

The Odd Ball

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a story lol

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The Odd Ball

Ever since I can remember, I have been the odd one out. In my family, at school, anywhere really. It never really mattered until now. Maybe it's a teenage thing, I certainly wouldn't know. No-one talks to me in my family. My life sucks, to put it the short way. Oh well. I had better stop writing in here and do my homework before dinner starts!

"Janet!" I distantly hear my mum yell. "Dinner!"

Oh darn it.

"Coming!" I holler back.

As I trod down the stairs, I can already tell the first thing mum will say to me—"Can you just put down that stupid book for one minute?"

Sure enough, as I walk into the kitchen Mum says;

"Could you just put that silly book down for one minute?!?"

A couple of words off, but still. I was right! Victory is mine!

"Oh, gawd, Mum," I replied. "It's a journal."

"Journal, book, diary, it's all the same," Dad gave in his share.

I sighed dramatically and plonked myself down onto the wooden chair at the end of the table.

"Where are Adelaide, Belle, Clark, Dave, Elliott and Felicity?" I asked.

Dad sighed.

"You should know where your brothers and sisters are," he said.

"Um, *why?*" I said, raising my eyebrows.

"Janet, this conversation is over. Please begin your meal," Mum said.

Huh. Trust parents to, when they don't have an answer, close the conversation.

I guess it's time to tell you about my family, why I'm odd, and why just being in my family sucks. So.

Here it is; Being the middle-child is bad enough, but then my parents had to go and name all my brother's and sister's in order, leaving me out-I'm not in order. Mum says it's just a coincidence, but I'm not sure. It's not like I believe that mum purposely made my siblings blue-eyed and blonde. White blonde, extremely straight. Intense blue. And I'm stuck with brown eyes and chestnut-coloured curls. All of them are skinny as rakes, I'm just normal, slim, average. They're all very, very tall and I'm just a little over average. They are all dumb but athletic, I am super-smart and... well, I'm athletic, too. But still. In short, my family is beautiful. Except for me, I feel.

When I finished dinner, I trotted up to my room, a pile of homework awaiting me. Just when I was really getting into my speech for Society and Environment, a tall, thin figure burst into my room.

"Adele!" I gasped.

"Adelaide!" Adele shouted. "You know I hate it when you call me Adele. It's a stupid nick name. Adelaide is much more classier."

"Uh..." I said. "Sure, whatever. I thought you could read?"

Adelaide blinked. "What?"

"I said, 'I thought you could read,'" I said.

"Yes, but, why did you say that? God, Jan, you are SO annoying."

"First of all, my name is stupid enough without being shortened to *Jan*. Second of all, I have signs all over my door telling you- and everyone else- to go *away* or keep **OUT OF MY ROOM!**"

"Oh. Right. This is important, anyway!" Adelaide said.

I yawned and stretched lazily.

"Why?" I asked.

"Because it just is! I'm not ruining your surprise!" Adelaide said, a mischievous glint in her eye.

Grrrr, I thought. *She KNOWS I hate waiting for anything!*

"You gonna tell me this century?" I inquired, my eyebrow lifting slightly.

"Sure," she said. "Oliver Jenkins sent you a letter!"

"Right. And why is this great?"

"Because you like him!" Adele shouted, tossing a letter at me and waltzing out of my room.

I blushed. How did she know? Oh, the suspense of Oliver's letter is killing me!

I turned the envelope over.

It read;

Janet Abacus

Twenty Moness Street

Shelley

Perth, W.A. 6148

How does Oliver know where I live? I pondered momentarily. Then again, who cares? HE WROTE TO ME!

I slit the top of the envelope open with my school scissors and eagerly took out the letter.

It's My Birthday!

You're invited to my party!

To: Janet

From: Oliver

Date: 12th November

Time: 1.30pm to 10.00 am

Where: My house- Sixty Five Bull Creek Drive Bullcreek

R.S.V.P: 10th November

Note: I hope you can make it! You are so awesome! Bring your blanket, pillow, swimming costume, teddy and your bravery cap! Scary movie marathon, scary stories, scary games and a frightful midnight swim!

Oh my God, so cool! I thundered down the stairs at lightning speed.

"Mum! Mum!" I yelled, skidding into the kitchen.

"Yes?" Mum replied wearily.

"Can I PLEASE go to Oliver's birthday party on the twelfth of November?" I begged.

"Oh, honey, I don't know," she said. "Go upstairs, check your diary and see if you're free. Then come down here and help me with the dishes. Once you've showered I'll think about whether you can go."

"Why do you need to think so long?," I said, putting on my puppy dog eyes. "PLEASE tell me now! PLEASE!"

"The more you argue, the less chance you have of actually going," Mum said. "Hand over that invitation, dear."

I shoved the invitation into her hands and raced up the stairs.

"Argh," I muttered to myself. "Where IS my stupid diary?"

Eventually, after ransacking my room, I found it. Flipped straight to the 12th of November.

Swimming Training 7am to 10am

I can make it! Yes! Once again I went down the stairs. Five more steps, four more steps, three more... OW!

I tripped over Felicity's baby rattle. *Stupid baby Fliss*, I thought. *She three, she shouldn't HAVE stupid darned baby rattles.*

I limped into the kitchen.

"Oh, gawd, Janie, what HAVE you done to yourself?" she said, sighing and raising her eyebrows.

"Felicity. Baby rattle. Grrrr," I managed.

