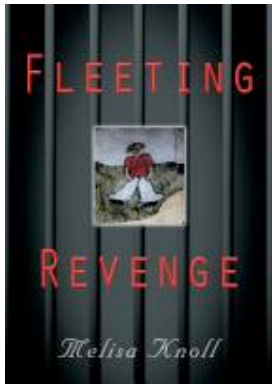


FLEETING



REVENGE

Melisa Knoll



Seventeen year old Danny Kurtis loves the threat he poses over people, and loves being a delinquent. His father is teaching him everything he knows. When Danny's father dies in a prison riot, Danny seeks to fulfill his promise to his father to seek revenge for his father's untimely death. After Danny, and his best friend, Cory, complete the first of a two-phase revenge plot, the pair travel to England with their friends and girlfriend. The trip changes the course of Danny's life forever...

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FLEETING REVENGE

Melisa Knoll

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First Edition

Chapter One

"Dammit Mom! I'm sick of you telling me what to do!" I yelled, slamming the door behind me. I entered the sunlit morning.

"Danny, we have to go. Josh and Cory will be at the arcade soon," Brett said, standing in the street, smoking. It was the second week of school. Fun stuff, not.

"Be right there."

I went to the side of the garage to get my crotch rocket. Riding back around, I met up with Brett. We rode to the arcade.

I guess I should tell you about my buddies and me. We wear baggy clothes and have long hair. Plus, we all get in trouble. That's where the similarities end.

Brett is about 5'7". He's the tallest of our group. His black hair is ear-length with blonde streaks in it. He brushes his hair over, so the part's lower than the natural part, to the side.

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This causes his hair on the left side to fall in his eye (all four of us wear our hair like that.). He has blue eyes that are soft and calm. He may be taller than me, but I'm the meanest. Brett's 16.

Josh is around 5'5". This boy has reddish-brown hair and light brown eyes. His eyes resemble Brett's, but they show that he is much more hyper. Josh is two inches shorter than Brett. Josh is 15.

Cory is 5'6". His hair is naturally light brown, but it's blue today. He dyes his hair every imaginable color. His eyes are dark and fierce. Yet they can reflect his moods and his hyper self. Cory is the second tallest member. He's 16.

I clock in at 5'3". This makes me the shortest one. My eyes are gray and can show anything from a fierce juvenile delinquent to a sad puppy. My hair is blonde with brown highlights. Although I am the smallest, I am

the leader and I'm respected greatly. I'm also 16.

"What were you two fighting about?" Brett asked.

"The same old shit. She told me to take Jennie to school. She's old enough to go by herself. Hell, I don't have the time to do it!" I answered.

"Parents fucking nag you to do everything," Brett agreed.

Soon, we reached the arcade. Every morning before school, we go to the arcade. It's a wakeup call before going to class (we're freshmen). Cory and Josh were waiting outside for us, smoking cigarettes.

"Hey, what's up?" Cory called.

"Nothing!" Brett replied.

"Give me some of your cigarette," I demanded.

Josh gave me his. I took a drag and handed it back.

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"Let's play," Cory ordered.

The four of us played Mortal Combat, Mario Cart, Pinball, and 007. After one round, we had to leave. It was already quarter after seven and we needed to be in class by seven thirty.

We rode our bikes to school and parked in the student parking lot. Into the building we went. The four of us split up and headed towards our lockers, promising to cut class with each other.

There was a new kid at the locker next to mine. He was having problems with his combination; as well as appearing to be one of us.

"Here, let me help. I had that locker last year. It won't open unless you kick it," I said, turning the combination and kicking it before I lifted the handle.

"Thanks. I'm Sean."

"My name's Danny. Let me see your damn schedule."

He handed it to me. I studied it and saw that we shared a few classes.

"All right. You have the same first, fifth, sixth, and eighth period classes as me."

"That's cool. I have a twin sister. Want to meet her?"

I shrugged. Anything to make me late.

"Hang on."

A few seconds later, he returned with a strawberry-blonde girl. Both of them had the same eyes; green. Yet, Sean had black hair. I looked her up and down and was attracted to her. Her gaze caught mine and she had a mischievous smile. I decided I wanted to date her.

