

Hey guys, so this is a new book I'm writing. I know it's such a creative name (I just couldn't think of anything else).

Fyi, it's cliché. Really cliché. REALLY, REALLY, REALLY CLICHÉ. So basically, brace yourselves for the cliché.

It's supposed to be kinda funny, but I wouldn't be surprised if it's not.

Also, I'm posting this on Wattpad as well, but the chapters are posted earlier there than here. So, if you wanna be ahead on the updates, my username's AEWilbur and it's the same title.

Oh yeah, and it's also YA, so no mature stuff or cussing.

-Amelie <3

Beep beep

Beep beep

*Beep bee- *crash**

My hand slammed down hard onto the round, bumpy surface, almost throwing my weight completely off the bed and sending my newest alarm clock crashing onto the floor.

Eight have now fallen, we honor their sacrifice.

I groaned and rubbed my fist slowly, staring down at the fallen torture machine, the device that wakes me up from the depths of my dancing unicorns and intense action scenarios, to the horrible place we call "real life."

I'm not even sad I broke it.

In fact, whoever came up with the idea of alarm clocks should die a hor-

"Leeuhhhh! Come on, Sleeping Ugly, before I leave to school without your ugly," I cringed at his choice of profanity as my brother banged on my closed door like he was trying to break it down.

"Actually, every part of you is ugly, I wouldn't be surprised if your face-" he continued until I interrupted, "Language! And, I'll be out in a little, you idiot!"

Curse whoever invented brothers. And alarm clocks. Now that I think of it, whoever invented school in the first place deserves to die a very painful death, because a quick one wouldn't do all the children suffering in the world justice.

I slowly stood up, feeling my head spin with the sudden change of altitude, because of course I'm that tall. My way oversized medium t-shirt, I mean XXL t-shirt, because again, I'm *super* tall, brushed my knees as I slowly stumbled my way to the bathroom.

I looked into the mirror and saw that, for once, my brother was right. I winced. My hair was basically the worst I've ever seen it, looking like a lumpy pineapple on top of my head.

Dang it. I groaned and stuck my head out of the door.

"Kayden!" I almost puked, imagining my brother's nasty face, "when are we leaving?"

Silence.

"Kayden?"

More silence.

"KAYDEN OLIVER RAYNE, YOU ANNOYING RAT, ANSWER ME!" There was no answer.

I swear, if he left without me, I'm launching him to Pluto to die.

I muttered some choice words under my breath. I decided to get ready anyways, changing into a cute top with some jeans, and then combing through my brown medium-length hair. Just combing and splashing water on it made it much better, even making it less frizzy. Or, maybe I'm just saying that because I don't have enough time to fix it.

I hopped one-footedly (is that a word?) down the hallway while stuffing my left foot into Jordans, slipping when I accidentally hopped one step down the stairs. I landed on my back and slid all the way down like a sled before I finally stopped right in front of my brother's smirking ugly face.

"Whatcha doing?" He asked while trying his hardest not to laugh.

His face contorted into an uncanny resemblance to a rat while holding in his laughter. I almost started laughing too, but because of his face. I resorted to glaring at him instead, which only made him start to snort like a pig.

I rolled my eyes and stood up, brushing off the imaginary dust on my pants and putting on the other shoe that I had in my hands during my graceful descent down the stairs. "I thought you left me," I eyed him accusingly.

He rolled his eyes and started walking away, "Well *someone* had to take out the trash."

In my gut, I felt a pang of guilt for not helping out, and immediately started saying, "I'm sorr-." He interrupted with, "Hey. I'm your big brother, I have to do these things," while actually *smiling*.

Okay, who was he and what did he do with Kayden?

It seems like he realized that as well, because his eyebrows flew sky high before assuming a careless expression (while actually looking worse than he did before).

He turned away and stated, "I'll be waiting in the car. If you're not out there in 2 minutes, you're walking."

Okay, I take back my previous statement. In addition to cursing brothers, everyone in this world that have been belittled by these nasty creatures should form a cult to torture them. It would only make sense considering how many times they've tortured us.

Once I've grabbed my backpack and a banana, I walked towards the front door to where I saw my brother's truck was waiting, (what is up with boys and trucks?) before I felt a tiny mass as heavy as a boulder crash into my knees, knocking me out and causing me to lay on the wooden tiles starfish style.

A fluffy monster crawled all over me, and as I fought to get it off, I realized... wait, was it hugging me?

"EL! Are you going? Don't go! I luh you." I looked up to see an adorable face with tiny wisps of brown hair falling out of an abominable snowman onesie directly in my face, with the arms squeezing my neck. The scent wafted directly into my nose and I smelled something flowery. I smiled slightly.

"Aww, Jenny, I'm not going to be gone for that long. Besides, you have Mom to have tea parties with you." She blinked her wide eyes, and pouted. "Okay, look, I really have to go, but later, I'll take you for ice

cream!"

"Yay!!! Mommy, Sissy and me go eat ice cream!" She jumped off me and ran towards the stairs, and in a matter of seconds, she already disappeared.

I chuckled and stood up, looking out the window towards the truck.

Shoot, it was driving away.