

The Unexpected

Sam's Story

By

Gina Carey

The Unexpected

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Dedication

I wrote this book in the loving memory of my precious daddy Pastor Eugene Harrison-Gina Carey, *The Unexpected*

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Thank you to the following individuals who without their support and love, this book would not have been written:

- I wish to personally thank you, my Heavenly Father and Lord and Savior Christ Jesus for blessing me with the gift of writing. Thank you for your unfailing love for me. It truly baffles my mind that one can love me so much!

- Daddy, you were heaven sent. It wasn't until I became a woman, that I truly realized how blessed I was to have had a dad that loved me so much! I didn't understand you at times. I thought that you were just demanding more of me than I was capable of producing, therefore at times I ran away from your love. But now, I finally understand that you wanted me to believe I can do anything I put my mind to do. You were so proud of your daughters and you only wanted the best for us. Unfortunately, you are no longer with me to see to many accomplishments we have made. I only wish that you were here with me daddy to read my first book and listen to me new music that I have created. Im looking forward to the day that I will see you again. Im sure you are making all heaven laugh and dance with joy. Thank you most of all for introducing me to the love and forgiveness of Christ Jesus. Daddy, I am happy and smiling most of the time, just like you! I love people deeply, just like you! Thank you again daddy for passing the baton of talent and love to me. You have been and will always be my angel. I love you daddy.

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Chapter One/ the Departure

It's November 11th, the 30th year wedding anniversary of the wealthiest couple in town, The Burkmore's. Although the Burkmore's would typically celebrate their special day in Spain, this year, they decided to spend it on a private Island in Hawaii.

It's 7:00pm on a hot summer's day. The sun is just beginning to set and the day is winding down. Mr. Burkmore is at his office finishing a last minute task while Mrs. Burkmore scurries to get ready for a timely departure. However, there is one major problem, Mrs. Burkmore's oldest and only living family member, Darla. Because "Sam" (Mr. & Mrs. Burkmore's daughter) is under age, reluctantly, the Burkmore's made the dreadful decision to call Darla for a house sitter.

Mrs. Burkmore stuffs her last flowered maxi dress in her suitcase and hurries to the front room, and looks out the window eagerly anticipating the arrival of her sister Darla. With every passing car that drove down the polished street of Burkmore Lane, Mrs. Burkmore's nerves became more rattled as she frequently peaked through the blinds. While Mrs. Burkmore paced back and forth across the plush Berber Carpet, she only became more frustrated at her sister's tardiness. Although Mrs Burkmore's last 3 calls were sent directly to voice mail, Mrs. Burkmore called once more. This time her call went straight to voicemail. "Hi Darla, it's your sister... Just wondering what time you were going to get here! Call me back! Our plane leaves in 2hrs. Bye! Call me."

She hangs up the phone, "I don't know about her sometimes." Mrs. Burkmore rolls her packed suitcase in the front room and is on the cell phone calling her sister husband while pacing back and forth. "Hello" says Mr. Burkmore with his deep manly voice. Hi sweetie, you don't know how glad I am to hear your voice! "Well, thank you my love, how is the packing going?" "Well, I'm all packed up and ready to go, now if only my crazy sister Darla would get here so I can leave!"

"Honey, listen, don't worry, everything is going to be just fine, let's just go and have a good time, no worries, remember, it's our 30th year anniversary so let's have fun!"

"I know honey; you're right. I'm sure she'll be here soon. OK. I'll meet you at the airport!" "OK, I'm leaving the office now. See you there! Love you baby!"

"Love you too." After hanging up the phone, Sam walks in the room. "Gross" says Sam! Mrs. Burkmore laughs to herself. "How do you think you got here young lady?" "Double gross!" says Sam. Jealousy

Sam runs over to her mom, wraps her arms around her and gives her the puppy dog eyes, "Oh mom! I forgot to ask you." "No!" says mom. "But I didn't ask you anything yet." Sam crosses

her arms together tightly and gives her mom the pouted lip look. “What Sam?” “Can my BFF Linda come over and spend the week with me?” “No, she cannot.” “Mom!”

“OK, listen Sam, when dad and I get back from our trip and auntie Darla tells us you were really good, then we will let Linda spend the night, but not until we get back!” Noticeably upset, Sam storms off to her room and calls her friend Linda to tell her that the slumber party that they had both envisioned was not going to happen.

