

The feeling was weird. Naughty, new, exciting, but wrong. Terribly wrong.

Right?

"Hey," Alejandra pouted. "This wasn't the plan!" Evie was sure that Alejandra didn't know exactly what Jose had just did.

meaning the boob grab?

Evie got up.

"Where you going?" Jose held on to her hand.

"Out of here," Evie snapped. She could taste the cigarette smoke from Jose's

mouth her?

huh?

"Take your time." Alejandra said as she started to close the curtain. She put her skinny arms around Jose again.

"Hey, Evie," Jose poked his head out from the closed curtain.

Evie looked back. "Yeah?"

"You be a good," He looked at her firmly. "Okay?"

"What do you mean?"

"You know what I mean."

And unfortunately, she did. She wasn't to say anything to Raquel.

Evie left the grinding, slobbery couple as soon as she could and she made her way to the back exit of La Pantera. Never mind her feet, she needed the fresh air, a lot of it. She couldn't believe what had just happened. What Jose did to her. And that Jose, with Alejandra de los Santos. How long had *that* been going on? Did Dee Dee know about them? Did Raquel know, or even suspect? No, there was no way Raquel would put up with such crap. *No way.*

Evie paced the back parking lot. It was already close to midnight and most of the shops and taco bars on the main drag were shutting down, giving the whole downtown a bit of a ghost town feel. Evie felt even lonelier and to be honest, a bit frightened. She wasn't used to hanging around the downtown area alone. She wanted to be home, immediately. But how? Ride back home with backstabbing Dee Dee? Arrogant Boy? Two timing Jose? Looks like she was running out of options.. It did cross Evie's mind to call her mother. Her mother always told Evie that if there was ever an emergency, any type of emergency, she could always call home and she would go and pick her up. No questions asked. Was this an emergency?

Evie figured it really wasn't, so she flipped open her phone and dialed 411. She was surprised to get an actual live person.

"Can you connect me with a taxi service?" she asked the operator.

Living in a three auto household and having friends with cars, Evie never had the opportunity to use a taxi in Rio Estates. The only time she used a cab was when the whole family visited Sabrina at Stanford and they made trips into San Francisco. Her father, always overwhelmed by the one-way, vertical streets, would, to Evie's delight, spring for a taxi as they shopped around Union Square and Embarcadero Plaza.

"I'm sorry," The operator didn't sound so sorry. "We can't recommend a business. You have to give us a name."

"Okay, um," Evie thought out loud. "How about Yellow ... Yellow Checkered Cab? Service?" An obvious business sounding name. There had to be at least one listed in all of Ventura County.

"Do you have a street address?" The operator asked impatiently.

"Uh, do you have anything downtown?"

"I'm sorry, but I need an address."

Evie clicked off. She looked at her cell. She was losing time. Should she just call her mother? She walked back in La Pantera and peered into the back lounge area. Guests were still **dancing** and Evie ^{taking} saw more orders being taken by waiters. Nobody looked like they were ready to leave. She checked the time on her cell phone. It was nearly midnight.

She had thirty minutes to get home.

She went back outside and she realized that if she wanted to get home, right away, there was only one person she could rely on and that was Alex.

She sped dialed his number.

"Hullo?" His voice sounded groggy when he answered. She had clearly woken him up.

"Alex, it's me, Evelina." Evie felt embarrassed. "I hate to bother you. But do you think you can you come get me? I'm stuck downtown."

"Evie," his voice already sounded apologetic. Not a good sign. He was getting ready to turn her down. "I've already crashed. I'm doing dawn tomorrow."

"Please?" Evie begged. "I don't have a car and I, I just saw..."

"You just saw who?" he asked.

"Just please, Alex..."

"Evie," Alex sounded more awake. "Are you okay?"

"No," Evie's voice started to crack.

"Okay, Evie," ~~Alex~~ yawned. "I'll be there."

Evie waited in the front of La Pantera for Alex and as she walked back and forth on the sidewalk, she felt even more embarrassed that she had called him. The abalone necklace issue was on the back of her mind. Why, why, why did he give it to Dee Dee?
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When Alex finally pulled up, Evie got in the cab of his truck and couldn't bear to look at him. It's almost as though she was afraid he could read her thoughts. She felt horribly ashamed.

She flipped open her cell and looked at the time. 12:13 am.

"Alex," she said. "I only have 15 minutes to get home."

Alex looked over at her and tilted his head. "Don't I even get a thank you?"

"Oh, no. Of course," Couldn't she do anything right? "Thanks, Alex. I mean it.