"Danny, this is Hallie. Hallie this is..." Sean began.

"You're buddy," I interrupted.

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"Sean, I have to get to class," his sister said in a whiny voice.

"It's the same as me. Let's go."

I led the way to Ms. Smith's English class.

"So, Danny, you're back from your suspension. Where's your homework?" Ms. Smith asked.

"Here's three quarters of it. I didn't finish last nights," I handed her my homework.

"After attendance, you can tell the class what you did and how your suspension went."

"Damn! Do I have to?"

"Yes," she answered.

"Fuck!"

Hallie looked at me, then at the class. Sean asked where they ought to sit.

"Over there. Mr. Kurtis, here's a detention slip for you."

She handed me the slip. "Now, stand at the front of the class."

I shoved the slip in my pocket. After she finished attendance, I was ordered to speak.

"I have to use my language. Is that okay?" I asked.

"Should we give him that privilege?" she asked the class.

"Yes," was the class' answer. They loved this.

"Thanks. I got suspended because they found weed in my locker. While they called the fucking donut scarfers, I visited my dad in prison. The fat ass, donut scarfer, Oricson, caught me and Lanevact and put us in juvie."

"Who's Lanevact and what's a donut scarfer?" Hallie interrupted.

"Lanevact is my buddy, Brett. A donut scarfer is a cop," I answered. Then continued on with my story, "After sitting in juvie for the fucking weekend, my buddies and I went to a *Megadeath* concert. That concert kicked ass. Now, I'm back in this hellhole."

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"Thank you, Danny. Any questions?"

"Yes. Why's your father in prison?" Hallie's British accent flowed to my ears like music.

I was in shock. No one had ever asked me that.

"I'm not sure. He was sentenced when I was eight," I lied.

My parents had gotten divorced when I was eight. He had been sent to prison because he had been dealing illegal drugs. I didn't want to ruin his reputation, or mine, for being truthful.

I sat at my desk. We watched a movie for some sort of reward they had earned while I was gone. I drifted off to be awakened by Ms. Smith shaking me, ordering me to pay attention.

Sean threw something at me. It was a paper wad. I threw it back. Both of us got in trouble for our paper wad fight.

Brett and Josh were in my second period study hall. We decided to skip and went outside. We smoked and talked.

"I'm so sick of school," Josh said.

"Yep," I agreed.

"What's the point of study hall? I mean everyone skips anyway," Brett asked.

"To do homework I guess. Usually, I sleep," I answered.

"We know," Josh and Brett said.

"Oh, there's a new kid, Sean. He's one of us. Make him feel welcome."

They nodded. A cop came by and stopped in front of us.

"Aren't you boys supposed to be in class?"

His partner said, "Leave them. It's only Laneavact, Kurtis, and Thomas. They'll be in Juvenile Detention soon enough."

As the car pulled away slowly, Josh flipped them off. Then, we slowly strolled back into

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the building. The principal immediately caught us.

"Into my office," she ordered sternly.

The three of us went down the hall into the office. In this office, one could easily smell the cigarette smoke emitting from our clothing. The atmosphere was full of obedience. It was enough to make us gag. She motioned for us to sit down in the chairs that were positioned in front of her desk.

"Where were you three second period?" she asked, looking over her sluttish glasses.

"Outside the building," Brett admitted.

"So you were truant to study hall and left the building. After school today, you're suspended for three days. Mr. Kurtis, I guarantee your mother won't be happy about this. You're back one day and you're suspended the next and it's only the second week of the year."

I shrugged. Like I really gave a damn about what my mother thought. The bitch sent us back to study hall for the remaining five minutes. We were escorted so she knew we got there.

"Here's the truants," she announced.

The whole class looked up. Somehow, we kept our composure and didn't laugh.

"Thanks Mrs. Carson. They aren't even embarrassed."

"Why should we be? It's not like there's anything to do in this class," I retorted sarcastically.

"The whole class knows you're bad. You're supposed to study," the teacher said.

"We don't care," Brett replied.

"Sure you do. What are your goals?"

"This shit again? Damn, my counselor asked me the same thing yesterday," Josh muttered.

"Our goals are to manage survival in this fucking building until we can drop out and not

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to get caught," I replied in that Southern drawl.

