

If I were in your shoes chapter one

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So this is planned to be about a girl and guy on opposite sides of the world, living two different lives. Offline and online. Hope this works out well. Message me what you think and I will get back to you.

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1 - chapter one

People are so reliant on the internet these days. You can shop online, learn online, study online and even socialise online. You can practically live online. Its too easy to get addicted to this cyber world. Believe me I know.

I'm Billy by the way. I know, its a bit boyish for a girl but hey, my mother gave it to me. So my hair is about down to my waist and layered. It's currently a light brown but I do change it often. My eyes are a really pretty blue. At least I think so. I would consider myself well toned but I'm not to judge. People do say my skin tone is rather pale but I really don't care.

So anyway I am really addicted to this site. Its a chat site for teens. Basically I stumbled upon it one day and figured I'd give it a go. I was instantly hooked. It was an addiction straight away.

I didn't bother uploading an photos. I don't want some creep fapping over my pictures or just talking to me because I may look appealing to them. I browsed around the site and opened up my chat window. Someone began speaking to me straight away.

Billysherebro signed in.

Somethingaboutskyler; Hello

Billysherebro; Hi

Somethingaboutskyler; How are you?

Billysherebro; Good. What about you?

Somethingaboutskyler; I'm okay

Billysherebro; Mind if I ask asl?

Somethingaboutskyler; 19/m/us. Yourself?

Billysherebro; 18/f/au. So how is the big US?

Somethingaboutskyler; its not what its people tend to think it is. What about Australia?

Billysherebro;Its sucky but it's not all bush down here.

Somethingaboutskyler; All bush? You may think I'm a creep after saying this but that sounds kind of... hot.

Billysherebro; hmm...

Somethingaboutskyler; I'm totally kidding so don't worry. By the way I am Skyler. Though you probably already figured that part out. I am going to take a leap and say your names Billy right?

Billysherebro; Spot on.

Somethingaboutskyler; So how is life down under anyway? Is it anything like how they portray it in the movies?

Billysherebro; Not really. People got to school. People work. People shop.

Somethingaboutskyler; So no riding kangaroo's to school?

Billysherebro; Nope. I have never seen one in my life. We don't have that stupid bogan accent either.

Somethingaboutskyler; What's a bogan?

Billysherebro; Umm well, they typically wear flannies, drink alcohol, have mullet hair(if a male), loads of

children at a young age and they talk like the stereotypical Australian.
Somethingaboutskyer; I think I get it. So like our 'hics' and stuff?
Billysherebro; Pretty much. Anyway I have to go bro. Gotta do chores and stuff.
Somethingaboutskyer; Oh okay well talk later?
Billysherebro; Yeah sure.

Billysherebro signed off.

I got up from my computer and went to do some cleaning around the house like usual. My family is rather large as well so there is a lot of mess to be dealt with. My parents had eight children in total. They both have steady jobs with okay pays but life is still tight. We live in a five bedroom house which makes it quite crowded as well.

So there are two girls and six boys in our house. There are two people per room. It wouldn't be so bad if the rooms were larger but they're rather small.

It also doesn't help that my siblings get frustrated with each other easily and so there is always some form of fight happening. Whether it be physical or verbal. I'm usually the one who has to intervene. I walked from room to room tidying when I heard the start of something.

"frack you Christian," Tomas screamed. I heard the sound of shattering glass.

"Okay what's going on?" I yelled at them both.

"Christian fracking kissed Ally. I had dibs on her," Tomas stated. Tomas and Christian are both sixteen year old testosterone filled twins. They are identical but Tomas dyes his hair dark and straightens it on a regular basis. His fashion is dark and he has a right-side snake bite. Christian however keeps his golden curls. He dresses in typical guy clothes. Complete opposites. And they both absolutely hate each other.

"frack you. You can't 'Dibs' a person idiot," said Christian's voice. His voice sounded a little distant so I looked outside of the broken window. He was laying on a path of broken glass.

"You okay?" I asked. Good thing our house is only one story.

"Yeah," he said as he got up.

"Okay. Tomas, since you pushed him then you better clean this up," I stated.

"That's not fair. He's the prick," Tomas protested.

"Let me finish. Christian, go clean the kitchen," I stated.

He made some groan sound but I gave him the 'Get in the kitchen before I force you in there' look.