I'll make this up to you." She started to take the slinky slinks off her feet.

"Don't worry about it."

"No, really," Evie said. "Let me take you out or something. Like the **Coastal Cone** or something."

Alex frowned. "What would I get at the coastal Cone? You know I'm lactose intolerant."

"Oh, yeah. That's right." Evie looked out the window. *Tonta!*

Alex yawned as soon as they were at a red light at the intersection. "So, what's this all about?"

Evie tilted her head into her hand. "It's just been a bad night." All of a sudden she felt reluctant to mention what had happened over the evening, especially the part about Jose. God, what if Jose tells him? ~~No. That would suck, big time.~~

What will happen if Evie gets grounded again?
Make us feel her panic here please

show that she's panicking

Hmmm
seems like the intention here is really good, but seems a little odd since most people get like lactaid

"That's *all*?" Alex was exasperated. "First you cancel on me, twice, you don't answer my texts and then you drag me out of bed 'cause you're having a bad night?"

"No, it's just..." Evie trailed off. "Wait, what texts?"

"I send you three text messages. You never replied."

"What? Alex, I didn't get any messages." She pulled out her phone and checked.

"No, nothing."

Well, I sent them.

What did they say?

"Nothing. It doesn't matter."

"Alex," Evie looked out his truck's window. "I'm having a really tough time here.

It's like I just don't know who my friends are any more."

Alex was quiet for a long time before he spoke up. "Maybe they don't know who you are."

"What is that suppose to mean?"

"I dunno, Evie. You tell me."

"I have no idea what you are talking about." ~~Evie was offended.~~

"First you try to be a badass," Alex started. "With your blue hair and everything, then you hook up with Dee Dee and Alejandra and that crew and then you try to be like them."

"I'm not trying to be like them!"

"Oh, really?" He looked over at her hair and then at her sandals. "You could have fooled me."

"Alex," she pulled on her blonde bangs, "This was my decision."

This part is great

"It would be cool if it really was, but I don't think it was. Like I've said before, I don't care what you do with your hair, but I don't get it. You're a smart girl and one of the coolest girls I know and I don't know why you are letting everyone lead you around."

Evie sat back in her seat and crossed her arms. Why was Alex lecturing her? Who gave him the authority to issue reality checks? What does he know about being a good friend? Look what he did with the abalone shell he had promised to give her. Yeah, nice friend. She looked out the window and could feel her eyes begin to well up. Do not cry. Do. Not. Cry

"I mean, when's the last time you've even been out to Sea Street?" Alex continued. "Have you even tried out the new board I helped you picked out? You were going on and on how you wanted to surf and I took all this time to help you pick out –"

"Oh, sorry if I wasted your time, Alex."

"No, it's not that. I'm just saying I spent the time helping you because I was actually looking forward to doing something with someone, with you." He shook his head. "Maybe you need to take a long good hard look at herself in the mirror."

"I need to take a good look at myself? What about you, Alex?"

"Me? Evie, just remember who is driving you home. Just remember who *you* woke up in the middle of the night and who *you* called to get up and come out and drive *you* home. I really like you Evie, but sometimes you can be so self absorbed."

"Self absorbed? You know what, Alex?" She unsnapped her seat belt. "Don't do me any favors." She motioned to a Pollo Loco up ahead on the boulevard. "Just drop me off here."

"Oh, Evie, come on. I'm not gonna leave you here. Don't be silly."

"No, I mean it." Evie was near a breaking point. "I don't need a fucking lift from you. You call yourself a friend? Giving things you promise to me to someone else!"

"What?" Alex looked confused. "What are you talking about?"

She couldn't even start about the abalone necklace.

"Alex! Let me out...now!" ^{Evie yelled} Evie actually yelled.

"Evie," Alex was perplexed. "What the hell are you talking about?"

"Alex!" She yelled louder. "Let me out!"

"Evie, come on..."

"Okay, okay," He finally slowed down and pulled into the parking lot. "Have it your way."

He parked his truck and looked around the lot. The interior lights were on in Pollo Loco, but the eating area looked vacant. "Are you gonna be okay?"

"Like you really care." She grabbed the sandals and slammed the car door.

Alex let his truck idle a bit as he waited, or ^{hoped} for Evie to change her mind and get back into his car, but she didn't. She stormed to the other side of building to get out of his sight.

But when Evie got to the side entrance, she discovered that Pollo Loco was closed. Only its Twenty-four hour drive thru service was open, as a lone cook indicated to her from the kitchen and by that time, Alex had already driven away. *Crap.* She sat grimly on the concrete curb near the poorly lit, unattended order window.