Mrs. Burkmore shouts to Sam from the front room, “love you Sam!” But Sam does not respond. While Mrs. Burkmore impatiently awaits the arrival of her notoriously late sister Darla, just like most teenagers, Sam lays on her bed pouting as if her world was over and refuses to respond back to her mom with returning an I love you too response.

Mrs. Burkmore shakes her head. “Teenagers!” Finally, Mrs. Burkmore’s late sister Darla knocks on the door. Mrs. Burkmore frantically runs to the door. “Sam stop pouting Auntie Darla is here!” “She opens the door. Hi sis!!!

“I’m here!” Says Auntie Darla. “Was that you calling my phone like a crazy person?” “Whatever” says Mrs. Burkmore and swiftly brushes off the rudeness as if she was used to her sisters rude comments throughout their lives. “I hope we're making the right decision by letting you watch Sam.”

“Sam I’m leaving” says Mrs. Burkmore. When she notices Sam doesn’t respond, she goes into Sam’s room and kisses her on her forehead. “Auntie Darla is here baby so I’m leaving, aren’t you going to say goodbye?”

Still angry, while lying on the bed, Sam slightly lifts her head “But why can’t Linda spend the night?” Sam’s mom shakes her head “Bye sweetie, Love you! I have to go. Don’t forget to call your dad and tell him bye.” Sam never responded nor gave her mom a proper loving send off. Hurriedly, Mrs. Burkmore grabs her suitcases, runs out the door and drives off to make it to her flight on time.

Auntie Darla walks to the wet bar, turns on her favorite afternoon soap opera and plops on the couch. Sam noticed that her mom left and decides to come out and see what Darla is doing. Sam, still upset, “my mom is so mean!” “Your mom has always been a bore” sarcastically laughing to herself with a glass of vodka in her hand. Darla hits the couch signaling for Sam to sit down. “Sam, come here for a minute, I have a proposition for you.” Slowly, Sam walks over to her and positions herself in the furthest corner of the couch. “Speak” Sam says sadly.

“Well, you just might be in luck tonight.” “It just so happens that my best friend Maggie is in town and we’re going to hang out at the casino tonight and I’m not exactly in the mood for babysitting tonight.” “And your point is” says Sam. “Well Sam, we both know I’m not supposed to leave you all by yourself overnight and that if your mom or dad found out about it, they would be furious, but I heard from a little birdie that you want your BFF to spend the night but your square momma said no.” “She said I have to wait until they get back in town” says Sam. “Exactly” says Darla; “we both know that we were given specific instructions, but if you promise

to keep your mouth shut about me going out to party all night and leaving you, I won't tell on you either." "Deal?"

Sam thinks about it for a few seconds and smiles, "Deal." The look on Sam's face instantly changes! She shakes her auntie's hand to seal the deal and runs into the room to call her friend Linda.

Chapter Two/ the Call

Sam and Linda had the time of their lives doing all the fun things teenage girls love doing at sleep overs. After having so much fun, the girls found themselves with heavy eyelids by 3a.m., so they crashed in the front room while watching TV.

Suddenly, around 7a.m., Sam was awakened by the sound of Auntie Darla's keys rattling the door. Barely woke, Sam goes over to the door "Auntie Darla, do you know what time it is? You stayed out all night!" Darla has on dark glasses and her shirt is on backwards. She walks over to Sam and pushes Sam away to the side, walking over to the kitchen to fix her a cup of coffee because she has a nagging hangover. "Get off my case little girl, can't you see I have a hangover?" "Sorry" says Sam. Sam walks over to Linda and wakes her up and they both go in Sam's room away from negative auntie Darla. While making coffee, the phone rings. "Hello!" Sam and her friend come running out the room laughing and making fun of Darla. "If that's mom and dad tell them I'm still mad." The girls start giggling.

"Shush little girls, can't you see I'm on the phone?" "What? Oh no! Oh no!" Darla is covering her mouth with her hands and has a look of sheer shock on her face. "Yes, I understand, thank you!" She hangs up the phone in shock.

"Was that mom and dad?" Darla is still in shock and not responding to Sam's question. "Who was that auntie Darla?" "Wait a minute, I still have a hangover!" Sam and Linda begin to look very worried and press Auntie Darla for some quick answers. "Sam" says Auntie Darla. "What Darla, tell me!" "Sit down." Darla begins to cry. "What's wrong? Why are you crying?" "I don't know how to say this Sam." "Say what? Tell me!" Sam is noticeably getting angry. "It's your parents." "What about my parents?" Sam says. "They're dead!" Darla breaks out in an inconsolable cry. "Dead?" Sam says softly while looking shocked. Sam then screams at the top of her voice at her auntie. "You're a jealous liar! I don't believe you!"