"Mum and Dad are so going to kill us," I whispered to myself. This is the third window this month.

I eventually gave up on cleaning and went to bed. It was the first day of year twelve tomorrow so I

needed the rest.

2 - Chapter two

(skylers pov)

It was about nine in the morning. I was browsing the net out of sheer boredom. My parents were having trivial arguments like usual.

“You're never home. You are completely and utterly an emotional neglectful person,” my father yelled.

“I'm doing this for you and my son,” my mother yelled. My mother was always out working. She is never home so I feel like I hardly even know her any more. My father was an aspiring writer but no one seemed interested in publishing his stories. My mother on the other hand was a high class lawyer so my little family is quite well-off.

My parents usually continued arguing until one of them finally get fed up and leave the house. This time it was my mother. My parents arguing is probably one of the few interesting things in my life, not that I want them to argue... but things are so boring here. I don't have any siblings. I'm an only child.

Most people looking at me would probably consider me a bit weird. I have dark hair naturally with pale blue eyes. I have some form of layered hair thing going on. My hair is naturally straight and people often assume I'm going for that 'emo' thing but I swear it's totally an accident. I usually wear boot cut jeans and some form of hooded sweater.

Oh and just in case you didn't already figure it out, I'm Skyler. I hate my name. It just seems... feminine. But whatever, a name is just a name. I don't really have many friends. I guess some people get intimidated by me because of how well off I am. Other people have tried to use me for my wealth. I'm not particularly trusting of people because of this factor so I attempt to keep my social life online.

I am well aware that I will probably turn into some grumpy bitter hermit. My father keeps reminding me. But I don't care. Nothing is really interesting. I continued searching on the net. I went to my regular sites and noticed the girl I was talking to a couple of days ago.

Somethingaboutskyler has logged on.

Somethingaboutskyler; Hello skip.

Billysherebro; Skip?

Somethingaboutskyler; That's what we call you guys from down under.

Billysherebro; Oh. How are you?

Somethingaboutskyler; I am bored.

Billysherebro; Ah, I see. I wish I could get the chance to be bored.

Somethingaboutskyler; Boredom is boring.

Billysherebro; Better then being complicated.

Somethingaboutskyler; Complicated sounds interesting. Trades?

Billysherebro; If only it were that simple.

Somethingaboutskyer; So what makes your life so complicated?

Billysherebro; How about living with nine other people in a five bedroom house?

Somethingaboutskyer; Sounds interesting.

Billysherebro; so what's making your life so boring?

Somethingaboutskyer; Lack of siblings, friends etc.

Billysherebro; Oh I see.

Somethingaboutskyer; Well the friends thing was kind of my choice.

Billysherebro; Oh. How come?

I contemplated whether or not I should answer her. I mean on one hand my fears were kind of embarrassing. I didn't particularly like the idea of telling someone my feelings either. On the other hand it would be nice to get those feelings out. Besides it's not like I'll ever meet this 'Billy' chick. She lives in Australia.

Somethingaboutskyer; To be honest. I'm a little embarrassed.

Billysherebro; Oh, so you're shy?

Somethingaboutskyer; Not what I meant. You see, I guess I live in a wealthy family.

Billysherebro; Lucky.

Somethingaboutskyer; Not really. Some people get intimidated by me. Others tend to use me. So I avoid the friendship thing all together.

Billysherebro; Aren't you lonely?

Somethingaboutskyer; I guess but I don't mind as long as I have my cyber friends.

Billysherebro; Cool. Any way I have to go. I have to go cook dinner.

Somethingaboutskyer; You have to do a lot don't you?

Billysherebro; I guess. But someone has too.

Somethingaboutskyer; Don't you get annoyed?

Billysherebro; I'm used to it. Anyway talk later?

Somethingaboutskyer; Definitely.

Billysherebro signed off.

I decided to sign off too. I didn't really feel like being on at the moment. I wanted to talk to that girl a little more. I was curious about her life for some reason. I guess its because of the fact that her life is so different to mine.

The house was so cold. I walked into the front lounge and put the heating system on. My father was sitting on the couch with his type writer. This is what I call his 'grieving period'. It happens every time he and my mother have an argument.

"Did you hear?" my father asked. I turned to face him.

"I think people on the other side of the world could hear," I stated.