

World Of Hurt (ON HIATUS UNTIL 2018)

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World Of Hurt (ON HIATUS UNTIL 2018)

by [edith681](#)

Summary

In summer 2014, Carl moves out of his dump where he lives next to the Aqua Teen Hunger Force, and a 13 year old girl named Skye moves in. When Skye and her family, including her mischievous sister, move to New Jersey so her mother can claim her dream job, she thinks she's going to hate it, but then she meets her next door neighbors and everything changes for both families forever.

Introduction

Maria, Skye's foster mom, came and woke her up.

"Skye," she said. "Today's the day."

Skye could hardly believe it was June first already, time for her mom to come take her and her sister, Olivia, home.

Skye got up and got dressed. Most of her boxes were already up at her house, and she had packed her suitcase. The couple of things she had out included a stuffed rabbit she had had since she was a baby, her phone charger, which she unplugged from her phone and the wall and put in her bag, her journal, a pencil, and a pen.

"Your mom will be here to pick you up in about 2 hours," said Maria.

Skye went downstairs. Olivia was already at the table, watching Maria flip pancakes.

"I've got chocolate chip ones for you and blueberry ones for your sister," Maria told Skye.

The girls had some breakfast and then went back up to their rooms.

Skye pulled out her journal and began to write.

Sunday, June 1, 2014

So here goes. First things first, I've never written a journal before. I only write fiction, unless it's for a school project or something like that. So I hope this goes well. My full name is

Skyelark Madison Tia Jones. Cool name, right? So the reason why I'm starting this journal is because I get a lot more feelings out through my writing than I do just talking to people. My books and characters all have some link to my past and/or present life. But get ready, cause here comes the real thing. In this journal, I'm gonna get straight to the point about everything that happened-and will happen-in my life. I can get my feelings out this way. Don't get me wrong, the only people who are gonna be allowed to stick their nose in this thing, aside from me, are my mom and my therapist. Yes, I have a therapist. You'll understand why I need one soon enough. Okay, I think it's about time for me to quit with the boring crap and get down to the important stuff. Like my situation. And why I'm in a foster home at the moment.

There's been a lot of boring chitchat on this first page of my journal, but here's the real deal. I'm in this dumb foster care because my dad had abused me, my mom, and my little sister, Olivia. Finally the story came out to my friends, about a year ago, and of course, they called the authorities. A bunch of police officers came, and took me and my sister away to child services, and they put me and my little sister in a foster home. They arrested my dad, too, but they found that they couldn't charge him with anything, so he got away, and for about 10 months, we were stuck in this foster home, and today my mom is taking me and Olivia home, and she also says that we're moving to New Jersey. She's a writer, so it's easy for her to move her work. She's looking for a house.

So, here you go. Hope you enjoy!

Skye closed her journal.

The Truth Comes Out

This chapter:

This is about Skye, her mom, and Olivia looking at houses. Skye also finds out some shocking news.

A/N: Hey, guys, sorry that there was a little mix up in the last chapter. I actually put it as chapter one, but it was actually the introduction, but I saved it so I couldn't change the damn thing. Anyway, here's chapter 1. Enjoy!

Update: I fixed it!

"Come on, Liv!" Skye called from downstairs. She stood beside her mother, waiting for her sister so they could leave. Skye's mom hugged her and they waited for Olivia, who quickly came downstairs and flew into her mother's arms.

Everyone climbed into the car and drove away. The girls were so happy to be going home, and Skye joined her sister in song on their way home.

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A/N: Before we get into this next part, I think you guys should know the basic premise of Aqua Teen Hunger Force. The show is about three friends/food items/roommates who live together in New Jersey. The closest neighbor is Carl, and there's Master Shake, Meatwad, and Frylock (a milkshake, a ball of meat, and a box of fries respectively.) From there, things get pretty random, and sometimes it's hard to figure out. (Just between me and you guys, Shake is my favorite character. Even though he tortures Meatwad, he's hilarious!)

Anyway, enjoy!

Shake walked out to the yard and saw Carl putting a sign up in the yard.

"Hey, Carl!" he said.

"Oh, great," said Carl. "You've seen me."

"Hey, Carl. What're you doin'?"

"What does it look like? I'm movin'."

