

Mitchell Connor Peck

By WynterRhapsody

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I need to get this off my chest, so please bear with me... It may not be all in order... I'm just writing everything as it comes..

This will be fun.

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1 - I'm Mitch

Mitch

My name is Mitchell Joseph Peck. But, others know me by Mitch.

My father is Connor Peck, an outstanding teacher in Brooklyn High. My mother is Audrey Masterson... A person who needs to get her life together.

Right now, I'm at a loss. I find it hard to bring myself to get into therapy... So I thought I would try this.

Never thought I'd be doing this.. With all the stress going on in my life.. I've never thought about writing my thoughts down. Plenty of people say that it's a good way to organize your thoughts and come up with a proper solution. A rational solution. They also say that writing down the pros and cons for something helps you decide in what you want to do with your life. The only problem with that is that there are flaws in everything you choose. There's always going to be that little something that gets in the way of your hopes and dreams. If you put your faith into a pro and con list and apply for both colleges, there's always that possibility you won't get into either of those colleges. I'm a bit of an asshole, I will admit that. I've made a good deal of mistakes.

But, haven't we all'

I'm not a pessimist, I'm more of a realist. I like to look at things on how they should be perceived. From what I've experienced in my four years of high school, up until now... Faith and love only get in the way of your main goals in life. I have a kid, dropped out of College, I had the dreams to become a businessman. I need to get this off my chest, so please bear with me... It may not be all in order... I'm just writing everything as it comes..

This will be fun.

2 - My Family

My Family

Let's start off with the family.

My mom and my dad were separated when I was two years old. I was born a twin... But, we were only connected by my mom's DNA. She cheated on my dad the night after they slept together. If I remember correctly, the man's name was Michael Masterson. Wyatt Masterson is my Fraternal-half twin brother. When I learned the truth about my brother's paternity and my mother's infidelity ... I couldn't bring myself to forgive either of them. For the longest time I blamed Wyatt.. He was the reminder of why my Dad couldn't stay in a stable relationship after-wards. I knew my mom was no angel. But that was my mom. I could hate her actions, but never completely hate her. Wyatt on the other hand. Well.. Let's just say he's an idiot.

My dad didn't see several women while I was growing up...

He's a very respectable man: a graduate from Oxford. The kind of man that I really could look up to, and was proud to call him my dad. Even though he knew it was going to be difficult, he raised me while doing online college courses. My mom lost out on a good man, she and Michael separated when me and Wyatt were five years old. Michael didn't want to deal with raising a kid, so he took off to another state. I was born in Falls Creek, Connecticut and graduated at Brooklyn High School. My dad and I haven't moved once. He didn't want me to go through the stress of moving and switching schools. I won't lie... Sometimes I wish that we did move.

But, I can't say that I regret everything that happened.

If I did, that would mean that I'm not happy with the way I turned out. There's room for improvement.

For a while, my dad's lived off the family inheritance. When my grandmother died, she left our family with a lot of money. Well, my dad and I got all of it. My grandmother discovered, a week before she died, that my grandfather was cheating on her for a younger woman.

I never thought I'd call my grandfather a pedophile. But, the girl was willing to date an old man. While they were seeing each other, the girl just hit the ripe age of eighteen. My grandfather is sixty-seven. It's times like these, I have to wonder: What kind of crack-cocaine is this world on'

Great, now I'm sounding like my brother.

3 - Calista Marie

Calista

When I was five, I met this one girl named Calista Marie. She was my first friend through Kindergarten and High School. We started dating in the eighth grade. We were an on and off again kind of couple. The reason for that was, she cheated on me for my brother Wyatt. My first mistake was that I couldn't let her go. I fell in love with her first. I loved everything about her. Even when she broke up with Wyatt and wanted me back... I couldn't just turn her down. Is it ridiculous for thinking that she was the only one who could love me' I wasn't the most social person throughout high school. I was top in my class, and always told my dad that I just wanted to get through high school and not deal with the idiots along the way.

At first.. I didn't want the same thing to happen to me, that happened to my dad. But, I guess in the end.. I let it happen to me. Only, she never got pregnant with twins that belonged to me and some other guy. I know that she's not the only one to blame, I knew about her cheating and I took her back, knowing that she could do it again.

It took me up until three months before graduation to come to my senses and accept that the person she really loved was Wyatt and that it was time to let go. She realized it before me and dumped me on March 11 th. It was four months before I had to move to Brazil for college: Sau Paulo University. One of the top colleges nationwide, for business anyway. All our lives, she knew that I was eventually going to go there and that we would have to make a long distance relationship work. I thought she would be there with me through it all... Isn't that always how it is with your first love'

Now I'm making myself sound like a love obsessed idiot.

But.. I really did love her.

She was my first in everything.

My first kiss.

My first concussion.

My first love.

My First break-up.

My First.

When she walked in the room, no one else mattered.

She had that personality that could drag me out in a stormy weather. I hate the rain, but she was always

the one that would run out and dance like a maniac. In Choir, she used to suggest all the fast-paced songs and she'd pull them off perfectly. Maybe not perfectly, she struggled with each song, but perfected it in the end. She sung song's like: Fergalicious, Womanizer.. I use to joke about the meaning of the songs and why she sang it. Calista always got mad at me... But then again, whenever I joke around everyone seems to think I'm being serious. But when I'm serious... It always seems to be a joke.

That's how it's always been.