

Donna and Pan

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Two kids who live on the streets. Its really old and I don't think I'll ever complete it..

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Donna and Pan - Roughing it

Chapter one

I'm used to all the attention. Most of the time, people don't even realise that they're staring at me, their eyes cold and bitter, or that they're wrinkling up their noses when they go past. Out of the thousands of people that mill around London in a day, only a couple of them avert their gazes away from my stinking heap. It's not like I'm ashamed of anything: I just happen to be homeless and stereotypical people take it upon themselves to call me names like freak, idiot, or rebel. I didn't do anything to become homeless - I haven't had a real home my whole life. People these days don't understand that it's actually possible to live in a poor, lifeless family from the day you are born. They don't understand that we have to live in houses that are about to be blown up or demolished, in backstreet alleys that are full of drug taking thugs and rats, and in the chill of train stations where high class people scorn you. It sucks.

I must admit, I don't exactly look like a normal member of the public, let alone a normal 14-year-old-girl. Maybe that's why people get so disgusted at me: along with the smell that lingers in the air around me and where I've been. Scruffy black ringlets surround my ghostly face, greasy and slimy. A pair of unfathomable, thoughtful eyes glare at any who dare to taunt me, and a natural pout gets all those drunken jobs over to me, attempting to snog my face off. Kick `em in the balls does the trick, I tell you! The only clothes I have are ones that I stole a few years back - a tatty, ragged gypsy skirt, a once-skimpy, bright crimson t-shirt and a greying hoodie. I can't exactly say that I attract the good-looking boys, eh?

I wouldn't mind a boyfriend, actually. Someone to snuggle up to and tell my problems to: that's the normal behaviour of teenage girls walking down the street with `well `ard' boys. Generally, they stand at the corners or at bus stops, kissing for all its worth. It's quite gross, really. I wouldn't be caught dead doing something like that!

To be totally honest, I wouldn't mind a pair of good friends either. All I have is Pan, and he's absolutely no good whatsoever. I mean, when you're on the streets, you need a friend to show you the twisting roads and cobbled lanes, but Pan doesn't know anything. The only places he properly knows the way to are all the popular shops and his cardboard box. My box is right next to his, because at the moment we haven't got anywhere to sneakily live in. My only possessions (a frayed, dilapidated teddy bear with leaky stuffing and one eye popping out, and a picture of my brother who I have only met once before he was taken to a children's home and who is probably enjoying a great big, lovely, hot meal right now) are crammed into a ramshackle rucksack which stays rooted onto my back at all times. At the moment it has the teddy and the picture inside, along with two pieces of rotting bread, a bottle of leftover juice, and a chocolate bar wrapper that still has a few trickles of caramel and chocolate stuck right inside.

“Donna!” a voice is crying out over the bustling crowd. I peer up warily and see a teenage boy at the same age as me, with tufty ginger hair and ocean blue eyes, waving heartily at me and grinning widely. Curling up tighter inside my shabby, filthy blanket, I wave carefully back. It's Pan, but he's attracting far too much attention to himself, and I'm sure someone will call the police soon.

As he dodges through the mass of shopping people, an apple without any holes or mould lands swiftly in my bony hands, and Pan beams at the look of surprise plastered to my face. He himself bites into a pear and the juices trickle down his dirty chin, making little orange tracks. Trust me: fruit like this isn't easy to come by when you're out on the streets. I have no idea how Pan got hold of it.

“Dare I ask how?” I question him, as soon as he jumps up and sits on my soft blanket. Chuckling nervously, Pan clears his throat.

“Well, I sort of -” he starts in his squeaky, strong London accent, but I cut him off.

“Let me guess ... you've found a new place for us to live?” I ask sarcastically. He giggles again, but it doesn't sound as enthusiastic as it had done before. Pinching his arm sharply - something that he hates - Pan squeals shrilly and slightly deafeningly until I let go, while he nods forlornly.

“Yeah,” he grimaces, “I've found somewhere for us to live.”

