rob nobody I'm not a thief I get my own hop off my dick."

Philomena and Vivianna ran into each other in the great hall. Vivianna stiffened and began to ramble, not noticing Philomena, as if in a fugue state. "I was in a classroom with the rest of my class (8th grade). Steve, our teacher and principal, was calling up, one by one, the people with long hair and cutting their hair so that it was about jawbone length. I was the last person to be called up. I ran away and tucked my hair into my sweatshirt so that it

looked like I had short hair already. Everybody looked at me like I was just being stupid, so I went over to Steve. I had to keep telling him not to cut it so short. It seemed like he finally cut it just above shoulder length. Then I was at home and looking in the mirror in my room. My hair was just below shoulder length. I wondered for about 20 seconds about why he had cut it shorter. I figured I just didn't see where Steve cut my hair. Then I noticed that my hair looked good at this length and looked at the mirror for a while."

After some time, Kiah found herself in the library. She noticed the mahogany work desk. Kinda tacky. Why she noticed in the first place was beyond her.

Gale entered the master bedroom. She noticed the teak dresser. Kinda tacky. Part of her, a larger part than she cared to admit, wanted to smash it.

Vivianna breathed deeply and took in sights of the bathroom. Vivianna relieved herself.

Philomena encountered Darby in the great hall. "What is your favourite BASHMENT tune at the moment?"

"Ever blessed."

After some time, Philomena found herself in the bathroom. Philomena jiggled the toilet handle.

The front yard was empty. Finally, Kiah thought, somewhere she could think. Kiah started to climb the tree, then thought better of it.

"Perfect, I've got the great hall all to myself," thought Philomena. Philomena stared down the hall, which seemed longer than it had any right to be.

After some time, Darby found herself in the guest bedroom. Darby guessed that this was the most boring room in the house. She thought about Kiah. Kiah and that ostentatious watch of hers. She wanted that watch. Nothing else would do. Why couldn't she be more like her? Maybe if they could just be real with each other for once... Nobody really knew how she felt. Why did everyone want to be like her? Just thinking about it made her want to

puke. Why did she come to this stupid house party in the first place?

"Perfect, I've got the front yard all to myself," thought Kiah. The lawn reminded her of her mother. Barf. Things. The house was full of things. When she got old enough to have a house, she'd own nothing.

The master bathroom was empty. Finally, Gale thought, somewhere she could think. The blonde onyx bathtub reminded her of her mother. Barf. She wished the booze would kick in.

"Perfect, I've got the library all to myself," thought Philomena. Philomena flipped through some books.

The great hall was empty. Finally, Darby thought, somewhere she could think. She noticed the family portrait. Kinda tacky. She was hoping it would distract her, if for some brief moment, from her life.

After some time, Kiah found herself in the front yard. Kiah ran her fingers through the well-manicured grass, dreaming of better days.

Nobody was in the foyer, so Philomena found herself uncharacteristically at ease. The next thing she saw was the chandelier, which left her feeling disquieted. Why she noticed in the first place was beyond her.

Dita entered the dining room. The next thing she saw was the dining room table, which left her feeling disquieted. She wished the booze would kick in. She thought about Vivianna. Nobody really knew how she felt. Why did everyone want to be like her?

Darby entered the bathroom. Darby looked around for tampons, finding none. She thought about Kiah. She wanted that watch. Nothing else would do. Maybe if they could just be real with each other for once... Why did everyone want to be like her? Just thinking about it made her want to puke.

Kiah entered the front yard. Kiah ran her fingers through the well-manicured grass, dreaming of better days. She thought about Philomena. Philomena and that fashionable scarf of hers. She hated her so damn much. She wanted that scarf. Nothing else would do.

Why couldn't she be more like her? Nobody really knew how she felt. Why did everyone want to be like her?

Nobody was in the bathroom, so Darby found herself uncharacteristically at ease. Darby jiggled the toilet handle.

Kiah found Philomena in the front yard. Kiah avoided Philomena.

The master bedroom held two items of interest to Vivianna: the king-sized bed and Gale.

Gale encountered Vivianna in the master bedroom. "why do you have an iPhone?" asked Gale.

Vivianna sighed. "because I don't have my lifeproof case on my iPhone (do I ever when I need it.)"

The garage was empty. Finally, Philomena thought, somewhere she could think. Philomena considered getting on that lawnmower and riding it out of this place.

Dita looked around the kitchen. Dita checked the fridge for snacks.

Vivianna entered the master bathroom. The blonde onyx toilet reminded her of her mother. Barf. She didn't give it a second thought.

"Perfect, I've got the bathroom all to myself," thought Darby. Darby was afraid, as she always was, that a murderer lay in ambush behind the shower curtain.

Kiah entered the front yard. Kiah started to climb the tree, then thought better of it. She thought about Darby. Darby and that ostentatious shirt of hers. She wanted that coat. Nothing else would do. Maybe if they could just be real with each other for once... Nobody really knew how she felt. Just thinking about it made her want to puke.

The dining room was empty. Finally, Dita thought, somewhere she could think. "Wow, check out that silverware," she said to no one in particular. Part of her, a larger part than she cared to admit, wanted to smash it.

Darby walked into the great hall and saw Philomena. Great. "Where did you get that phone, Philomena?" Philomena ignored her.

"Perfect, I've got the foyer all to myself," thought Kiah. Kiah debated just leaving the house. She thought about school, and how Philomena and Vivianna didn't have to try hard to be liked. Why did they leave whenever she entered a room? How could that even be possible? They were queen bees and they knew it. They never invited her to parties; it was a fluke she ended up at this one. They always got they wanted. Always. Did they suspect she thought about them so much?

Vivianna entered the master bedroom to find Philomena standing there. Vivianna played nervously with her sweater in a successful bid to avoid talking to Philomena. She thought about school, and how Philomena and Vivianna were such total bitches. They always got they wanted. Always.

Nobody was in the foyer, so Kiah found herself uncharacteristically at ease. Kiah debated just leaving the house. She thought about school, and how Dita and Gale thought they were so much better than everyone else. Why did they leave whenever she entered a room? Were they jealous of her somehow? Not likely. How could that even be possible? They never invited her to parties; it was a fluke she ended up at this one. They always got they wanted. Always.

Philomena entered the master bedroom. She noticed the king-sized bed. Kinda tacky. She heard a noise from somewhere else in the house. She thought about school, and how Dita and Darby didn't have to try hard to be liked. Why did they leave whenever she entered a room? How could that even be possible? They were always laughing with their perfect friends. They walked around the school like they owned the place. They never invited her to parties; it was a fluke she ended up at this one. They always got they wanted. Always.

"Perfect, I've got the back yard all to myself," thought Dita. The lawn furniture caught her eye. She thought it was the ugliest thing she'd ever seen. She didn't give it a second thought.

After some time, Kiah found herself in the foyer. "Wow, check out that chandelier," she said to no one in particular. She didn't give it a second thought.

Darby found Vivianna in the great hall. Darby looked concerned. "Why do you continue to send me pictures of your lower regions though?" she asked.

"because I need silliness to keep me sane while I continue to (not) do this paper," said Vivianna.

After some time, Dita found herself in the kitchen. She noticed the knife set. Kinda tacky. Things. The house was full of things. When she got old enough to have a house, she'd own nothing.

Darby entered the library. The bookshelf caught her eye. She thought it was the ugliest thing she'd ever seen. She wished the booze would kick in.

Kiah and Gale ran into each other in the foyer. Kiah looked concerned. "what is your favourite Christmas record?" she asked.

"Elf."

Nobody was in the kitchen, so Dita found herself uncharacteristically at ease. Dita checked the fridge for snacks. She thought about Gale. Gale and that aquamarine skirt of hers. She hated her so damn much. It was almost too much to deal with. Why did everyone want to be like her? Just thinking about it made her want to puke. Why did she come to this stupid house party in the first place?

Vivianna entered the great hall. Philomena was there, as if waiting. Vivianna eyed Philomena's fashionable scarf with envy. She thought about school, and how Philomena and Vivianna got better grades than her. Why did they leave whenever she entered a room? Were they jealous of her somehow? Not likely. How could that even be possible? They were always laughing with their perfect friends. They walked around the school like they owned the place. But life was probably hard for them too, in its own way. It always is.

The foyer held two items of interest to Kiah: the chandelier and Gale. "Where did you get

that skirt, Gale?" Gale ignored her.

Gale and Darby ran into each other in the foyer. Gale eyed Darby's ostentatious shirt with envy.

"Perfect, I've got the guest bedroom all to myself," thought Philomena. She stared at the set of curtains uncomprehendingly. Why she noticed in the first place was beyond her.

Dita breathed deeply and took in sights of the breakfast nook. Dita drank some juice, fuck it, right? Whose house even was this?

Vivianna entered the great hall. Vivianna stared down the hall, which seemed longer than it had any right to be. Kiah entered the library. Darby was there, as if waiting. Darby was crying. Kiah acted on instinct. "Tell me all about it." she said. Darby obliged in an unbecoming outpouring. "(sic). In my dream, I woke up and took a shower, made my lunch and ate breakfast. Then my brother told me that I was going with mom and that I could sleep in late. I woke up."

"Perfect, I've got the front yard all to myself," thought Gale. Gale ran her fingers through the well-manicured grass, dreaming of better days.

After some time, Philomena found herself in the guest bedroom. Philomena imagined what kind of people had stayed in the bed. How many people had had sex in it? She thought about Kiah. Kiah and that fashionable purse of hers. She wanted that purse. Nothing else would do. It was almost too much to deal with. Why couldn't she be more like her? Maybe if they could just be real with each other for once... Nobody really knew how she felt. Why did everyone want to be like her?

After some time, Dita found herself in the breakfast nook. She dutifully avoided the toaster out of some primal respect for its otherness. She was hoping it would distract her, if for some brief moment, from her life. She thought about Darby. Darby and that emerald coat of hers. She hated her so damn much. Maybe if they could just be real with each other for once... Nobody really knew how she felt. Why did everyone want to be like her? Why did

she come to this stupid house party in the first place?

The great hall was empty. Finally, Vivianna thought, somewhere she could think. She noticed the tribal Afghan rug. Kinda tacky. She was hoping it would distract her, if for some brief moment, from her life.

"Perfect, I've got the foyer all to myself," thought Darby. She dutifully avoided the side table out of some primal respect for its otherness. She didn't give it a second thought.

Kiah breathed deeply and took in sights of the library. Kiah flipped through some books.

Gale entered the front yard. Gale started to climb the tree, then thought better of it.

The breakfast nook was empty. Finally, Dita thought, somewhere she could think. The next thing she saw was the table, which left her feeling disquieted. She wished the booze would kick in.

The foyer was empty. Finally, Darby thought, somewhere she could think. "Wow, check out that chandelier," she said to no one in particular. She wished the booze would kick in.

Philomena and Vivianna ran into each other in the master bedroom. Vivianna stiffened and began to ramble, not noticing Philomena, as if in a fugue state. "I was Oksana Baiul and I was ice skating with Katarina Witt. We decided to go to another rink, but when we got there it was too small to skate on. Suddenly I became myself along with my family and we were staying at a house by the rink. Inside the house, there were millions of sweets."

The kitchen was empty. Finally, Dita thought, somewhere she could think. She dutifully avoided the oven out of some primal respect for its otherness. Part of her, a larger part than she cared to admit, wanted to smash it. She thought about Philomena. She loved her so damn much. She wanted that phone. Nothing else would do. Nobody really knew how she felt. Why did everyone want to be like her? Why did she come to this stupid house party in the first place?

Darby entered the library. Darby flipped through some books.

Kiah breathed deeply and took in sights of the great hall. Kiah stared down the hall, which

seemed longer than it had any right to be.

The great hall was empty. Finally, Philomena thought, somewhere she could think. Philomena took off her shoes, got a running start, and slid in her socks down the slick hardwood floors.

Nobody was in the breakfast nook, so Dita found herself uncharacteristically at ease. Dita drank some juice, fuck it, right? Whose house even was this?

Nobody was in the foyer, so Darby found herself uncharacteristically at ease. "Wow, check out that chandelier," she said to no one in particular. Things. The house was full of things. When she got old enough to have a house, she'd own nothing.

The garage was empty. Finally, Gale thought, somewhere she could think. The riding lawnmower caught her eye. She thought it was the ugliest thing she'd ever seen. Part of her, a larger part than she cared to admit, wanted to smash it.

Philomena entered the guest bedroom. Philomena imagined what kind of people had stayed in the bed. How many people had had sex in it? She thought about Darby. It was almost too much to deal with. Maybe if they could just be real with each other for once... Just thinking about it made her want to puke.

Dita entered the kitchen. She dutifully avoided the knife set out of some primal respect for its otherness. She heard a noise from somewhere else in the house.

Darby looked around the foyer. Darby debated just leaving the house. She thought about school, and how Philomena and Dita were such total bitches. Why did they leave whenever she entered a room? Were they jealous of her somehow? Not likely. They were always laughing with their perfect friends. They always got what they wanted. Always.

Kiah breathed deeply and took in sights of the master bathroom. She stared at the blonde onyx flooring uncomprehendingly. She was hoping it would distract her, if for some brief moment, from her life.

The great hall was empty. Finally, Gale thought, somewhere she could think. Gale took off

her shoes, got a running start, a slid in her socks down the slick hardwood floors. She thought about Vivianna. It was almost too much to deal with. Why couldn't she be more like her? Nobody really knew how she felt. Why did everyone want to be like her?

After some time, Philomena found herself in the guest bedroom. Philomena imagined what kind of people had stayed in the bed. How many people had had sex in it?

After some time, Dita found herself in the back yard. The lawn furniture caught her eye. She thought it was the ugliest thing she'd ever seen. Things. The house was full of things. When she got old enough to have a house, she'd own nothing.

"Perfect, I've got the foyer all to myself," thought Darby. The side table reminded her of her mother. Barf. She didn't give it a second thought. She thought about Kiah. She wanted that watch. Nothing else would do.

The bathroom was empty. Finally, Gale thought, somewhere she could think. Gale looked around for tampons, finding none.

The great hall was empty. Finally, Philomena thought, somewhere she could think. Philomena took off her shoes, got a running start, a slid in her socks down the slick hardwood floors.

After some time, Darby found herself in the living room. The coffee table caught her eye. She thought it was the ugliest thing she'd ever seen. She heard a noise from somewhere else in the house.

The master bedroom held two items of interest to Philomena: the teak dresser and Vivianna. Philomena played nervously with her scarf in a successful bid to avoid talking to Vivianna. She thought about Vivianna. She loved her so damn much. It was almost too much to deal with. Maybe if they could just be real with each other for once... Why did everyone want to be like her?

After some time, Dita found herself in the kitchen. The knife set caught her eye. She thought it was the ugliest thing she'd ever seen. She was hoping it would distract her, if for some

brief moment, from her life.

The master bathroom was empty. Finally, Kiah thought, somewhere she could think. The blonde onyx countertop caught her eye. She thought it was the ugliest thing she'd ever seen. Things. The house was full of things. When she got old enough to have a house, she'd own nothing.

Dita entered the closet. Dita surrepticiously rearranged the supplies.

Nobody was in the master bedroom, so Kiah found herself uncharacteristically at ease. The next thing she saw was the teak dresser, which left her feeling disquieted. Part of her, a larger part than she cared to admit, wanted to smash it.

Gale entered the great hall. Vivianna was there, as if waiting. "What is the best way to wash wool?" asked Gale.

Vivianna laughed. "Not posting anything about your relationship."

Vivianna entered the great hall. Gale was there, as if waiting. Vivianna avoided Gale.

"Perfect, I've got the foyer all to myself," thought Darby. The chandelier reminded her of her mother. Barf. She wished the booze would kick in.

Kiah entered the great hall to find Gale standing there. Kiah stared at Gale suspiciously. Philomena walked into the foyer and saw Darby. Great. Darby looked directly at Philomena. "I had the weirdest dream," she said. "I was putting on my makeup and I was just about finished when suddenly it all turned into mud. I went to wash it off but it wouldn't come off."

The closet was empty. Finally, Dita thought, somewhere she could think. Dita surrepticiously rearranged the supplies.

Kiah encountered Vivianna in the great hall. Kiah seemed concerned. "why do you hos still try to talk to them ?" she asked.

Vivianna chuckled. "because I'm still very much in love."

Nobody was in the library, so Philomena found herself uncharacteristically at ease. Philomena flipped through some books. She thought about Vivianna. She liked her so damn much. She wanted that belt. Nothing else would do. Why couldn't she be more like her? Why did everyone want to be like her? Just thinking about it made her want to puke. Why did she come to this stupid house party in the first place?

After some time, Vivianna found herself in the bathroom. Vivianna was afraid, as she always was, that a murderer lay in ambush behind the shower curtain.

Darby looked around the foyer. Darby debated just leaving the house.

The library was empty. Finally, Philomena thought, somewhere she could think. Philomena flipped through some books. She thought about Vivianna. Vivianna and that aquamarine sweater of hers. She liked her so damn much. She wanted that belt. Nothing else would do. Why did everyone want to be like her? Just thinking about it made her want to puke.

"Perfect, I've got the kitchen all to myself," thought Dita. She dutifully avoided the oven out of some primal respect for its otherness. She wished the booze would kick in.

Nobody was in the foyer, so Darby found herself uncharacteristically at ease. Darby debated just leaving the house.

Gale entered the great hall. Gale took off her shoes, got a running start, and slid in her socks down the slick hardwood floors. She thought about Vivianna. It was almost too much to deal with. Why did everyone want to be like her? Why did she come to this stupid house party in the first place?

Nobody was in the foyer, so Philomena found herself uncharacteristically at ease. Philomena debated just leaving the house.

Nobody was in the kitchen, so Dita found herself uncharacteristically at ease. Dita checked the fridge for snacks.

Vivianna breathed deeply and took in sights of the great hall. Vivianna took off her shoes, got a running start, and slid in her socks down the slick hardwood floors.

Gale breathed deeply and took in sights of the master bedroom. "Wow, check out that teak dresser," she said to no one in particular. Why she noticed in the first place was beyond her.

Dita looked around the breakfast nook. She dutifully avoided the table out of some primal respect for its otherness. Things. The house was full of things. When she got old enough to have a house, she'd own nothing.

Vivianna walked into the great hall and saw Gale. Great. Vivianna eyed Gale's teal shirt with envy.

Darby walked into the front yard and saw Philomena. Great. "Where did you get that phone, Philomena?" Philomena ignored her.

Gale entered the great hall to find Vivianna standing there. "What is your favorite car to work on, and why?"

Vivianna yawned. "BMW X5 my favourite car, which is ."

The garage was empty. Finally, Philomena thought, somewhere she could think. Philomena peered in the car door for some kind of clue as to whose house this was.

After some time, Dita found herself in the kitchen. She stared at the knife set uncomprehendingly. Why she noticed in the first place was beyond her.

Darby looked around the front yard. Darby started to climb the tree, then thought better of it. She thought about Gale. Gale and that teal shirt of hers. She loved her so damn much. She wanted that skirt. Nothing else would do. Nobody really knew how she felt. Why did everyone want to be like her? Just thinking about it made her want to puke. Why did she come to this stupid house party in the first place?

Vivianna walked into the great hall and saw Kiah. Great. Vivianna appeared cross. "why do

you think you're so tough?" she asked.

Kiah yelled. "because I don't think so honey."

Nobody was in the garage, so Philomena found herself uncharacteristically at ease. Philomena considered getting on that lawnmower and riding it out of this place. She thought about Gale. She wanted that skirt. Nothing else would do. Why did everyone want to be like her? Why did she come to this stupid house party in the first place?

Nobody was in the front yard, so Darby found herself uncharacteristically at ease. Darby ran her fingers through the well-manicured grass, dreaming of better days.

Kiah entered the great hall. Vivianna was there, as if waiting. Kiah avoided Vivianna. She thought about school, and how Vivianna and Gale got better grades than her. They were always laughing with their perfect friends. They walked around the school like they owned the place. They were queen bees and they knew it. Did they suspect she thought about them so much? Philomena entered the front yard to find Darby standing there. Darby looked directly at Philomena. "I had the weirdest dream," she said. "I had just spent the night over at my best friend's house and we were waking up on a gorgeous spring morning. She had to go to school, but I didn't, so I wanted to go with her. She lives less than a block away from her school, and I was jealous that she could wake up at 7:30 and make it to school by 8. I was shaving my legs with her electric razor and then we went into her back yard and went swimming in the cool water."

The living room was empty. Finally, Dita thought, somewhere she could think. Dita bounced on the sofa, hoping to recapture her childhood innocence.

Darby entered the front yard. Philomena was there, as if waiting. Darby stared at Philomena suspiciously. She thought about Philomena. She envied her so damn much. She wanted that phone. Nothing else would do. Why couldn't she be more like her? Why did everyone want to be like her? Just thinking about it made her want to puke.

Kiah found Vivianna in the bathroom. Kiah eyed Vivianna's aquamarine sweater with envy.

Gale entered the library. The bookshelf reminded her of her mother. Barf. Part of her, a larger part than she cared to admit, wanted to smash it.

"Perfect, I've got the living room all to myself," thought Philomena. Philomena turned on the TV for a while.

Darby entered the foyer. Darby debated just leaving the house.

Vivianna encountered Kiah in the great hall. "What is your favourite healthy meal to make during the work week?"

"salad."

Kiah entered the great hall to find Gale standing there. "what's your favourite song?" asked Kiah.

"All bad."

Vivianna walked into the great hall and saw Gale. Great. Gale looked directly at Vivianna. "I had the weirdest dream," she said. "I was with my family. We went to buy something at a store and I found this CD I kind of wanted so I put it in a bag. Then I tried on these ugly rainbow-colored shoes. I put these in a bag. Later, we're driving and I see that I have stolen both these things, which I didn't mean to do. Then we see some black gangsters fighting and my mom sighs, "please don't start." Then they start punching people out and Tupac gets rolled in front of our car & starts screaming something at us."

Darby breathed deeply and took in sights of the foyer. She stared at the side table uncomprehendingly. Part of her, a larger part than she cared to admit, wanted to smash it.

"Perfect, I've got the library all to myself," thought Kiah. She dutifully avoided the mahogany work desk out of some primal respect for its otherness. Why she noticed in the first place was beyond her. She thought about Darby. Darby and that emerald coat of hers. It was almost too much to deal with. Why couldn't she be more like her? Maybe if they could just be real with each other for once... Nobody really knew how she felt. Why did everyone want to be like her? Just thinking about it made her want to puke. Why did she come to this

stupid house party in the first place?

Dita entered the living room. Philomena was there, as if waiting. "what is the best kind of pizza from leo's?" asked Dita.

"music that gives you chills," said Philomena.

After some time, Philomena found herself in the living room. Philomena bounced on the sofa, hoping to recapture her childhood innocence.

Dita entered the foyer to find Darby standing there.

Vivianna entered the library to find Kiah standing there. "Why do you get so close to people when you're just gonna walk out when it gets hard?"

Kiah squirmed. "because I don't want to annoy people with my problems."

Kiah encountered Vivianna in the library. "What is your favorite Thanksgiving dish?"

"Lasagna."

Philomena walked into the living room and saw Dita. Great. Dita was crying. Philomena acted on instinct. "Tell me all about it." she said. Dita obliged in an unbecoming outpouring. "I was sitting in a restaurant when three men came in and started robbing the place. Everyone screamed and they shot one person. They lay on the floor, blood streaming out of them. I stood there and I didn't know what to do, so I started screaming and they tried to shoot me but bullets bounced off, and they were unarmed. People came and held them until the police came."

Vivianna entered the great hall. Vivianna stared down the hall, which seemed longer than it had any right to be.

Nobody was in the foyer, so Darby found herself uncharacteristically at ease. Darby debated just leaving the house.

Philomena entered the foyer. Darby was there, as if waiting. Philomena eyed Darby's

emerald coat with envy. She thought about Darby. She liked her so damn much. She wanted that shirt. Nothing else would do. Nobody really knew how she felt. Why did everyone want to be like her? Just thinking about it made her want to puke. Why did she come to this stupid house party in the first place?

Nobody was in the front yard, so Dita found herself uncharacteristically at ease. Dita ran her fingers through the well-manicured grass, dreaming of better days.

After some time, Vivianna found herself in the great hall. She stared at the tribal Afghan rug uncomprehendingly. She wished the booze would kick in.

Nobody was in the library, so Kiah found herself uncharacteristically at ease. The mahogany work desk reminded her of her mother. Barf. Things. The house was full of things. When she got old enough to have a house, she'd own nothing. She thought about Kiah. Maybe if they could just be real with each other for once...

Gale looked around the master bathroom. The next thing she saw was the blonde onyx flooring, which left her feeling disquieted. She was hoping it would distract her, if for some brief moment, from her life.

Dita entered the front yard. Dita ran her fingers through the well-manicured grass, dreaming of better days. She thought about Darby. Maybe if they could just be real with each other for once... Why did she come to this stupid house party in the first place?

Vivianna looked around the bathroom. The toilet caught her eye. She thought it was the ugliest thing she'd ever seen. She heard a noise from somewhere else in the house. She thought about Gale. She wanted that shirt. Nothing else would do. Why couldn't she be more like her? Maybe if they could just be real with each other for once... Why did everyone want to be like her? Just thinking about it made her want to puke. Why did she come to this stupid house party in the first place?

Darby found Philomena in the foyer. Darby avoided Philomena.

After some time, Kiah found herself in the library. Kiah tried and failed to open the lock on

the desk.

Nobody was in the living room, so Philomena found herself uncharacteristically at ease. Philomena turned on the TV for a while.

"Perfect, I've got the front yard all to myself," thought Dita. Dita ran her fingers through the well-manicured grass, dreaming of better days. She thought about school, and how Gale and Darby thought they were so much better than everyone else. How could that even be possible? Did they secretly like her after all? It didn't matter anyway. They were always laughing with their perfect friends. They walked around the school like they owned the place. They were queen bees and they knew it.

"Perfect, I've got the bathroom all to myself," thought Vivianna. She stared at the toilet uncomprehendingly. She heard a noise from somewhere else in the house.

Darby encountered Kiah in the foyer. "What's your favorite episode of Jimmy Neutron?" Darby inquired.

"DAMN THIS IS ."

Nobody was in the great hall, so Vivianna found herself uncharacteristically at ease. Vivianna stared down the hall, which seemed longer than it had any right to be.

Kiah looked around the foyer. She noticed the chandelier. Kinda tacky. Why she noticed in the first place was beyond her.

Darby walked into the living room and saw Dita. Great. Darby appeared angry. "why do you live a million miles away?" she demanded.

"because I get to work like a million hours and I'm gonna get tons of gas money," said Dita.

As Dita entered the living room, she saw Darby making trouble. Dita stared at Darby suspiciously.

Darby found Dita in the living room. Darby played nervously with her shirt in a successful

bid to avoid talking to Dita.

Kiah and Philomena ran into each other in the foyer. "why would you name your child after a rash?" demanded Kiah.

Philomena yawned. "because i was a only child for so long."

Gale walked into the master bedroom and saw Vivianna. Great. "Why do you people think that i am a Celebrity?" Gale inquired.

Vivianna chuckled. "because I'm a celebrity starts."

Vivianna entered the master bedroom. She noticed the king-sized bed. Kinda tacky. She didn't give it a second thought.

Darby breathed deeply and took in sights of the front yard. Darby started to climb the tree, then thought better of it.

"Perfect, I've got the library all to myself," thought Dita. She stared at the mahogany work desk uncomprehendingly. She was hoping it would distract her, if for some brief moment, from her life. She thought about Kiah. Kiah and that ostentatious watch of hers. She wanted that watch. Nothing else would do. It was almost too much to deal with. Why couldn't she be more like her? Why did everyone want to be like her?

Vivianna breathed deeply and took in sights of the great hall. She dutifully avoided the family portrait out of some primal respect for its otherness. Things. The house was full of things. When she got old enough to have a house, she'd own nothing.

Darby and Kiah ran into each other in the front yard. "Where did you get that watch, Kiah?" Kiah ignored her.

Vivianna looked around the guest bedroom. Vivianna imagined what kind of people had stayed in the bed. How many people had had sex in it?

The living room was empty. Finally, Darby thought, somewhere she could think. "Wow, check out that flat screen TV," she said to no one in particular. Things. The house was full of

things. When she got old enough to have a house, she'd own nothing.

The great hall was empty. Finally, Gale thought, somewhere she could think. Gale stared down the hall, which seemed longer than it had any right to be. She thought about Kiah. Kiah and that fashionable purse of hers. She envied her so damn much. Why couldn't she be more like her? Why did everyone want to be like her?

The living room held two items of interest to Philomena: the coffee table and Kiah. Philomena stared at Kiah suspiciously.