"Why?"

"Because I'm sick of living next to you guys. And I'm really sick of you always screwing around in my pool, too. So I've decided that I'm moving, and I'm taking the damn pool with me."

"Well, you're still here now."

"So?"

"So can I get in the pool?"

"No. You can't."

"I'm getting in the pool." Shake started walking towards the backyard and going to the pool.

"You get back here, and you stay outta my frickin' pool!" Carl yelled.

Carl went after Shake and found him in the pool.

"What the hell are you doing in my pool?" he asked, glaring at Shake.

"Cause I do what I want when I want," said Shake.

"Here's an idea. Why don't you get outta my pool?"

"Yeah, I got an idea for you. Go back in the house and shut the hell up!"

"Yeah, I'll go inside. I'll go inside and get my gun."

"Good, you do that."

"I will. And then I'll come out with it and shoot you right in the face."

"I don't care what you do. As long as you shut up."

Carl headed back inside.

I better get the hell outta here, thought Shake. He left the pool and went back to his house. He tried to open the door.

He found himself in the yard banging on the door instead. "Frylock, help! I'm locked out."

Frylock answered the door. "You were just in Carl's pool, weren't you?" he asked.

"No. Yes. Maybe. Look, who cares?"

"Hey, Frylock," said Meatwad. "Can I go swimming?"

"No, Meatwad. That pool belongs to Carl."

"Well, I'm going back to the TV, then." Meatwad went back to the house and sat down in the chair.

Shake glared at Meatwad and headed inside. "Excuse me, what do you think you're doing?" he snapped.

"Well, I'm watching the TV," said Meatwad, pointing towards the television.

"What it looks like you're doing is sitting in my chair, which I told you never to do."

"Well, Shake, you weren't here," Frylock said.

"Yeah, and I paid for that chair," said Meatwad.

"Do you remember what I said would happen the next time you sat in that chair?" Shake asked, or rather, demanded.

"Nuh-uh," said Meatwad. "But this a good show."

"Alright, time to bring out the bat." Shake picked up a baseball bat.

"No, not the bat!" Meatwad cried, hiding behind Frylock.

"Shake, put that thing away," said Frylock sharply.

"What? He brought it on himself!" said Shake, tapping the bat against his hand menacingly.

Then there was a knock at the door. "Open up this damn door!" Carl's voice was slightly muffled, but the Aqua Teens knew who it was.

Frylock floated over to the door.

"Quick, I'm not here," hissed Shake, and went down the hall.

"Why you going to my room?" Meatwad asked, upset.

Shake ignored him. Frylock opened the door.

"Well hey, Carl!" Frylock said with a friendly smile. "Good to see you."

"Cut the crap. Where's Shake? 'Cause he's about to get his brains blown out."

Shake came over to the door. "Hey, Carl, buddy! What a surprise."

"I gotta talk to you," said Carl, looking at Shake angrily. His gun was pointed towards Shake's head.

"Do you have an appointment?" Shake asked.

"No, I don't. But my gun has an appointment with your head. Right now."

"Well, you can't come in," Shake replied. "The gun has an appointment, so it can come in, but you'll have to stay outside."

Before Carl could say a word, Shake grabbed the gun from his neighbor's hand.

"Hey!" Carl yelled.

"Thank you, come again," said Shake. "Now please remove yourself from my property immediately." He closed the door in Carl's face.

Carl banged on the door, yelling insults and obscenities at the Aqua Teens.

"Shake, that was all very unnecessary," said Frylock, raising his eyebrow at Shake, who was back in his chair in front of the TV.

"No. It wasn't. He's the one who came over to the house. He had it coming."

Frylock picked up the gun, which was leaning against the chair. "I'm going to put this somewhere where it can't hurt anybody."

"Hey!" yelled Shake, as he watched Frylock float out the door and break the gun in half outside. "You will bring that back right now! I command it!"

Frylock just ignored his roommate and snapped the gun in half instead.

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Skye's mom was working on her new novel when Olivia came into the room.

"Can you make me some lunch?" Olivia asked.

"Didn't you just eat about an hour ago?" Olivia's mom asked her.

Skye checked her phone. "Mom, it's one in the afternoon."

Her mom looked at the time on her computer. "Wow, it is."