She looked down at her feet. She now had at least three blisters. How could this night have gone so wrong? Why does it seem, lately, that every night goes badly?

Lets really feel
here "w"
This is a
great but good
go a little
deeper

✓

List the
rest of the
problems w/
her situation.

She flipped open her phone. The time was 12:23 am. She would never make home in time for her curfew. She punched in her home phone number.

"Mom," She said as soon as the other end picked up. "Can you come get me?"

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jump from last night to this morning

The next morning Evie still couldn't shake off her funk from the night before. She brushed her teeth and gargled with mouthwash as soon as she got home, to get the residue of Jose out of her mouth. Her eyes were swollen from crying and she wondered if her parents, whose room was down the hall, had heard her crying. It felt like she had done so the whole night. She was exhausted.

It was all a blur after she got into Alex's truck. Her mother had picked her up at Taco Bell and, thankfully, stuck to her promise of No Questions Asked. She didn't even point out that it was almost 1 am by the time she got home. Evie wondered if the "No Questions Asked" rule applied the morning after. God, it would be just like her mother to start ragging on her first thing in the morning.

ShaggyMA was logged on, But Evie was not in the mood.

Evie's cell vibrated and she saw it was Dee Dee calling, but she was the last person she wanted to talk to. Actually **Alex was the last person she'd want to speak with, but she was sure she wouldn't be hearing from him so soon.** Evie looked at her cell. Dee Dee must've known about Alejandra and Jose. She *must* have and Evie felt oddly betrayed. Jose wasn't her boyfriend, but Raquel, ~~in a way~~, was still her friend. Raquel was someone who they both she had history with. Why would Dee Dee not tell her?

At this point Evie is at "Rock Bottom" so she's thinking no longer her friend

She let her cell go unanswered, but seconds later it vibrated again. Evie knew once Dee Dee was on persistent mode, she would not give up. Evie finally flipped her phone open.

"Hey, chica." Dee Dee was munching on something hard. **Carrot sticks?** Chicharrones? She was crazy about those as a kid. "Que paso? You just took off without saying goodbye last night. I was so worried."

How could one even eat when they are supposedly "so worried?" Nevertheless, it annoyed Evie even more.

"I told Denise I was leaving," Evie lied. "I had to get home for my curfew and I didn't wanna bug you. She didn't tell you?"

"Nuh uh." But Dee Dee didn't seem to really care.

"Well, to be honest. I didn't even know where you were. You sorta just took off as soon as we got to the party."

"What?" Dee Dee said. "No, I was there. I was just talking to some of Fabby's friends from San Diego. Evie, I'm sorry. You're not mad are you?"

"No, no really." And she wasn't, really.

"Plus, I saw you talking to Marcus. So I thought you were okay. He's cute!"

"Who?" Evie asked.

"Marcus. Charlene's cousin? He lives out here now."

"Oh, yeah." Evie remembered the *freso* in the yellow shirt. *Ugh.*

The chomping continued, even as Dee Dee instantly switched gears. "Anyhow, I'm calling about tonight."

"Tonight?"

“Yes, *tonight*. The Dia de los Muertos dance.”

Evie groaned. “Dee Dee, I am **beat**. I think I’m call in granny and stay home.”

“*What?*” She finally stopped chewing. “Evie, you promised. I have the costumes and everything. Graciela even made adjustments and took the Frida skirt in just to fit you. Alejandro flaked on me and now you?”

“Alex isn’t going?” Of course, it didn’t surprise Evie, but she wondered how soon he had told Dee Dee. *awk*

“No,” Dee Dee said. “So you have to come!”

“Lemme think about it.” But that was another lie. There was no way she was going to a dance. She had too many issues with Dee Dee at the moment. It would take a hearty one on one to hammer them all out and she wasn’t ready for that. Besides, her feet were swollen to the **size of Goodyear blimps** and she knew the puffiness of her eyes *awic* wouldn’t be down by the evening. There’d still be the tell-tale signs of an emotional night.

But Dee Dee didn’t give up. “Why don’t I come over now and we can --”

“Dee Dee,” Evie interrupted. “My phone is about to die.” This was, fortunately, true. Evie could see the low battery warning flash.

“Then call me on the home phone,” Dee Dee said.

“I can’t. My dad’s on,” Evie lie number two. “With business.”

“Argh! You make things so difficult.” Dee Dee went back to chomping. “Okay, call me back as *soon* as your phone is on. We are *not* done discussing this.”

When Evie hung up, she had so many things on her mind that she thought her