The foyer was empty. Finally, Dita thought, somewhere she could think. The next thing she saw was the side table, which left her feeling disquieted. She was hoping it would distract her, if for some brief moment, from her life.

The front yard was empty. Finally, Darby thought, somewhere she could think. Darby ran her fingers through the well-manicured grass, dreaming of better days.

"Perfect, I've got the bathroom all to myself," thought Gale. Gale jiggled the toilet handle. She thought about school, and how Gale and Vivianna were such total bitches. Were they jealous of her somehow? Not likely. They were always laughing with their perfect friends. They always got they wanted. Always.

Philomena looked around the living room. Philomena bounced on the sofa, hoping to recapture her childhood innocence.

Dita and Kiah ran into each other in the foyer. Dita played nervously with her phone in a successful bid to avoid talking to Kiah. Vivianna and Gale ran into each other in the great hall. "Gale, what did you dream about last night?" asked Vivianna. Gale seemed wary, but her face softened. "Melissa and I went to a Beatles concert at Sand Harbor. Only the stage was in a different spot. There was this cabin where you get tickets and we're looking for my mom to get a blanket to sit down on. We were just walking around and then there was a pause where nothing happened. Then the dream ended."

After some time, Darby found herself in the front yard. Darby started to climb the tree, then

thought better of it.

Darby entered the front yard. Darby started to climb the tree, then thought better of it.

As Kiah entered the foyer, she saw Dita making trouble. Kiah stared at Dita suspiciously.

Gale looked around the great hall. The family portrait caught her eye. She thought it was the ugliest thing she'd ever seen. Why she noticed in the first place was beyond her.

"Perfect, I've got the dining room all to myself," thought Philomena. She noticed the dining room table. Kinda tacky. She was hoping it would distract her, if for some brief moment, from her life.

"Perfect, I've got the master bedroom all to myself," thought Vivianna. The next thing she saw was the king-sized bed, which left her feeling disquieted. Part of her, a larger part than she cared to admit, wanted to smash it.

"Perfect, I've got the front yard all to myself," thought Darby. Darby ran her fingers through the well-manicured grass, dreaming of better days.

Dita encountered Kiah in the foyer. "What's the best way to force a man to do sit ups?"

"Getting home and listening to Eric Hutchinson while reading the new issue of The Rolling Stone," said Kiah.

"Perfect, I've got the dining room all to myself," thought Philomena. The silverware reminded her of her mother. Barf. She didn't give it a second thought.

Darby found Dita in the front yard. Darby avoided Dita.

Dita found Kiah in the front yard. "What is your favorite Thanksgiving dish?" Dita demanded.

"Watching thankskilling."

Vivianna walked into the great hall and saw Gale. Great. "What's the best hot chocolate I

can buy from the store?"

"This."

Vivianna entered the bathroom. Vivianna was afraid, as she always was, that a murderer lay in ambush behind the shower curtain.

Darby encountered Dita in the front yard. Darby played nervously with her coat in a successful bid to avoid talking to Dita. She thought about school, and how Dita and Darby got better grades than her. Were they jealous of her somehow? Not likely. How could that even be possible? Did they secretly like her after all? It didn't matter anyway. They were always laughing with their perfect friends. They were queen bees and they knew it. But life was probably hard for them too, in its own way. It always is.

Nobody was in the foyer, so Kiah found herself uncharacteristically at ease. Kiah debated just leaving the house.

Philomena looked around the kitchen. Philomena checked the fridge for snacks.

Vivianna entered the great hall. Vivianna stared down the hall, which seemed longer than it had any right to be.

Gale entered the bathroom. Gale jiggled the toilet handle.

After some time, Vivianna found herself in the great hall. Vivianna took off her shoes, got a running start, a slid in her socks down the slick hardwood floors. She thought about Gale. It was almost too much to deal with. Why couldn't she be more like her? Maybe if they could just be real with each other for once... Just thinking about it made her want to puke. Why did she come to this stupid house party in the first place?

Gale looked around the bathroom. Gale jiggled the toilet handle.

Philomena looked around the kitchen. Philomena checked the fridge for snacks.

The front yard was empty. Finally, Dita thought, somewhere she could think. The next thing she saw was the lawn, which left her feeling disquieted. Part of her, a larger part than she

cared to admit, wanted to smash it.

After some time, Darby found herself in the dining room. She dutifully avoided the dining room table out of some primal respect for its otherness. She heard a noise from somewhere else in the house.

After some time, Kiah found herself in the library. Kiah flipped through some books.

"Perfect, I've got the great hall all to myself," thought Gale. Gale took off her shoes, got a running start, and slid in her socks down the slick hardwood floors.

"Perfect, I've got the kitchen all to myself," thought Philomena. Philomena checked the fridge for snacks.

Vivianna entered the great hall. Vivianna stared down the hall, which seemed longer than it had any right to be.

Darby and Dita ran into each other in the living room. Darby avoided Dita.

Kiah breathed deeply and took in sights of the library. The next thing she saw was the mahogany work desk, which left her feeling disquieted. Why she noticed in the first place was beyond her.

Vivianna entered the great hall. Vivianna stared down the hall, which seemed longer than it had any right to be. She thought about Philomena. She wanted that scarf. Nothing else would do. It was almost too much to deal with. Nobody really knew how she felt. Why did everyone want to be like her? Just thinking about it made her want to puke. Why did she come to this stupid house party in the first place?

Darby encountered Dita in the dining room. Darby played nervously with her shirt in a successful bid to avoid talking to Dita.

"Perfect, I've got the library all to myself," thought Kiah. The mahogany work desk caught her eye. She thought it was the ugliest thing she'd ever seen. She didn't give it a second thought. She thought about school, and how Gale and Vivianna didn't have to try hard to be

liked. Were they jealous of her somehow? Not likely. How could that even be possible? They walked around the school like they owned the place. They were queen bees and they knew it. But life was probably hard for them too, in its own way. It always is. Did they suspect she thought about them so much?

Philomena found Darby in the dining room. "What is the best deal you found?" asked Philomena.

"Victoria's Secret 7 for \$26 underwear," said Darby.

Dita found Darby in the dining room. "what's your favourite item of food in a buffet?"

Darby sighed. "Out of everything I have my pandora bracelet."

Dita walked into the dining room and saw Philomena. Great. "Dreams," Dita said. "Tell me about your dreams." Philomena almost said nothing, but thought better of it. "My cousin's friend was over who I'd never met but always wanted to meet. When I saw Michael's friend I couldn't believe it 'cause he was tall and fine and looked about 14! (I'm 13.) I kept asking him and Michael "are you really only 9 years old?" and he would answer yes! That's all I remember."

Nobody was in the foyer, so Kiah found herself uncharacteristically at ease. She stared at the chandelier uncomprehendingly. Why she noticed in the first place was beyond her.

The great hall was empty. Finally, Gale thought, somewhere she could think. Gale took off her shoes, got a running start, a slid in her socks down the slick hardwood floors.

Nobody was in the bathroom, so Vivianna found herself uncharacteristically at ease. The toilet caught her eye. She thought it was the ugliest thing she'd ever seen. She was hoping it would distract her, if for some brief moment, from her life.

After some time, Kiah found herself in the front yard. The tree caught her eye. She thought it was the ugliest thing she'd ever seen. She didn't give it a second thought.

Dita entered the dining room to find Philomena standing there. "What is your favorite piece

of fishing gear?" asked Dita.

"my leather jacket," said Philomena.

Philomena encountered Darby in the back yard. Philomena played nervously with her phone in a successful bid to avoid talking to Darby. She thought about school, and how Darby and Philomena had more money than she did. They were queen bees and they knew it. They never invited her to parties; it was a fluke she ended up at this one. They always got they wanted. Always. Did they suspect she thought about them so much?

Dita looked around the living room. Dita bounced on the sofa, hoping to recapture her childhood innocence.

After some time, Vivianna found herself in the great hall. The family portrait reminded her of her mother. Barf. Things. The house was full of things. When she got old enough to have a house, she'd own nothing.

The front yard was empty. Finally, Kiah thought, somewhere she could think. Kiah ran her fingers through the well-manicured grass, dreaming of better days. She thought about school, and how Vivianna and Philomena thought they were so much better than everyone else. Did they secretly like her after all? It didn't matter anyway. They walked around the school like they owned the place. They were queen bees and they knew it. They never invited her to parties; it was a fluke she ended up at this one. They always got they wanted. Always.

The dining room held two items of interest to Philomena: the dining room table and Darby. Philomena stared at Darby suspiciously.

The bathroom was empty. Finally, Vivianna thought, somewhere she could think. Vivianna relieved herself. She thought about school, and how Vivianna and Dita were such total bitches. Why did they leave whenever she entered a room? Did they secretly like her after all? It didn't matter anyway. They always got they wanted. Always. Did they suspect she thought about them so much?

Nobody was in the front yard, so Dita found herself uncharacteristically at ease. Dita started to climb the tree, then thought better of it.

Vivianna breathed deeply and took in sights of the bathroom. Vivianna was afraid, as she always was, that a murderer lay in ambush behind the shower curtain.

Nobody was in the foyer, so Kiah found herself uncharacteristically at ease. Kiah debated just leaving the house. She thought about school, and how Gale and Vivianna got better grades than her. Were they jealous of her somehow? Not likely. They were always laughing with their perfect friends. They walked around the school like they owned the place. They always got they wanted. Always.

The kitchen held two items of interest to Darby: the fridge and Philomena. "Why do you even have twitter?" Darby asked.

Philomena recoiled. "because I have too many twitter followers."

Philomena looked around the back yard. "Wow, check out that lawn furniture," she said to no one in particular. Why she noticed in the first place was beyond her.

Dita entered the front yard. Dita started to climb the tree, then thought better of it. She thought about school, and how Darby and Vivianna were such total bitches. Why did they leave whenever she entered a room? Were they jealous of her somehow? Not likely. How could that even be possible? They never invited her to parties; it was a fluke she ended up at this one. They always got they wanted. Always.

Vivianna breathed deeply and took in sights of the great hall. Vivianna took off her shoes, got a running start, a slid in her socks down the slick hardwood floors.

The breakfast nook was empty. Finally, Darby thought, somewhere she could think. She stared at the toaster uncomprehendingly. Things. The house was full of things. When she got old enough to have a house, she'd own nothing. She thought about Kiah. Kiah and that ostentatious watch of hers. It was almost too much to deal with. Why couldn't she be more like her? Nobody really knew how she felt. Just thinking about it made her want to puke.

Kiah entered the library. Kiah flipped through some books. She thought about Vivianna. Maybe if they could just be real with each other for once... Why did she come to this stupid house party in the first place?

Philomena looked around the kitchen. The oven reminded her of her mother. Barf. She was hoping it would distract her, if for some brief moment, from her life.

Vivianna entered the great hall. Vivianna stared down the hall, which seemed longer than it had any right to be.

After some time, Darby found herself in the back yard. She stared at the gas grill uncomprehendingly. Things. The house was full of things. When she got old enough to have a house, she'd own nothing.

Kiah entered the library. Kiah tried and failed to open the lock on the desk.

Dita entered the foyer. Dita debated just leaving the house.

Kiah looked around the library. The next thing she saw was the mahogany work desk, which left her feeling disquieted. Things. The house was full of things. When she got old enough to have a house, she'd own nothing. She thought about school, and how Gale and Kiah thought they were so much better than everyone else. Were they jealous of her somehow? Not likely. They were queen bees and they knew it. They never invited her to parties; it was a fluke she ended up at this one.

The kitchen held two items of interest to Philomena: the oven and Darby. Philomena eyed Darby's ostentatious shirt with envy.

As Vivianna entered the great hall, she saw Gale making trouble. Vivianna played nervously with her sweater in a successful bid to avoid talking to Gale.

The library was empty. Finally, Kiah thought, somewhere she could think. Kiah tried and failed to open the lock on the desk.

Gale encountered Vivianna in the great hall. "What is your favorite scene of mine in a Love

Thy Neighbor episode?" Gale asked.

Vivianna flinched. "When Aurora and Phillip meet in the woods and sing together."

The foyer was empty. Finally, Dita thought, somewhere she could think. She dutifully avoided the chandelier out of some primal respect for its otherness. She heard a noise from somewhere else in the house.

The great hall was empty. Finally, Kiah thought, somewhere she could think. Kiah took off her shoes, got a running start, and slid in her socks down the slick hardwood floors.

Dita breathed deeply and took in sights of the front yard. Dita started to climb the tree, then thought better of it.

After some time, Vivianna found herself in the great hall. "Wow, check out that tribal Afghan rug," she said to no one in particular. She was hoping it would distract her, if for some brief moment, from her life.

"Perfect, I've got the kitchen all to myself," thought Darby. She stared at the oven uncomprehendingly. She didn't give it a second thought. She thought about Philomena. Philomena and that crimson phone of hers. She wanted that phone. Nothing else would do. Nobody really knew how she felt. Why did she come to this stupid house party in the first place?

The guest bedroom was empty. Finally, Kiah thought, somewhere she could think. Kiah guessed that this was the most boring room in the house.

Dita breathed deeply and took in sights of the front yard. Dita ran her fingers through the well-manicured grass, dreaming of better days. She thought about school, and how Dita and Philomena thought they were so much better than everyone else. They were queen bees and they knew it. They never invited her to parties; it was a fluke she ended up at this one. But life was probably hard for them too, in its own way. It always is. Did they suspect she thought about them so much?

Darby looked around the closet. Darby looked for some paper towels. She thought about

Philomena. Philomena and that crimson phone of hers. She wanted that phone. Nothing else would do. Nobody really knew how she felt. Why did everyone want to be like her? Just thinking about it made her want to puke.

As Kiah entered the great hall, she saw Vivianna making trouble. Kiah avoided Vivianna.

The front yard was empty. Finally, Dita thought, somewhere she could think. Dita started to climb the tree, then thought better of it.

The closet was empty. Finally, Darby thought, somewhere she could think. Darby looked for some paper towels.

The master bathroom was empty. Finally, Gale thought, somewhere she could think. "Wow, check out that blonde onyx countertop," she said to no one in particular. She heard a noise from somewhere else in the house. She thought about school, and how Dita and Philomena were such total bitches. Why did they leave whenever she entered a room? Were they jealous of her somehow? Not likely. They were always laughing with their perfect friends. They walked around the school like they owned the place. But life was probably hard for them too, in its own way. It always is. Did they suspect she thought about them so much?

Vivianna encountered Kiah in the great hall. "what's your favorite book the milk fic?" asked Vivianna.

"secrets beyond the grave."

Philomena looked around the kitchen. Philomena rifled through the cabinets for alcohol.

Dita breathed deeply and took in sights of the front yard. Dita started to climb the tree, then thought better of it. She thought about Darby. It was almost too much to deal with.

Vivianna entered the bathroom. Vivianna looked around for tampons, finding none. She thought about school, and how Dita and Vivianna never talked to her. Were they jealous of her somehow? Not likely. How could that even be possible? But life was probably hard for

them too, in its own way. It always is. Did they suspect she thought about them so much?

"Perfect, I've got the closet all to myself," thought Darby. She stared at the bric-a-brac uncomprehendingly. She wished the booze would kick in. She thought about Kiah. Kiah and that ostentatious watch of hers. She wanted that purse. Nothing else would do. Maybe if they could just be real with each other for once... Nobody really knew how she felt. Just thinking about it made her want to puke.

Kiah entered the guest bedroom. The poster of a... Monet? reminded her of her mother. Barf. She wished the booze would kick in.

Nobody was in the breakfast nook, so Philomena found herself uncharacteristically at ease. Philomena drank some juice, fuck it, right? Whose house even was this?

Dita breathed deeply and took in sights of the front yard. Dita started to climb the tree, then thought better of it.

Vivianna entered the great hall. Vivianna stared down the hall, which seemed longer than it had any right to be. She thought about Kiah. Why couldn't she be more like her? Maybe if they could just be real with each other for once... Nobody really knew how she felt.

The closet was empty. Finally, Darby thought, somewhere she could think. Darby surreptitiously rearranged the supplies. She thought about Gale. Gale and that teal shirt of hers. She wanted that shirt. Nothing else would do. It was almost too much to deal with. Why couldn't she be more like her? Nobody really knew how she felt.

Nobody was in the guest bedroom, so Kiah found herself uncharacteristically at ease. Kiah guessed that this was the most boring room in the house. She thought about school, and how Darby and Vivianna thought they were so much better than everyone else.

Philomena entered the kitchen. Darby was there, as if waiting. Philomena stared at Darby suspiciously. She thought about school, and how Darby and Kiah had more money than she did. They walked around the school like they owned the place. They were queen bees and they knew it. Did they suspect she thought about them so much?

Dita looked around the garage. The riding lawnmower caught her eye. She thought it was the ugliest thing she'd ever seen. She heard a noise from somewhere else in the house.

The great hall was empty. Finally, Kiah thought, somewhere she could think. Kiah stared down the hall, which seemed longer than it had any right to be.

Dita entered the garage. The BMW caught her eye. She thought it was the ugliest thing she'd ever seen. She wished the booze would kick in. She thought about school, and how Philomena and Darby never talked to her. Why did they leave whenever she entered a room? Were they jealous of her somehow? Not likely. Did they secretly like her after all? It didn't matter anyway. They were always laughing with their perfect friends. They were queen bees and they knew it. They never invited her to parties; it was a fluke she ended up at this one. Did they suspect she thought about them so much?

Vivianna looked around the great hall. The next thing she saw was the tribal Afghan rug, which left her feeling disquieted. Why she noticed in the first place was beyond her.

Gale entered the great hall. Vivianna was there, as if waiting. "Where did you get that belt, Vivianna?" Vivianna ignored her.

Dita looked around the great hall. Dita stared down the hall, which seemed longer than it had any right to be.

The library was empty. Finally, Vivianna thought, somewhere she could think. Vivianna flipped through some books. She thought about school, and how Kiah and Dita thought they were so much better than everyone else. They walked around the school like they owned the place. They never invited her to parties; it was a fluke she ended up at this one. But life was probably hard for them too, in its own way. It always is.

Darby breathed deeply and took in sights of the living room. Darby bounced on the sofa, hoping to recapture her childhood innocence.

"Perfect, I've got the master bedroom all to myself," thought Kiah. "Wow, check out that teak dresser," she said to no one in particular. Things. The house was full of things. When

she got old enough to have a house, she'd own nothing.

Gale breathed deeply and took in sights of the guest bedroom. Gale guessed that this was the most boring room in the house. She thought about school, and how Dita and Vivianna had more money than she did. Were they jealous of her somehow? Not likely. They walked around the school like they owned the place. They never invited her to parties; it was a fluke she ended up at this one.

Vivianna breathed deeply and took in sights of the library. "Wow, check out that bookshelf," she said to no one in particular. Part of her, a larger part than she cared to admit, wanted to smash it.

Philomena entered the living room to find Darby standing there. "Why do you assume everything is about you?" asked Philomena.

"because I'm just trying to say everything I need to say," said Darby.

As Dita entered the great hall, she saw Gale making trouble. Dita seemed disinterested. "What's your favorite tv show (Reality) 16 and pregnant, teen mom, girl code (Written on the app) Friends?" she demanded.

"Chuck," said Gale.

The living room held two items of interest to Darby: the flat screen TV and Philomena.

The library was empty. Finally, Vivianna thought, somewhere she could think. Vivianna tried and failed to open the lock on the desk. She thought about Philomena. Philomena and that fashionable scarf of hers. She hated her so damn much. She wanted that phone. Nothing else would do. Why did everyone want to be like her? Just thinking about it made her want to puke.

Gale entered the great hall. She noticed the family portrait. Kinda tacky. Things. The house was full of things. When she got old enough to have a house, she'd own nothing.

Dita entered the master bedroom. Kiah was there, as if waiting. "What's the best insurance

company here in the Philippines that offers education plans?" Dita asked.

Kiah chuckled. "Best Buy insurance."

Kiah entered the master bedroom to find Dita standing there. "why would you retweet that punk?"

Dita yawned. "because I can't retweet alyssas tweets."

Darby entered the dining room. The dining room table caught her eye. She thought it was the ugliest thing she'd ever seen. Things. The house was full of things. When she got old enough to have a house, she'd own nothing. She thought about Dita. She hated her so damn much. It was almost too much to deal with. Why couldn't she be more like her? Maybe if they could just be real with each other for once... Nobody really knew how she felt. Why did everyone want to be like her?

The master bedroom held two items of interest to Kiah: the teak dresser and Dita. Kiah avoided Dita.

Gale encountered Dita in the master bedroom. Gale stared at Dita suspiciously.

As Dita entered the master bedroom, she saw Gale making trouble. Dita looked concerned. "What's your favourite line from a Soca chune?" she demanded.

"Garnier Fructis."

Vivianna entered the foyer. Philomena was there, as if waiting. Vivianna seemed angry.

"What's the BEST dessert of all time?" she demanded.

"cheesecake," said Philomena.

"Perfect, I've got the foyer all to myself," thought Philomena. The chandelier reminded her of her mother. Barf. She didn't give it a second thought.

The living room was empty. Finally, Vivianna thought, somewhere she could think. Vivianna turned on the TV for a while. She thought about Dita. Dita and that incredible sweater of

hers. She hated her so damn much. Maybe if they could just be real with each other for once... Why did she come to this stupid house party in the first place?

Dita breathed deeply and took in sights of the great hall. Dita stared down the hall, which seemed longer than it had any right to be.

The kitchen was empty. Finally, Darby thought, somewhere she could think. The fridge caught her eye. She thought it was the ugliest thing she'd ever seen. She heard a noise from somewhere else in the house.

Kiah looked around the library. Kiah tried and failed to open the lock on the desk.

The foyer was empty. Finally, Philomena thought, somewhere she could think. "Wow, check out that chandelier," she said to no one in particular. She wished the booze would kick in.

Vivianna looked around the front yard. She noticed the lawn. Kinda tacky. She heard a noise from somewhere else in the house.

Darby entered the kitchen. She stared at the fridge uncomprehendingly. She was hoping it would distract her, if for some brief moment, from her life.

Vivianna entered the living room. Vивиanna bounced on the sofa, hoping to recapture her childhood innocence.

Nobody was in the closet, so Darby found herself uncharacteristically at ease. The bric-a-brac reminded her of her mother. Barf. Part of her, a larger part than she cared to admit, wanted to smash it.

"Perfect, I've got the guest bedroom all to myself," thought Kiah. The poster of a... Monet? caught her eye. She thought it was the ugliest thing she'd ever seen. Things. The house was full of things. When she got old enough to have a house, she'd own nothing. She thought about school, and how Dita and Vивиanna got better grades than her. Why did they leave whenever she entered a room? Were they jealous of her somehow? Not likely. They were always laughing with their perfect friends. They always got they wanted. Always.

As Gale entered the great hall, she saw Dita making trouble. "What is the best service provider?" Gale asked.

"Keyclub international."

After some time, Philomena found herself in the front yard. The tree reminded her of her mother. Barf. Part of her, a larger part than she cared to admit, wanted to smash it. She thought about Kiah. She hated her so damn much. She wanted that watch. Nothing else would do. It was almost too much to deal with. Nobody really knew how she felt. Why did she come to this stupid house party in the first place?

"Perfect, I've got the living room all to myself," thought Vivianna. Vivianna turned on the TV for a while.

Darby looked around the kitchen. Darby rifled through the cabinets for alcohol.

The great hall was empty. Finally, Kiah thought, somewhere she could think. "Wow, check out that family portrait," she said to no one in particular. She didn't give it a second thought.

"Perfect, I've got the garage all to myself," thought Philomena. Philomena tried to jimmy the lock on the car and ended up setting off the alarm. Whoops.

"Perfect, I've got the front yard all to myself," thought Vivianna. Vivianna ran her fingers through the well-manicured grass, dreaming of better days. She thought about school, and how Kiah and Dita didn't have to try hard to be liked.

Darby looked around the back yard. "Wow, check out that gas grill," she said to no one in particular. She wished the booze would kick in.

After some time, Gale found herself in the great hall. Gale took off her shoes, got a running start, a slid in her socks down the slick hardwood floors.

"Perfect, I've got the bathroom all to myself," thought Dita. Dita looked around for tampons, finding none.

After some time, Vivianna found herself in the foyer. She noticed the chandelier. Kinda

tacky. She heard a noise from somewhere else in the house.

After some time, Kiah found herself in the great hall. Kiah stared down the hall, which seemed longer than it had any right to be.

After some time, Gale found herself in the guest bedroom. The set of curtains reminded her of her mother. Barf. She wished the booze would kick in.

Darby entered the back yard to find Philomena standing there. "What's the best damn thing you've lucked into?"

"Stalking other person's twitter/facebook/instagram."

The bathroom was empty. Finally, Dita thought, somewhere she could think. Dita relieved herself.

Vivianna looked around the library. The mahogany work desk caught her eye. She thought it was the ugliest thing she'd ever seen. Why she noticed in the first place was beyond her.

Kiah entered the great hall. Gale was there, as if waiting. Kiah stared at Gale suspiciously.

As Darby entered the back yard, she saw Philomena making trouble. "What's the best damn thing you've lucked into?"

"seriously this."

The foyer was empty. Finally, Vivianna thought, somewhere she could think. Vivianna debated just leaving the house.

The kitchen was empty. Finally, Darby thought, somewhere she could think. The knife set caught her eye. She thought it was the ugliest thing she'd ever seen. Things. The house was full of things. When she got old enough to have a house, she'd own nothing.

After some time, Kiah found herself in the master bedroom. The king-sized bed reminded her of her mother. Barf. Things. The house was full of things. When she got old enough to have a house, she'd own nothing. She thought about school, and how Dita and Philomena

never talked to her. How could that even be possible? They were always laughing with their perfect friends. They never invited her to parties; it was a fluke she ended up at this one. They always got they wanted. Always.

Gale walked into the bathroom and saw Dita. Great. Gale appeared disinterested. "What is the best thing you do in your business which helps our environment?" she asked.

Dita beamed. "Sometimes when words fail, an ear."

Dita encountered Gale in the great hall. "Dreams," Dita said. "Tell me about your dreams." Gale almost said nothing, but thought better of it. "I was on a cruise and it was summer. A waiter, Brandon, always brought me ice cream. Suddenly everybody started getting sick and dying, so I decided to leave the boat before I died. I swam for a long time, and I got to this island with nothing but fruit trees. I lived there for a while, but I was lonely although I was otherwise happy. Then a rescue plane came and took me home."

Vivianna breathed deeply and took in sights of the foyer. Vivianna debated just leaving the house.

Gale walked into the great hall and saw Dita. Great. "What's the best damn thing you've lucked into?" asked Gale.

"The end of missing someone."

Dita looked around the guest bedroom. Dita guessed that this was the most boring room in the house. She thought about school, and how Gale and Darby never talked to her. Did they secretly like her after all? It didn't matter anyway. They walked around the school like they owned the place. They were queen bees and they knew it. But life was probably hard for them too, in its own way. It always is.

The library was empty. Finally, Vivianna thought, somewhere she could think. Vivianna flipped through some books.

"Perfect, I've got the closet all to myself," thought Darby. She noticed the broom. Kinda

tacky. Why she noticed in the first place was beyond her.

Gale found Kiah in the master bedroom. "Why would you take advice from a coward?"

Kiah chuckled. "because I take financial advice from my Nana."

After some time, Philomena found herself in the living room. Philomena bounced on the sofa, hoping to recapture her childhood innocence.

Dita entered the great hall. "Wow, check out that tribal Afghan rug," she said to no one in particular. Part of her, a larger part than she cared to admit, wanted to smash it.

The library was empty. Finally, Vivianna thought, somewhere she could think. Vivianna tried and failed to open the lock on the desk. She thought about school, and how Gale and Dita thought they were so much better than everyone else. Why did they leave whenever she entered a room? Were they jealous of her somehow? Not likely. How could that even be possible? Did they secretly like her after all? It didn't matter anyway. They were queen bees and they knew it. They never invited her to parties; it was a fluke she ended up at this one. They always got they wanted. Always. Did they suspect she thought about them so much?

"Perfect, I've got the kitchen all to myself," thought Darby. Darby rifled through the cabinets for alcohol.

"Perfect, I've got the front yard all to myself," thought Philomena. Philomena started to climb the tree, then thought better of it. She thought about Philomena. Philomena and that crimson phone of hers. Why couldn't she be more like her? Just thinking about it made her want to puke.

Vivianna entered the great hall to find Kiah standing there. Vivianna eyed Kiah's ostentatious watch with envy. She thought about school, and how Kiah and Dita were such total bitches. They were queen bees and they knew it. They never invited her to parties; it was a fluke she ended up at this one. Did they suspect she thought about them so much?