"Time really flies," said Olivia.

"Yes, it is. Actually, how about we go out for lunch? You know, to celebrate you two coming home today."

"I love that idea," said Skye.

"Can we also get dessert?" Olivia asked.

"Tell you what, if anyone wants dessert, even if they aren't hungry, they can get it to go."

"What the hell are we waiting for?" asked Skye. "Let's go, then."

"Already on it!" Liv grabbed the car keys and hurried out the door.

"Liv!" Skye cried, an amused look on her face, and went after her little sister, with her mother right behind her.

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Shake glared at Frylock when he floated back into the house. "You will never do that again!" he yelled. "I am the leader here."

"Shake, guns are dangerous. What if Meatwad had gotten his hands on that?"

Shake started laughing. "That idiot probably would've killed himself!"

"It's not funny, Shake!" Frylock snapped. "Someone could've really been hurt."

Shake kept laughing. Frylock tried to talk to him but Shake turned the TV up until he couldn't hear his roommate anymore.

Frylock got angry and left, slamming the door to his room.

"I'm going back to the pool," said Shake, leaving.

"You ain't supposed to go in that pool," said Meatwad.

"Shut up, what do you know?" Shake left.

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Skye was enjoying being home and was excited to be going out for lunch to celebrate her and her sister's return, but there was something that was really bugging her.

She put her menu aside. "Mom?"

"Yes, sweetie?"

"Mom, I gotta know. Why New Jersey?"

Skye's mother sighed. "It's time you girls know the truth."

"What truth?" Skye asked.

"Your family isn't horrible people like your father said. They're actually really great. I want you to get to know them and have a relationship with them. They live in New Jersey, as far as I know. And another thing. Skye, remember when your father said you were born in Toronto?"

"Yeah," Skye said slowly. "What about it?"

"Well, that's not true. You were actually born in New Jersey."

"Mom, you...you can't be serious!"

"I am. Very serious."

"Well, mom, that's...insane."

"I know. Those are the two reasons I want us to move to New Jersey. Six months after you were born, your father made us move to Toronto. I want you to know the life you would've known if you'd lived in New Jersey. What do you think?"

"Well...I mean, this changes everything. Of course I want to go. But...my birth certificate?"

"That was fake. Your father bought it on the black market."

"I think I have to go the bathroom," said Skye.

"Skye, are you okay?" Olivia asked.

"Yeah, Liv, I just need a minute."

Skye went off to the bathroom.

"Mom, was I born in New Jersey?" asked Olivia.

"No, Liv, you were born in Toronto."

Skye made it to the bathroom just in time to empty the contents of her stomach into the toilet.

...

Monday, June 2, 2014

So here I am, stuck in this car with my mom, on the way to Seattle, New Jersey, which I didn't even know existed, but I guess it is. She says we have to go check out some houses and stuff. Anyway, Olivia doesn't really care what house we get, but mom said we're going downtown for some dinner and shopping and stuff. Liv got really excited and mom brought her along. So we did half the trip yesterday, it was almost a nine hour trip. So we drove halfway after lunch yesterday, and stayed at a hotel for the night. It was really fun! We got room service and cable TV in the room.

Anyway, we just had lunch and now we're driving the second half of our trip. I'm riding in the front with my mom, which is awesome! Cream (my stuffed rabbit my dad bought for me when I was just two years old) is tucked into my seatbelt, and the teddy bear that I got from child services before they said they were putting us in foster care, who I named Jake, is in my backpack. Olivia keeps bugging my mom to ask if we're there yet, and we're not, and we're not going to be for a long time, so I put some music on and started writing in this journal instead. Most people get carsick when they try to read or write in the car, but not me.

I don't know at all what New Jersey is going to be like, but I guess it can't be all bad. Anyway, I wonder which house we're going to see first. It's hot outside. I want some ice cream.

Skye turned to her mom. "Mom, can we get some ice cream?" she asked.

"Maybe," said her mother. "We'll see."

"That means no," said Olivia.

"Not exactly, Liv," said Skye.

Liv nodded. "Yeah, it does."

Skye turned back to the front and sighed. "Hey, mom, can we take a bathroom break? I have to pee."

Her mom stopped the car at a nearby gas station and Skye got out to use the bathroom.