Darla tries to go hug Sam, but Sam pushes her away. Linda is crying and trying to console Sam. "It's true Sam. They rented a private plane and were planning to go sky diving and apparently the pilot didn't have enough fuel so the plane crashed into the shark infested water. They found the plane, but they can't find the bodies." "They said whenever planes go down into shark infested water, the sharks will devour them in minutes and that. Sam I'm sorry but it's true, your parents are gone forever." "I'm so sorry Sam."

Once again, Darla tries to reach out to hug Sam, but Sam pulls away in hysteria! "Oh no! I didn't tell mom I loved her and I forgot to call my dad and tell him I loved him too!" "I'm sorry Sam" says Darla. But Sam continues to scream the words, "I dint tell them I loved them! Why didn't I say, say it! How stupid I was! Now they're gone! I'm so sorry mom and dad!" Sam falls to the floor and her friend Linda goes over to rub her back in efforts to console her.

Chapter Three/ the Transfer of Power

Darla, Samantha and Linda finally arrive back home from a long exhausting day at the Burkmores Memorial service. Sam and Linda are depressed and have very little to say. Sam begins a loud outburst of a cry and Darla walks over to Sam. "Sam" says Darla. When Sam doesn't respond to Darla's efforts to console her, Darla gets upset and says in a very stern voice, "fine then! Don't speak to me! I'll leave you alone then!" Darla then goes over to the bar to pour herself a glass of vodka. When Darla was pouring her drinks, there is a sudden knock at the door. Darla had invited Mrs. Harris, the Burkmore family Lawyer to come over. "Who is it?" Darla says.

"Its Mrs. Harris, Mr. & Mrs. Burkmore's lawyer" Darla put her drink up and excitedly runs to open the door. "Oh, hi Mrs. Harris! I've been expecting you." Darla and the lawyer exchange handshakes. "Yes, come in." Mrs. Harris walks in "Please have a seat." "Now Darla, I have to say, this is a bit unusual to do this so soon; in fact it's very unusual. On the other hand, it's a good thing you called me because I was about to leave town. So let's get down to business, I won't be long." Darla is very nervous and abruptly cuts off Mrs. Harris while she was speaking. "I do understand and I am very sorry for the seven messages I left you, it's just that I don't have any money to take care of Sam, so I thought I would get the money rolling in. If you know what I mean?" Mrs. Harris looks at her really funny and doesn't really respond to Darla's rudeness. Mrs. Harris opens her briefcase and pulls out the Burkmore Last Will and Testament. "Here are Mr. & Mrs. Burkmore's final wishes."

"Mr. & Mrs. Burkmore would like physical custody, their estate and all liquid assets to be temporarily granted to you. Samantha is 17 years old now, so after she turns 21, the estate and all remaining liquid assets will become her sole property. Samantha will be able to access her trust & college fund at age 18. Darla is to be awarded 100 thousand dollars a year for her personal endeavors and 100 thousand is to be used for Samantha. No more than 200 thousand per year is to be withdrawn from the Burkmore's bank account. After Samantha turns 21, no funds are to be withdrawn from the Burkmore's bank account by Darla, but the remainder of the Burkmore's money is to be awarded to Samantha." "Great! So where is my money? I'm sorry I meant to say, how do I go about getting my money?" Mrs. Harris hands Darla her business card. "Call the office in the morning, I will have my assistant type up the papers for you to sign." "Oh, Yes! Yes! That's right! That's how it works, stupid me! Thank you Mrs. Harris." Mrs. Harris begins to drop tears as the Burkmore's were longtime friends of hers and Mrs. Harris was overcome with compassion for what Sam was experiencing. Mrs. Harris walks over to Sam. "I'm so sorry sweetie." Sam and her share an embrace. Mrs. Harris leaves.

Darla then walks over to a grieving Linda and sternly says to her "I think it's time for you to go home now!" The girls were very surprised on how Darla's whole demeanor changed almost instantaneously.

“Why can’t she stay?” says Sam. “Why? Don’t ever ask me why again little girl! Because I don’t like her as your friend anymore and she needs to leave now. That’s why!” “No! You’re not my mom! You can’t tell me what to do! LINDA HAS BEEN MY FRIEND EVER SINCE WE WERE KIDS! She’s like my sister. She’s all I have!”