Darby looked around the back yard. The gas grill caught her eye. She thought it was the ugliest thing she'd ever seen. Why she noticed in the first place was beyond her. She

thought about Gale. She wanted that shirt. Nothing else would do. Why couldn't she be more like her? Nobody really knew how she felt. Why did everyone want to be like her? Why did she come to this stupid house party in the first place?

Kiah encountered Dita in the great hall. Kiah played nervously with her watch in a successful bid to avoid talking to Dita. She thought about Dita. Dita and that incredible phone of hers. She liked her so damn much. She wanted that sweater. Nothing else would do. It was almost too much to deal with. Why couldn't she be more like her? Nobody really knew how she felt. Just thinking about it made her want to puke.

Philomena entered the front yard. The next thing she saw was the tree, which left her feeling disquieted. Things. The house was full of things. When she got old enough to have a house, she'd own nothing.

The library was empty. Finally, Vivianna thought, somewhere she could think. She stared at the mahogany work desk uncomprehendingly. She wished the booze would kick in. She thought about Dita. She wanted that phone. Nothing else would do. It was almost too much to deal with. Why couldn't she be more like her? Maybe if they could just be real with each other for once... Why did everyone want to be like her? Why did she come to this stupid house party in the first place?

The kitchen was empty. Finally, Darby thought, somewhere she could think. Darby checked the fridge for snacks.

Nobody was in the bathroom, so Kiah found herself uncharacteristically at ease. She stared at the toilet uncomprehendingly. Part of her, a larger part than she cared to admit, wanted to smash it.

After some time, Philomena found herself in the garage. Philomena considered getting on that lawnmower and riding it out of this place.

Nobody was in the kitchen, so Darby found herself uncharacteristically at ease. Darby rifled through the cabinets for alcohol.

Kiah entered the bathroom. The nautical themed shower curtain reminded her of her mother. Barf. Things. The house was full of things. When she got old enough to have a house, she'd own nothing. She thought about school, and how Kiah and Gale were such total bitches. Why did they leave whenever she entered a room? Did they secretly like her after all? It didn't matter anyway. They never invited her to parties; it was a fluke she ended up at this one.

Philomena looked around the garage. Philomena considered getting on that lawnmower and riding it out of this place.

"Perfect, I've got the closet all to myself," thought Darby. The next thing she saw was the bric-a-brac, which left her feeling disquieted. She didn't give it a second thought.

Kiah entered the bathroom. The next thing she saw was the framed photo of a fish, which left her feeling disquieted. Things. The house was full of things. When she got old enough to have a house, she'd own nothing. She thought about school, and how Gale and Vivianna didn't have to try hard to be liked. Why did they leave whenever she entered a room? How could that even be possible? Did they secretly like her after all? It didn't matter anyway. They were queen bees and they knew it. They never invited her to parties; it was a fluke she ended up at this one. Did they suspect she thought about them so much?

"Perfect, I've got the front yard all to myself," thought Philomena. "Wow, check out that lawn," she said to no one in particular. She wished the booze would kick in.

Vivianna walked into the great hall and saw Kiah. Great. Vivianna eyed Kiah's ostentatious watch with envy.

The closet was empty. Finally, Darby thought, somewhere she could think. The bric-a-brac reminded her of her mother. Barf. Why she noticed in the first place was beyond her.

Kiah and Vivianna ran into each other in the great hall. "Where did you get that belt, Vivianna?" Vivianna ignored her.

Gale walked into the master bedroom and saw Dita. Great. Gale avoided Dita.

"Perfect, I've got the garage all to myself," thought Philomena. Philomena tried to jimmy the lock on the car and ended up setting off the alarm. Whoops. She thought about Gale. She liked her so damn much. She wanted that shirt. Nothing else would do. It was almost too much to deal with. Maybe if they could just be real with each other for once... Just thinking about it made her want to puke.

Dita found Gale in the great hall. Dita eyed Gale's aquamarine skirt with envy.

Vivianna and Gale ran into each other in the great hall. Vivianna eyed Gale's aquamarine skirt with envy.

The kitchen was empty. Finally, Darby thought, somewhere she could think. Darby checked the fridge for snacks. She thought about school, and how Dita and Kiah didn't have to try hard to be liked. Why did they leave whenever she entered a room? Did they secretly like her after all? It didn't matter anyway. They were always laughing with their perfect friends.

Kiah breathed deeply and took in sights of the bathroom. The next thing she saw was the toilet, which left her feeling disquieted. She was hoping it would distract her, if for some brief moment, from her life. She thought about school, and how Philomena and Vivianna didn't have to try hard to be liked. Were they jealous of her somehow? Not likely. How could that even be possible? They never invited her to parties; it was a fluke she ended up at this one. They always got they wanted. Always.

The great hall held two items of interest to Gale: the family portrait and Dita. Gale played nervously with her shirt in a successful bid to avoid talking to Dita. She thought about school, and how Dita and Vivianna had more money than she did. Why did they leave whenever she entered a room? How could that even be possible? They walked around the school like they owned the place. They were queen bees and they knew it. They always got they wanted. Always. But life was probably hard for them too, in its own way. It always is.

Philomena entered the garage. Philomena tried to jimmy the lock on the car and ended up setting off the alarm. Whoops.

After some time, Dita found herself in the master bedroom. She stared at the king-sized

bed uncomprehendingly. Part of her, a larger part than she cared to admit, wanted to smash it.

Darby breathed deeply and took in sights of the breakfast nook. Darby drank some juice, fuck it, right? Whose house even was this?

As Vivianna entered the great hall, she saw Gale making trouble. Vivianna eyed Gale's teal shirt with envy. She thought about school, and how Gale and Darby thought they were so much better than everyone else. Were they jealous of her somehow? Not likely. How could that even be possible? They walked around the school like they owned the place. They never invited her to parties; it was a fluke she ended up at this one. But life was probably hard for them too, in its own way. It always is.

Darby entered the kitchen. The next thing she saw was the fridge, which left her feeling disquieted. Part of her, a larger part than she cared to admit, wanted to smash it. She thought about Gale. Gale and that aquamarine skirt of hers. It was almost too much to deal with. Why did everyone want to be like her? Why did she come to this stupid house party in the first place?

Gale encountered Vivianna in the great hall. "what's your favourite song?"

"I think ARTPOP," said Vivianna.

The great hall held two items of interest to Dita: the family portrait and Kiah. "Where did you get that purse, Kiah?" Kiah ignored her.

Vivianna breathed deeply and took in sights of the guest bedroom. Vivianna imagined what kind of people had stayed in the bed. How many people had had sex in it?

Darby entered the kitchen. Darby checked the fridge for snacks.

Kiah and Dita ran into each other in the great hall. Kiah eyed Dita's incredible phone with envy.

Vivianna walked into the great hall and saw Kiah. Great. "Where did you get that purse,

Kiah?" Kiah ignored her. Darby entered the kitchen. Philomena was there, as if waiting. "Philomena, what did you dream about last night?" asked Darby. Philomena seemed wary, but her face softened. "I was at My school but it didn't look like My school. Stuff happened that I can't remember. The me and a few other friends went to the classroom next to where were sleeping. It looked like classroom 2 at school, but had more stuff in it. My friend A. said that tequila tastes good with tortillas. I didn't find this at all strange. So we go into the classroom and ask if there are any tortillas. They say no but that there is pita bread, so we go in there and everyone else disappears. We look under the sink, which isn't in classroom 2 really, and underneath are big jugs (those square kind that cleaning stuff comes in) and they are kind of see-through and there is yellow-whitish liquid inside. On them they say something I don't remember. Anyway we pour the tequila into margarita glasses and eat it with pita bread. Some stuff happens. (I think that it has gotten later but I'm not sure.) An elderly black man comes in and says he has to check us. We immediately think he's talking about us drinking tequila. I'm the type who would break down and tell everything we were doing. I look, about to laugh at this black girl to my right (A.'s on my left). She put her long dark red nails in her mouth (a normal gesture as if biting her nails), and leans her head down and tells me no (don't tell). The man goes and checks behind a mirror inside a mirror like the illustration. Behind, there are some photos. Inside were the photos that showed the snake that bit one of the teachers. This was a big mystery, solved. Then we went away. I think later there was a big commotion with the teacher who had been bit." Kiah encountered Vivianna in the great hall. "Vivianna, what did you dream about last night?" asked Kiah. Vivianna seemed wary, but her face softened. "First I was talking to my grandma, then we were trying to find a seat in this huge lecture hall. Then I sat down in the first row next to my cousin. Then this lady came with a tray and gave me a cup of orange juice and a cup of soda. I was holding both and I couldn't balance myself at all. I finally got the cups under my seat. Then I was kind of nowhere but my cousin was telling me her family was going with mine to the shopping center."

Gale and Vivianna ran into each other in the great hall. Gale stared at Vivianna suspiciously.

Dita and Kiah ran into each other in the great hall. Dita avoided Kiah.

The bathroom was empty. Finally, Vivianna thought, somewhere she could think. Vivianna was afraid, as she always was, that a murderer lay in ambush behind the shower curtain. She thought about school, and how Darby and Dita had more money than she did. Why did they leave whenever she entered a room? Were they jealous of her somehow? Not likely. How could that even be possible? They were always laughing with their perfect friends. They walked around the school like they owned the place. But life was probably hard for them too, in its own way. It always is. Did they suspect she thought about them so much?

Gale encountered Kiah in the great hall. Gale avoided Kiah.

Darby looked around the closet. Darby surreptitiously rearranged the supplies. She thought about Dita. Dita and that incredible phone of hers. She loved her so damn much. She wanted that sweater. Nothing else would do. Why did everyone want to be like her? Just thinking about it made her want to puke.

Kiah breathed deeply and took in sights of the guest bedroom. Kiah guessed that this was the most boring room in the house.

"Perfect, I've got the bathroom all to myself," thought Dita. "Wow, check out that nautical themed shower curtain," she said to no one in particular. Why she noticed in the first place was beyond her.

Vivianna entered the great hall to find Gale standing there. Vivianna eyed Gale's teal shirt with envy. She thought about school, and how Gale and Kiah thought they were so much better than everyone else. Why did they leave whenever she entered a room? How could that even be possible? Did they secretly like her after all? It didn't matter anyway. They walked around the school like they owned the place. They never invited her to parties; it was a fluke she ended up at this one. Did they suspect she thought about them so much?

"Perfect, I've got the closet all to myself," thought Darby. She dutifully avoided the mop out of some primal respect for its otherness. She didn't give it a second thought.

Kiah looked around the guest bedroom. Kiah imagined what kind of people had stayed in the bed. How many people had had sex in it?

Gale and Vivianna ran into each other in the great hall. "Why do you still do it knowing I get mad every time?"

Vivianna beamed. "BECAUSE I AM VERY INTERESTED IN KNOWING WHY."

Philomena entered the kitchen. Philomena checked the fridge for snacks.

The bathroom was empty. Finally, Dita thought, somewhere she could think. Dita relieved herself.

Nobody was in the great hall, so Vivianna found herself uncharacteristically at ease. The next thing she saw was the family portrait, which left her feeling disquieted. Part of her, a larger part than she cared to admit, wanted to smash it.

After some time, Darby found herself in the closet. Darby looked for some paper towels. She thought about Kiah. Kiah and that ostentatious watch of hers. She liked her so damn much.

Kiah encountered Gale in the guest bedroom. "why would you fight me?" asked Kiah.

"because I know even after we fight or bitch at each other at the end of the day they will always have my back," said Gale.

Philomena entered the kitchen to find Darby standing there. Philomena avoided Darby.

"Perfect, I've got the bathroom all to myself," thought Dita. Dita jiggled the toilet handle.

Kiah walked into the great hall and saw Gale. Great. "What is the best fit for me?" asked Kiah.

"Realizing that there are many sources of renewable energy will allow you to research which one."

Gale entered the great hall to find Kiah standing there. "Why would you RT my bestfriends

selfie?" Gale inquired.

"because I didn't talk shit or say anything until you told her," said Kiah.

Darby entered the kitchen to find Philomena standing there. "What's your favorite song off of the new album?" Darby demanded.

"Jailhouse Rock," said Philomena.

Gale and Vivianna ran into each other in the guest bedroom. "what is your favorite person/thing to photograph?" asked Gale.

"Jordan."

Philomena entered the kitchen. The fridge caught her eye. She thought it was the ugliest thing she'd ever seen. Why she noticed in the first place was beyond her.

Dita looked around the bathroom. Dita relieved herself. She thought about Kiah. Kiah and that ostentatious watch of hers. She hated her so damn much. It was almost too much to deal with. Why couldn't she be more like her? Nobody really knew how she felt. Just thinking about it made her want to puke. Why did she come to this stupid house party in the first place?

Vivianna entered the great hall. Gale was there, as if waiting. Vivianna avoided Gale.

Darby breathed deeply and took in sights of the closet. She dutifully avoided the mop out of some primal respect for its otherness. She didn't give it a second thought.

Gale and Vivianna ran into each other in the great hall. "Where did you get that sweater, Vivianna?" Vivianna ignored her.

Dita looked around the great hall. Dita took off her shoes, got a running start, and slid in her socks down the slick hardwood floors.

Nobody was in the kitchen, so Darby found herself uncharacteristically at ease. The next thing she saw was the oven, which left her feeling disquieted. She was hoping it would

distract her, if for some brief moment, from her life.

Dita entered the great hall. Vivianna was there, as if waiting. Dita played nervously with her sweater in a successful bid to avoid talking to Vivianna.

Nobody was in the back yard, so Darby found herself uncharacteristically at ease. She noticed the gas grill. Kinda tacky. Part of her, a larger part than she cared to admit, wanted to smash it.

Gale breathed deeply and took in sights of the library. She dutifully avoided the mahogany work desk out of some primal respect for its otherness. She didn't give it a second thought.

Nobody was in the bathroom, so Dita found herself uncharacteristically at ease. Dita jiggled the toilet handle.

The back yard was empty. Finally, Darby thought, somewhere she could think. The next thing she saw was the gas grill, which left her feeling disquieted. She wished the booze would kick in.

Kiah encountered Gale in the great hall. "why do you have to make this so hard on me?" demanded Kiah.

"because i have more then just one intension," said Gale.

Nobody was in the kitchen, so Philomena found herself uncharacteristically at ease. Philomena checked the fridge for snacks.

The bathroom was empty. Finally, Dita thought, somewhere she could think. She stared at the framed photo of a fish uncomprehendingly. She heard a noise from somewhere else in the house. She thought about Darby. It was almost too much to deal with. Nobody really knew how she felt. Just thinking about it made her want to puke.

Gale looked around the library. Gale tried and failed to open the lock on the desk. She thought about Philomena. She wanted that scarf. Nothing else would do. Why couldn't she be more like her?

The master bedroom was empty. Finally, Vivianna thought, somewhere she could think. The next thing she saw was the teak dresser, which left her feeling disquieted. Part of her, a larger part than she cared to admit, wanted to smash it.

Darby entered the back yard. She stared at the gas grill uncomprehendingly. Why she noticed in the first place was beyond her.

Gale entered the foyer. Gale debated just leaving the house.

Nobody was in the great hall, so Dita found herself uncharacteristically at ease. Dita stared down the hall, which seemed longer than it had any right to be.

Nobody was in the bathroom, so Kiah found herself uncharacteristically at ease. "Wow, check out that nautical themed shower curtain," she said to no one in particular. Part of her, a larger part than she cared to admit, wanted to smash it.

"Perfect, I've got the living room all to myself," thought Gale. The next thing she saw was the coffee table, which left her feeling disquieted. She heard a noise from somewhere else in the house.

Dita entered the library. The bookshelf reminded her of her mother. Barf. Why she noticed in the first place was beyond her.

Darby entered the kitchen. Darby rifled through the cabinets for alcohol.

Kiah breathed deeply and took in sights of the great hall. Kiah stared down the hall, which seemed longer than it had any right to be.

Vivianna entered the master bathroom. The next thing she saw was the blonde onyx countertop, which left her feeling disquieted. Things. The house was full of things. When she got old enough to have a house, she'd own nothing.

Darby breathed deeply and took in sights of the kitchen. Darby checked the fridge for snacks. She thought about school, and how Darby and Vivianna thought they were so much better than everyone else. Were they jealous of her somehow? Not likely. How could that

even be possible? They always got they wanted. Always. Did they suspect she thought about them so much?

The living room was empty. Finally, Gale thought, somewhere she could think. Gale turned on the TV for a while.

Kiah entered the great hall to find Dita standing there. "what's your favorite part of the book?"

"I know breathing in 2-stroke exhaust fumes at the bus stop."

Vivianna entered the master bathroom. She dutifully avoided the blonde onyx countertop out of some primal respect for its otherness. Why she noticed in the first place was beyond her.

Gale looked around the front yard. The lawn caught her eye. She thought it was the ugliest thing she'd ever seen. She was hoping it would distract her, if for some brief moment, from her life.

After some time, Philomena found herself in the garage. Philomena peered in the car door for some kind of clue as to whose house this was. She thought about Gale. She liked her so damn much. Maybe if they could just be real with each other for once... Why did everyone want to be like her?

Dita breathed deeply and took in sights of the guest bedroom. Dita imagined what kind of people had stayed in the bed. How many people had had sex in it? She thought about Darby. Maybe if they could just be real with each other for once... Nobody really knew how she felt. Why did everyone want to be like her? Why did she come to this stupid house party in the first place?

Nobody was in the master bathroom, so Vivianna found herself uncharacteristically at ease. She noticed the blonde onyx countertop. Kinda tacky. Why she noticed in the first place was beyond her. She thought about school, and how Philomena and Dita got better grades than her. How could that even be possible? Did they secretly like her after all? It

didn't matter anyway. They were always laughing with their perfect friends. They never invited her to parties; it was a fluke she ended up at this one. They always got they wanted. Always. But life was probably hard for them too, in its own way. It always is.

"Perfect, I've got the great hall all to myself," thought Kiah. Kiah took off her shoes, got a running start, a slid in her socks down the slick hardwood floors.

Gale breathed deeply and took in sights of the living room. Gale turned on the TV for a while.

Nobody was in the breakfast nook, so Darby found herself uncharacteristically at ease. Darby drank some juice, fuck it, right? Whose house even was this?

As Kiah entered the great hall, she saw Philomena making trouble. Kiah stared at Philomena suspiciously.

The living room was empty. Finally, Gale thought, somewhere she could think. Gale bounced on the sofa, hoping to recapture her childhood innocence. She thought about Vivianna. It was almost too much to deal with. Why couldn't she be more like her? Why did she come to this stupid house party in the first place?

Dita walked into the master bedroom and saw Vivianna. Great. Dita stared at Vivianna suspiciously. She thought about school, and how Vivianna and Vivianna never talked to her. Were they jealous of her somehow? Not likely. Did they secretly like her after all? It didn't matter anyway. They were always laughing with their perfect friends. They always got they wanted. Always.

As Vivianna entered the master bedroom, she saw Dita making trouble. "Where did you get that phone, Dita?" Dita ignored her. She thought about school, and how Dita and Darby thought they were so much better than everyone else. They were always laughing with their perfect friends. They always got they wanted. Always.

After some time, Gale found herself in the front yard. Gale started to climb the tree, then thought better of it.

Philomena and Kiah ran into each other in the great hall. "what's your favourite song?" demanded Philomena.

"true life Tom Ford."

Kiah walked into the great hall and saw Philomena. Great. "Why would you fn text me and not reply?" Kiah asked.

"because I replied in my mind but was too lazy to physically reply and I'm really sorry," said Philomena.

Nobody was in the master bathroom, so Dita found herself uncharacteristically at ease. She noticed the blonde onyx countertop. Kinda tacky. She wished the booze would kick in.

Nobody was in the great hall, so Vivianna found herself uncharacteristically at ease. Vivianna stared down the hall, which seemed longer than it had any right to be.

Kiah breathed deeply and took in sights of the bathroom. The toilet reminded her of her mother. Barf. She was hoping it would distract her, if for some brief moment, from her life.

Gale entered the garage. Gale tried to jimmy the lock on the car and ended up setting off the alarm. Whoops.

Darby breathed deeply and took in sights of the kitchen. Darby rifled through the cabinets for alcohol. She thought about school, and how Kiah and Darby never talked to her. They were always laughing with their perfect friends. They walked around the school like they owned the place. They were queen bees and they knew it. Did they suspect she thought about them so much?

"Perfect, I've got the bathroom all to myself," thought Kiah. "Wow, check out that framed photo of a fish," she said to no one in particular. She wished the booze would kick in.

Philomena found Vivianna in the master bedroom. "What Is The Best Female Anthem Of All Time?"

"Lady Macbeth."

The master bedroom held two items of interest to Dita: the king-sized bed and Vivianna. Dita eyed Vivianna's aquamarine sweater with envy. She thought about school, and how Vivianna and Darby had more money than she did. How could that even be possible? They walked around the school like they owned the place. They always got they wanted. Always.

Kiah breathed deeply and took in sights of the bathroom. She dutifully avoided the nautical themed shower curtain out of some primal respect for its otherness. She wished the booze would kick in. She thought about Darby. Darby and that emerald coat of hers. She loved her so damn much. She wanted that shirt. Nothing else would do. Nobody really knew how she felt. Why did she come to this stupid house party in the first place?

Gale entered the kitchen to find Darby standing there. Gale played nervously with her skirt in a successful bid to avoid talking to Darby.

Vivianna and Philomena ran into each other in the master bedroom. "Why do you even ask me , if you aren't gonna believe a word I say?" Vivianna asked.

"because I can't believe I just are half of that pack □," said Philomena.

The master bedroom held two items of interest to Philomena: the king-sized bed and Vivianna. Philomena played nervously with her scarf in a successful bid to avoid talking to Vivianna.

Kiah entered the bathroom. Kiah looked around for tampons, finding none. She thought about Dita. Dita and that incredible sweater of hers. Nobody really knew how she felt. Why did she come to this stupid house party in the first place?

"Perfect, I've got the master bedroom all to myself," thought Vivianna. She stared at the king-sized bed uncomprehendingly. She didn't give it a second thought.

Gale breathed deeply and took in sights of the kitchen. She noticed the fridge. Kinda tacky. Part of her, a larger part than she cared to admit, wanted to smash it.

Philomena and Kiah ran into each other in the great hall. "What is the best fit for me?"

"Chris Evans and Chris Hemsworth are now battling within my heart to see who."

After some time, Gale found herself in the breakfast nook. Gale drank some juice, fuck it, right? Whose house even was this? She thought about school, and how Kiah and Philomena never talked to her. Were they jealous of her somehow? Not likely. But life was probably hard for them too, in its own way. It always is.

Nobody was in the guest bedroom, so Philomena found herself uncharacteristically at ease. Philomena imagined what kind of people had stayed in the bed. How many people had had sex in it?

Kiah and Dita ran into each other in the great hall. Kiah played nervously with her watch in a successful bid to avoid talking to Dita.

"Perfect, I've got the kitchen all to myself," thought Gale. She dutifully avoided the fridge out of some primal respect for its otherness. She didn't give it a second thought.

Dita entered the great hall. Kiah was there, as if waiting. "What's the best damn thing you lucked into?" Dita asked.

"This," said Kiah.

Philomena and Kiah ran into each other in the great hall. Philomena played nervously with her phone in a successful bid to avoid talking to Kiah.

Dita entered the bathroom. The toilet caught her eye. She thought it was the ugliest thing she'd ever seen. She wished the booze would kick in.

Darby looked around the garage. Darby peered in the car door for some kind of clue as to whose house this was.

"Perfect, I've got the kitchen all to myself," thought Gale. The next thing she saw was the oven, which left her feeling disquieted. Things. The house was full of things. When she got

old enough to have a house, she'd own nothing.

Vivianna encountered Kiah in the great hall. "Why would you favorite that?" Vivianna demanded.

"because I can play my favorite game," said Kiah.

After some time, Philomena found herself in the great hall. Philomena took off her shoes, got a running start, a slid in her socks down the slick hardwood floors.

After some time, Dita found herself in the bathroom. Dita looked around for tampons, finding none.

The kitchen was empty. Finally, Gale thought, somewhere she could think. She stared at the knife set uncomprehendingly. She heard a noise from somewhere else in the house. She thought about school, and how Gale and Philomena didn't have to try hard to be liked. Why did they leave whenever she entered a room? Did they secretly like her after all? It didn't matter anyway. They walked around the school like they owned the place. But life was probably hard for them too, in its own way. It always is.

"Perfect, I've got the bathroom all to myself," thought Dita. She dutifully avoided the nautical themed shower curtain out of some primal respect for its otherness. She heard a noise from somewhere else in the house.

Darby found Philomena in the great hall. "Where did you get that phone, Philomena?" Philomena ignored her.

Kiah encountered Vivianna in the master bedroom. Kiah played nervously with her watch in a successful bid to avoid talking to Vivianna.

Nobody was in the kitchen, so Gale found herself uncharacteristically at ease. She noticed the fridge. Kinda tacky. She heard a noise from somewhere else in the house. Philomena and Darby ran into each other in the guest bedroom. Darby looked directly at Philomena. "I had the weirdest dream," she said. "I was at swim practice. My whole class was there. We all changed and went outside and got in the pool and started swimming. The pool was

much larger than usual, and about 40 feet deep. I heard that my friend Louis was walking through the building, so I wanted to see him and I got out as soon as I could, but he had left when I got outside."

"Perfect, I've got the great hall all to myself," thought Dita. The tribal Afghan rug caught her eye. She thought it was the ugliest thing she'd ever seen. She was hoping it would distract her, if for some brief moment, from her life. The guest bedroom held two items of interest to Darby: the set of curtains and Philomena. Philomena stiffened and began to ramble, not noticing Darby, as if in a fugue state. "I was in a 7-Eleven, and my father's friend Marie came in. She said to hurry. I bought my gum and ran to the car. Our house had storm shutters and a storm cellar. Dad had already gotten food, clothes and blankets, and we went into the cellar. The hurricane hit and we were safe, though we didn't have power for a while. They named it Hurricane Juno."

"Perfect, I've got the kitchen all to myself," thought Gale. Gale rifled through the cabinets for alcohol.

The master bedroom was empty. Finally, Vivianna thought, somewhere she could think. She stared at the king-sized bed uncomprehendingly. Why she noticed in the first place was beyond her.

"Perfect, I've got the master bathroom all to myself," thought Kiah. The blonde onyx countertop reminded her of her mother. Barf. Why she noticed in the first place was beyond her. She thought about school, and how Philomena and Dita were such total bitches. Why did they leave whenever she entered a room? How could that even be possible? They were queen bees and they knew it. They never invited her to parties; it was a fluke she ended up at this one. They always got they wanted. Always. But life was probably hard for them too, in its own way. It always is. Did they suspect she thought about them so much?

Gale entered the kitchen. The knife set reminded her of her mother. Barf. Things. The house was full of things. When she got old enough to have a house, she'd own nothing.

Nobody was in the great hall, so Darby found herself uncharacteristically at ease. The next

thing she saw was the family portrait, which left her feeling disquieted. Things. The house was full of things. When she got old enough to have a house, she'd own nothing.

The master bedroom held two items of interest to Kiah: the teak dresser and Vivianna. Kiah eyed Vivianna's aquamarine sweater with envy.

Philomena found Dita in the great hall. Philomena played nervously with her phone in a successful bid to avoid talking to Dita.

The bathroom was empty. Finally, Darby thought, somewhere she could think. Darby jiggled the toilet handle. She thought about Kiah. Kiah and that fashionable purse of hers. She wanted that purse. Nothing else would do. Maybe if they could just be real with each other for once... Nobody really knew how she felt. Why did everyone want to be like her? Why did she come to this stupid house party in the first place?

After some time, Philomena found herself in the bathroom. The toilet caught her eye. She thought it was the ugliest thing she'd ever seen. She wished the booze would kick in.

Vivianna and Darby ran into each other in the great hall. Vivianna played nervously with her belt in a successful bid to avoid talking to Darby. She thought about school, and how Darby and Kiah didn't have to try hard to be liked. Why did they leave whenever she entered a room? They walked around the school like they owned the place. They were queen bees and they knew it. They always got they wanted. Always. Did they suspect she thought about them so much?

Kiah looked around the master bathroom. The blonde onyx flooring reminded her of her mother. Barf. She heard a noise from somewhere else in the house.

The great hall held two items of interest to Darby: the family portrait and Vivianna. "What's the BEST dessert of all time?"

"Pain perdu."