"Liv, do you need to come, too?" she asked her sister.

Olivia shook her head. "Nope. I'm good."

Skye went to the bathroom and came out. She couldn't help but poke around in the candy. Her and a boy reached for the same bag of candy at the same time. The boy pulled back.

"Sorry," said Skye.

"That's okay," said the boy. He handed her the bag of M&Ms.

"I was just on a road trip with my family and thought I'd pick up some snacks," said Skye, grabbing some more candy and chips off the shelf.

The boy followed her to the cash register. "Road trip, huh? Where you headed?"

"New Jersey."

"Jersey? Hey, my uncle was born there!"

"So was I." Skye pulled out her debit card to pay, but the boy put out a hand to stop her.

"No, no, allow me." The boy took out a credit card.

"You have a credit card?" Skye asked in awe.

"Yeah. You don't have one?"

Skye cocked an eyebrow at him. "I'm only thirteen."

"Oh. Well, I'm seventeen."

"Can I hold on to it for a second? I just want to see what it feels like in my hands."

The boy handed it over.

"Wow!" said Skye. "It's amazing! Your name is Derek?"

"Yeah." Derek took the card back. "What's your name?"

"I'm Skyelark, but everyone just calls me Skye."

"That's a really pretty name. Hey, I live just outside of South Jersey in a little town called Brentwood. Maybe we'll see each other around or something."

"Yeah." Skye bagged the stuff and headed out after she and Derek said goodbye to each other.

...

"Hey, honey." Skye's mother was filling up on gas when her daughter came back out to the car with a plastic bag in her left hand. "What's in the bag?"

"Oh, yeah, I got snacks for the road. And I met a boy inside. His name is Derek, and he has a credit card."

Derek suddenly came out of the store. "Hey, Skye. I almost forgot to give you my digits." He handed her a slip of paper, which she put into her purse.

Derek made the "call me" sign at Skye and left.

Olivia teased her sister. "Skye and Derek, sitting in a tree, K-I-S-S-I-N-G! First comes love, and then comes marriage, then comes a baby in a baby carriage!"

"Olivia, chillax," said Skye.

They got on the road again.

A New Friend

A/N: Hey guys, this next chapter is the shortest chapter in the book, probably. It's more of a little blurb about Skye meeting Meatwad.

The family looked at several different houses that afternoon and finally the kids were tired and hungry.

"Mom, can we get some food?" Olivia asked.

"We just have one more house to look at." Skye's mom reached behind her and handed her younger daughter the picture. Then Skye took the picture from Olivia and looked at it.

"Mom, this house looks like a piece of crap," said Skye.

"Honey, give it a chance. You can't judge a book by its cover."

Skye sighed. "Fine."

"We'll get some food after this." Skye licked her lips just thinking about dinner.

They got to the house after about 15 minutes. Skye decided to get out and look at the house at least. Her mom rang the doorbell and Skye looked over and saw a "For sale" sign in the yard.

A middle aged balding man answered the door.

"Hi," said Skye's mother. "We're here about the house. These are my daughters, Skye and Olivia."

"Oh, great. Kids in my house," he said sarcastically. "Let's get this over with."

"Well, it might be our house soon," said Olivia.

The man sighed. "My name is Carl. Come on, I'll give you the tour as quickly as possible." He led them into the house and started giving them the tour. Skye looked around the house and decided she didn't like it, so she ducked outside the first chance she got. Skye disappeared out the back door and went out quietly to the backyard to get some peace and quiet, even if it was just for a few minutes.

Skye leaned against the side of the house and slumped down, sitting in the grass. She closed her eyes for a second, then opened them when she heard a voice.

"Well, hey there!" the voice said.

Skye opened her eyes and looked over to where the voice had come from. About 5 inches away from where she was sitting was a meatball that was smiling up at her. She moaned and rubbed her hand over her face.

"Oh, man, I'm so hungry I'm hallucinating talking meatballs," she moaned.

"Well, I'm Meatwad. What does hallu-halli- Well, I can't really say it. But what does it mean?"

"It means that you're not real." Skye pointed towards Meatwad.

"Oh. But I am real though. What's your name?"

"I'm Skyelark, but my friends call me Skye. Wait a second, this is Carl's yard."