Darla goes over to Linda and picks her up by the arm and escorts her out. Linda and Sam are crying uncontrollably. “You can’t do this! That’s my sister!” Darla throws her out. “Really? Is it now? I didn’t know I had another niece! Well niecey Pooh, you’re not welcomed back in my house ever again!” The girls tearfully depart from one another. “Bye Sam” says Linda “Sisters forever! I love you.” The girls share a teary goodbye hug. Darla slams the door in Linda's face. Sam walks up to Darla. “You pretended to like me when my parents were alive, but you are a fake! You were jealous of my mom! I hate you!” Sam runs out the door screaming and crying! “You better be home by a 6pm little girl, or you’re not getting back in this house!” Sam leaves and slams the door.

“I’ll find a way to get rid of you little girl!” says auntie Darla as soon as Sam runs out the door.

Scene Four/ the Unwanted

Darla walks in draped with diamonds and a bunch of expensive shopping bags singing, “Money.” She instantly goes in for the attack on Sam. “Who are you on the phone talking to?” “My friend Linda.” “Hang up the phone now!” “Hi Linda, I have to go.” While Samantha is in midsentence, Darla snatches the phone, throws it to the floor, steps on it and gets in Sam's face. Sam begins to cry. “After I told you I don't want you talking to that girl anymore; you blatantly disobeyed my orders! Now you listen to me you little ungrateful child and you listen well. You keep this up and you will get what you really don't want!” “What do you mean?” says Sam. “It means that I'm in charge of this establishment now, and anyone who crosses me the wrong way will pay dearly! You got that?” “Yes” says Sam. “Now get out of my face with all that crying and get lost somewhere!”

“Where am I'm going to go its cold outside and you have locked me out of my own room?” “Out of here and out of my face!” says Darla. Sam looks at Darla very sad and exhausted from crying “Please don't make me go outside again.” “Little girl, you listen to me! You had better watch your tone when you talk to me! I am not your parents and I will not tolerate you mouthing at me! Do you understand?” Speaking to Sam in a very stern voice, she gets in Sam's face and squeezes it very tightly. “Yes” says Sam.

“And Sam, one more thing before you go, let's just get one thing straight. I never wanted the responsibility of raising some stupid teenager anyway. I never liked your mom and I don't like you either!” “Why are you treating me like this?” “Because that's how ugly stupid little ungrateful rich brats should be treated! You walk around with all your money thinking you're better than everyone else! You think your money is the answer to everything! You look at everyone else in the world as nothing! Spoiled rich brat that's what you are! I don't like you and never will! And your poor dear mother, I never liked her! She always had the best grades; the cutest guys, the cutest figure. Miss nice and polite and to top it off, she marries the richest man in California! He was supposed to be mine!” “What?” says Sam. “Oh yes! I'll bet she never told you that! He was my friend, we studied together and I know he would have been my man if your sassy momma wouldn't have sassed her cute little figure around him! So as far as I'm concerned, this was supposed to be my life and I'm living it like its golden now! And for you my dear, now, you're going to experience my world. I'm going to make sure you understand how it feels to live around the riches of this world but can't touch it! It's my turn to live the good life now!” Sadly, after hearing Darla's confession, Sam holds her head down and then looks up at Darla. “I thought you loved me.” “Well now you know the truth. Now go! And Sam?” “Yes Ma'am?” With a very sarcastic tone. “How do you like my new outfit you just bought me? Isn't it lovely on me?” Sam doesn't say a word and just grabs her coat, but Darla snatches it from her. Sam looks at her in dismay. “You don't need this my Darling!” “But it's cold; it's 38 degrees out there!” “Really now, is it? Well I don't care how cold it is, get out of my house now!” She screams at Sam, and Sam leaves. Shortly after Sam leaves, Darla calls her boyfriend Brandon.

“Hello?” “Well hi my love!” “What’s going on?” “Every time I look at that stupid girl, I wish I could get rid of her.” “I know, but you have to be patient Darla!” “No, I don’t!” “What do you mean?” “I want you to live with me as soon as possible and I think I know of a way to get rid of that ungrateful little brat!” “Make it happen! Just say the word and I am there.” “Just give me a few days Brandon; love you.” “Love you too!” “Bye.” “Bye.” Darla hangs up and calls the police. “Hello 911, how can I help you?” “Hi, 911 I need a police over here now. I have a 17 year old living with me and she just beat me up! Help; please I’m an old lady!” “OK, don’t worry, just get somewhere where you are safe and we are sending a police now.” “Thank you! Now hurry up I’m in pain. Ooh, the pain!” Darla hangs up the phone, pulls out makeup and makes her face up as though she was beaten up by Sam. To make sure she could really fool the police, she gives that final look in the mirror.