Philomena encountered Vivianna in the great hall. "Dreams," Philomena said. "Tell me about your dreams." Vivianna almost said nothing, but thought better of it. "The first part of

the dream I was with a bunch of friends and we felt like doing something stupid and rebellious, but we figured we'd better have my other friend Sally along. Since nobody else knew the way to her house, I drove. Eventually we just sat around talking, eating cookies, and making scrap-books in the middle of the night, up in Sally's loft. I had some mini-dream about being in a computer game. Me and my family and family friends went to this Club Med, and they were all a part of the Club Med circus team, and they wanted me to do the trapeze. I'm an acrophobic, so they couldn't get me to do it. Right at the end of my dreams, Whitney Houston sang "I will always love you."

Dita entered the library. Dita flipped through some books.

Darby walked into the great hall and saw Philomena. Great. Darby played nervously with her coat in a successful bid to avoid talking to Philomena. She thought about school, and how Philomena and Dita were such total bitches. Were they jealous of her somehow? Not likely. They were always laughing with their perfect friends. They were queen bees and they knew it.

After some time, Kiah found herself in the master bathroom. The blonde onyx countertop caught her eye. She thought it was the ugliest thing she'd ever seen. Things. The house was full of things. When she got old enough to have a house, she'd own nothing. She thought about Darby. She liked her so damn much. It was almost too much to deal with. Maybe if they could just be real with each other for once... Nobody really knew how she felt. Why did everyone want to be like her? Just thinking about it made her want to puke. Why did she come to this stupid house party in the first place?

Gale entered the dining room. She stared at the dining room table uncomprehendingly. She didn't give it a second thought. She thought about Kiah. Kiah and that fashionable purse of hers. She wanted that purse. Nothing else would do. It was almost too much to deal with. Why couldn't she be more like her? Maybe if they could just be real with each other for once...

Dita breathed deeply and took in sights of the library. Dita tried and failed to open the lock

on the desk.

"Perfect, I've got the master bedroom all to myself," thought Kiah. She noticed the teak dresser. Kinda tacky. Things. The house was full of things. When she got old enough to have a house, she'd own nothing. She thought about school, and how Kiah and Vivianna didn't have to try hard to be liked. Did they secretly like her after all? It didn't matter anyway. They always got they wanted. Always.

"Perfect, I've got the dining room all to myself," thought Gale. "Wow, check out that dining room table," she said to no one in particular. Things. The house was full of things. When she got old enough to have a house, she'd own nothing.

Dita looked around the library. She noticed the bookshelf. Kinda tacky. Things. The house was full of things. When she got old enough to have a house, she'd own nothing.

Vivianna entered the guest bedroom. The bed reminded her of her mother. Barf. She was hoping it would distract her, if for some brief moment, from her life.

Darby and Philomena ran into each other in the great hall. Darby eyed Philomena's crimson phone with envy.

Kiah looked around the master bathroom. The blonde onyx countertop caught her eye. She thought it was the ugliest thing she'd ever seen. She wished the booze would kick in.

Philomena breathed deeply and took in sights of the great hall. Philomena stared down the hall, which seemed longer than it had any right to be.

"Perfect, I've got the bathroom all to myself," thought Dita. Dita was afraid, as she always was, that a murderer lay in ambush behind the shower curtain.

Darby entered the library to find Vivianna standing there. Darby avoided Vivianna. She thought about school, and how Vivianna and Dita got better grades than her. Did they secretly like her after all? It didn't matter anyway. They were always laughing with their perfect friends. Did they suspect she thought about them so much?

Kiah entered the master bathroom. The blonde onyx countertop reminded her of her mother. Barf. Part of her, a larger part than she cared to admit, wanted to smash it. She thought about school, and how Kiah and Vivianna got better grades than her. How could that even be possible? Did they secretly like her after all? It didn't matter anyway. They were queen bees and they knew it. They always got they wanted. Always.

Gale looked around the closet. Gale surrepticiously rearranged the supplies.

Nobody was in the foyer, so Vivianna found herself uncharacteristically at ease. The next thing she saw was the side table, which left her feeling disquieted. She didn't give it a second thought.

Darby entered the great hall. Dita was there, as if waiting. Darby eyed Dita's incredible sweater with envy.

Gale entered the closet. "Wow, check out that mop," she said to no one in particular. She wished the booze would kick in.

The foyer was empty. Finally, Vivianna thought, somewhere she could think. She noticed the chandelier. Kinda tacky. Why she noticed in the first place was beyond her. She thought about Dita. She envied her so damn much. She wanted that sweater. Nothing else would do. Maybe if they could just be real with each other for once... Why did she come to this stupid house party in the first place?

Gale breathed deeply and took in sights of the kitchen. She stared at the fridge uncomprehendingly. She heard a noise from somewhere else in the house.

Kiah entered the great hall to find Darby standing there. "what's the best for me?"

"my mom."

Nobody was in the great hall, so Philomena found herself uncharacteristically at ease. She stared at the family portrait uncomprehendingly. She wished the booze would kick in. She thought about school, and how Philomena and Dita were such total bitches. How could that

even be possible? They never invited her to parties; it was a fluke she ended up at this one.

The bathroom was empty. Finally, Dita thought, somewhere she could think. The nautical themed shower curtain caught her eye. She thought it was the ugliest thing she'd ever seen. Things. The house was full of things. When she got old enough to have a house, she'd own nothing. She thought about school, and how Kiah and Dita thought they were so much better than everyone else. They were always laughing with their perfect friends. They were queen bees and they knew it. They never invited her to parties; it was a fluke she ended up at this one. They always got they wanted. Always. Did they suspect she thought about them so much?

Vivianna looked around the front yard. Vivianna started to climb the tree, then thought better of it. She thought about school, and how Gale and Philomena never talked to her. Did they secretly like her after all? It didn't matter anyway. They were queen bees and they knew it. Did they suspect she thought about them so much?

After some time, Kiah found herself in the guest bedroom. The set of curtains caught her eye. She thought it was the ugliest thing she'd ever seen. She wished the booze would kick in.

Gale entered the back yard. She dutifully avoided the lawn furniture out of some primal respect for its otherness. She heard a noise from somewhere else in the house.

Nobody was in the guest bedroom, so Philomena found herself uncharacteristically at ease. The set of curtains reminded her of her mother. Barf. She was hoping it would distract her, if for some brief moment, from her life.

Vivianna looked around the front yard. Vivianna ran her fingers through the well-manicured grass, dreaming of better days. She thought about Vivianna. Why couldn't she be more like her? Just thinking about it made her want to puke.

Philomena and Darby ran into each other in the great hall. Philomena played nervously with her scarf in a successful bid to avoid talking to Darby.

Nobody was in the foyer, so Vivianna found herself uncharacteristically at ease. Vivianna debated just leaving the house.

Dita found Philomena in the great hall. "What's your favourite month?" demanded Dita.

"December."

Dita looked around the bathroom. She noticed the framed photo of a fish. Kinda tacky. She heard a noise from somewhere else in the house. She thought about Philomena. It was almost too much to deal with. Nobody really knew how she felt. Why did she come to this stupid house party in the first place?

Vivianna breathed deeply and took in sights of the front yard. Vivianna started to climb the tree, then thought better of it. She thought about Gale. It was almost too much to deal with. Why couldn't she be more like her? Just thinking about it made her want to puke. Why did she come to this stupid house party in the first place?

Darby found Philomena in the great hall. Darby played nervously with her shirt in a successful bid to avoid talking to Philomena.

After some time, Gale found herself in the kitchen. Gale checked the fridge for snacks.

Philomena entered the great hall to find Kiah standing there. Philomena avoided Kiah.

Vivianna entered the living room. The next thing she saw was the coffee table, which left her feeling disquieted. She wished the booze would kick in. She thought about school, and how Philomena and Gale thought they were so much better than everyone else. They never invited her to parties; it was a fluke she ended up at this one. They always got they wanted. Always.

Darby entered the master bedroom. She stared at the king-sized bed uncomprehendingly. She wished the booze would kick in.

Kiah found Philomena in the great hall. Kiah eyed Philomena's crimson phone with envy.

Gale entered the closet. Gale surreptitiously rearranged the supplies.

Dita entered the bathroom. The next thing she saw was the nautical themed shower curtain, which left her feeling disquieted. Things. The house was full of things. When she got old enough to have a house, she'd own nothing. She thought about Gale. Why couldn't she be more like her? Nobody really knew how she felt. Why did everyone want to be like her? Just thinking about it made her want to puke.

Darby entered the great hall. Philomena was there, as if waiting. "WHAT'S YOUR FAVORITE COLOR?" asked Darby.

"Black."

The library was empty. Finally, Philomena thought, somewhere she could think. Philomena tried and failed to open the lock on the desk. Philomena encountered Dita in the library. "Dreams," Philomena said. "Tell me about your dreams." Dita almost said nothing, but thought better of it. "I went to a toystore with my dad and my friend Sandy. We were buying some strange doll shower, but it looked like a mini flying saucer. We brought it back home, and I attached (it) to my living room ceiling. I jumped in the air and grabbed onto the doll shower. When I let go, I was flying and floating in the air."

Vivianna looked around the foyer. She dutifully avoided the side table out of some primal respect for its otherness. Part of her, a larger part than she cared to admit, wanted to smash it.

Philomena and Dita ran into each other in the library. Philomena avoided Dita.

"Perfect, I've got the front yard all to myself," thought Vivianna. The tree reminded her of her mother. Barf. She was hoping it would distract her, if for some brief moment, from her life. She thought about Dita. She loved her so damn much. Why couldn't she be more like her? Just thinking about it made her want to puke.

After some time, Darby found herself in the great hall. The next thing she saw was the tribal Afghan rug, which left her feeling disquieted. Things. The house was full of things. When

she got old enough to have a house, she'd own nothing.

Kiah entered the master bedroom. She stared at the king-sized bed uncomprehendingly. She wished the booze would kick in.

Dita walked into the foyer and saw Philomena. Great. Dita played nervously with her sweater in a successful bid to avoid talking to Philomena.

After some time, Vivianna found herself in the front yard. "Wow, check out that tree," she said to no one in particular. She heard a noise from somewhere else in the house.

Gale entered the kitchen. Gale rifled through the cabinets for alcohol.

"Perfect, I've got the front yard all to myself," thought Vivianna. "Wow, check out that tree," she said to no one in particular. Part of her, a larger part than she cared to admit, wanted to smash it.

Darby found Kiah in the great hall. Darby avoided Kiah.

Gale looked around the kitchen. The oven caught her eye. She thought it was the ugliest thing she'd ever seen. Things. The house was full of things. When she got old enough to have a house, she'd own nothing. She thought about school, and how Philomena and Gale got better grades than her. Were they jealous of her somehow? Not likely. They were always laughing with their perfect friends.

Philomena entered the library to find Dita standing there. "Why would you get your five year old daughter m&g tickets anyways um those boys mean so much to so many of us and we never meet them so?" inquired Philomena.

Dita flinched. "because I would have rather gone with your husband to take his real daughter shopping."

Philomena looked around the library. "Wow, check out that bookshelf," she said to no one in particular. She was hoping it would distract her, if for some brief moment, from her life. She thought about school, and how Dita and Vivianna were such total bitches. Were they

jealous of her somehow? Not likely. How could that even be possible? Did they secretly like her after all? It didn't matter anyway. They were always laughing with their perfect friends. They walked around the school like they owned the place. They were queen bees and they knew it. They always got they wanted. Always.

Vivianna looked around the foyer. She dutifully avoided the chandelier out of some primal respect for its otherness. She wished the booze would kick in.

After some time, Kiah found herself in the bathroom. She stared at the nautical themed shower curtain uncomprehendingly. She wished the booze would kick in.

As Darby entered the great hall, she saw Dita making trouble.

Nobody was in the library, so Philomena found herself uncharacteristically at ease. Philomena flipped through some books. She thought about school, and how Vivianna and Kiah never talked to her. Why did they leave whenever she entered a room? Did they secretly like her after all? It didn't matter anyway.

Dita breathed deeply and took in sights of the great hall. She dutifully avoided the tribal Afghan rug out of some primal respect for its otherness. Part of her, a larger part than she cared to admit, wanted to smash it. She thought about Philomena. Nobody really knew how she felt. Why did everyone want to be like her? Why did she come to this stupid house party in the first place?

Vivianna looked around the foyer. The chandelier reminded her of her mother. Barf. Things. The house was full of things. When she got old enough to have a house, she'd own nothing. She thought about Darby. Darby and that ostentatious shirt of hers. She liked her so damn much. She wanted that shirt. Nothing else would do. Maybe if they could just be real with each other for once... Nobody really knew how she felt. Why did she come to this stupid house party in the first place?

Gale looked around the kitchen. She noticed the knife set. Kinda tacky. She wished the booze would kick in.

The bathroom held two items of interest to Kiah: the toilet and Darby.

Dita entered the guest bedroom. Dita guessed that this was the most boring room in the house. She thought about Gale. She hated her so damn much. Nobody really knew how she felt. Why did she come to this stupid house party in the first place?

Nobody was in the library, so Vivianna found herself uncharacteristically at ease. Vivianna flipped through some books.

Darby looked around the great hall. Darby stared down the hall, which seemed longer than it had any right to be.

"Perfect, I've got the bathroom all to myself," thought Kiah. The next thing she saw was the toilet, which left her feeling disquieted. She wished the booze would kick in.

Philomena entered the front yard. She stared at the tree uncomprehendingly. Why she noticed in the first place was beyond her. She thought about school, and how Kiah and Darby didn't have to try hard to be liked. They walked around the school like they owned the place. They never invited her to parties; it was a fluke she ended up at this one. They always got they wanted. Always. But life was probably hard for them too, in its own way. It always is.

Nobody was in the guest bedroom, so Dita found herself uncharacteristically at ease. Dita guessed that this was the most boring room in the house.

After some time, Vivianna found herself in the foyer. "Wow, check out that side table," she said to no one in particular. She was hoping it would distract her, if for some brief moment, from her life.

Philomena looked around the living room. Philomena bounced on the sofa, hoping to recapture her childhood innocence.

The great hall was empty. Finally, Dita thought, somewhere she could think. Dita took off her shoes, got a running start, a slid in her socks down the slick hardwood floors. She thought about school, and how Kiah and Dita were such total bitches. How could that even

be possible? Did they secretly like her after all? It didn't matter anyway. They walked around the school like they owned the place. They were queen bees and they knew it.

Nobody was in the foyer, so Vivianna found herself uncharacteristically at ease. Vivianna debated just leaving the house.

Darby entered the library. Darby tried and failed to open the lock on the desk.

"Perfect, I've got the closet all to myself," thought Gale. She noticed the bric-a-brac. Kinda tacky. Why she noticed in the first place was beyond her.

Nobody was in the living room, so Philomena found herself uncharacteristically at ease. She dutifully avoided the flat screen TV out of some primal respect for its otherness. She didn't give it a second thought.

"Perfect, I've got the library all to myself," thought Vivianna. Vivianna tried and failed to open the lock on the desk.

Gale breathed deeply and took in sights of the closet. Gale surreptitiously rearranged the supplies.

Darby entered the great hall. Dita was there, as if waiting. "what's the best choice for me?"

Dita beamed. "Sometimes writing."

Philomena entered the living room. The flat screen TV caught her eye. She thought it was the ugliest thing she'd ever seen. She didn't give it a second thought.

"Perfect, I've got the bathroom all to myself," thought Dita. Dita was afraid, as she always was, that a murderer lay in ambush behind the shower curtain.

Kiah looked around the master bedroom. She stared at the teak dresser uncomprehendingly. Why she noticed in the first place was beyond her. She thought about school, and how Philomena and Gale got better grades than her. Were they jealous of her somehow? Not likely. Did they secretly like her after all? It didn't matter anyway. They walked around the school like they owned the place. They were queen bees and they knew

it. They never invited her to parties; it was a fluke she ended up at this one. They always got what they wanted. Always. Did they suspect she thought about them so much?

Gale looked around the kitchen. "Wow, check out that oven," she said to no one in particular. Why she noticed it in the first place was beyond her.

The foyer was empty. Finally, Philomena thought, somewhere she could think. She stared at the side table uncomprehendingly. Things. The house was full of things. When she got old enough to have a house, she'd own nothing. She thought about Gale. She envied her so damn much.

"Perfect, I've got the great hall all to myself," thought Vivianna. "Wow, check out that tribal Afghan rug," she said to no one in particular. She heard a noise from somewhere else in the house.

"Perfect, I've got the kitchen all to myself," thought Gale. The fridge reminded her of her mother. Barf. She wished the booze would kick in.

The foyer was empty. Finally, Philomena thought, somewhere she could think. Philomena debated just leaving the house.

"Perfect, I've got the bathroom all to myself," thought Dita. Dita relieved herself.

The library was empty. Finally, Vivianna thought, somewhere she could think. Vivianna flipped through some books.

After some time, Gale found herself in the closet. Gale looked for some paper towels. She thought about Kiah. She wanted that purse. Nothing else would do. Nobody really knew how she felt. Why did she come to this stupid house party in the first place?

Dita looked around the great hall. She noticed the tribal Afghan rug. Kinda tacky. She didn't give it a second thought.

"Perfect, I've got the library all to myself," thought Vivianna. She stared at the mahogany work desk uncomprehendingly. She was hoping it would distract her, if for some brief

moment, from her life.

Kiah entered the master bedroom. The king-sized bed reminded her of her mother. Barf. She wished the booze would kick in. She thought about Kiah. She wanted that watch. Nothing else would do. It was almost too much to deal with. Why did she come to this stupid house party in the first place?

Gale entered the closet. The mop reminded her of her mother. Barf. Part of her, a larger part than she cared to admit, wanted to smash it.

The great hall held two items of interest to Dita: the family portrait and Kiah. Dita avoided Kiah. She thought about Kiah. She loved her so damn much. It was almost too much to deal with. Why did everyone want to be like her? Just thinking about it made her want to puke.

"Perfect, I've got the kitchen all to myself," thought Gale. Gale rifled through the cabinets for alcohol. She thought about school, and how Kiah and Philomena were such total bitches. Did they secretly like her after all? It didn't matter anyway. They walked around the school like they owned the place. They were queen bees and they knew it.

Philomena looked around the living room. Philomena turned on the TV for a while.

"Perfect, I've got the front yard all to myself," thought Vivianna. Vivianna ran her fingers through the well-manicured grass, dreaming of better days.

As Kiah entered the great hall, she saw Dita making trouble. "What is your favorite song off of Charlatan's web?" Kiah demanded.

"Headlights."

Philomena breathed deeply and took in sights of the living room. Philomena bounced on the sofa, hoping to recapture her childhood innocence.

"Perfect, I've got the breakfast nook all to myself," thought Gale. She dutifully avoided the table out of some primal respect for its otherness. Part of her, a larger part than she cared to admit, wanted to smash it.

Philomena encountered Vivianna in the living room. Philomena avoided Vivianna.

As Vivianna entered the living room, she saw Philomena making trouble. "Where did you get that phone, Philomena?" Philomena ignored her. She thought about school, and how Philomena and Darby didn't have to try hard to be liked. How could that even be possible? Did they secretly like her after all? It didn't matter anyway. They always got they wanted. Always.

Darby entered the master bathroom. "Wow, check out that blonde onyx toilet," she said to no one in particular. Why she noticed in the first place was beyond her.

Gale breathed deeply and took in sights of the kitchen. The knife set reminded her of her mother. Barf. Things. The house was full of things. When she got old enough to have a house, she'd own nothing.

As Dita entered the great hall, she saw Kiah making trouble. "What's your favourite airport?" asked Dita.

"exo at the airport on 130603 was literally the best day everyone looked fucking amazing it."

"Perfect, I've got the foyer all to myself," thought Philomena. Philomena debated just leaving the house. Dita entered the great hall. Kiah was there, as if waiting. Kiah stiffened and began to ramble, not noticing Dita, as if in a fugue state. "I don't remember any details about this dream. I just know they were going to draft 7 women in the army (Vietnam war) and they went down the line of women and said, "Do you want to fight for your country?" I wasn't in the dream. It was like I was watching it happen."

After some time, Vivianna found herself in the living room. Vivianna turned on the TV for a while. She thought about school, and how Philomena and Gale had more money than she did. Why did they leave whenever she entered a room? How could that even be possible? Did they secretly like her after all? It didn't matter anyway. They walked around the school like they owned the place. They never invited her to parties; it was a fluke she ended up at

this one. But life was probably hard for them too, in its own way. It always is.

Darby encountered Dita in the master bedroom. Darby stared at Dita suspiciously.

"Perfect, I've got the great hall all to myself," thought Kiah. Kiah stared down the hall, which seemed longer than it had any right to be.

After some time, Gale found herself in the kitchen. She noticed the oven. Kinda tacky. She heard a noise from somewhere else in the house.

After some time, Kiah found herself in the great hall. Kiah stared down the hall, which seemed longer than it had any right to be.

"Perfect, I've got the front yard all to myself," thought Philomena. Philomena ran her fingers through the well-manicured grass, dreaming of better days.

The foyer was empty. Finally, Vivianna thought, somewhere she could think. Vivianna debated just leaving the house.

Darby walked into the master bedroom and saw Dita. Great. Darby stared at Dita suspiciously.

Nobody was in the library, so Kiah found herself uncharacteristically at ease. She stared at the bookshelf uncomprehendingly. Why she noticed in the first place was beyond her. She thought about school, and how Darby and Dita were such total bitches. Were they jealous of her somehow? Not likely. Did they secretly like her after all? It didn't matter anyway. They were always laughing with their perfect friends. They walked around the school like they owned the place. They were queen bees and they knew it. But life was probably hard for them too, in its own way. It always is. Did they suspect she thought about them so much?

Philomena looked around the front yard. "Wow, check out that lawn," she said to no one in particular. Why she noticed in the first place was beyond her. She thought about school, and how Gale and Philomena had more money than she did. Were they jealous of her somehow? Not likely. Did they secretly like her after all? It didn't matter anyway. They were queen bees and they knew it. They never invited her to parties; it was a fluke she ended up

at this one.

Vivianna entered the living room. The next thing she saw was the flat screen TV, which left her feeling disquieted. Why she noticed in the first place was beyond her.

Darby breathed deeply and took in sights of the great hall. Darby stared down the hall, which seemed longer than it had any right to be.

The library was empty. Finally, Kiah thought, somewhere she could think. She dutifully avoided the mahogany work desk out of some primal respect for its otherness. Part of her, a larger part than she cared to admit, wanted to smash it.

Gale breathed deeply and took in sights of the kitchen. Gale checked the fridge for snacks.

"Perfect, I've got the foyer all to myself," thought Philomena. Philomena debated just leaving the house.

"Perfect, I've got the dining room all to myself," thought Vivianna. The dining room table caught her eye. She thought it was the ugliest thing she'd ever seen. She didn't give it a second thought.

Darby entered the guest bedroom. She stared at the bed uncomprehendingly. Things. The house was full of things. When she got old enough to have a house, she'd own nothing.

Nobody was in the breakfast nook, so Gale found herself uncharacteristically at ease. Gale drank some juice, fuck it, right? Whose house even was this?

Kiah found Dita in the great hall. Kiah seemed cross. "What is the best thing you do in your business which helps our environment?" she demanded.

"Dumb dick," said Dita.

After some time, Philomena found herself in the front yard. The lawn reminded her of her mother. Barf. Part of her, a larger part than she cared to admit, wanted to smash it.

Darby looked around the guest bedroom. Darby guessed that this was the most boring

room in the house.

"Perfect, I've got the bathroom all to myself," thought Kiah. Kiah jiggled the toilet handle.

The kitchen was empty. Finally, Gale thought, somewhere she could think. Gale rifled through the cabinets for alcohol. She thought about Philomena. She loved her so damn much. Maybe if they could just be real with each other for once... Why did she come to this stupid house party in the first place?

Philomena breathed deeply and took in sights of the front yard. Philomena ran her fingers through the well-manicured grass, dreaming of better days.

Dita breathed deeply and took in sights of the master bedroom. "Wow, check out that king-sized bed," she said to no one in particular. Why she noticed in the first place was beyond her.

The great hall was empty. Finally, Darby thought, somewhere she could think. Darby stared down the hall, which seemed longer than it had any right to be.

Nobody was in the bathroom, so Kiah found herself uncharacteristically at ease. She stared at the nautical themed shower curtain uncomprehendingly. Why she noticed in the first place was beyond her.

Gale looked around the closet. Gale looked for some paper towels. She thought about school, and how Dita and Kiah thought they were so much better than everyone else. Did they secretly like her after all? It didn't matter anyway. They were always laughing with their perfect friends. They always got they wanted. Always.

Philomena breathed deeply and took in sights of the front yard. Philomena ran her fingers through the well-manicured grass, dreaming of better days.

Nobody was in the guest bedroom, so Darby found herself uncharacteristically at ease. Darby guessed that this was the most boring room in the house. She thought about Gale. Gale and that aquamarine skirt of hers. Why couldn't she be more like her? Nobody really

knew how she felt. Why did everyone want to be like her?

After some time, Gale found herself in the kitchen. Gale rifled through the cabinets for alcohol.

"Perfect, I've got the foyer all to myself," thought Vivianna. The next thing she saw was the side table, which left her feeling disquieted. Part of her, a larger part than she cared to admit, wanted to smash it. She thought about school, and how Gale and Philomena thought they were so much better than everyone else. Why did they leave whenever she entered a room? They were always laughing with their perfect friends. They walked around the school like they owned the place. They were queen bees and they knew it. They never invited her to parties; it was a fluke she ended up at this one. They always got they wanted. Always. But life was probably hard for them too, in its own way. It always is. Did they suspect she thought about them so much?

Nobody was in the breakfast nook, so Gale found herself uncharacteristically at ease.

"Wow, check out that table," she said to no one in particular. She didn't give it a second thought.

Dita entered the great hall to find Darby standing there. "what's the best thing to do is always the hardest thing to do?" Dita asked.

"Being called beautiful."

The front yard was empty. Finally, Philomena thought, somewhere she could think. The tree reminded her of her mother. Barf. She wished the booze would kick in.

Dita breathed deeply and took in sights of the guest bedroom. The bed reminded her of her mother. Barf. Why she noticed in the first place was beyond her. She thought about school, and how Gale and Philomena didn't have to try hard to be liked. They walked around the school like they owned the place. But life was probably hard for them too, in its own way. It always is. Did they suspect she thought about them so much?

Vivianna breathed deeply and took in sights of the library. Vivianna flipped through some

books. She thought about Philomena. Philomena and that crimson phone of hers. Why did everyone want to be like her? Just thinking about it made her want to puke. Why did she come to this stupid house party in the first place?

Nobody was in the foyer, so Kiah found herself uncharacteristically at ease. Kiah debated just leaving the house.

Nobody was in the kitchen, so Gale found herself uncharacteristically at ease. The knife set caught her eye. She thought it was the ugliest thing she'd ever seen. She wished the booze would kick in. She thought about Vivianna. She wanted that sweater. Nothing else would do. Nobody really knew how she felt. Why did she come to this stupid house party in the first place?

Philomena breathed deeply and took in sights of the living room. The flat screen TV caught her eye. She thought it was the ugliest thing she'd ever seen. Things. The house was full of things. When she got old enough to have a house, she'd own nothing.

Vivianna looked around the library. She dutifully avoided the bookshelf out of some primal respect for its otherness. She wished the booze would kick in.

After some time, Darby found herself in the master bedroom. She dutifully avoided the king-sized bed out of some primal respect for its otherness. She didn't give it a second thought.

Nobody was in the front yard, so Kiah found herself uncharacteristically at ease. She stared at the tree uncomprehendingly. Things. The house was full of things. When she got old enough to have a house, she'd own nothing. She thought about Kiah. She liked her so damn much. Why couldn't she be more like her? Why did everyone want to be like her? Why did she come to this stupid house party in the first place?

Philomena entered the front yard to find Kiah standing there. Philomena avoided Kiah.

Nobody was in the kitchen, so Gale found herself uncharacteristically at ease. The next thing she saw was the oven, which left her feeling disquieted. She was hoping it would

distract her, if for some brief moment, from her life.

After some time, Philomena found herself in the garage. Philomena considered getting on that lawnmower and riding it out of this place. She thought about school, and how Dita and Darby had more money than she did. Why did they leave whenever she entered a room? Were they jealous of her somehow? Not likely. How could that even be possible? They walked around the school like they owned the place.

Darby entered the great hall to find Dita standing there. Darby eyed Dita's incredible sweater with envy.

The front yard was empty. Finally, Kiah thought, somewhere she could think. The next thing she saw was the lawn, which left her feeling disquieted. She didn't give it a second thought.

Dita encountered Darby in the great hall. Dita appeared concerned. "What's the BEST dessert of all time?" she demanded.

"Sometimes a slice of hot buttery cinnamon toast," said Darby.

Nobody was in the guest bedroom, so Dita found herself uncharacteristically at ease. Dita guessed that this was the most boring room in the house.

Vivianna breathed deeply and took in sights of the foyer. Vivianna debated just leaving the house.

