

ALL CHARACTERS AND  
EVENTS IN THIS BOOK...  
EVEN THOSE BASED ON REAL  
PEOPLE... ARE ENTIRELY FICTIONAL.  
ALL CELEBRITY VOICES ARE  
IMPERSONATED... IN YOUR HEAD. THE  
FOLLOWING PAGES CONTAIN  
COARSE LANGUAGE AND DUE TO  
THEIR CONTENT THEY SHOULD NOT BE  
READ BY ANYONE ♥

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Facebook Blues  
*by Trixie Bloom*

## FACEBOOK BLUES

It was one moment, one bored and idle moment that turned my world upside-down. One click of the mouse, and my life changed forever.

I was sitting, suicidal and sleepless, in the same room, on the same chair, at the same computer screen I'd been staring at weeks ago. It seemed as if nothing had changed. Nobody here had noticed the difference in me.

How could so much have happened in so short a time? Turning into a sneaky slut, making a whole village hate me, and the worst crime of all, falling in love. It didn't seem real, yet here I was in front of the damn computer that started all of this... but really, who was I fooling? It was *Me* that started it ALL.

I'd looked up many friends before on Facebook. I loved getting in virtual contact with old mates, and during lunchtimes and quiet moments, I was always generally chatting away online. My job is nothing exciting after all; I'm a secretary in an office. I hate it. I'm forty-three years old, divorced and bored shitless. Six weeks ago, it was no different in that respect...

I remember being ultra-bored that day and in a bad mood. It was a usual rainy, shitty grey day in London. A normal ride on the tube, all of us stuffed in like the rubbish in my bin at home.

That day, I couldn't wait for lunchtime to get my Facebook fix. I was online the moment 1pm came, but that day the usual chitchat was bringing me no pleasure.

I clicked the mouse in the search box that said '*find friends*'. I'd thought of doing this many, many times, but whatever reasoning had stopped me before did not this time.

*Don't do it, Lauren...*, my brain was saying, but my fingers typed the name '*David Palmer*' and I clicked the search button.

David had been 'The One' in my past. My first big Love. He could make my stomach flip just by looking at me. When I was fifteen years old, David was my God. If he'd asked me to run across a packed motorway, I would have. I was his faithful beagle for four whole years. He was my Zeus, Achilles, Romeo, and Lucifer. Intense and life changing, he was the devil in an angel's skin. When I was nineteen we parted messily. I was angry, lost and confused, and we were both still in love.

The last contact we had was when I was twenty-nine, and I never saw or heard from him again. He met a girl not long after we'd split up; *Angela*, whom he'd ended up marrying. They had a child, who I remember they named *Nicholas*. Of course, Angela had hated me, and the fact that we all lived in the same area. I'm sure she had prayed nightly that I would die violently, and soon. Also, could the good Lord see fit that I would be buried, so that she could come and literally dance on my grave.

The screen in front of me told me there were no matches found, so I went a step further. Backspacing, I typed *Angela Palmer*, and there she was. Top result. I clicked on it and before me on her Facebook page was her entire life. They had moved to Devon, and there was the village, and the name of her house. David had not been lazy, producing a family of four kids; three boys and one girl. I saw a photo album called '*Wedding*' and clicked on it. My breath still caught in my throat, as there he was before me, just as I remembered him. Beautiful David, with his flop of chestnut hair. Baby-blue eyes, twinkling and sparkling with life.

My heart felt heavy. I knew a long time ago, I was no longer in love with David, but I'd always carried a tiny torch for him. It was nice to know he was still married, and I hoped happily.

I came out of that album and clicked on a recent one of David and Angela. He had aged well. His hair was slightly thinner, and the flop

was a bit tired and limp, but his eyes looked the same. Angela had put weight on, which pleased me in an infantile way, as my very petite five foot two frame could still pass for a twenty year old's.

I would like to point out that this is not good luck, or fantastic genes, but due to an utter dedication to exercise that doesn't come naturally. I never awake with the lark, raring to perform my daily routine; in fact, it is the complete opposite. My rectum always seems to pucker at the mere thought of exercise, followed by a twitching of the eye. I've used every excuse in the book to avoid working out; lazy eye, foot fungus, swollen everything, too hot, too cold, and my number one favourite - getting my period. Though I naturally have the apathy of a 101-year-old woman when it comes to exercise, sheer vanity and the feel good factor are enough to make me dedicate myself completely.

I stared and stared at the photo, jumping when my boss, Mr. Forrester, came over and tapped his fingers on the desk.

"Just here to have fun, or here to work?" he asked, looking at my screen.

I could feel myself blushing as I minimized the page and got on with my teeth-grinding, tedious work.

Over the course of the next few days, I became obsessed with Angela's Facebook page. I also looked at Nicholas's page, their eldest son, now twenty-three years old. I had seen him once when he was two, with David. With the same devastating good looks his father had had when he was young, except Nicholas was even more beautiful. Short choppy dark hair, gray-blue eyes, and a smile that would melt anyone. I had looked at Josh's page, the second eldest, but his page, like his younger brothers, was secured, and I couldn't look. But they didn't interest me as much as Angela's. They lived in a small village called Elderton, and with the help of the internet, I knew exactly where they lived.

I started to wonder how David was. *Does he enjoy being a Father? How is Devon?...*, and more besides.

I printed out route maps to their very front door, and kept them in my desk at work.

My mind started to conspire with my self, telling me how much I could do with a holiday. How nice it would be to get away from my shitty job, and at that time, my boring life, just for a while.

"Lauren, don't be so stupid," I heard myself saying out loud, more than once.

Nevertheless, the days that followed found me possessed. I looked at holiday homes to rent near to where they lived. I found a cottage that was a bit dilapidated, 4 miles from the village and near the sea. Every day I gazed at the picture of the cottage, and on a day of insanity I rang, booked the cottage for 1 month, and told my very pissed off boss that I was going away.

Armed with all my information, maps, and my run-down 20-year-old Ford Escort, Maisie, I headed down to Devon.