“Looks great! Now all I have to do now is just wait for the police to get here and make them think that Sam beat me up and she will be so out of here!”

The police finally arrive and knock on the door. Darla runs over to the sink and puts water in her eyes, creating the illusion of fake tears and begins to cry. “Who is it?” “The Burkmore police department.”

Darla opens up the door dramatically. “Yes, officer, my niece attacked me about 30 minutes ago.” “What happened?” “Well officer, her mom died a couple of weeks ago and she never liked me, so she got mad at me when I told her she couldn’t hang out with this thug friend of hers named Linda, so she threatened my life and beat me up! Officer, I can’t take this anymore! She’s just out of control!”

“Would you like to press charges against your niece?”

“Yes; I want to press charges and have her put in juvenile hall. I don’t want her back here ever again! I’m terrified of what this girl might do to me if she stays here.” “Ok, where is Sam?” “She left after she beat me up.” Sam walks in with the look of shock and amazement! “What’s going on auntie Darla?” “Sam, you’re under arrest for assault and battery, place your hands behind your back.” Sam cries and pleads with the police officer not to take her in. “No officer, I didn’t do that!” “Yes you did! Look at me! And she’s a liar too officer! You can see plainly what she did to me! A blind man can see this” says Darla.

Darla looks down to the floor acting as if she was helpless and defeated. “Please auntie, tell him the truth please! Darla, you tell him the truth! You’re the one who’s the liar and you know it!” “See how she talks to me officer?”

The police arrest Sam and takes her out the door of her own home kicking and screaming. As soon as Sam leaves with the police, Darla calls her boyfriend Brandon and leaves a message on his voice mail. “Hi baby, I did it. You can come home now she is out of our hair now for good!”

Chapter Five/ the Rebellion

Sam is now living in a group home for girls. All the while, Sam struggled with the mere thought of her auntie Darla treating her with such hatred and contempt. Sam spent every waking moment trying to process why she was elected for this type of abuse especially after losing her parents.

Eventually, Sam began to become accustomed to her new surroundings and lifestyle as a common teenager without any special treatment.

While living at the Group home. Sam began distancing herself almost immediately, which only led to more trouble and anger for Sam.

Sam met a young man, one evening while sneaking out of the window of her room. Spending time with this young man who was also troubled; was a great way Sam thought to vent. Sam would spend hours sharing stories of her former life of bliss without ever revealing her true identity of her Burkmore lineage.

However; on one occasion, Sam's new boyfriend as she thought of him began to introduce her to Marijuana and alcohol as a way to numb her pain. Although Sam was initially reluctant in trying the substances, her anger and rebellion drew her closer and closer to experimenting.

As time went by, Sam created a very destructive lifestyle, which consisted of partying, sex, drugs and drinking. These repetitive practices only led to more anger and hostility.

Drinking became Sam's number one love. She would sneak alcohol in her purse and whenever she felt anger consuming her, she would turn to the bottle.

Sam had a roomie by the name of Jane. Jane came from a very hard life on the opposite side of the tracks from where Sam was born. Jane was formally affiliated with a female gang and was rejected by her parents. After committing crimes with her gang family, Jane was caught and sent to the group home, as well as Sam. However, during her stay at the group home, Jane met the group home mom, Mrs. Williams, who was a Christian woman. She was able to get through to Jane, so she changed her whole life and way of thinking. Jane gave her life to Christ.

Jane saw something special in Sam and felt enormous amounts of compassion for her. She wanted Sam to experience the joy in Christ as she had experienced as well, but Sam was so full of anger and rebellion, Jane could not.

One day Sam was sitting down watching TV and Mrs. Williams walks up to her.

“Hi Sam” says Mrs. Williams. Sam doesn’t answer her. Sam began making a habit out of ignoring everyone around her. “Sam listen, I know you're hurting but you can’t continue to ignore everyone.” “I just want to be left alone” says Sam. “Ok Sam, but just know that I’m here for you if you ever want to talk. Now it’s getting late, remember 11pm is bedtime, so you have 10 minutes.” “Whatever” Sam says.