Kiah entered the front yard. Philomena was there, as if waiting. "What's the best part of being soup?"

"Walking to my car."

After some time, Philomena found herself in the front yard. Philomena ran her fingers through the well-manicured grass, dreaming of better days.

Nobody was in the great hall, so Dita found herself uncharacteristically at ease. Dita stared down the hall, which seemed longer than it had any right to be.

The master bathroom was empty. Finally, Darby thought, somewhere she could think. She stared at the blonde onyx flooring uncomprehendingly. Part of her, a larger part than she cared to admit, wanted to smash it.

Kiah encountered Vivianna in the foyer. "Where did you get that belt, Vivianna?" Vivianna ignored her. She thought about school, and how Vivianna and Philomena got better grades than her. Were they jealous of her somehow? Not likely. But life was probably hard for them too, in its own way. It always is.

Nobody was in the back yard, so Gale found herself uncharacteristically at ease. She stared at the lawn furniture uncomprehendingly. She heard a noise from somewhere else in the house.

Nobody was in the great hall, so Dita found herself uncharacteristically at ease. The tribal Afghan rug caught her eye. She thought it was the ugliest thing she'd ever seen. She was hoping it would distract her, if for some brief moment, from her life.

After some time, Gale found herself in the back yard. The lawn furniture caught her eye. She thought it was the ugliest thing she'd ever seen. Why she noticed in the first place was beyond her.

The front yard held two items of interest to Philomena: the lawn and Kiah.

As Vivianna entered the front yard, she saw Philomena making trouble. "What's your favorite TV show right now?" Vivianna inquired.

"Fresh meat."

As Philomena entered the front yard, she saw Vivianna making trouble. Philomena stared at Vivianna suspiciously.

Nobody was in the library, so Dita found herself uncharacteristically at ease. She stared at the mahogany work desk uncomprehendingly. Why she noticed in the first place was beyond her.

The garage was empty. Finally, Kiah thought, somewhere she could think. Kiah considered getting on that lawnmower and riding it out of this place.

Vivianna walked into the front yard and saw Philomena. Great. "Why would you change feeling to felling?" Vivianna inquired.

Philomena sighed. "because I have a feeling chucky might come out of nowhere."

As Philomena entered the garage, she saw Vivianna making trouble. Philomena avoided Vivianna. She thought about school, and how Vivianna and Darby never talked to her. How could that even be possible? They walked around the school like they owned the place. They were queen bees and they knew it.

Nobody was in the foyer, so Dita found herself uncharacteristically at ease. Dita debated just leaving the house. She thought about Darby. Why did everyone want to be like her?

The great hall was empty. Finally, Kiah thought, somewhere she could think. The next thing she saw was the family portrait, which left her feeling disquieted. She didn't give it a second thought.

"Perfect, I've got the living room all to myself," thought Gale. Gale bounced on the sofa, hoping to recapture her childhood innocence.

As Vivianna entered the garage, she saw Philomena making trouble. "What is the best Lana song in your opinion?"

"Born To Die by Lana Del Rey."

Vivianna found Philomena in the back yard. Vivianna played nervously with her sweater in a successful bid to avoid talking to Philomena. She thought about Philomena. It was almost too much to deal with. Nobody really knew how she felt. Just thinking about it made her want to puke.

Darby breathed deeply and took in sights of the master bedroom. The teak dresser caught her eye. She thought it was the ugliest thing she'd ever seen. Part of her, a larger part than

she cared to admit, wanted to smash it.

The library was empty. Finally, Kiah thought, somewhere she could think. Kiah tried and failed to open the lock on the desk. She thought about school, and how Dita and Kiah didn't have to try hard to be liked. Were they jealous of her somehow? Not likely. How could that even be possible? Did they secretly like her after all? It didn't matter anyway. They walked around the school like they owned the place.

Dita walked into the foyer and saw Gale. Great. "What is your favourite training outfit colour?" demanded Dita.

Gale laughed. "thursday."

Nobody was in the dining room, so Philomena found herself uncharacteristically at ease. The next thing she saw was the silverware, which left her feeling disquieted. She didn't give it a second thought. She thought about Kiah. She envied her so damn much. Why couldn't she be more like her? Nobody really knew how she felt. Just thinking about it made her want to puke. Why did she come to this stupid house party in the first place?

Dita entered the living room. She stared at the coffee table uncomprehendingly. Part of her, a larger part than she cared to admit, wanted to smash it. She thought about Gale. It was almost too much to deal with. Why couldn't she be more like her? Maybe if they could just be real with each other for once... Nobody really knew how she felt. Why did she come to this stupid house party in the first place?

After some time, Vivianna found herself in the kitchen. Vivianna checked the fridge for snacks. She thought about school, and how Kiah and Darby thought they were so much better than everyone else. Why did they leave whenever she entered a room? Did they secretly like her after all? It didn't matter anyway. They were queen bees and they knew it. They always got they wanted. Always. But life was probably hard for them too, in its own way. It always is.

"Perfect, I've got the master bedroom all to myself," thought Darby. She noticed the king-sized bed. Kinda tacky. Part of her, a larger part than she cared to admit, wanted to

smash it. She thought about Darby. She liked her so damn much. She wanted that shirt. Nothing else would do. Maybe if they could just be real with each other for once... Gale encountered Kiah in the foyer. "Kiah, what did you dream about last night?" asked Gale. Kiah seemed wary, but her face softened. "I was in a classroom with the rest of my class (8th grade). Steve, our teacher and principal, was calling up, one by one, the people with long hair and cutting their hair so that it was about jawbone length. I was the last person to be called up. I ran away and tucked my hair into my sweatshirt so that it looked like I had short hair already. Everybody looked at me like I was just being stupid, so I went over to Steve. I had to keep telling him not to cut it so short. It seemed like he finally cut it just above shoulder length. Then I was at home and looking in the mirror in my room. My hair was just below shoulder length. I wondered for about 20 seconds about why he had cut it shorter. I figured I just didn't see where Steve cut my hair. Then I noticed that my hair looked good at this length and looked at the mirror for a while."

The kitchen was empty. Finally, Philomena thought, somewhere she could think. Philomena rifled through the cabinets for alcohol.

The closet was empty. Finally, Vivianna thought, somewhere she could think. Vivianna surrepticiously rearranged the supplies. She thought about school, and how Darby and Philomena didn't have to try hard to be liked. Were they jealous of her somehow? Not likely. How could that even be possible? Did they secretly like her after all? It didn't matter anyway. They were always laughing with their perfect friends. They were queen bees and they knew it. They never invited her to parties; it was a fluke she ended up at this one. But life was probably hard for them too, in its own way. It always is. Did they suspect she thought about them so much?

"Perfect, I've got the master bedroom all to myself," thought Darby. The next thing she saw was the king-sized bed, which left her feeling disquieted. She heard a noise from somewhere else in the house.

After some time, Gale found herself in the library. Gale tried and failed to open the lock on the desk. She thought about school, and how Kiah and Darby never talked to her. Why did

they leave whenever she entered a room? How could that even be possible? They never invited her to parties; it was a fluke she ended up at this one. They always got they wanted. Always. Did they suspect she thought about them so much?

Dita breathed deeply and took in sights of the front yard. Dita started to climb the tree, then thought better of it. She thought about school, and how Darby and Vivianna had more money than she did. Were they jealous of her somehow? Not likely. They walked around the school like they owned the place. They never invited her to parties; it was a fluke she ended up at this one. But life was probably hard for them too, in its own way. It always is.

Kiah entered the living room. The coffee table reminded her of her mother. Barf. Part of her, a larger part than she cared to admit, wanted to smash it. She thought about Philomena. She loved her so damn much. Why couldn't she be more like her? Maybe if they could just be real with each other for once... Nobody really knew how she felt. Just thinking about it made her want to puke.

Gale entered the library. The bookshelf caught her eye. She thought it was the ugliest thing she'd ever seen. Part of her, a larger part than she cared to admit, wanted to smash it.

"Perfect, I've got the kitchen all to myself," thought Philomena. "Wow, check out that fridge," she said to no one in particular. She was hoping it would distract her, if for some brief moment, from her life. She thought about school, and how Vivianna and Gale got better grades than her. Why did they leave whenever she entered a room? Were they jealous of her somehow? Not likely. Did they secretly like her after all? It didn't matter anyway. They walked around the school like they owned the place. They were queen bees and they knew it. Did they suspect she thought about them so much?

The garage was empty. Finally, Dita thought, somewhere she could think. Dita considered getting on that lawnmower and riding it out of this place.

After some time, Vivianna found herself in the closet. Vivianna looked for some paper towels.

Gale looked around the great hall. She stared at the family portrait uncomprehendingly.

She wished the booze would kick in. Philomena found Vivianna in the kitchen. "Vivianna, what did you dream about last night?" asked Philomena. Vivianna seemed wary, but her face softened. "All I can remember is a piece of paper. I think in the dream I was taking notes in a class. I was bored and doodling this picture on the paper. The paper looked like an eye."

"Perfect, I've got the master bedroom all to myself," thought Darby. The next thing she saw was the king-sized bed, which left her feeling disquieted. She wished the booze would kick in. She thought about Darby. She hated her so damn much. Just thinking about it made her want to puke.

After some time, Kiah found herself in the living room. Kiah bounced on the sofa, hoping to recapture her childhood innocence. She thought about school, and how Kiah and Dita never talked to her. How could that even be possible? They were always laughing with their perfect friends. They walked around the school like they owned the place. They always got they wanted. Always. But life was probably hard for them too, in its own way. It always is. Did they suspect she thought about them so much?

The kitchen held two items of interest to Vivianna: the fridge and Philomena. "What's your favourite airport?"

"exo at the airport on 130603 was literally the best day everyone looked fucking amazing it."

The kitchen was empty. Finally, Philomena thought, somewhere she could think. Philomena rifled through the cabinets for alcohol.

Vivianna breathed deeply and took in sights of the breakfast nook. The table reminded her of her mother. Barf. She didn't give it a second thought.

As Darby entered the great hall, she saw Gale making trouble. Darby stared at Gale suspiciously.

Kiah entered the foyer. Kiah debated just leaving the house. She thought about Vivianna.

She wanted that belt. Nothing else would do. It was almost too much to deal with. Why couldn't she be more like her? Why did everyone want to be like her? Just thinking about it made her want to puke. Why did she come to this stupid house party in the first place? Gale entered the great hall to find Darby standing there. Darby was crying. Gale acted on instinct. "Tell me all about it." she said. Darby obliged in an unbecoming outpouring. "I walked into school and everyone was in a circle (all the kids) and no one would let me in. They just ignored me. Even my best friend ignored me. I was left alone. I ran up to the bathroom and started crying. When I asked my best friend whats up, she just said, "Go away, I don't like you.""

"Perfect, I've got the kitchen all to myself," thought Philomena. The knife set reminded her of her mother. Barf. She was hoping it would distract her, if for some brief moment, from her life. She thought about school, and how Kiah and Dita didn't have to try hard to be liked. Were they jealous of her somehow? Not likely. Did they secretly like her after all? It didn't matter anyway. They were always laughing with their perfect friends. They were queen bees and they knew it. They never invited her to parties; it was a fluke she ended up at this one. They always got they wanted. Always.

Kiah breathed deeply and took in sights of the foyer. She dutifully avoided the chandelier out of some primal respect for its otherness. Why she noticed in the first place was beyond her.

Gale looked around the library. Gale flipped through some books. She thought about Philomena. Maybe if they could just be real with each other for once... Why did everyone want to be like her? Philomena and Vivianna ran into each other in the kitchen. Vivianna stiffened and began to ramble, not noticing Philomena, as if in a fugue state. "I was in an orange and I couldn't breathe. I tried to but I only could drink the orange juice, although it tasted good I still couldn't breathe. I finally got to a place where I could breathe but the orange started moving so I lost my place. I was suddenly outside of the orange watching a clown juggle my orange. He was also juggling a mirror and a remote control."

Dita breathed deeply and took in sights of the great hall. Dita stared down the hall, which

seemed longer than it had any right to be.

After some time, Darby found herself in the master bedroom. She noticed the teak dresser. Kinda tacky. She wished the booze would kick in.

Kiah entered the foyer. Gale was there, as if waiting. "Where did you get that shirt, Gale?" Gale ignored her.

As Vivianna entered the kitchen, she saw Philomena making trouble. "What's your favourite airport?" Vivianna inquired.

"exo at the airport on 130603 was literally the best day everyone looked fucking amazing it."

After some time, Philomena found herself in the closet. The mop reminded her of her mother. Barf. Why she noticed in the first place was beyond her.

Vivianna breathed deeply and took in sights of the kitchen. She stared at the oven uncomprehendingly. She heard a noise from somewhere else in the house.

The great hall was empty. Finally, Darby thought, somewhere she could think. Darby stared down the hall, which seemed longer than it had any right to be.

The foyer was empty. Finally, Kiah thought, somewhere she could think. Kiah debated just leaving the house.

Gale entered the library. Gale tried and failed to open the lock on the desk.

Darby looked around the guest bedroom. Darby imagined what kind of people had stayed in the bed. How many people had had sex in it? She thought about Gale. Gale and that aquamarine skirt of hers. She wanted that shirt. Nothing else would do. It was almost too much to deal with. Why couldn't she be more like her? Maybe if they could just be real with each other for once...

Kiah looked around the foyer. "Wow, check out that chandelier," she said to no one in

particular. She heard a noise from somewhere else in the house.

"Perfect, I've got the library all to myself," thought Gale. The mahogany work desk reminded her of her mother. Barf. She didn't give it a second thought. She thought about school, and how Dita and Philomena got better grades than her. Why did they leave whenever she entered a room? How could that even be possible? They were always laughing with their perfect friends. They were queen bees and they knew it. They never invited her to parties; it was a fluke she ended up at this one. They always got they wanted. Always. Did they suspect she thought about them so much?

Philomena entered the kitchen. Vivianna was there, as if waiting. "Why do you hate me so much?" demanded Philomena.

Vivianna chuckled. "because I hate fangirling for people who don't make music anymore."

After some time, Darby found herself in the great hall. She dutifully avoided the family portrait out of some primal respect for its otherness. Why she noticed in the first place was beyond her.

Kiah entered the front yard. Kiah started to climb the tree, then thought better of it.

"Perfect, I've got the kitchen all to myself," thought Vivianna. Vivianna checked the fridge for snacks. She thought about Gale. Why couldn't she be more like her? Nobody really knew how she felt. Why did everyone want to be like her? Why did she come to this stupid house party in the first place?

Kiah looked around the foyer. The next thing she saw was the chandelier, which left her feeling disquieted. She heard a noise from somewhere else in the house.

"Perfect, I've got the living room all to myself," thought Gale. "Wow, check out that coffee table," she said to no one in particular. Things. The house was full of things. When she got old enough to have a house, she'd own nothing.

After some time, Dita found herself in the master bathroom. She noticed the blonde onyx countertop. Kinda tacky. Things. The house was full of things. When she got old enough to

have a house, she'd own nothing.

After some time, Darby found herself in the great hall. Darby took off her shoes, got a running start, and slid in her socks down the slick hardwood floors. She thought about Philomena. Why couldn't she be more like her? Nobody really knew how she felt. Why did everyone want to be like her? Just thinking about it made her want to puke.

The foyer was empty. Finally, Kiah thought, somewhere she could think. "Wow, check out that chandelier," she said to no one in particular. She wished the booze would kick in.

Gale looked around the living room. Gale bounced on the sofa, hoping to recapture her childhood innocence. She thought about Vivianna. She wanted that sweater. Nothing else would do. Maybe if they could just be real with each other for once... Why did everyone want to be like her?

After some time, Philomena found herself in the kitchen. Philomena checked the fridge for snacks. She thought about Philomena. It was almost too much to deal with. Why did she come to this stupid house party in the first place?

Darby entered the guest bedroom. The next thing she saw was the bed, which left her feeling disquieted. She was hoping it would distract her, if for some brief moment, from her life. She thought about school, and how Philomena and Vivianna had more money than she did. How could that even be possible? They were always laughing with their perfect friends. They walked around the school like they owned the place. But life was probably hard for them too, in its own way. It always is. Did they suspect she thought about them so much?

"Perfect, I've got the living room all to myself," thought Kiah. The coffee table caught her eye. She thought it was the ugliest thing she'd ever seen. She didn't give it a second thought. She thought about school, and how Darby and Gale were such total bitches. How could that even be possible? Did they secretly like her after all? It didn't matter anyway. They never invited her to parties; it was a fluke she ended up at this one. They always got what they wanted. Always. But life was probably hard for them too, in its own way. It always is. Did they suspect she thought about them so much?

Dita breathed deeply and took in sights of the master bedroom. The teak dresser reminded her of her mother. Barf. Why she noticed in the first place was beyond her.

After some time, Darby found herself in the great hall. The family portrait reminded her of her mother. Barf. She heard a noise from somewhere else in the house.

The front yard was empty. Finally, Kiah thought, somewhere she could think. She stared at the tree uncomprehendingly. Why she noticed in the first place was beyond her. She thought about school, and how Philomena and Gale were such total bitches. Were they jealous of her somehow? Not likely. Did they secretly like her after all? It didn't matter anyway. They walked around the school like they owned the place. But life was probably hard for them too, in its own way. It always is.

Gale entered the garage to find Vivianna standing there. "what's your favourite song?"

"ArtPop."

Philomena looked around the breakfast nook. The next thing she saw was the toaster, which left her feeling disquieted. She heard a noise from somewhere else in the house.

Vivianna encountered Gale in the back yard. Vivianna avoided Gale.

Nobody was in the guest bedroom, so Darby found herself uncharacteristically at ease.

"Wow, check out that set of curtains," she said to no one in particular. Things. The house was full of things. When she got old enough to have a house, she'd own nothing.

"Perfect, I've got the living room all to myself," thought Kiah. Kiah bounced on the sofa, hoping to recapture her childhood innocence. Gale encountered Vivianna in the back yard. Vivianna looked directly at Gale. "I had the weirdest dream," she said. "A male narrator said that women become infatuated with men who don't love them. I saw a black and white picture of several couples with the female beaming and the male with an uneasy look on his face."

Philomena entered the breakfast nook. Philomena drank some juice, fuck it, right? Whose

house even was this?

Dita looked around the great hall. Dita stared down the hall, which seemed longer than it had any right to be. She thought about school, and how Dita and Vivianna thought they were so much better than everyone else. How could that even be possible? They were always laughing with their perfect friends. They walked around the school like they owned the place. They were queen bees and they knew it. They never invited her to parties; it was a fluke she ended up at this one. They always got they wanted. Always.

"Perfect, I've got the guest bedroom all to myself," thought Darby. The set of curtains caught her eye. She thought it was the ugliest thing she'd ever seen. She didn't give it a second thought.

Nobody was in the living room, so Kiah found herself uncharacteristically at ease. The coffee table reminded her of her mother. Barf. She heard a noise from somewhere else in the house.

"Perfect, I've got the kitchen all to myself," thought Gale. She noticed the fridge. Kinda tacky. She heard a noise from somewhere else in the house.

As Philomena entered the kitchen, she saw Gale making trouble. "Where did you get that skirt, Gale?" Gale ignored her.

Kiah entered the dining room. Vivianna was there, as if waiting. Kiah avoided Vivianna.

Darby found Dita in the great hall. "why do you let me take four hour naps?"

Dita flinched. "because i need therapy, but because the Xanax dealer on the corner wont take my insurance."

After some time, Philomena found herself in the closet. Philomena looked for some paper towels.

Dita breathed deeply and took in sights of the library. The bookshelf caught her eye. She thought it was the ugliest thing she'd ever seen. She wished the booze would kick in.

The living room was empty. Finally, Kiah thought, somewhere she could think. The next thing she saw was the coffee table, which left her feeling disquieted. Why she noticed in the first place was beyond her. She thought about Dita. She loved her so damn much. She wanted that sweater. Nothing else would do. Why couldn't she be more like her? Nobody really knew how she felt. Why did she come to this stupid house party in the first place?

After some time, Gale found herself in the kitchen. The knife set reminded her of her mother. Barf. She didn't give it a second thought.

Philomena encountered Gale in the kitchen. Philomena played nervously with her scarf in a successful bid to avoid talking to Gale. She thought about Gale. She wanted that shirt. Nothing else would do. Why couldn't she be more like her? Why did she come to this stupid house party in the first place?

Dita looked around the library. She noticed the mahogany work desk. Kinda tacky. She was hoping it would distract her, if for some brief moment, from her life. She thought about Darby. Darby and that emerald coat of hers. Nobody really knew how she felt. Just thinking about it made her want to puke. Why did she come to this stupid house party in the first place?

The master bedroom was empty. Finally, Darby thought, somewhere she could think. She stared at the king-sized bed uncomprehendingly. Part of her, a larger part than she cared to admit, wanted to smash it.

Nobody was in the foyer, so Kiah found herself uncharacteristically at ease. Kiah debated just leaving the house.

Philomena looked around the kitchen. Philomena checked the fridge for snacks.

Darby entered the master bathroom. She dutifully avoided the blonde onyx toilet out of some primal respect for its otherness. She was hoping it would distract her, if for some brief moment, from her life. She thought about Philomena. Philomena and that crimson phone of hers. She wanted that scarf. Nothing else would do. It was almost too much to deal with. Why did everyone want to be like her? Just thinking about it made her want to

puke.

Nobody was in the closet, so Gale found herself uncharacteristically at ease. Gale surreptitiously rearranged the supplies. She thought about Kiah. Maybe if they could just be real with each other for once... Why did everyone want to be like her?

Kiah walked into the foyer and saw Dita. Great. "What's your favorite part of the trip?"

"Mmm, cuddling up in bed."

"Perfect, I've got the foyer all to myself," thought Dita. Dita debated just leaving the house.

Philomena entered the kitchen to find Gale standing there. "What's your favourite kind of music to listen to while cooking?"

"incoherent jamie," said Gale.

Philomena breathed deeply and took in sights of the closet. Philomena looked for some paper towels. She thought about Vivianna. Vivianna and that aquamarine sweater of hers. It was almost too much to deal with. Just thinking about it made her want to puke.

The front yard was empty. Finally, Dita thought, somewhere she could think. Dita ran her fingers through the well-manicured grass, dreaming of better days. She thought about Philomena. Why did everyone want to be like her? Why did she come to this stupid house party in the first place?

"Perfect, I've got the great hall all to myself," thought Vivianna. The family portrait reminded her of her mother. Barf. She heard a noise from somewhere else in the house. She thought about school, and how Gale and Darby didn't have to try hard to be liked. Were they jealous of her somehow? Not likely. They were always laughing with their perfect friends. They never invited her to parties; it was a fluke she ended up at this one. They always got they wanted. Always. But life was probably hard for them too, in its own way. It always is. Did they suspect she thought about them so much?

After some time, Darby found herself in the master bedroom. She noticed the king-sized

bed. Kinda tacky. She didn't give it a second thought.

After some time, Gale found herself in the kitchen. Gale checked the fridge for snacks.

"Perfect, I've got the closet all to myself," thought Philomena. "Wow, check out that mop," she said to no one in particular. She was hoping it would distract her, if for some brief moment, from her life.

"Perfect, I've got the guest bedroom all to myself," thought Vivianna. She dutifully avoided the poster of a... Monet? out of some primal respect for its otherness. She didn't give it a second thought. She thought about school, and how Kiah and Vivianna were such total bitches. They never invited her to parties; it was a fluke she ended up at this one. They always got they wanted. Always. But life was probably hard for them too, in its own way. It always is. Did they suspect she thought about them so much?

Darby breathed deeply and took in sights of the master bathroom. She noticed the blonde onyx flooring. Kinda tacky. She was hoping it would distract her, if for some brief moment, from her life.

Kiah entered the living room. She dutifully avoided the flat screen TV out of some primal respect for its otherness. She didn't give it a second thought.

After some time, Gale found herself in the kitchen. Gale checked the fridge for snacks.

Vivianna looked around the guest bedroom. Vivianna imagined what kind of people had stayed in the bed. How many people had had sex in it?

Darby entered the master bedroom. "Wow, check out that teak dresser," she said to no one in particular. She heard a noise from somewhere else in the house.

Kiah entered the front yard to find Dita standing there. Kiah avoided Dita. Gale and Philomena ran into each other in the kitchen. Philomena stiffened and began to ramble, not noticing Gale, as if in a fugue state. "I don't remember any details about this dream. I just know they were going to draft 7 women in the army (Vietnam war) and they went down the line of women and said, "Do you want to fight for your country?" I wasn't in the dream. It was

like I was watching it happen."

Dita walked into the front yard and saw Kiah. Great. "Why do you think I care, your annoying actually?" Dita asked.

"because I didn't like someone she got mad at me like that's so annoying haha," said Kiah.

Nobody was in the living room, so Dita found herself uncharacteristically at ease. The next thing she saw was the flat screen TV, which left her feeling disquieted. Part of her, a larger part than she cared to admit, wanted to smash it. She thought about Philomena. It was almost too much to deal with. Why couldn't she be more like her? Maybe if they could just be real with each other for once... Nobody really knew how she felt.

"Perfect, I've got the master bedroom all to myself," thought Darby. The teak dresser reminded her of her mother. Barf. Part of her, a larger part than she cared to admit, wanted to smash it. She thought about Kiah. Kiah and that fashionable purse of hers. She liked her so damn much. Maybe if they could just be real with each other for once... Why did everyone want to be like her? Just thinking about it made her want to puke.

Kiah entered the front yard. Kiah ran her fingers through the well-manicured grass, dreaming of better days.

Dita and Kiah ran into each other in the living room. Dita avoided Kiah.

Nobody was in the guest bedroom, so Vivianna found herself uncharacteristically at ease. The next thing she saw was the set of curtains, which left her feeling disquieted. She heard a noise from somewhere else in the house.

The great hall was empty. Finally, Darby thought, somewhere she could think. Darby took off her shoes, got a running start, a slid in her socks down the slick hardwood floors. She thought about school, and how Gale and Philomena were such total bitches. Were they jealous of her somehow? Not likely. Did they secretly like her after all? It didn't matter anyway. They walked around the school like they owned the place. They were queen bees and they knew it. They always got they wanted. Always. But life was probably hard for them

too, in its own way. It always is.

Gale walked into the dining room and saw Philomena. Great. "What's your favourite line from a Soca chune?"

"Lool that."

Vivianna breathed deeply and took in sights of the great hall. Vivianna took off her shoes, got a running start, and slid in her socks down the slick hardwood floors.

"Perfect, I've got the library all to myself," thought Darby. Darby tried and failed to open the lock on the desk.

After some time, Kiah found herself in the dining room. She dutifully avoided the silverware out of some primal respect for its otherness. She didn't give it a second thought.

The living room held two items of interest to Gale: the flat screen TV and Dita. Gale eyed Dita's incredible phone with envy.

As Philomena entered the living room, she saw Dita making trouble. "Why would you settle for second when I'm in first place and wanting you everyday?" Philomena asked.

"because I love seeing her happy face everyday ☺," said Dita.

Philomena encountered Dita in the dining room. Dita stiffened and began to ramble, not noticing Philomena, as if in a fugue state. "I was cleaning my room and found a card covered in inches of lint and dust. When I blew on it, it flew up and clogged up my nose."

Dita encountered Philomena in the dining room. Dita stared at Philomena suspiciously.

Kiah entered the living room. She dutifully avoided the flat screen TV out of some primal respect for its otherness. She heard a noise from somewhere else in the house.

Gale breathed deeply and took in sights of the foyer. The chandelier caught her eye. She thought it was the ugliest thing she'd ever seen. Why she noticed it in the first place was beyond her. She thought about school, and how Kiah and Dita didn't have to try hard to be

liked. Why did they leave whenever she entered a room? Were they jealous of her somehow? Not likely. How could that even be possible? They were always laughing with their perfect friends. They walked around the school like they owned the place. Did they suspect she thought about them so much?

Vivianna entered the great hall to find Darby standing there. Vivianna eyed Darby's emerald coat with envy. She thought about school, and how Darby and Philomena were such total bitches. How could that even be possible? They were always laughing with their perfect friends. They never invited her to parties; it was a fluke she ended up at this one. They always got they wanted. Always. Did they suspect she thought about them so much?

Dita encountered Philomena in the living room. "What's the best community school to go to?" Dita asked.

Philomena squirmed. "There's a reason why RJ."

Vivianna entered the guest bedroom. She stared at the bed uncomprehendingly. She wished the booze would kick in. She thought about Kiah. It was almost too much to deal with. Just thinking about it made her want to puke. Why did she come to this stupid house party in the first place?

Dita breathed deeply and took in sights of the library. Dita tried and failed to open the lock on the desk.