“Is that why you've been gone for over a week?” I ask him thoughtfully. He nods briskly.

Secretly, inside, I'm dead chuffed that we'll finally have somewhere to hide away, but on the outside I have to look annoyed because Pan isn't supposed to go wandering off to places he doesn't know. He's so small that anyone could mistake him for a ten-year old and then he could get arrested; then what? I'd be all alone and prone to death. I'm truly surprised that I'm not dead yet. I've lived in London for all my life and yet nobody has ever come close to murdering me. There are several horrible and depressing ways I could die: first, I could rot away whilst I snore, blissfully unaware of a pain that is taking over my whole body like poison threading through glass; second, I could get attacked by one of them daft gangster boys or girls that hang around the city at midnight, shot down by a single bullet or sliced into tons of meaty, bloody slices. I have my own gun though, for protection. Nicked it off this idiotic, middle-aged, ugly man who got shot and whose gun got forgotten in his pocket. I hate all those gangster kids who think they're it just because they're brave enough to start fires and kill people. I'd like to see them living rough! They wouldn't last half a day.

“Earth to Donna,” Pan is bawling, waving his hands around in front of my glazed eyes. Whoops ... I got so wrapped up in my death daydream that the everyday world just disappeared. Now it's back again: the stupid teenagers clipping around in their high heels like tiny horses, shrieking abuse at Pan and I before tottering off and swaggering around drunkenly; the elderly men complaining about ‘youth these days’, bouncing precariously on the balls of their feet; the overall bustling crowd, full of people with unique frames of mind and attitudes ... little sheepy teens who copy their mates, challenged people who try to fit in, small red lights scattered all around: the lights of cigarettes and the smell of them too - a smoky, hazy smell that burns my nostrils.

"Yeah? Yeah? I've just come down from planet Donna, now what's up?" I demand, stroking a strip of knotted black hair behind one of my ears. Pan rubs his hands together mischievously, and I don't like the look of what's about to be said.

"This new place..." he declares loudly, "I need to settle a few things with ya."

I nod understandingly.

"Y'see ... y'know that you really love the water and everything..."

I nod again, anticipating the drop of bad news.

"This new place ... it's actually a boat," he grins. Excitement bubbles up inside me, wanting to explode at any moment. I squeal piercingly and rather a few folks begin ogling rudely. A boat - I can't believe it! You see, the last place I ever saw my brother was when I was three, on a boat from some little island. Since then, I've always had this thing for water, and sailing boats.

"Is it a motorboat or a sailing boat?" I promptly ask anxiously. If it's a motorboat then woo. If it's a sailing boat then WHOOPEE! A sly smile has fixed itself to Pan's face and I had hardly contain my thrill.

"A sailing boat," he smirks, "Just on the coast of Great Yarmouth. If we want to go further out, then we can go out onto the sea and then onto the ocean."

YES! Wrapping my arms tightly around Pan and nearly suffocating him, I smile bigger than I have ever smiled before.

"Thankee, Pan," I proclaim, standing up and stamping my foot down. "We shall set sail immediately."

It's been half a week and we're about halfway there, according to Pan. Roughing it along a tough motorway has got to be worse than roughing it on a bustling street full of shoppers. My hair is more tangled than ever before and it feels like a Barbie doll's hair because it is so windswept. I swear that my eyes must be bloodshot from not sleeping at night because of all the beeping, thunderous horns of the cars and from the sharp winds that whip my face and make my eyes water. Pan isn't looking too good either: he's face is seriously pale and he's getting thinner by the day. His eyes have no white to them now, just a faint ruby colour, and his own tufty ginger locks are stuck up in an awkward position. I hope I don't look quite as bad as him, although from the concerned look he keeps giving me, I do.

Even Pan's normally funny pranks are wearing a bit thin. After the seventeenth time he had spat at a car in the first day, it was just plain boring; even though the first time had made us almost die with laughter. The only thing that keeps me going is that I know there is a beautiful boat waiting for us. There is the

chance that I could find my brother as well.

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