"I know. But it won't be for long, cuz he's moving. And I just came back here to get some peace and quiet and to play with my dollies."

"Well, since you're not real, can I ask you a question about Carl?" Skye lowered her voice. "Is he always rude?"

"Yeah, kind of. Well, sometimes he's cool. Are you moving in here?"

"Well, it depends on whether or not we like the place or not, and so far, it kinda sucks."

"Well, you should move in. It'll be nice to get some people around instead of just having this house empty."

Skye smiled at Meatwad.

"Hey, can I ask you a question? If you put in a pool can I come in it?"

"Well, first of all, you're not real. You're just a dream, and you're gonna be gone as soon as I wake up. Second of all, we're not moving in here. I'm gonna tell my mom I hate the house."

"Well, while you're still in this dream, would you like to meet my dollies?"

Skye shrugged. "Sure. May as well enjoy this dream while I'm having it."

Meatwad took out an apple and a toilet paper tube. "This here's Vanessa, and this is Dewey." He handed her the toilet paper roll. "Here, Dewey wants to say hi."

Skye reached out, preparing for her hand to go through Dewey and her happiness to end as she was jolted back into reality. But she grabbed him. In awe, Skye picked him up.

"Hi, Dewey," she said, then reached out to Meatwad and touched him.

"You...you're real!"

"Yeah. That's what I said."

"Wow," breathed Skye. "Do you live around here?"

"Yeah, I live right over there." Meatwad pointed to the house that was to the left of Carl's house.

"Do you have any real dolls?" asked Skye.

"Well, real dolls cost money. I'd just rather use the unlimited power of my imagination. Plus I ain't got no dang money."

"Tell you what, if we move in here, I'll get you a real doll."

"Meatwad!" someone yelled from inside the house next door to Carl's.

"I better go."

"Wait!" Skye stopped him and handed him a number. "This is my cell phone number. Call me anytime."

"Thanks," Meatwad said, as he rolled away.

Skye ran back inside to tell her mother that they had to move here. She just hoped that the rest of the family felt the same way.

The Upcoming Move

A/N: Chapter 4 is finally here. It's basically all the days leading up to the move and then Skye and her family's move. Yes, it's quite long. I hope that you guys enjoy all the stuff that happens.

Dear guest, Thank you for showing interest in my book. I really appreciate that you enjoy my book. I hope you enjoy this next chapter. Please don't hesitate to give me any constructive criticism. Enjoy!

"Skye," said her mother. "What do you think of the house?"

"They have a pool," said Olivia excitedly.

"Actually, that's uh, mine," said Carl. "I'll be taking it with me when I leave. If you wanna put in another pool, feel free. But keep the neighbors out of it. Because they're weird."

"I really wanna move here," said Olivia.

"Well, this place does seem like kind of a dump, but I guess if you girls really want to move in here, we could fix it up a bit."

A big smile grew on Skye's face.

"Skye, you seem to be in a better mood," said her mother, surprised and happy at the same time.

"I made a friend," said Skye.

"Well, honey, looks like you're the deciding vote then."

"What say you?" Olivia asked.

"YES!" Skye yelled, jumping in the air. "Yes! I wanna move here!"

"Alright then," said Skye's mother. "Looks like we're moving here."

"You can move in as soon as you want," said Carl. "I'm leaving tomorrow morning."

"What about the 21?"

The girls nodded.

"Alright," said Skye. "Let's go get some dinner!"

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The family were staying at a hotel that night, and flying back the next day. But first they were off to get some dinner.

The entire family decided to go to Whitecastle. Skye's mother stated that it would not be the last time and that they would go there a lot more once they lived in the States.

Monday, June 2, 2014

Hey, it's Skye again. I never thought I'd be writing two entries in one day, but here we are. I never thought when I started this diary thing that it would be so hard to stop. Anyway, we looked at a bunch of different houses today, but I never thought that the one that seemed the most vile would be the one that I'd be excited about moving into! No, it's not because of the house, or even because of the pool, which, by the way, belongs to someone else, and he's taking it with him when he leaves. No, it's because of the next door neighbors, or rather, one particular next door neighbor. His name is Meatwad. I know that sounds strange, but he's awesome! He seems like a great kid.