"Here's a detention son."

"Dude, my English one... wait, I'm suspended."

Brett and Josh laughed. They informed me later that I looked stoned as hell when I had said that.

My third, fourth, and fifth periods were much the same. I was sent to the office twice, got three more detentions, and two referrals. By lunch, Sean had heard about the study hall incident.

"Hallie told me you skipped study hall and weren't embarrassed when you were brought back."

"Nope. It's been like that since school started. The deans need to realize that trying to embarrass us ain't going to fucking work," I stated.

We got our junk food lunches and found Brett, Cory, and Josh.

"Danny, how many more disciplinary measurements have you gotten?" Cory asked.

"A three day suspension, six detentions, two referrals, and a referral for juvie again."

"Damn! Sean, watch those numbers double by the end of the day. Danny's the worst of us."

"It's in my blood. I need a damn cigarette," I announced proudly.

"So do I," Cory and Sean agreed in unison.

Brett and Josh nodded. After we ate, I led them to an exit that wasn't guarded. We went outside and smoked. So we wouldn't be stuck outside, I put a rock in the door.

"How about we ditch for the rest of the day?" Sean asked.

"I want to stay until after next period because I like art," I answered.

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"Art's the only thing this kid is passing," Josh told him.

"Shit, I ain't passing anything," Cory laughed.

"Me either," Brett and Sean agreed.

"I'm passing shop," Josh bragged.

I took out my sketchbook and handed it to the guys. They flipped through it.

"Damn, these are good," Sean complimented.

"The only thing I inherited from my mother's side," I replied.

"Where should we meet after seventh?" Brett asked me.

"Main entrance. I'll show you another exit I found."

Later...

The bell rang and I was actually two minutes early to class.

"Hello Danny," Mrs. McManus said.

"Hey. What did we do and what are we doing tomorrow?" I asked.

"Painting."

I got out my painting and looked at it. I just had to finish it.

"Could I take this home and finish it?" I asked.

"Go right ahead."

My painting was of a wolf howling at the moon with a ton of stars. It was set in the winter, with dormant trees in the distance against black mountains. When class started, I was already painting. Hallie entered the class with another girl. They looked around and saw my table was the only one open. I slid over to let them sit with me. To my surprise, Hallie sat next to me. Her arm brushed mine as she sat down and she blushed. I smiled at her.

A page came in and handed Mrs. McManus a huge stack of detention slips.

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"Danny," she called. The class snickered. I sauntered to her with my tough walk and took my copies of all the detention slips. I had a tough walk for being so short.

"What'd you do this time, delinquent?" a preppy boy asked loudly. The whole class laughed loudly.

"Well, that depends on the time frame you're talking about asshole. In this time frame, I think you better leave me alone or I'll punch you so hard, no one will be able to distinguish the blood on your face from that red paint you're using," I replied.

He shut up and the laughing stopped. I went back to my painting.

Hallie was sitting a little close to me. Every time I reached for paint, I bumped her. She was talking to her friend, whose name was Anglia. She was thin and had blonde hair. I thought she was average looking compared to Hallie. Anglia's parents had sent her to the US

with Hallie for high school. I didn't pay much attention until Hallie's leg bumped mine.

"Pardon me," she whispered, turning red.

I looked at her and smiled. "You wanna go out sometime?" I asked boldly.

"Sure," she mumbled, looking away at Anglia and turning a deeper shade of red.

"How about I pick you up later and we can see a movie?" Boy was I bold today. I wrote my number down on a piece of paper and handed it to her.

"That sounds exciting," Hallie replied, finding her voice.

I reached under the table and squeezed her knee gently. She smiled.

"Your healing is beginning," Anglia said to Hallie and they began talking again.

Chapter Two

After seventh, I met my buddies at the main entrance. As we approached the unguarded exit, I saw Sean's sister with her friends, including my sister. I held my head high in preparation to any comments made to us during that passing and how I would answer my buddies if the girls said anything about my date that night.

"Uh oh. There's Hallie," Sean muttered.

"Let's go," I ordered.

We walked passed them. Hallie was talking to Jennie and caught my eye and smiled. I caught my eyes traveling up and down her body and looked away quickly.