Vivianna breathed deeply and took in sights of the guest bedroom. She dutifully avoided the poster of a... Monet? out of some primal respect for its otherness. Part of her, a larger part than she cared to admit, wanted to smash it. She thought about Darby. She loved her so damn much. She wanted that shirt. Nothing else would do. It was almost too much to deal with. Just thinking about it made her want to puke. Why did she come to this stupid house party in the first place?

"Perfect, I've got the bathroom all to myself," thought Darby. The next thing she saw was the framed photo of a fish, which left her feeling disquieted. She was hoping it would distract her, if for some brief moment, from her life. She thought about school, and how Philomena

and Dita didn't have to try hard to be liked. Why did they leave whenever she entered a room? How could that even be possible? They walked around the school like they owned the place. They were queen bees and they knew it. They never invited her to parties; it was a fluke she ended up at this one. They always got they wanted. Always. But life was probably hard for them too, in its own way. It always is. Did they suspect she thought about them so much?

Philomena looked around the back yard. The lawn furniture caught her eye. She thought it was the ugliest thing she'd ever seen. She heard a noise from somewhere else in the house.

The guest bedroom was empty. Finally, Vivianna thought, somewhere she could think. The poster of a... Monet? reminded her of her mother. Barf. Why she noticed in the first place was beyond her.

After some time, Darby found herself in the great hall. Darby took off her shoes, got a running start, a slid in her socks down the slick hardwood floors. She thought about Philomena. Philomena and that crimson phone of hers. She wanted that scarf. Nothing else would do. It was almost too much to deal with. Why did everyone want to be like her? Why did she come to this stupid house party in the first place?

"Perfect, I've got the library all to myself," thought Dita. Dita tried and failed to open the lock on the desk.

Vivianna and Darby ran into each other in the great hall. "Where did you get that coat, Darby?" Darby ignored her.

Kiah entered the kitchen. Kiah checked the fridge for snacks.

After some time, Gale found herself in the foyer. Gale debated just leaving the house. As Vivianna entered the library, she saw Dita making trouble. Dita looked directly at Vivianna. "I had the weirdest dream," she said. "There was this buffalo in my house and his name was Moose, and he went downstairs to my basement but he peed on my stairs as he went down them. I was really mad so I went down the stairs to catch him, but I was too scared, so

I sent my friend down to wake him up. When he came back upstairs he was this tall preppy blonde guy."

Darby entered the great hall. Darby stared down the hall, which seemed longer than it had any right to be.

Kiah looked around the breakfast nook. Kiah drank some juice, fuck it, right? Whose house even was this? She thought about school, and how Darby and Dita got better grades than her. They were always laughing with their perfect friends. They walked around the school like they owned the place. They were queen bees and they knew it. They always got they wanted. Always. Did they suspect she thought about them so much?

Gale looked around the front yard. "Wow, check out that tree," she said to no one in particular. She heard a noise from somewhere else in the house.

After some time, Vivianna found herself in the foyer. "Wow, check out that side table," she said to no one in particular. Things. The house was full of things. When she got old enough to have a house, she'd own nothing.

Darby looked around the bathroom. Darby relieved herself.

"Perfect, I've got the back yard all to myself," thought Philomena. The next thing she saw was the gas grill, which left her feeling disquieted. Why she noticed in the first place was beyond her.

"Perfect, I've got the library all to myself," thought Dita. Dita flipped through some books.

"Perfect, I've got the foyer all to myself," thought Vivianna. Vivianna debated just leaving the house. She thought about Kiah. She liked her so damn much. She wanted that watch. Nothing else would do. It was almost too much to deal with. Why couldn't she be more like her? Why did everyone want to be like her? Just thinking about it made her want to puke.

After some time, Darby found herself in the bathroom. Darby looked around for tampons, finding none.

Kiah breathed deeply and took in sights of the breakfast nook. The next thing she saw was the toaster, which left her feeling disquieted. Things. The house was full of things. When she got old enough to have a house, she'd own nothing.

The front yard was empty. Finally, Gale thought, somewhere she could think. Gale ran her fingers through the well-manicured grass, dreaming of better days.

Philomena breathed deeply and took in sights of the dining room. She dutifully avoided the silverware out of some primal respect for its otherness. Things. The house was full of things. When she got old enough to have a house, she'd own nothing.

Dita and Darby ran into each other in the great hall. Dita stared at Darby suspiciously.

Kiah breathed deeply and took in sights of the breakfast nook. She dutifully avoided the toaster out of some primal respect for its otherness. Part of her, a larger part than she cared to admit, wanted to smash it.

Darby walked into the great hall and saw Dita. Great. "Why do you have to be so far away □?"

Dita flinched. "because I have muscles like a boy."

Vivianna entered the foyer to find Gale standing there. Vivianna seemed cross. "Why do you get my hopes up?" she demanded.

Gale beamed. "because I live in a house where it's common for people to get my hopes up."

Philomena breathed deeply and took in sights of the dining room. The dining room table caught her eye. She thought it was the ugliest thing she'd ever seen. She heard a noise from somewhere else in the house. She thought about school, and how Dita and Vivianna were such total bitches. Why did they leave whenever she entered a room? Were they jealous of her somehow? Not likely. They were always laughing with their perfect friends. They walked around the school like they owned the place. Did they suspect she thought

about them so much?

Vivianna looked around the living room. Vivianna turned on the TV for a while.

Darby encountered Dita in the great hall. Darby played nervously with her shirt in a successful bid to avoid talking to Dita. She thought about school, and how Dita and Gale were such total bitches. How could that even be possible? They walked around the school like they owned the place. They always got they wanted. Always.

"Perfect, I've got the front yard all to myself," thought Gale. Gale ran her fingers through the well-manicured grass, dreaming of better days.

Dita entered the great hall to find Darby standing there. "why do you even ask ?" demanded Dita.

Darby yelled. "because I'm watching Transformers."

Dita found Darby in the great hall. Darby stiffened and began to ramble, not noticing Dita, as if in a fugue state. "I was sitting at home, back in my Mom's bedroom, lying in bed. Then I heard the dog barking really loud. I yelled at my mom to ask why she was barking but I got no response. I got up out of bed & no one else was home."

Darby encountered Dita in the great hall. Darby avoided Dita.

The front yard was empty. Finally, Gale thought, somewhere she could think. "Wow, check out that lawn," she said to no one in particular. Things. The house was full of things. When she got old enough to have a house, she'd own nothing.

As Philomena entered the living room, she saw Vivianna making trouble. Philomena appeared disinterested. "why do you stick around?" she inquired.

Vivianna recoiled. "because I know he feels comfortable around me."

"Perfect, I've got the great hall all to myself," thought Dita. "Wow, check out that family portrait," she said to no one in particular. She didn't give it a second thought. She thought about school, and how Vivianna and Philomena never talked to her. Why did they leave

whenever she entered a room? How could that even be possible? They were queen bees and they knew it. They never invited her to parties; it was a fluke she ended up at this one. They always got they wanted. Always.

Darby looked around the bathroom. Darby was afraid, as she always was, that a murderer lay in ambush behind the shower curtain.

After some time, Kiah found herself in the closet. Kiah surrepticiously rearranged the supplies.

Philomena entered the front yard to find Gale standing there. "What's your favorite part of the trip?"

"watching Pacific Rim with the family, this."

Vivianna looked around the foyer. Vivianna debated just leaving the house.

Darby breathed deeply and took in sights of the great hall. "Wow, check out that family portrait," she said to no one in particular. Part of her, a larger part than she cared to admit, wanted to smash it.

Kiah breathed deeply and took in sights of the kitchen. "Wow, check out that fridge," she said to no one in particular. She was hoping it would distract her, if for some brief moment, from her life.

Gale and Philomena ran into each other in the garage. Gale played nervously with her skirt in a successful bid to avoid talking to Philomena. She thought about Philomena. She wanted that phone. Nothing else would do. It was almost too much to deal with. Why couldn't she be more like her? Maybe if they could just be real with each other for once... Why did everyone want to be like her? Just thinking about it made her want to puke.

Dita breathed deeply and took in sights of the guest bedroom. Dita guessed that this was the most boring room in the house.

After some time, Vivianna found herself in the foyer. Vivianna debated just leaving the

house.

After some time, Darby found herself in the library. "Wow, check out that mahogany work desk," she said to no one in particular. Things. The house was full of things. When she got old enough to have a house, she'd own nothing. She thought about Darby. Just thinking about it made her want to puke. Why did she come to this stupid house party in the first place?

Kiah looked around the kitchen. Kiah checked the fridge for snacks.

After some time, Dita found herself in the great hall. Dita stared down the hall, which seemed longer than it had any right to be.

Darby entered the library. Darby tried and failed to open the lock on the desk. She thought about Dita. She envied her so damn much. Maybe if they could just be real with each other for once... Why did she come to this stupid house party in the first place?

Philomena found Kiah in the kitchen. Philomena appeared cross. "What's the best mall in Trenton □□□?" she demanded.

"The Rockingham Mall."

As Gale entered the front yard, she saw Vivianna making trouble. "What is your favorite Store Downtown Newark ?" Gale demanded.

"American Apparel."

"Perfect, I've got the guest bedroom all to myself," thought Dita. The next thing she saw was the poster of a... Monet?, which left her feeling disquieted. Why she noticed in the first place was beyond her.

Vivianna found Gale in the front yard. Vivianna eyed Gale's teal shirt with envy.

"Perfect, I've got the great hall all to myself," thought Darby. "Wow, check out that tribal Afghan rug," she said to no one in particular. She was hoping it would distract her, if for

some brief moment, from her life.

Kiah breathed deeply and took in sights of the breakfast nook. She noticed the toaster. Kinda tacky. Why she noticed in the first place was beyond her. She thought about school, and how Philomena and Darby didn't have to try hard to be liked. They never invited her to parties; it was a fluke she ended up at this one. They always got they wanted. Always. But life was probably hard for them too, in its own way. It always is. Did they suspect she thought about them so much?

Nobody was in the closet, so Philomena found herself uncharacteristically at ease. She stared at the bric-a-brac uncomprehendingly. Part of her, a larger part than she cared to admit, wanted to smash it.

Dita breathed deeply and took in sights of the great hall. She stared at the tribal Afghan rug uncomprehendingly. She was hoping it would distract her, if for some brief moment, from her life. She thought about Philomena. It was almost too much to deal with. Why couldn't she be more like her? Maybe if they could just be real with each other for once... Why did everyone want to be like her? Why did she come to this stupid house party in the first place?

Darby looked around the library. Darby tried and failed to open the lock on the desk. She thought about Darby. She wanted that shirt. Nothing else would do. Why couldn't she be more like her? Why did she come to this stupid house party in the first place?

The front yard was empty. Finally, Gale thought, somewhere she could think. Gale started to climb the tree, then thought better of it.

Nobody was in the living room, so Vivianna found herself uncharacteristically at ease. "Wow, check out that flat screen TV," she said to no one in particular. She didn't give it a second thought.

Kiah looked around the breakfast nook. The table reminded her of her mother. Barf. Why she noticed in the first place was beyond her.

Nobody was in the garage, so Gale found herself uncharacteristically at ease. Gale considered getting on that lawnmower and riding it out of this place. She thought about school, and how Darby and Philomena got better grades than her. Were they jealous of her somehow? Not likely. They were queen bees and they knew it. They always got they wanted. Always. Did they suspect she thought about them so much?

Darby found Dita in the great hall. Darby looked angry. "what's the best for you?" she asked.

"my mom," said Dita.

Dita looked around the guest bedroom. The next thing she saw was the set of curtains, which left her feeling disquieted. Part of her, a larger part than she cared to admit, wanted to smash it.

Vivianna entered the front yard. Vivianna started to climb the tree, then thought better of it. She thought about Philomena. Philomena and that crimson phone of hers. It was almost too much to deal with.

Darby entered the great hall. She stared at the family portrait uncomprehendingly. She didn't give it a second thought.

Gale looked around the garage. Gale tried to jimmy the lock on the car and ended up setting off the alarm. Whoops.

The great hall was empty. Finally, Dita thought, somewhere she could think. Dita stared down the hall, which seemed longer than it had any right to be.

The front yard was empty. Finally, Vivianna thought, somewhere she could think. Vivianna ran her fingers through the well-manicured grass, dreaming of better days. She thought about school, and how Philomena and Dita didn't have to try hard to be liked. How could that even be possible? They were always laughing with their perfect friends. They never invited her to parties; it was a fluke she ended up at this one. They always got they wanted. Always. Did they suspect she thought about them so much?

Darby breathed deeply and took in sights of the master bedroom. The teak dresser caught her eye. She thought it was the ugliest thing she'd ever seen. Why she noticed in the first place was beyond her. Kiah found Philomena in the breakfast nook. Philomena looked directly at Kiah. "I had the weirdest dream," she said. "I was in a tape player and somehow I was controlling when it played and when it didn't. Something malfunctioned and I was held responsible for ending the music so I went to a plug and had to steal some of its electricity to fix the music."

The breakfast nook was empty. Finally, Philomena thought, somewhere she could think. Philomena drank some juice, fuck it, right? Whose house even was this?

"Perfect, I've got the kitchen all to myself," thought Kiah. Kiah rifled through the cabinets for alcohol. She thought about Kiah. She wanted that purse. Nothing else would do. Why couldn't she be more like her? Nobody really knew how she felt. Why did she come to this stupid house party in the first place?

Dita walked into the great hall and saw Darby. Great. "What's the best way to ask a question for a friend?" Dita demanded.

"Tickle."

After some time, Philomena found herself in the kitchen. She stared at the fridge uncomprehendingly. Why she noticed in the first place was beyond her. She thought about Dita. Dita and that incredible sweater of hers. She envied her so damn much. She wanted that sweater. Nothing else would do. Why couldn't she be more like her? Why did everyone want to be like her?

"Perfect, I've got the bathroom all to myself," thought Dita. The toilet reminded her of her mother. Barf. She didn't give it a second thought. She thought about school, and how Kiah and Darby had more money than she did. Why did they leave whenever she entered a room? How could that even be possible? Did they secretly like her after all? It didn't matter anyway. They were always laughing with their perfect friends. They never invited her to parties; it was a fluke she ended up at this one. They always got they wanted. Always. But

life was probably hard for them too, in its own way. It always is.

The garage held two items of interest to Vivianna: the BMW and Gale. Vivianna played nervously with her sweater in a successful bid to avoid talking to Gale.

Nobody was in the closet, so Philomena found herself uncharacteristically at ease. She stared at the bric-a-brac uncomprehendingly. She heard a noise from somewhere else in the house.

Dita found Darby in the bathroom. Dita avoided Darby.

After some time, Vivianna found herself in the garage. The BMW reminded her of her mother. Barf. She heard a noise from somewhere else in the house.

Nobody was in the front yard, so Gale found herself uncharacteristically at ease. The lawn reminded her of her mother. Barf. She heard a noise from somewhere else in the house. She thought about Kiah. Why did everyone want to be like her?

Vivianna breathed deeply and took in sights of the back yard. The next thing she saw was the lawn furniture, which left her feeling disquieted. She heard a noise from somewhere else in the house.

Kiah entered the dining room. The dining room table reminded her of her mother. Barf. She wished the booze would kick in.

After some time, Gale found herself in the front yard. The lawn caught her eye. She thought it was the ugliest thing she'd ever seen. Part of her, a larger part than she cared to admit, wanted to smash it.

Philomena entered the closet. The bric-a-brac caught her eye. She thought it was the ugliest thing she'd ever seen. She was hoping it would distract her, if for some brief moment, from her life.

Dita looked around the library. Dita tried and failed to open the lock on the desk.

The great hall was empty. Finally, Darby thought, somewhere she could think. She noticed

the family portrait. Kinda tacky. Things. The house was full of things. When she got old enough to have a house, she'd own nothing. She thought about school, and how Philomena and Vivianna were such total bitches. How could that even be possible? Did they secretly like her after all? It didn't matter anyway. They were queen bees and they knew it. They never invited her to parties; it was a fluke she ended up at this one. Did they suspect she thought about them so much?

Gale breathed deeply and took in sights of the foyer. She dutifully avoided the chandelier out of some primal respect for its otherness. Things. The house was full of things. When she got old enough to have a house, she'd own nothing.

After some time, Philomena found herself in the kitchen. Philomena rifled through the cabinets for alcohol.

The great hall was empty. Finally, Dita thought, somewhere she could think. Dita stared down the hall, which seemed longer than it had any right to be.

Vivianna looked around the garage. The riding lawnmower caught her eye. She thought it was the ugliest thing she'd ever seen. She wished the booze would kick in.

"Perfect, I've got the master bedroom all to myself," thought Darby. She stared at the king-sized bed uncomprehendingly. She wished the booze would kick in.

Kiah looked around the dining room. She noticed the dining room table. Kinda tacky. Part of her, a larger part than she cared to admit, wanted to smash it.

Gale looked around the foyer. Gale debated just leaving the house.

Philomena entered the closet. Philomena surreptitiously rearranged the supplies. She thought about Gale. She liked her so damn much. She wanted that shirt. Nothing else would do. Maybe if they could just be real with each other for once... Why did everyone want to be like her? Why did she come to this stupid house party in the first place?

Dita breathed deeply and took in sights of the guest bedroom. "Wow, check out that set of curtains," she said to no one in particular. She was hoping it would distract her, if for some

brief moment, from her life.

"Perfect, I've got the garage all to myself," thought Vivianna. She dutifully avoided the riding lawnmower out of some primal respect for its otherness. She wished the booze would kick in.

"Perfect, I've got the living room all to myself," thought Kiah. The flat screen TV reminded her of her mother. Barf. Why she noticed in the first place was beyond her.

Nobody was in the foyer, so Gale found herself uncharacteristically at ease. She noticed the side table. Kinda tacky. She wished the booze would kick in.

Philomena breathed deeply and took in sights of the kitchen. Philomena checked the fridge for snacks.

Dita entered the great hall. She dutifully avoided the family portrait out of some primal respect for its otherness. She heard a noise from somewhere else in the house.

"Perfect, I've got the garage all to myself," thought Vivianna. Vivianna tried to jimmy the lock on the car and ended up setting off the alarm. Whoops.

Nobody was in the foyer, so Kiah found herself uncharacteristically at ease. She stared at the chandelier uncomprehendingly. She heard a noise from somewhere else in the house.

After some time, Philomena found herself in the kitchen. The next thing she saw was the knife set, which left her feeling disquieted. She was hoping it would distract her, if for some brief moment, from her life.

Dita entered the bathroom. Dita looked around for tampons, finding none. She thought about Vivianna. Why couldn't she be more like her? Why did everyone want to be like her?

"Perfect, I've got the master bedroom all to myself," thought Darby. The teak dresser caught her eye. She thought it was the ugliest thing she'd ever seen. She was hoping it would distract her, if for some brief moment, from her life.

Kiah looked around the living room. The flat screen TV caught her eye. She thought it was

the ugliest thing she'd ever seen. She wished the booze would kick in.

Dita entered the great hall. Darby was there, as if waiting.

Gale walked into the bathroom and saw Vivianna. Great. "why do you keep doing it to me?"

"because I'm not doing them)," said Vivianna.

The kitchen was empty. Finally, Philomena thought, somewhere she could think. Philomena checked the fridge for snacks.

Dita looked around the guest bedroom. She dutifully avoided the bed out of some primal respect for its otherness. Things. The house was full of things. When she got old enough to have a house, she'd own nothing.

As Gale entered the bathroom, she saw Vivianna making trouble. Gale appeared cross. "Why do you always look sad during lunch?" she asked.

Vivianna squirmed. "because I know, in the end, she'll always be there for me."

As Gale entered the great hall, she saw Dita making trouble. Gale eyed Dita's incredible sweater with envy.

The dining room held two items of interest to Kiah: the dining room table and Philomena. "Why would you Retweet them hot wings on my TL?" Kiah asked.

Philomena squirmed. "because I really just want to retweet everything you say sometimes."

Vivianna and Dita ran into each other in the great hall. "Why would you snitch like that and possibly screw up something that has finally been working out after the longest time?"

Dita yelled. "because I asked her to get me something ok □."

Philomena looked around the kitchen. The knife set caught her eye. She thought it was the ugliest thing she'd ever seen. She heard a noise from somewhere else in the house.

Dita looked around the great hall. Dita took off her shoes, got a running start, and slid in her socks down the slick hardwood floors.

Philomena breathed deeply and took in sights of the kitchen. The fridge reminded her of her mother. Barf. She heard a noise from somewhere else in the house. She thought about Gale. It was almost too much to deal with. Maybe if they could just be real with each other for once... Nobody really knew how she felt. Just thinking about it made her want to puke.

Gale breathed deeply and took in sights of the great hall. The tribal Afghan rug reminded her of her mother. Barf. She didn't give it a second thought.

Nobody was in the back yard, so Philomena found herself uncharacteristically at ease. The lawn furniture reminded her of her mother. Barf. Part of her, a larger part than she cared to admit, wanted to smash it.

Vivianna breathed deeply and took in sights of the library. Vivianna flipped through some books.

Darby breathed deeply and took in sights of the master bedroom. The king-sized bed caught her eye. She thought it was the ugliest thing she'd ever seen. Part of her, a larger part than she cared to admit, wanted to smash it.

Nobody was in the living room, so Kiah found herself uncharacteristically at ease. Kiah turned on the TV for a while.

The library held two items of interest to Gale: the bookshelf and Vivianna. Gale seemed angry. "Why do you guys not have school tomorrow?" she asked.

"because i know when i wake up tomorrow i wont be able to move my arms at all," said Vivianna.

"Perfect, I've got the garage all to myself," thought Philomena. The BMW reminded her of her mother. Barf. She was hoping it would distract her, if for some brief moment, from her life.

Vivianna entered the foyer to find Gale standing there. "What's the best Chinese restaurant in Boston?" Vivianna asked.

"Sunny palace," said Gale.

Gale encountered Kiah in the foyer. "Why do you have to be so complicated?" demanded Gale.

Kiah recoiled. "because I've never witnessed nor been involved in pop culture so it's much complicated joke my friend."

Nobody was in the library, so Kiah found herself uncharacteristically at ease. Kiah flipped through some books.

After some time, Gale found herself in the foyer. Gale debated just leaving the house.

After some time, Philomena found herself in the dining room. The silverware reminded her of her mother. Barf. She heard a noise from somewhere else in the house.

Darby entered the master bedroom to find Dita standing there. Darby stared at Dita suspiciously.

Nobody was in the library, so Kiah found herself uncharacteristically at ease. Kiah flipped through some books.

Dita looked around the master bedroom. The king-sized bed reminded her of her mother. Barf. She wished the booze would kick in. She thought about Darby. Darby and that ostentatious shirt of hers. Nobody really knew how she felt. Why did everyone want to be like her? Why did she come to this stupid house party in the first place?

After some time, Kiah found herself in the library. Kiah flipped through some books.

Gale entered the garage. Gale tried to jimmy the lock on the car and ended up setting off the alarm. Whoops.

Philomena entered the back yard to find Gale standing there. Philomena played nervously

with her scarf in a successful bid to avoid talking to Gale. She thought about school, and how Gale and Darby thought they were so much better than everyone else. Did they secretly like her after all? It didn't matter anyway. They were always laughing with their perfect friends. They walked around the school like they owned the place. They always got what they wanted. Always. Did they suspect she thought about them so much? Vivianna found Kiah in the foyer. "Dreams," Vivianna said. "Tell me about your dreams." Kiah almost said nothing, but thought better of it. "I was at My school but it didn't look like My school. Stuff happened that I can't remember. The me and a few other friends went to the classroom next to where we were sleeping. It looked like classroom 2 at school, but had more stuff in it. My friend A. said that tequila tastes good with tortillas. I didn't find this at all strange. So we go into the classroom and ask if there are any tortillas. They say no but that there is pita bread, so we go in there and everyone else disappears. We look under the sink, which isn't in classroom 2 really, and underneath are big jugs (those square kind that cleaning stuff comes in) and they are kind of see-through and there is yellow-whitish liquid inside. On them they say something I don't remember. Anyway we pour the tequila into margarita glasses and eat it with pita bread. Some stuff happens. (I think that it has gotten later but I'm not sure.) An elderly black man comes in and says he has to check us. We immediately think he's talking about us drinking tequila. I'm the type who would break down and tell everything we were doing. I look, about to laugh at this black girl to my right (A.'s on my left). She put her long dark red nails in her mouth (a normal gesture as if biting her nails), and leans her head down and tells me no (don't tell). The man goes and checks behind a mirror inside a mirror like the illustration. Behind, there are some photos. Inside were the photos that showed the snake that bit one of the teachers. This was a big mystery, solved. Then we went away. I think later there was a big commotion with the teacher who had been bit."

Kiah and Vivianna ran into each other in the foyer. Kiah avoided Vivianna.

Gale walked into the back yard and saw Philomena. Great. Gale avoided Philomena.

Dita and Darby ran into each other in the master bathroom. Dita seemed concerned.

"What's the best way to ask a question for a friend?" she asked.

Darby beamed. "Listenin to The Weeknd while doin homework."

Philomena breathed deeply and took in sights of the back yard. She dutifully avoided the lawn furniture out of some primal respect for its otherness. Things. The house was full of things. When she got old enough to have a house, she'd own nothing.

Gale looked around the kitchen. Gale rifled through the cabinets for alcohol.

The kitchen was empty. Finally, Philomena thought, somewhere she could think. The knife set caught her eye. She thought it was the ugliest thing she'd ever seen. She wished the booze would kick in.

Kiah looked around the garage. The BMW caught her eye. She thought it was the ugliest thing she'd ever seen. She heard a noise from somewhere else in the house.

Gale breathed deeply and took in sights of the closet. Gale surrepticiously rearranged the supplies.

"Perfect, I've got the master bedroom all to myself," thought Dita. She noticed the king-sized bed. Kinda tacky. Things. The house was full of things. When she got old enough to have a house, she'd own nothing. She thought about Dita. She loved her so damn much. She wanted that sweater. Nothing else would do. Why couldn't she be more like her? Nobody really knew how she felt.

The library was empty. Finally, Vivianna thought, somewhere she could think. The mahogany work desk caught her eye. She thought it was the ugliest thing she'd ever seen. Part of her, a larger part than she cared to admit, wanted to smash it.

"Perfect, I've got the closet all to myself," thought Gale. Gale looked for some paper towels. She thought about Gale. She loved her so damn much. Nobody really knew how she felt.

Vivianna looked around the great hall. Vivianna took off her shoes, got a running start, a slid in her socks down the slick hardwood floors.

Darby entered the master bathroom. Dita was there, as if waiting. "Where did you get that

phone, Dita?" Dita ignored her.

Kiah breathed deeply and took in sights of the kitchen. She stared at the knife set uncomprehendingly. She was hoping it would distract her, if for some brief moment, from her life. She thought about Philomena. Maybe if they could just be real with each other for once... Nobody really knew how she felt. Why did everyone want to be like her? Just thinking about it made her want to puke. Why did she come to this stupid house party in the first place?

The closet was empty. Finally, Gale thought, somewhere she could think. Gale looked for some paper towels. She thought about Gale. She envied her so damn much. Nobody really knew how she felt. Why did everyone want to be like her?

Philomena entered the garage. Philomena considered getting on that lawnmower and riding it out of this place.

Vivianna looked around the great hall. Vivianna stared down the hall, which seemed longer than it had any right to be.

Kiah looked around the kitchen. "Wow, check out that knife set," she said to no one in particular. Things. The house was full of things. When she got old enough to have a house, she'd own nothing.

The great hall was empty. Finally, Vivianna thought, somewhere she could think. Vivianna stared down the hall, which seemed longer than it had any right to be. She thought about school, and how Darby and Kiah never talked to her. They walked around the school like they owned the place. They always got they wanted. Always. But life was probably hard for them too, in its own way. It always is.

Gale encountered Kiah in the closet. "What is the best Lana song in your opinion?"

"Summertime sadness."

The back yard was empty. Finally, Philomena thought, somewhere she could think. The next thing she saw was the lawn furniture, which left her feeling disquieted. She wished the

booze would kick in.

After some time, Dita found herself in the great hall. She dutifully avoided the family portrait out of some primal respect for its otherness. Part of her, a larger part than she cared to admit, wanted to smash it.

"Perfect, I've got the guest bedroom all to myself," thought Vivianna. "Wow, check out that bed," she said to no one in particular. Things. The house was full of things. When she got old enough to have a house, she'd own nothing. She thought about school, and how Gale and Darby didn't have to try hard to be liked. They walked around the school like they owned the place. They always got they wanted. Always. But life was probably hard for them too, in its own way. It always is.

Gale breathed deeply and took in sights of the kitchen. She noticed the knife set. Kinda tacky. Part of her, a larger part than she cared to admit, wanted to smash it.