Anyway, then me and the family (my mom and sister) went to Whitecastle, ate some cheeseburgers and fries, and now we're staying in this hotel. It's not all bad. My mom and sister are sharing a bed, which means I get my own. Also, my mom said we can order whatever we want from room service tomorrow for breakfast.

Write again soon,

Skye

OOO

"Skye." Skye thought she heard her mom whisper to her in her sleep.

"Mmmm," she grumbled.

"Skye?"

"What?"

"Hey, Skye, get up!" Olivia cried.

Skye fell out of bed. "You little-!" She reached out for her sister, who had ran off.

"Olivia, that wasn't very nice," said her mother.

"It's not my fault she wouldn't wake up," said Olivia. "I'm hungry."

"Liv, apologize to your sister," said her mother.

"Sorry, Skye."

"That's cool, I guess."

"I'm ordering breakfast now. What do you girls want to eat?"

"Green eggs and ham," said Olivia.

"They don't serve those here," said Skye.

"Fried eggs and fried ham, and toast. Thanks mom."

"I'll have four chocolate chip pancakes and orange juice," said Skye. "Thanks, mom."

Skye's mom ordered the food.

Tuesday, June 3, 2014

So, here we are, just sitting in our hotel room, waiting for breakfast. Well, considering it's past noon, it's really more like lunch now. I guess you could call it brunch. I keep thinking about Derek, you know, the boy I met who lives in New Jersey. I hope to see him around a lot once we move. I think I still have his number in my pocket, actually.

Skye closed her notebook and reached into her pants pocket.

"Hey, mom, can I call Derek?"

"Sure. I have no problem with that." Skye's mom shrugged.

Skye pulled out her phone and dialed Derek's number.

Back at his house, Derek heard his cell phone ring. He looked at the screen.

Unknown, it said. Underneath that was a number. Derek raised an eyebrow, but answered the phone anyway.

"Hello?" he asked.

"Hey, Derek, it's Skye. We met at the gas station when I was on my way to New Jersey a few days ago."

"Yeah, I remember you. I asked my dad to put you on his list."

"Okay...what list?"

"Oh, my dad's a lawyer. He gives my friends a large discount."

"Wow, thanks Derek. That's an honor. Well...hopefully I'll never be in a situation where I require a lawyer, but, you know, just in case."

There was a knock on the door, and Skye's mom opened it to reveal one of the hotel employees with their breakfast.

"Skye. Food's here."

"I gotta go, Derek. My breakfast is here. I'll talk to you later, okay."

"Okay. Bye."

Skye hung up and ate her pancakes.

After breakfast, she took out her notebook and continued with her journal entry.

And then there's my little friend, Meatwad. I wonder what he's up to right about now...

OOO

"Frylock, the TV is broken!" called out Shae.

Frylock floated into the room. "So? What do you want me to do about it?"

"I don't know." There was a pause. "Fix it."

"I can't."

"Then clone a new one."

"The TV is gone, Shake! You broke it."

"What? No, I didn't!"

"Yes. You did."

"How could I have done that?"

"There's a hole in the TV, Shake! You threw something at it."

"Meatwad did it."

"Meatwad's been outside playing, Shake! You clearly did this. And you know what? I'm not replacing it this time." He began to float away.

"Fine!" Shake called after his roommate. "I have money."

"Good, then you can use it to replace the TV!" Frylock slammed his bedroom door closed.

Meatwad rolled into the room. "Hey, Shake." He narrowed his eyes. "Who broke the TV?"

"That was you! You don't remember?"

"Nuh-uh."

"Well, you did this, and now you have to pay to replace it."

"You threw something at it, and that's why it's broken."

"No, you did."

"I didn't do nothing, I've just been outside playing!"

"That was a dream. You had a blackout and you broke the TV."

"Well, if I broke the TV, then how come Frylock was just in here saying you did it?"

Shake took a moment to think. "That was a dream, too."

"I'm outta here." Meatwad rolled away. "And I ain't paying for a new TV."

"You get back here, and you pay for a new TV!" Shake yelled after his roommate.

No answer.

"Dammit!" yelled Shake, and kicked the TV stand, knocking the TV to the floor, where it burst into flames.

NEU-on or before June 30

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