Shortly after Mrs. Williams leaves the room, Jane walks up. Sam sighs as if she's really annoyed. "Hey Sam, are you Ok?" "What do you care Jane?" "I do care, you're like the sister I never had Sam."

"What are you talking about?" Sam replied. "How do you figure that? You don't even know me or anything about me, so would you please leave!"

"No Sam, absolutely not! You put up this wall, but I know you've been hurt very badly." "Shut up Jane! You do know anything about me or my life!"

"Your right, I don't, but just so you know, I had a very hard life myself, and I used to be angry just like you. You reminded me of myself not too long ago. My mom never wanted me, and I never knew my dad; so I joined a gang to fit in. Later I got arrested for stealing food. We were so poor and all my mom ever wanted to do was party and get high!"

"Well Jane, I'm nothing like you. You're a thief and a thug, and frankly, I'm not interested in hearing your pathetic little sob story about your pathetic little life. I have my own troubles to deal with, so if you would just shut up and let me enjoy my TV show, that will be the best thing to have happened to me in a long time" replied Sam.

"I'm sorry that you feel that way Sam. Listen, I'm leaving tomorrow. I've been adopted by a Christian family who just so happen to be relatives of Mrs. Williams and they are also pastors. So, I just wanted to let you know that I won't be around anymore." Jane writes her address on a piece of paper and hands it to Sam. "Well, Sam, here is my new address, If you ever want to talk or want a friend, I will be so happy to listen."

Sam still is difficult and uncooperative, she never responded to Jane's efforts to befriend her beyond the doors of the group home, so Jane puts the paper where she wrote her address on Sam's lap and walks out the room. Full of hostility, Sam flicks it off her lap onto the floor.

Jane looked upon Sam with compassion, but felt hurt and rejected by Sam's rude behavior. Jane then walks out the room. No sooner than Jane left, Sam picks up her purse and looks around to see if anyone is watching, and she opens her small purse sized vodka bottle and drinks the remainder of its contents. Looking at her Vodka bottle Sam exclaims, "As long as I got you, I don't need anybody else."

Chapter Six/ All Grown Up (3 Years Later)

It's 3 years later and Sam has become the most unlikable and unreasonable managers ever in her management position at Dave's Cleaning Services. Dave's Cleaning Services is a local cleaning company that Mrs. Williams helped Sam find employment shortly after arriving at the group home. Because Sam's parents owned the entire city of Burkmore, Sam was familiar with running a business and understood how to generate much revenue and sustainability.

One day while Sam was sitting in her office, she found herself overcome with unquenchable anger. Her secretary Jeannie was late for work and Sam could not resist the urge to take a few sips of her purse sized vodka that she frequented to calm her nerves. Sam made a regular habit of drinking on the job whenever stress got the best of her; however, she is pretty good at hiding her addiction.

Finally, it's 5 minutes after the hour and Sam's secretary Jeannie walks through the door. Sam shouts from her office, "Jeannie! Jeannie!" "Where is that stupid girl!" Sam says to herself? Sam looks at her watch. "What's the point of hiring a secretary when they are never there when you need them? That's OK! I know exactly what I'm going to do! I'm just going to fire her as soon as she walks into my office! Nobody works for me and jerks me around! I'm the manager and they better respect me!"

"I don't play that 3rd warning mess! You mess up with me one time and you're out of here! I fired the last seven and she's no exception."

An angry Sam paces back and forth around her office furious! Suddenly, there is a knock on the door. "Who is it?" Replies Sam. Sam was speaking very sternly.

Nervous and afraid as all employees were of Sam's rage, Jeannie replies "It's me, Jeannie."

Sam grabs the knob with so much rage and so hard it came off the door. Jeannie looks at Sam with sheer terror on her face as she prepares herself for the fury of Sam.

Sam replies "Well, well, the queen has finally arrived!" "Did I do something to you" says Jeannie? Sam sighs and rolls her eyes; then in a very sinister voice Sam replies "I don't know Jeannie! Not the Queen, never the queen."

"What's the matter" replies Jeannie? Jeannie sits down on the couch ready to defend herself. "Everything" replies Sam. "Well Sam, I'm sorry you feel that way; what set you off" says Jeannie? "I'm sick and tired of you being late Jeannie; what's your problem?"

"I don't have a problem Sam" replies Jeannie. "This is only the 3rd time in 3 years I've been late Sam, and every time it was justifiable. I would have been on time today, but there was an accident on the freeway." Sam cuts her off midsentence "Excuses, excuses, excuses; I don't want to hear them anymore Jeannie!"

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