Philomena entered the back yard. Gale was there, as if waiting. "Where did you get that skirt, Gale?" Gale ignored her.

Vivianna entered the great hall. She noticed the tribal Afghan rug. Kinda tacky. Part of her, a larger part than she cared to admit, wanted to smash it. She thought about school, and how Darby and Kiah got better grades than her. Why did they leave whenever she entered a room? How could that even be possible? Did they secretly like her after all? It didn't matter anyway. They were always laughing with their perfect friends. They were queen bees and they knew it. But life was probably hard for them too, in its own way. It always is. Did they suspect she thought about them so much?

After some time, Darby found herself in the master bathroom. She noticed the blonde onyx bathtub. Kinda tacky. She heard a noise from somewhere else in the house.

"Perfect, I've got the closet all to myself," thought Kiah. Kiah looked for some paper towels. She thought about school, and how Dita and Gale thought they were so much better than everyone else. Were they jealous of her somehow? Not likely. Did they secretly like her after all? It didn't matter anyway. They walked around the school like they owned the place.

They never invited her to parties; it was a fluke she ended up at this one. Did they suspect she thought about them so much?

Philomena looked around the back yard. She stared at the lawn furniture uncomprehendingly. She didn't give it a second thought. She thought about Kiah. She liked her so damn much. Why couldn't she be more like her? Why did she come to this stupid house party in the first place?

Vivianna entered the library. The next thing she saw was the mahogany work desk, which left her feeling disquieted. She heard a noise from somewhere else in the house.

Kiah looked around the kitchen. Kiah checked the fridge for snacks.

"Perfect, I've got the garage all to myself," thought Philomena. She noticed the riding lawnmower. Kinda tacky. Part of her, a larger part than she cared to admit, wanted to smash it.

Dita breathed deeply and took in sights of the great hall. Dita stared down the hall, which seemed longer than it had any right to be. She thought about school, and how Philomena and Dita didn't have to try hard to be liked. They were always laughing with their perfect friends. They never invited her to parties; it was a fluke she ended up at this one. But life was probably hard for them too, in its own way. It always is.

Vivianna breathed deeply and took in sights of the foyer. The side table reminded her of her mother. Barf. She heard a noise from somewhere else in the house.

Philomena breathed deeply and took in sights of the back yard. The lawn furniture reminded her of her mother. Barf. Why she noticed in the first place was beyond her. She thought about Dita. It was almost too much to deal with. Why couldn't she be more like her? Why did everyone want to be like her? Why did she come to this stupid house party in the first place?

Nobody was in the guest bedroom, so Dita found herself uncharacteristically at ease. The next thing she saw was the bed, which left her feeling disquieted. She was hoping it would

distract her, if for some brief moment, from her life.

Vivianna breathed deeply and took in sights of the foyer. The side table caught her eye. She thought it was the ugliest thing she'd ever seen. She was hoping it would distract her, if for some brief moment, from her life. She thought about school, and how Dita and Vivianna didn't have to try hard to be liked. Did they secretly like her after all? It didn't matter anyway. They walked around the school like they owned the place. They were queen bees and they knew it. They never invited her to parties; it was a fluke she ended up at this one. But life was probably hard for them too, in its own way. It always is. Did they suspect she thought about them so much? Gale and Kiah ran into each other in the dining room. "Dreams," Gale said. "Tell me about your dreams." Kiah almost said nothing, but thought better of it. "For some reason this girl and her family was living in our house with us. I hated her and we fought all the time. We were screaming at each other and she came up with a pair of scissors and cut a huge chunk of my hair right up to the scalp. I was crying but I couldn't do anything about it."

Kiah found Gale in the dining room. "Why do you take photos with your ass on the sink?" Kiah demanded.

"because I can't access my photos so I can save them in my computer >," said Gale.

After some time, Dita found herself in the guest bedroom. She dutifully avoided the poster of a... Monet? out of some primal respect for its otherness. She wished the booze would kick in. She thought about Dita. Dita and that incredible phone of hers. Why couldn't she be more like her? Maybe if they could just be real with each other for once...

Darby entered the great hall. Darby stared down the hall, which seemed longer than it had any right to be.

Kiah entered the kitchen to find Philomena standing there. "What's the best way to get gum out of hair?"

"Waiting for someone else to make you happy."

Vivianna looked around the foyer. The chandelier caught her eye. She thought it was the ugliest thing she'd ever seen. Why she noticed in the first place was beyond her. She thought about school, and how Gale and Philomena got better grades than her. Were they jealous of her somehow? Not likely. How could that even be possible? They were always laughing with their perfect friends. They walked around the school like they owned the place. They never invited her to parties; it was a fluke she ended up at this one. But life was probably hard for them too, in its own way. It always is. Did they suspect she thought about them so much?

Darby found Dita in the great hall. Darby looked concerned. "What's the best way to get gum out of hair?" she asked.

"Smiling."

Dita entered the great hall to find Darby standing there. "WHY WOULD YOU QUOTE A TWEET WHEN YOU HAVE NOTHING TO SAY WHY NOT JUST RT?" inquired Dita.

"because i have nothing else to do," said Darby.

Nobody was in the great hall, so Dita found herself uncharacteristically at ease. She dutifully avoided the family portrait out of some primal respect for its otherness. She wished the booze would kick in.

Nobody was in the library, so Vivianna found herself uncharacteristically at ease. Vivianna tried and failed to open the lock on the desk.

The dining room was empty. Finally, Philomena thought, somewhere she could think. She dutifully avoided the dining room table out of some primal respect for its otherness. She was hoping it would distract her, if for some brief moment, from her life. She thought about school, and how Vivianna and Gale never talked to her. How could that even be possible? They were always laughing with their perfect friends. They walked around the school like they owned the place. They were queen bees and they knew it. They never invited her to parties; it was a fluke she ended up at this one. But life was probably hard for them too, in

its own way. It always is.

Dita entered the guest bedroom. The poster of a... Monet? reminded her of her mother. Barf. She was hoping it would distract her, if for some brief moment, from her life.

After some time, Vivianna found herself in the library. Vivianna flipped through some books.

Darby entered the great hall to find Kiah standing there. Darby seemed angry. "Why would you ever?" she asked.

Kiah yelled. "because I could say we started dating 11/12/13 and that won't ever happen again."

Nobody was in the dining room, so Philomena found herself uncharacteristically at ease. She dutifully avoided the silverware out of some primal respect for its otherness. Things. The house was full of things. When she got old enough to have a house, she'd own nothing.

The foyer was empty. Finally, Vivianna thought, somewhere she could think. Vivianna debated just leaving the house.

Kiah encountered Darby in the bathroom. "What's your favourite month?" Kiah demanded.

"November."

Vivianna entered the foyer. She stared at the side table uncomprehendingly. Part of her, a larger part than she cared to admit, wanted to smash it. She thought about school, and how Kiah and Darby thought they were so much better than everyone else. Were they jealous of her somehow? Not likely. They walked around the school like they owned the place. They never invited her to parties; it was a fluke she ended up at this one.

Darby walked into the bathroom and saw Dita. Great. Darby stared at Dita suspiciously.

Kiah looked around the great hall. Kiah stared down the hall, which seemed longer than it had any right to be.

Dita found Darby in the great hall. Dita avoided Darby.

Vivianna breathed deeply and took in sights of the foyer. She dutifully avoided the side table out of some primal respect for its otherness. Part of her, a larger part than she cared to admit, wanted to smash it. She thought about Philomena. She loved her so damn much. Nobody really knew how she felt. Why did everyone want to be like her? Just thinking about it made her want to puke. Why did she come to this stupid house party in the first place?

Darby found Dita in the great hall. Darby avoided Dita. She thought about Dita. Maybe if they could just be real with each other for once... Why did everyone want to be like her? Just thinking about it made her want to puke. Why did she come to this stupid house party in the first place?

The master bedroom was empty. Finally, Kiah thought, somewhere she could think. The teak dresser caught her eye. She thought it was the ugliest thing she'd ever seen. She heard a noise from somewhere else in the house.

Philomena breathed deeply and took in sights of the dining room. She noticed the dining room table. Kinda tacky. Things. The house was full of things. When she got old enough to have a house, she'd own nothing.

The bathroom was empty. Finally, Dita thought, somewhere she could think. Dita was afraid, as she always was, that a murderer lay in ambush behind the shower curtain.

Vivianna entered the library. Vivianna flipped through some books.

Nobody was in the great hall, so Darby found herself uncharacteristically at ease. "Wow, check out that tribal Afghan rug," she said to no one in particular. Why she noticed in the first place was beyond her.

Nobody was in the master bathroom, so Kiah found herself uncharacteristically at ease. She stared at the blonde onyx toilet uncomprehendingly. She heard a noise from somewhere else in the house. She thought about school, and how Vivianna and Kiah had more money than she did. Why did they leave whenever she entered a room? How could

that even be possible? They walked around the school like they owned the place. They were queen bees and they knew it. But life was probably hard for them too, in its own way. It always is. Did they suspect she thought about them so much?

Philomena looked around the living room. Philomena bounced on the sofa, hoping to recapture her childhood innocence. She thought about Vivianna. Vivianna and that aquamarine sweater of hers. She liked her so damn much. She wanted that belt. Nothing else would do. It was almost too much to deal with.

Dita looked around the great hall. The tribal Afghan rug caught her eye. She thought it was the ugliest thing she'd ever seen. Why she noticed in the first place was beyond her.

Vivianna entered the library. She dutifully avoided the bookshelf out of some primal respect for its otherness. She wished the booze would kick in. She thought about Darby. Darby and that ostentatious shirt of hers. She envied her so damn much. Why did everyone want to be like her? Just thinking about it made her want to puke.

Darby breathed deeply and took in sights of the guest bedroom. The bed reminded her of her mother. Barf. Part of her, a larger part than she cared to admit, wanted to smash it.

Kiah entered the master bedroom. The next thing she saw was the king-sized bed, which left her feeling disquieted. She heard a noise from somewhere else in the house.

"Perfect, I've got the back yard all to myself," thought Gale. She stared at the gas grill uncomprehendingly. She wished the booze would kick in. She thought about school, and how Gale and Dita never talked to her. Did they secretly like her after all? It didn't matter anyway. They were always laughing with their perfect friends. They walked around the school like they owned the place. They always got they wanted. Always.

Nobody was in the guest bedroom, so Dita found herself uncharacteristically at ease. Dita guessed that this was the most boring room in the house.

Darby entered the great hall to find Vivianna standing there. Darby eyed Vivianna's ostentatious belt with envy.

After some time, Gale found herself in the garage. "Wow, check out that riding lawnmower," she said to no one in particular. Why she noticed in the first place was beyond her.

Vivianna entered the great hall. Darby was there, as if waiting. "What's your favourite line from a Soca song?"

" I see you checkin me out."

Kiah entered the great hall to find Vivianna standing there. Kiah looked angry. "Why would you think that was for you ?" she asked.

"because I'm so scared to hear what people think of me," said Vivianna.

"Perfect, I've got the garage all to myself," thought Philomena. She noticed the BMW. Kinda tacky. Why she noticed in the first place was beyond her. Kiah encountered Vivianna in the guest bedroom. "Vivianna, what did you dream about last night?" asked Kiah. Vivianna seemed wary, but her face softened. "I was at some kind of flea market that had a bunch of really cool jewelry shops, and it had a calendar shop. So then my mom introduces me to this lady, a very strange looking lady. After the lady goes to one of the shops, my mom whispers to my grandma that she is a rapist. I heard that and was scared. So I look around at one jewelry shop when I have to go to the bathroom. The strange lady came by and I told her I had to go. She said, "I'll take you," and grinned at me. I screamed for my grandma and when she came I said to both of them, "Will you both take me?" because I didn't want to be alone with the lady. My grandma told me she would be delighted to take me to the bathroom. The bathroom is all set up like a stable and I go in one of the stalls. Then my grandma said she had to leave and I was going to have to walk alone with this lady. When I get into the stall, it's not a stall. There's a rodeo going on. My friend Diana was there and I asked her if she could walk me back, but she couldn't. All of a sudden I remember it's my dad's birthday, so I leave the rodeo and the strange lady tugged me around and I started yelling. Then I woke up."

Vivianna found Kiah in the guest bedroom. "What's the best new book since hunger

games?"

"Adventure time."

As Dita entered the great hall, she saw Darby making trouble. Dita appeared concerned.

"Why do you have Christmas trees up?" she demanded.

"because I love Christmas ❄️🌨️🌨️🌨️🌨️," said Darby.

Dita encountered Vivianna in the great hall. Dita avoided Vivianna.

Vivianna found Kiah in the great hall. "Where did you get that watch, Kiah?" Kiah ignored her.

Darby entered the great hall. Vivianna was there, as if waiting. Darby eyed Vivianna's aquamarine sweater with envy. Kiah entered the great hall. Darby was there, as if waiting. "Dreams," Kiah said. "Tell me about your dreams." Darby almost said nothing, but thought better of it. "I had a younger sister who ran away. I had to go look at shirts she had worn to guess what she was wearing, and finally concluded that she was at a middle school I used to attend."

Gale breathed deeply and took in sights of the kitchen. Gale rifled through the cabinets for alcohol.

Vivianna found Darby in the great hall. Vivianna seemed concerned. "Why do you take photos with your ass on the sink?" she demanded.

Darby sighed. "because I'm forced to see those crazy injury photos people retweet omg."

Philomena looked around the living room. Philomena bounced on the sofa, hoping to recapture her childhood innocence.

"Perfect, I've got the guest bedroom all to myself," thought Dita. Dita imagined what kind of people had stayed in the bed. How many people had had sex in it?

"Perfect, I've got the breakfast nook all to myself," thought Gale. The juicer caught her eye.

She thought it was the ugliest thing she'd ever seen. She was hoping it would distract her, if for some brief moment, from her life.

Kiah entered the great hall. Darby was there, as if waiting. Kiah appeared cross. "What's the best mall in Trenton □□□?" she asked.

"Also, the Sherman Oaks Westfield fashion square."

Darby and Vivianna ran into each other in the great hall. Darby appeared disinterested. "What's the best way to live with someone who hates you?" she asked.

Vivianna yelled. "it has been confirmed that favoriting tweets."

The front yard was empty. Finally, Philomena thought, somewhere she could think. The next thing she saw was the tree, which left her feeling disquieted. Things. The house was full of things. When she got old enough to have a house, she'd own nothing.

Nobody was in the guest bedroom, so Dita found herself uncharacteristically at ease. The set of curtains caught her eye. She thought it was the ugliest thing she'd ever seen. Things. The house was full of things. When she got old enough to have a house, she'd own nothing.

Darby breathed deeply and took in sights of the bathroom. The framed photo of a fish caught her eye. She thought it was the ugliest thing she'd ever seen. She wished the booze would kick in.

After some time, Kiah found herself in the great hall. Kiah took off her shoes, got a running start, a slid in her socks down the slick hardwood floors.

After some time, Philomena found herself in the foyer. She stared at the side table uncomprehendingly. She heard a noise from somewhere else in the house.

The bathroom was empty. Finally, Darby thought, somewhere she could think. The nautical themed shower curtain caught her eye. She thought it was the ugliest thing she'd ever seen. She didn't give it a second thought.

Gale entered the kitchen. She dutifully avoided the knife set out of some primal respect for

its otherness. She wished the booze would kick in.

Kiah encountered Dita in the great hall. "What's the best way to live with someone who hates you?"

"Being nice to fast food workers."

Philomena breathed deeply and took in sights of the living room. Philomena bounced on the sofa, hoping to recapture her childhood innocence.

Darby looked around the great hall. Darby stared down the hall, which seemed longer than it had any right to be.

Kiah encountered Dita in the master bedroom. Kiah played nervously with her purse in a successful bid to avoid talking to Dita.

Gale entered the kitchen. Gale checked the fridge for snacks.

The living room was empty. Finally, Philomena thought, somewhere she could think. She dutifully avoided the coffee table out of some primal respect for its otherness. Why she noticed in the first place was beyond her.

The master bedroom held two items of interest to Dita: the king-sized bed and Vivianna. Dita stared at Vivianna suspiciously.

Vivianna walked into the master bedroom and saw Kiah. Great. Vivianna played nervously with her sweater in a successful bid to avoid talking to Kiah.

Darby entered the guest bedroom. Darby guessed that this was the most boring room in the house.

As Kiah entered the master bedroom, she saw Vivianna making trouble. Kiah eyed Vivianna's aquamarine sweater with envy.

Philomena breathed deeply and took in sights of the living room. Philomena turned on the TV for a while. She thought about school, and how Vivianna and Gale didn't have to try hard

to be liked. Why did they leave whenever she entered a room? How could that even be possible? They were always laughing with their perfect friends. They walked around the school like they owned the place. They never invited her to parties; it was a fluke she ended up at this one. But life was probably hard for them too, in its own way. It always is. Did they suspect she thought about them so much?

Vivianna found Kiah in the master bedroom. Vivianna avoided Kiah.

"Perfect, I've got the guest bedroom all to myself," thought Darby. She dutifully avoided the poster of a... Monet? out of some primal respect for its otherness. Part of her, a larger part than she cared to admit, wanted to smash it. She thought about Darby. She hated her so damn much. She wanted that shirt. Nothing else would do. It was almost too much to deal with. Maybe if they could just be real with each other for once...

Kiah entered the master bedroom. Vivianna was there, as if waiting. Kiah eyed Vivianna's aquamarine sweater with envy.

Philomena entered the living room. Philomena turned on the TV for a while. She thought about Gale. It was almost too much to deal with. Why couldn't she be more like her? Why did she come to this stupid house party in the first place?

Vivianna found Darby in the great hall. Vivianna stared at Darby suspiciously.

The great hall held two items of interest to Darby: the tribal Afghan rug and Vivianna. Darby stared at Vivianna suspiciously. She thought about Vivianna. She loved her so damn much. Why couldn't she be more like her? Maybe if they could just be real with each other for once... Why did she come to this stupid house party in the first place?

Gale breathed deeply and took in sights of the kitchen. "Wow, check out that knife set," she said to no one in particular. She was hoping it would distract her, if for some brief moment, from her life.

Philomena breathed deeply and took in sights of the living room. Philomena bounced on the sofa, hoping to recapture her childhood innocence.

After some time, Gale found herself in the breakfast nook. Gale drank some juice, fuck it, right? Whose house even was this?

The foyer was empty. Finally, Philomena thought, somewhere she could think. The chandelier caught her eye. She thought it was the ugliest thing she'd ever seen. Part of her, a larger part than she cared to admit, wanted to smash it.

Nobody was in the breakfast nook, so Gale found herself uncharacteristically at ease. Gale drank some juice, fuck it, right? Whose house even was this?

Dita walked into the master bedroom and saw Vivianna. Great. "What's the best way to ask a question for a friend?"

"Short hair," said Vivianna.

Kiah entered the master bedroom. Vivianna was there, as if waiting. "Why would you have to cut a Sheep's neck to get wool for a pair of Uggs?"

Vivianna chuckled. "because I follow you."

Philomena breathed deeply and took in sights of the foyer. She noticed the chandelier. Kinda tacky. Part of her, a larger part than she cared to admit, wanted to smash it. She thought about school, and how Dita and Gale got better grades than her. Did they secretly like her after all? It didn't matter anyway. They were always laughing with their perfect friends. They walked around the school like they owned the place. Vivianna walked into the great hall and saw Dita. Great. Dita was crying. Vivianna acted on instinct. "Tell me all about it." she said. Dita obliged in an unbecoming outpouring. "All I remember is being a caterpillar (I think I was male, because I remember coming "home from work" and finding my wife already there). We were in a cherry tree. The first dream I can only remember hugging a fairly young boy, and his two older brothers saying something along the lines of "Don't become too attached." The dream after (before the caterpillars) I as in the Nature Company store, or maybe a science museum gift shop."

Darby entered the library. Darby flipped through some books.

After some time, Gale found herself in the kitchen. The oven reminded her of her mother. Barf. Why she noticed in the first place was beyond her.

After some time, Darby found herself in the library. The bookshelf caught her eye. She thought it was the ugliest thing she'd ever seen. Things. The house was full of things. When she got old enough to have a house, she'd own nothing. She thought about Gale. She wanted that shirt. Nothing else would do. Why couldn't she be more like her? Maybe if they could just be real with each other for once... Nobody really knew how she felt. Just thinking about it made her want to puke.

Nobody was in the breakfast nook, so Gale found herself uncharacteristically at ease. Gale drank some juice, fuck it, right? Whose house even was this?

"Perfect, I've got the garage all to myself," thought Philomena. The BMW reminded her of her mother. Barf. She wished the booze would kick in.

Vivianna entered the master bedroom. She stared at the teak dresser uncomprehendingly. She was hoping it would distract her, if for some brief moment, from her life.

After some time, Kiah found herself in the master bathroom. She noticed the blonde onyx flooring. Kinda tacky. She was hoping it would distract her, if for some brief moment, from her life.

Gale entered the breakfast nook. Gale drank some juice, fuck it, right? Whose house even was this?

Dita walked into the great hall and saw Darby. Great. Dita looked concerned. "What's your favorite G-Eazy memory?" she asked.

Darby recoiled. "Acting up."

The back yard was empty. Finally, Philomena thought, somewhere she could think. "Wow, check out that lawn furniture," she said to no one in particular. She didn't give it a second thought.

Dita walked into the master bedroom and saw Darby. Great. Dita played nervously with her phone in a successful bid to avoid talking to Darby. She thought about school, and how Darby and Gale were such total bitches. Why did they leave whenever she entered a room? Did they secretly like her after all? It didn't matter anyway.

After some time, Vivianna found herself in the library. Vivianna tried and failed to open the lock on the desk. Kiah walked into the master bedroom and saw Dita. Great. "Dita, what did you dream about last night?" asked Kiah. Dita seemed wary, but her face softened. "Me and my brother Max were swimming in the ocean. I jumped off a cliff to join him, and we decided we'd stay there overnight. So then we had to go to higher ground, and we hiked up a bunch of hills as the sun was setting (it was really pretty), then found a cabin we could stay in, that nobody else was using. Then my parents stopped by to make sure everything was okay, and that I had taken my contacts out."

"Perfect, I've got the breakfast nook all to myself," thought Gale. She dutifully avoided the table out of some primal respect for its otherness. Part of her, a larger part than she cared to admit, wanted to smash it. She thought about Darby. She hated her so damn much. Maybe if they could just be real with each other for once... Nobody really knew how she felt.

As Darby entered the master bedroom, she saw Dita making trouble. Darby seemed cross. "What's the best way to get gum out of hair?" she demanded.

Dita flinched. "Working out angry."

The back yard was empty. Finally, Philomena thought, somewhere she could think. She stared at the lawn furniture uncomprehendingly. She wished the booze would kick in.

"Perfect, I've got the foyer all to myself," thought Vivianna. She noticed the side table. Kinda tacky. Things. The house was full of things. When she got old enough to have a house, she'd own nothing. She thought about Kiah. Kiah and that fashionable purse of hers. Why couldn't she be more like her? Maybe if they could just be real with each other for once... Nobody really knew how she felt. Just thinking about it made her want to puke.

Vivianna breathed deeply and took in sights of the library. The mahogany work desk caught

her eye. She thought it was the ugliest thing she'd ever seen. She was hoping it would distract her, if for some brief moment, from her life.

Philomena entered the dining room. Gale was there, as if waiting. Philomena appeared disinterested. "Why would you tweet something like that?" she asked.

"because I feel sadness is not something one should promote," said Gale.

Gale and Philomena ran into each other in the dining room. "What is your favourite training outfit colour?" Gale asked.

"thursday."

Dita encountered Darby in the master bedroom. Dita played nervously with her phone in a successful bid to avoid talking to Darby. She thought about Darby. She liked her so damn much. It was almost too much to deal with. Maybe if they could just be real with each other for once... Nobody really knew how she felt. Why did everyone want to be like her? Just thinking about it made her want to puke.

Vivianna entered the library. Vivianna flipped through some books.

The great hall was empty. Finally, Kiah thought, somewhere she could think. "Wow, check out that family portrait," she said to no one in particular. She heard a noise from somewhere else in the house.

Darby entered the master bedroom. Dita was there, as if waiting.

The kitchen was empty. Finally, Philomena thought, somewhere she could think. The next thing she saw was the fridge, which left her feeling disquieted. She wished the booze would kick in. She thought about Kiah. Kiah and that fashionable purse of hers. She wanted that watch. Nothing else would do. Why couldn't she be more like her? Just thinking about it made her want to puke. Why did she come to this stupid house party in the first place?

The great hall held two items of interest to Dita: the family portrait and Kiah. "Where did you get that watch, Kiah?" Kiah ignored her.

Darby encountered Vivianna in the great hall. "Where did you get that sweater, Vivianna?"
Vivianna ignored her.

Gale entered the garage. Gale considered getting on that lawnmower and riding it out of this place. She thought about Darby. Darby and that ostentatious shirt of hers. It was almost too much to deal with. Why couldn't she be more like her? Maybe if they could just be real with each other for once... Nobody really knew how she felt. Just thinking about it made her want to puke. Why did she come to this stupid house party in the first place?

The great hall held two items of interest to Vivianna: the tribal Afghan rug and Kiah. "what's the best blue tooth for my phone?"

" This."

Nobody was in the dining room, so Philomena found herself uncharacteristically at ease. She stared at the dining room table uncomprehendingly. She wished the booze would kick in.

Darby entered the great hall. Vivianna was there, as if waiting. Darby played nervously with her shirt in a successful bid to avoid talking to Vivianna.

Kiah walked into the bathroom and saw Dita. Great. "Where did you get that sweater, Dita?" Dita ignored her.

Philomena looked around the kitchen. The oven reminded her of her mother. Barf. Things. The house was full of things. When she got old enough to have a house, she'd own nothing.

As Dita entered the great hall, she saw Darby making trouble. Dita avoided Darby.

Darby entered the great hall to find Dita standing there. Darby stared at Dita suspiciously.

After some time, Dita found herself in the master bedroom. The teak dresser caught her eye. She thought it was the ugliest thing she'd ever seen. She wished the booze would kick in.

Nobody was in the dining room, so Philomena found herself uncharacteristically at ease.

She stared at the dining room table uncomprehendingly. She was hoping it would distract her, if for some brief moment, from her life. She thought about Philomena. Philomena and that crimson phone of hers. She wanted that scarf. Nothing else would do. Why couldn't she be more like her? Maybe if they could just be real with each other for once... Nobody really knew how she felt. Why did everyone want to be like her?

Dita entered the master bathroom. She dutifully avoided the blonde onyx countertop out of some primal respect for its otherness. Things. The house was full of things. When she got old enough to have a house, she'd own nothing.

Darby entered the guest bedroom. Darby imagined what kind of people had stayed in the bed. How many people had had sex in it?

Gale entered the kitchen. She stared at the oven uncomprehendingly. She wished the booze would kick in.

"Perfect, I've got the foyer all to myself," thought Kiah. Kiah debated just leaving the house.

Gale breathed deeply and took in sights of the kitchen. She noticed the oven. Kinda tacky. She was hoping it would distract her, if for some brief moment, from her life. She thought about Vivianna. Why couldn't she be more like her?

Nobody was in the guest bedroom, so Vivianna found herself uncharacteristically at ease. "Wow, check out that poster of a... Monet?," she said to no one in particular. She didn't give it a second thought. She thought about school, and how Philomena and Gale thought they were so much better than everyone else. How could that even be possible? Did they secretly like her after all? It didn't matter anyway. They never invited her to parties; it was a fluke she ended up at this one. They always got they wanted. Always. Did they suspect she thought about them so much?

Nobody was in the great hall, so Darby found herself uncharacteristically at ease. Darby took off her shoes, got a running start, a slid in her socks down the slick hardwood floors.

After some time, Kiah found herself in the foyer. Kiah debated just leaving the house. As

Darby entered the great hall, she saw Vivianna making trouble. Vivianna was crying. Darby acted on instinct. "Tell me all about it." she said. Vivianna obliged in an unbecoming outpouring. "All I can remember is going through a house then into a garden maze. It turned out to be one of those "group" skills activities, but it took me a while to find my group. They had found many clues already, so I wasn't that helpful. I think we won."

Kiah looked around the library. Kiah flipped through some books.

As Vivianna entered the great hall, she saw Darby making trouble. Vivianna seemed angry. "What's your favourite airport?" she asked.

Darby sighed. "exo at the airport on 130603 was literally the best day everyone looked fucking amazing it."

The great hall was empty. Finally, Dita thought, somewhere she could think. The family portrait caught her eye. She thought it was the ugliest thing she'd ever seen. Why she noticed in the first place was beyond her.

