

A PIRATES LIFE (12 – 15 YEARS OLD) – BONES

I am sick of being at sea. I want to feel solid ground. Oh... To take a nice warm bath... Instead of washing in freezing cold sea water. You see what the sea has done to my hair! No more pirate's life for me. No more yo ho with these yo-yos. I want to drink from a chilled glass goblet... And have some ice cold milk. Fresh cool milk... and ice... a glass of ice water would even be nice. And you know what else you get when you mix milk and ice... this incredible thing called ice cream. You'll never find that on a pirate ship. I'd give anything for a scoop. But you'll never find anything like that on this rust bucket... no milk, no ice cream, not even an itty bitty ice cube... How come the most wonderful things in life spoil so quickly?

FIRST KISS (12 – 15 YEARS OLD) – JODIE

Your first kiss is supposed to be sweet. Or perfect. Or tingly? It's supposed to at least be memorable. I wouldn't know. I'll probably never know. Not that first kiss. The one where the boy you like looks in your eyes, like you're the most beautiful girl in the world, and kisses you. It's not happening for me now. Ever. Because I blew it. I don't know if you noticed, but I talk a lot when I'm nervous. That, and my hands get sweaty. I think everybody's hands get sweaty when their nervous. But, you just wipe them off on your jeans and move on. It's not like it's super noticeable, like say, talking non-stop. And I mean non-stop. Not even when Noah Miller looked at me with the *I'm completely into you look*. Not even when Noah Miller, the guy I've been dreaming about for weeks pulled me in close. Nope, why would I stop talking then? In fact, I talked faster. It talked so much that Noah Miller finally gave up and told me he'd see me later. But I think we all know he won't. Why would he want to see me later? So I can talk some more?

UMBRELLA (12 – 15 YEARS OLD) – LUCY

An umbrella is a stupid thing to get in a fight with your mum over. But she wanted me to get the same ruffled pink umbrella I've had since I was three. I don't feel like a ruffled pink umbrella kind of person anymore, you know? I wanted this art print umbrella I'd found at the museum gift shop. It was perfect, but my mum said 'no.' She didn't just say 'no;' she actually told me the pink one matched my style better. Like I have no idea what my style is. Like that's something she can decide for me. And while I stood there trying to explain how completely wrong she was, she took one of the stupid pink umbrellas up to the counter. That's when I lost it. Right there in the store. Next thing you know she's stomping out the door telling me I could spend the year with wet hair, because she wasn't buying me anything if I was 'going to behave like this.' ... I've never been so relieved in my life.

STAY (12 – 15 YEARS OLD) – AMY

Don't you dare walk away from me! And don't tell me you're sorry! And don't tell me to forget it, and don't you dare tell me to "let it go." God knows, I'd like to. I wish I could, but I can't! I can't forget that we had something. You're running away! Don't you see, Mark? You're running from what I've searched for all my life! Why, because you're scared? Well, I'm scared too, but we could make it work, I'm not saying it would be easy, but I care about you. And I know deep down, under this (*Spitting out the word.*) bravado, you care about me. You can pretend all you want, but you're only lying to yourself. Can you honestly stand there and tell me that I mean nothing to you? That everything that happened that day was a lie? That you feel nothing? (*beat*) Fine. I feel sorry for you, Mark. I'll move on. I'll find someone else. I'll be all right, because I will know that I tried. That I did everything I could. But someday you will look back, and you will realize what you threw away. And you will regret it always.