Nobody was in the master bedroom, so Vivianna found herself uncharacteristically at ease. She noticed the teak dresser. Kinda tacky. She heard a noise from somewhere else in the house.

Darby entered the bathroom. The toilet caught her eye. She thought it was the ugliest thing she'd ever seen. She heard a noise from somewhere else in the house. She thought about school, and how Darby and Dita had more money than she did. They were always laughing with their perfect friends. They walked around the school like they owned the place. They were queen bees and they knew it. They always got they wanted. Always. But life was probably hard for them too, in its own way. It always is. Did they suspect she thought about them so much?

After some time, Kiah found herself in the foyer. She dutifully avoided the side table out of some primal respect for its otherness. Why she noticed in the first place was beyond her.

As Gale entered the kitchen, she saw Philomena making trouble. "Where did you get that

phone, Philomena?" Philomena ignored her. She thought about school, and how Philomena and Gale didn't have to try hard to be liked. How could that even be possible? They were always laughing with their perfect friends. They always got they wanted. Always.

The dining room was empty. Finally, Philomena thought, somewhere she could think. The next thing she saw was the silverware, which left her feeling disquieted. She wished the booze would kick in. She thought about Kiah. Kiah and that ostentatious watch of hers. She liked her so damn much. Nobody really knew how she felt. Why did everyone want to be like her? Just thinking about it made her want to puke. Why did she come to this stupid house party in the first place?

The great hall held two items of interest to Dita: the family portrait and Darby. Dita eyed Darby's emerald coat with envy.

Vivianna looked around the master bathroom. The next thing she saw was the blonde onyx toilet, which left her feeling disquieted. Why she noticed in the first place was beyond her. She thought about Gale. Gale and that teal shirt of hers. It was almost too much to deal with. Why couldn't she be more like her? Maybe if they could just be real with each other for once... Why did everyone want to be like her?

Darby walked into the great hall and saw Dita. Great. Darby stared at Dita suspiciously. She thought about Dita. Dita and that incredible phone of hers. Maybe if they could just be real with each other for once... Why did everyone want to be like her? Just thinking about it made her want to puke. Why did she come to this stupid house party in the first place?

Kiah breathed deeply and took in sights of the front yard. Kiah started to climb the tree, then thought better of it.

Gale looked around the closet. Gale surrepticiously rearranged the supplies.

Dita entered the bathroom. She noticed the framed photo of a fish. Kinda tacky. Things. The house was full of things. When she got old enough to have a house, she'd own nothing. She thought about Vivianna. Vivianna and that ostentatious belt of hers. She wanted that belt. Nothing else would do. Why couldn't she be more like her? Nobody really knew how

she felt. Why did she come to this stupid house party in the first place?

Nobody was in the master bedroom, so Vivianna found herself uncharacteristically at ease. She stared at the teak dresser uncomprehendingly. She was hoping it would distract her, if for some brief moment, from her life. She thought about Darby. Maybe if they could just be real with each other for once... Why did everyone want to be like her? Just thinking about it made her want to puke. Why did she come to this stupid house party in the first place?

Darby looked around the great hall. The tribal Afghan rug reminded her of her mother. Barf. She was hoping it would distract her, if for some brief moment, from her life.

The front yard was empty. Finally, Kiah thought, somewhere she could think. She dutifully avoided the lawn out of some primal respect for its otherness. She wished the booze would kick in.

Gale found Philomena in the kitchen. Gale stared at Philomena suspiciously. She thought about Philomena. She wanted that phone. Nothing else would do. Maybe if they could just be real with each other for once... Why did everyone want to be like her? Just thinking about it made her want to puke.

Philomena and Gale ran into each other in the kitchen. Philomena looked disinterested.

"What's your favourite line from a Soca chune?" she asked.

"My bio," said Gale.

After some time, Philomena found herself in the dining room. She stared at the dining room table uncomprehendingly. She didn't give it a second thought.

As Darby entered the great hall, she saw Vivianna making trouble. Darby avoided Vivianna.

After some time, Kiah found herself in the foyer. The next thing she saw was the side table, which left her feeling disquieted. Part of her, a larger part than she cared to admit, wanted to smash it.

Gale breathed deeply and took in sights of the kitchen. She dutifully avoided the fridge out of some primal respect for its otherness. Why she noticed in the first place was beyond her. She thought about Darby. She loved her so damn much. Nobody really knew how she felt. Why did everyone want to be like her? Just thinking about it made her want to puke. Why did she come to this stupid house party in the first place?

Dita walked into the great hall and saw Darby. Great. "what's your favorite colour?" Dita asked.

Darby squirmed. "pink."

Vivianna walked into the great hall and saw Dita. Great. "What is the best and cheapest internet?" inquired Vivianna.

"laris," said Dita.

After some time, Philomena found herself in the kitchen. The next thing she saw was the fridge, which left her feeling disquieted. She wished the booze would kick in. She thought about Dita. She hated her so damn much. Maybe if they could just be real with each other for once... Nobody really knew how she felt. Why did she come to this stupid house party in the first place?

Dita entered the great hall to find Darby standing there. Dita avoided Darby.

Nobody was in the front yard, so Kiah found herself uncharacteristically at ease. Kiah started to climb the tree, then thought better of it.

The closet was empty. Finally, Gale thought, somewhere she could think. Gale surreptitiously rearranged the supplies.

Nobody was in the bathroom, so Dita found herself uncharacteristically at ease. The toilet caught her eye. She thought it was the ugliest thing she'd ever seen. She heard a noise from somewhere else in the house. She thought about Kiah. Kiah and that ostentatious watch of hers. She loved her so damn much. She wanted that purse. Nothing else would do. Maybe if they could just be real with each other for once... Nobody really knew how she

felt. Just thinking about it made her want to puke.

Kiah looked around the front yard. Kiah started to climb the tree, then thought better of it.

Vivianna encountered Darby in the great hall. Vivianna appeared angry. "Why would you care?" she asked.

"because I care TOO damn much," said Darby.

Darby encountered Vivianna in the great hall. "what's the best for you?"

"Staying single."

Dita entered the bathroom. Dita jiggled the toilet handle. She thought about school, and how Vivianna and Darby got better grades than her. Did they secretly like her after all? It didn't matter anyway. They were queen bees and they knew it. They always got they wanted. Always. Did they suspect she thought about them so much?

Darby entered the library. Darby tried and failed to open the lock on the desk. She thought about Gale. She envied her so damn much. She wanted that skirt. Nothing else would do. It was almost too much to deal with.

Gale encountered Philomena in the back yard.

The back yard held two items of interest to Philomena: the gas grill and Gale.

Philomena entered the dining room. "Wow, check out that silverware," she said to no one in particular. She wished the booze would kick in.

"Perfect, I've got the bathroom all to myself," thought Dita. Dita relieved herself. She thought about Gale. Maybe if they could just be real with each other for once... Why did everyone want to be like her? Just thinking about it made her want to puke. Why did she come to this stupid house party in the first place?

Vivianna breathed deeply and took in sights of the master bathroom. She stared at the blonde onyx flooring uncomprehendingly. Things. The house was full of things. When she

got old enough to have a house, she'd own nothing. She thought about school, and how Vivianna and Philomena never talked to her. Were they jealous of her somehow? Not likely. They walked around the school like they owned the place. They were queen bees and they knew it.

After some time, Darby found herself in the library. Darby flipped through some books.

"Perfect, I've got the kitchen all to myself," thought Philomena. The next thing she saw was the oven, which left her feeling disquieted. Things. The house was full of things. When she got old enough to have a house, she'd own nothing.

"Perfect, I've got the bathroom all to myself," thought Dita. She stared at the toilet uncomprehendingly. She was hoping it would distract her, if for some brief moment, from her life.

Darby looked around the library. Darby tried and failed to open the lock on the desk. She thought about Kiah. She loved her so damn much. It was almost too much to deal with. Nobody really knew how she felt. Why did she come to this stupid house party in the first place?

The dining room was empty. Finally, Kiah thought, somewhere she could think. She noticed the silverware. Kinda tacky. She was hoping it would distract her, if for some brief moment, from her life.

Gale entered the garage. Gale tried to jimmy the lock on the car and ended up setting off the alarm. Whoops.

Philomena breathed deeply and took in sights of the kitchen. She dutifully avoided the oven out of some primal respect for its otherness. Why she noticed in the first place was beyond her. She thought about Dita. Dita and that incredible sweater of hers. Why couldn't she be more like her? Just thinking about it made her want to puke. Why did she come to this stupid house party in the first place?

Dita looked around the bathroom. "Wow, check out that nautical themed shower curtain,"

she said to no one in particular. She heard a noise from somewhere else in the house.

The library was empty. Finally, Darby thought, somewhere she could think. Darby tried and failed to open the lock on the desk.

Kiah looked around the dining room. She stared at the dining room table uncomprehendingly. She didn't give it a second thought.

Gale breathed deeply and took in sights of the great hall. The family portrait reminded her of her mother. Barf. Part of her, a larger part than she cared to admit, wanted to smash it. She thought about Kiah. It was almost too much to deal with. Maybe if they could just be real with each other for once... Nobody really knew how she felt. Why did she come to this stupid house party in the first place?

"Perfect, I've got the kitchen all to myself," thought Philomena. The oven caught her eye. She thought it was the ugliest thing she'd ever seen. She heard a noise from somewhere else in the house.

Vivianna entered the master bathroom. The blonde onyx toilet reminded her of her mother. Barf. She heard a noise from somewhere else in the house.

After some time, Darby found herself in the foyer. She dutifully avoided the side table out of some primal respect for its otherness. Why she noticed in the first place was beyond her.

"Perfect, I've got the back yard all to myself," thought Kiah. The gas grill caught her eye. She thought it was the ugliest thing she'd ever seen. She wished the booze would kick in.

Dita looked around the guest bedroom. Dita imagined what kind of people had stayed in the bed. How many people had had sex in it?

Darby entered the front yard. She dutifully avoided the lawn out of some primal respect for its otherness. Things. The house was full of things. When she got old enough to have a house, she'd own nothing.

Gale breathed deeply and took in sights of the library. Gale tried and failed to open the lock

on the desk.

Nobody was in the guest bedroom, so Dita found herself uncharacteristically at ease. Dita guessed that this was the most boring room in the house.

After some time, Darby found herself in the garage. Darby peered in the car door for some kind of clue as to whose house this was.

Vivianna encountered Dita in the great hall. "Where did you get that phone, Dita?" Dita ignored her.

Nobody was in the garage, so Darby found herself uncharacteristically at ease. The BMW reminded her of her mother. Barf. She wished the booze would kick in.

Dita and Vivianna ran into each other in the great hall. "What's your favorite movie?"

"Pearl Harbor."

Philomena looked around the kitchen. She noticed the fridge. Kinda tacky. She didn't give it a second thought. She thought about Vivianna. She hated her so damn much. It was almost too much to deal with. Nobody really knew how she felt. Just thinking about it made her want to puke.

Vivianna looked around the library. She noticed the bookshelf. Kinda tacky. Why she noticed in the first place was beyond her.

Darby breathed deeply and took in sights of the garage. She dutifully avoided the riding lawnmower out of some primal respect for its otherness. She was hoping it would distract her, if for some brief moment, from her life. She thought about school, and how Dita and Darby got better grades than her. Did they secretly like her after all? It didn't matter anyway. They walked around the school like they owned the place. They never invited her to parties; it was a fluke she ended up at this one. They always got they wanted. Always.

Gale entered the bathroom. Gale jiggled the toilet handle.

"Perfect, I've got the closet all to myself," thought Philomena. Philomena looked for some

paper towels.

"Perfect, I've got the library all to myself," thought Vivianna. Vivianna tried and failed to open the lock on the desk. She thought about school, and how Philomena and Darby didn't have to try hard to be liked. How could that even be possible? They were queen bees and they knew it. They never invited her to parties; it was a fluke she ended up at this one. But life was probably hard for them too, in its own way. It always is.

Nobody was in the garage, so Darby found herself uncharacteristically at ease. The next thing she saw was the BMW, which left her feeling disquieted. Why she noticed in the first place was beyond her.

Kiah breathed deeply and took in sights of the living room. The flat screen TV caught her eye. She thought it was the ugliest thing she'd ever seen. She heard a noise from somewhere else in the house.

Gale looked around the great hall. Gale took off her shoes, got a running start, and slid in her socks down the slick hardwood floors.

Nobody was in the kitchen, so Philomena found herself uncharacteristically at ease. Philomena rifled through the cabinets for alcohol.

Nobody was in the garage, so Darby found herself uncharacteristically at ease. Darby tried to jimmy the lock on the car and ended up setting off the alarm. Whoops.

After some time, Gale found herself in the guest bedroom. She stared at the poster of a... Monet? uncomprehendingly. She didn't give it a second thought.

Philomena looked around the breakfast nook. Philomena drank some juice, fuck it, right? Whose house even was this? She thought about Kiah. Kiah and that fashionable purse of hers. She wanted that purse. Nothing else would do. Why couldn't she be more like her?

Dita found Gale in the great hall. Dita eyed Gale's teal shirt with envy.

Darby looked around the garage. She stared at the riding lawnmower uncomprehendingly.

She wished the booze would kick in. As Gale entered the great hall, she saw Dita making trouble. Dita stiffened and began to ramble, not noticing Gale, as if in a fugue state. "I went with my best friend, Alixanne, and her family to get their Christmas tree. They got a tree from a spot that looked exactly like where I had gotten my Christmas tree. I told her all about how I got my Christmas tree."

Nobody was in the kitchen, so Philomena found herself uncharacteristically at ease. The oven caught her eye. She thought it was the ugliest thing she'd ever seen. She heard a noise from somewhere else in the house. She thought about Darby. Darby and that emerald coat of hers. Why couldn't she be more like her? Why did everyone want to be like her?

"Perfect, I've got the guest bedroom all to myself," thought Gale. Gale guessed that this was the most boring room in the house.

Philomena entered the kitchen. Philomena rifled through the cabinets for alcohol.

Nobody was in the great hall, so Dita found herself uncharacteristically at ease. She stared at the tribal Afghan rug uncomprehendingly. She heard a noise from somewhere else in the house. She thought about Philomena. She loved her so damn much. Nobody really knew how she felt. Just thinking about it made her want to puke.

Gale breathed deeply and took in sights of the guest bedroom. Gale guessed that this was the most boring room in the house.

Vivianna entered the living room to find Kiah standing there. "WHY WOULD YOU EVER TAKE A PICTURE OF YOUR SHIT, WHY WOULD YOU EVER SEND IT TO ANYONE WHY WHY WHY WHY WHY?" Vivianna asked.

"because I saw a picture of arry that made me think of it," said Kiah.

Dita entered the bathroom. Dita looked around for tampons, finding none.

After some time, Darby found herself in the great hall. She dutifully avoided the tribal Afghan rug out of some primal respect for its otherness. Things. The house was full of

things. When she got old enough to have a house, she'd own nothing.

Gale entered the guest bedroom. Gale guessed that this was the most boring room in the house.

The front yard was empty. Finally, Vivianna thought, somewhere she could think. She dutifully avoided the lawn out of some primal respect for its otherness. Things. The house was full of things. When she got old enough to have a house, she'd own nothing.

Darby breathed deeply and took in sights of the guest bedroom. Darby guessed that this was the most boring room in the house. She thought about school, and how Philomena and Vivianna thought they were so much better than everyone else. Were they jealous of her somehow? Not likely. Did they secretly like her after all? It didn't matter anyway. They always got they wanted. Always.

Kiah encountered Philomena in the kitchen. "What is your favourite healthy meal to make during the work week?" asked Kiah.

"salad."

Philomena entered the kitchen to find Kiah standing there. Philomena appeared concerned. "why would you ever treat her wrong?" she inquired.

"because I'll be missing out on someone that can treat me much better ☐," said Kiah.

As Gale entered the great hall, she saw Dita making trouble. "What is the best oil to use?"

" pussy," said Dita.

Dita entered the great hall. Darby was there, as if waiting. Darby looked directly at Dita. "I had the weirdest dream," she said. "I was in Northern British Columbia and I was walking down a street. At the end of the street was a beautiful lake. I was wearing goggles and I found that I couldn't see very well without them off. I went into a drug store but I could buy anything. I realized this was where I wanted to live. My friends were making snowballs near the lake. They were wearing ski clothes."

Vivianna looked around the foyer. Vivianna debated just leaving the house.

Kiah breathed deeply and took in sights of the breakfast nook. Kiah drank some juice, fuck it, right? Whose house even was this?

Darby encountered Dita in the great hall. "what's your favorite colour?" demanded Darby.

"Orange."

Nobody was in the front yard, so Vivianna found herself uncharacteristically at ease.

Vivianna ran her fingers through the well-manicured grass, dreaming of better days.

Darby entered the great hall. She noticed the family portrait. Kinda tacky. Part of her, a larger part than she cared to admit, wanted to smash it. She thought about school, and how Dita and Vivianna were such total bitches. Why did they leave whenever she entered a room? They never invited her to parties; it was a fluke she ended up at this one.

After some time, Gale found herself in the guest bedroom. The set of curtains caught her eye. She thought it was the ugliest thing she'd ever seen. Things. The house was full of things. When she got old enough to have a house, she'd own nothing.

As Kiah entered the kitchen, she saw Philomena making trouble. "What's your favourite airport?"

"exo at the airport on 130603 was literally the best day everyone looked fucking amazing it."

Nobody was in the kitchen, so Philomena found herself uncharacteristically at ease.

Philomena rifled through the cabinets for alcohol. She thought about Dita. Dita and that incredible phone of hers. She wanted that phone. Nothing else would do. Just thinking about it made her want to puke. Why did she come to this stupid house party in the first place?

As Dita entered the great hall, she saw Gale making trouble. Dita stared at Gale suspiciously.

The foyer was empty. Finally, Vivianna thought, somewhere she could think. She dutifully avoided the side table out of some primal respect for its otherness. Why she noticed in the first place was beyond her.

The master bedroom was empty. Finally, Darby thought, somewhere she could think. She dutifully avoided the king-sized bed out of some primal respect for its otherness. Part of her, a larger part than she cared to admit, wanted to smash it.

Kiah breathed deeply and took in sights of the breakfast nook. Kiah drank some juice, fuck it, right? Whose house even was this?

Dita entered the guest bedroom. Dita guessed that this was the most boring room in the house.

Vivianna breathed deeply and took in sights of the living room. Vivianna bounced on the sofa, hoping to recapture her childhood innocence. She thought about Kiah. It was almost too much to deal with. Nobody really knew how she felt. Just thinking about it made her want to puke.

The bathroom was empty. Finally, Gale thought, somewhere she could think. The next thing she saw was the toilet, which left her feeling disquieted. Why she noticed in the first place was beyond her.

As Philomena entered the kitchen, she saw Kiah making trouble. "What is your favourite healthy meal to make during the work week?" inquired Philomena.

"salad."

After some time, Philomena found herself in the breakfast nook. Philomena drank some juice, fuck it, right? Whose house even was this?

The master bathroom was empty. Finally, Darby thought, somewhere she could think. She dutifully avoided the blonde onyx flooring out of some primal respect for its otherness. She heard a noise from somewhere else in the house.

The breakfast nook was empty. Finally, Philomena thought, somewhere she could think. The toaster caught her eye. She thought it was the ugliest thing she'd ever seen. She heard a noise from somewhere else in the house.

The kitchen was empty. Finally, Kiah thought, somewhere she could think. She dutifully avoided the fridge out of some primal respect for its otherness. She wished the booze would kick in.

The kitchen was empty. Finally, Philomena thought, somewhere she could think. Philomena rifled through the cabinets for alcohol.

Dita looked around the great hall. The tribal Afghan rug caught her eye. She thought it was the ugliest thing she'd ever seen. Part of her, a larger part than she cared to admit, wanted to smash it. She thought about Darby. She wanted that shirt. Nothing else would do. Why couldn't she be more like her? Nobody really knew how she felt.

Nobody was in the breakfast nook, so Kiah found herself uncharacteristically at ease. She stared at the table uncomprehendingly. Things. The house was full of things. When she got old enough to have a house, she'd own nothing.

Gale looked around the library. The mahogany work desk caught her eye. She thought it was the ugliest thing she'd ever seen. She was hoping it would distract her, if for some brief moment, from her life.

Philomena entered the closet. The broom caught her eye. She thought it was the ugliest thing she'd ever seen. Things. The house was full of things. When she got old enough to have a house, she'd own nothing.

"Perfect, I've got the great hall all to myself," thought Dita. The family portrait caught her eye. She thought it was the ugliest thing she'd ever seen. Things. The house was full of things. When she got old enough to have a house, she'd own nothing.

After some time, Vivianna found herself in the kitchen. She dutifully avoided the fridge out of some primal respect for its otherness. She didn't give it a second thought.

After some time, Gale found herself in the foyer. Gale debated just leaving the house.

Nobody was in the great hall, so Dita found herself uncharacteristically at ease. The tribal Afghan rug caught her eye. She thought it was the ugliest thing she'd ever seen. Why she noticed in the first place was beyond her.

Gale breathed deeply and took in sights of the foyer. Gale debated just leaving the house.

The kitchen was empty. Finally, Philomena thought, somewhere she could think. Philomena rifled through the cabinets for alcohol. She thought about school, and how Kiah and Vivianna had more money than she did. Did they secretly like her after all? It didn't matter anyway. They were always laughing with their perfect friends. They always got they wanted. Always.

Nobody was in the bathroom, so Dita found herself uncharacteristically at ease. Dita relieved herself.

Vivianna entered the living room. The next thing she saw was the flat screen TV, which left her feeling disquieted. She was hoping it would distract her, if for some brief moment, from her life.

Gale entered the front yard. Gale ran her fingers through the well-manicured grass, dreaming of better days.

Philomena entered the closet. Philomena surrepticiously rearranged the supplies.

"Perfect, I've got the great hall all to myself," thought Dita. Dita took off her shoes, got a running start, a slid in her socks down the slick hardwood floors. She thought about school, and how Vivianna and Darby had more money than she did. Why did they leave whenever she entered a room? How could that even be possible? Did they secretly like her after all? It didn't matter anyway. They walked around the school like they owned the place. Did they suspect she thought about them so much?

Gale looked around the front yard. Gale started to climb the tree, then thought better of it.

The closet was empty. Finally, Philomena thought, somewhere she could think. Philomena looked for some paper towels.

After some time, Vivianna found herself in the living room. Vivianna bounced on the sofa, hoping to recapture her childhood innocence.

The kitchen was empty. Finally, Kiah thought, somewhere she could think. Kiah checked the fridge for snacks.

Gale looked around the garage. Gale considered getting on that lawnmower and riding it out of this place.

The master bedroom was empty. Finally, Dita thought, somewhere she could think. She dutifully avoided the king-sized bed out of some primal respect for its otherness. She didn't give it a second thought.

Gale entered the garage. Gale peered in the car door for some kind of clue as to whose house this was.

As Kiah entered the dining room, she saw Vivianna making trouble. "what's your favorite color?" Kiah demanded.

"pink," said Vivianna.

"Perfect, I've got the closet all to myself," thought Philomena. Philomena looked for some paper towels. She thought about Darby. Darby and that emerald coat of hers. She liked her so damn much. It was almost too much to deal with. Just thinking about it made her want to puke.

After some time, Dita found herself in the master bedroom. The next thing she saw was the teak dresser, which left her feeling disquieted. She didn't give it a second thought.

Nobody was in the kitchen, so Vivianna found herself uncharacteristically at ease. The fridge reminded her of her mother. Barf. Things. The house was full of things. When she got old enough to have a house, she'd own nothing.

Gale breathed deeply and took in sights of the garage. Gale peered in the car door for some kind of clue as to whose house this was. She thought about school, and how Darby and Philomena were such total bitches. Why did they leave whenever she entered a room? Were they jealous of her somehow? Not likely. They were always laughing with their perfect friends. They never invited her to parties; it was a fluke she ended up at this one. They always got they wanted. Always.

Nobody was in the master bedroom, so Dita found herself uncharacteristically at ease. She dutifully avoided the teak dresser out of some primal respect for its otherness. Part of her, a larger part than she cared to admit, wanted to smash it.

The great hall was empty. Finally, Gale thought, somewhere she could think. She noticed the family portrait. Kinda tacky. Why she noticed in the first place was beyond her.

Vivianna walked into the kitchen and saw Philomena. Great.

The kitchen was empty. Finally, Philomena thought, somewhere she could think. Philomena rifled through the cabinets for alcohol.

Vivianna looked around the breakfast nook. She noticed the juicer. Kinda tacky. Why she noticed in the first place was beyond her.

Kiah looked around the dining room. The dining room table reminded her of her mother. Barf. She wished the booze would kick in.

After some time, Gale found herself in the great hall. Gale stared down the hall, which seemed longer than it had any right to be.

Dita encountered Darby in the master bathroom. "What's the best way to get gum out of hair?"

"Waiting for someone else to make you happy," said Darby.

The kitchen was empty. Finally, Vivianna thought, somewhere she could think. Vivianna rifled through the cabinets for alcohol.

Gale looked around the great hall. Gale took off her shoes, got a running start, and slid in her socks down the slick hardwood floors.

Dita walked into the master bedroom and saw Darby. Great. "why would you want anyone to know?" Dita asked.

Darby flinched. "because i just dont understand what anyone could ever see in me."

The back yard held two items of interest to Kiah: the gas grill and Philomena. "What's your favourite line from a Soca chune?" inquired Kiah.

"just trust me'."

Dita walked into the great hall and saw Darby. Great. "Where did you get that coat, Darby?" Darby ignored her. She thought about school, and how Darby and Gale didn't have to try hard to be liked. They walked around the school like they owned the place. They never invited her to parties; it was a fluke she ended up at this one.

Philomena entered the back yard. She dutifully avoided the gas grill out of some primal respect for its otherness. She didn't give it a second thought.

Vivianna breathed deeply and took in sights of the dining room. "Wow, check out that silverware," she said to no one in particular. She didn't give it a second thought.

Darby breathed deeply and took in sights of the library. Darby flipped through some books.

After some time, Kiah found herself in the kitchen. Kiah checked the fridge for snacks.

The great hall held two items of interest to Dita: the tribal Afghan rug and Gale. Dita seemed angry. "What is your favourite coffee in Victoria?" she asked.

Gale laughed. " Starbucks lattes are good but plain ol coffee from dunkin."

The kitchen was empty. Finally, Vivianna thought, somewhere she could think. Vivianna rifled through the cabinets for alcohol. She thought about Dita. She loved her so damn much. She wanted that phone. Nothing else would do. Maybe if they could just be real with

each other for once... Why did she come to this stupid house party in the first place?

Darby breathed deeply and took in sights of the foyer. She noticed the chandelier. Kinda tacky. Things. The house was full of things. When she got old enough to have a house, she'd own nothing. Kiah entered the back yard. Philomena was there, as if waiting.

Philomena stiffened and began to ramble, not noticing Kiah, as if in a fugue state. "I had just spent the night over at my best friend's house and we were waking up on a gorgeous spring morning. She had to go to school, but I didn't, so I wanted to go with her. She lives less than a block away from her school, and I was jealous that she could wake up at 7:30 and make it to school by 8. I was shaving my legs with her electric razor and then we went into her back yard and went swimming in the cool water."

As Gale entered the great hall, she saw Dita making trouble. "What's the best way to get gum out of hair?" Gale asked.

"An open-mind towards life."

Dita breathed deeply and took in sights of the library. She stared at the bookshelf uncomprehendingly. Part of her, a larger part than she cared to admit, wanted to smash it.

"Perfect, I've got the kitchen all to myself," thought Vivianna. She noticed the knife set. Kinda tacky. She was hoping it would distract her, if for some brief moment, from her life.

Darby looked around the living room. Darby turned on the TV for a while.

Gale entered the great hall. The tribal Afghan rug reminded her of her mother. Barf. Why she noticed in the first place was beyond her. She thought about school, and how Kiah and Gale had more money than she did. How could that even be possible? They were always laughing with their perfect friends. They never invited her to parties; it was a fluke she ended up at this one. But life was probably hard for them too, in its own way. It always is.

"Perfect, I've got the library all to myself," thought Dita. The bookshelf reminded her of her mother. Barf. She heard a noise from somewhere else in the house.

Vivianna breathed deeply and took in sights of the breakfast nook. Vivianna drank some

juice, fuck it, right? Whose house even was this?

Nobody was in the front yard, so Darby found herself uncharacteristically at ease. Darby ran her fingers through the well-manicured grass, dreaming of better days.

Nobody was in the great hall, so Gale found herself uncharacteristically at ease. Gale stared down the hall, which seemed longer than it had any right to be.

Kiah and Philomena ran into each other in the back yard. "why do you still try and talk to me?"

"because I'm still going to help everyone and try my hardest no matter what," said Philomena.