"Hallie," my sister, Jennie, said in a warning voice, "You don't want to date him. He's trouble."

"Why?" was her question.

The five of us walked passed slowly. Out the door we went. Our bikes were just around the corner of the building. Then, we rode towards the arcade. Bad choice.

"Man, Oricson's here," Brett complained.

Since my mom worked, we went to my house. Cory ran home for a few minutes to bring some of his CDs and some great skunkweed.

"Danny, we're raiding the kitchen," Josh announced.

"Go right ahead."

I went up to my room. Shoving the junk on the floor into the closet, I thought about Hallie. It was strange how attracted I was to her so quickly. Hearing my buddies on the stairs, I hid.

"I think Hallie likes Danny," Sean said. "But does he like her?"

I stayed in the closet. Brett asked, "Speaking of Danny, where is he?"

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"Probably spanking the monkey," Josh said.

I rolled my eyes and jumped out of the closet on that cue. I smacked into my stepfather, Aaron. Damn!

"What the hell are you doing home?" was the first thing out of my mouth.

"I was going to ask you the same question. I'm going back to work. I left my paperwork here."

My stepfather is such a fucking dork. I hate him and want my father to be released from prison.

Cory came back two minutes after Mr. Dork left. I knew that he had problems concealing the illegal drug by the look on his face.

"Fucking Oricson stopped me and asked why I was out of school so early," he complained, pissed off to high hell.

"Are you suspended?" I asked.

"No, but I plan on it. Or I'll skip. My father doesn't give a shit."

Cory got into about as much trouble as I did. And he knew me best.

The phone rang and I picked it up.

"Hello?"

No one answered. I hung up and hit star 69. Writing down the number, I realized it was the prison.

"What's your dad calling for?" Cory asked, looking over my shoulder.

"I don't know. I reckon he wants me to visit soon"

"Probably," he agreed.

Sean looked dumbfounded. I explained that my father was in prison. He seemed to understand. We decided to sit around and get stoned. The smell and taste was wonderful. I got a nice buzz.

My mother came home and looked in on us.

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"At least you have the window open. Daniel, what are you smoking?"

"Weed."

"Get it out of here! You're just like your father!"

"Duh," I replied as Cory threw the joint out the window. Then, we left the house. Jennie and her friends came in the house as we were leaving. I felt my breath catch as I looked into Hallie's eyes. She turned red and looked away as quickly as I did.

"Whoa, Danny, what the hell happened to you?" Jennie asked.

"Fuck off." Even though I was mean to my sister, I cared about her. And no one messed with her.

"You," Jennie retorted.

Cory took the guys outside as he sensed I wanted to talk to Hallie. I gave Jennie a look and she took the rest of the girls upstairs. I told Hallie I'd be back in a few hours and we'd

go to a movie. She nodded. I kissed her gently and left.

My buddies and I walked around town in a daze knowing enough not to ride when we were high. I noticed that the cops would take long looks at us as they drove slowly by. I shook my head to clear away the fuzziness. After an hour of walking, we hung out on top of the monkey bars. Little kids ran around everywhere and I began to have one of my laughing fits. It only happened once in a while. I laughed so hard that I fell off the monkey bars and landed smack on my back. I struggled to get air into the lungs that had just gotten the air knocked out of them. I sat up and started to cough and wheeze. Cory jumped down, thinking I was having an asthma attack, a condition I had grown out of a long time ago.

"Are you all right?" he asked.

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"Yeah. I just got the wind knocked out of me when I landed on my back," I answered when I got my breath back.

Out of the corner of my eye I saw flashing lights. They stopped in the parking lot of the park. Here they come to harass us.

"Anderson, Laneavact, Kurtis, and Thomas come here," Oricson ordered.

Oricson is a young cop with flame red hair and green eyes. This makes him more of an asshole.

"You come here," Sean yelled.

"No!"

We took that opportunity to run. We had Oricson and two other cops chasing us. At least we weren't fat and in some sort of shape. Since Cory's house was closest, we ran there. His father was emerging from the house as we were running in.

"Whoa, slow down," his father said.

"Dad, this is Sean. Do we have any beer in this house?"

"I don't know. I'm going out. There's money on the table for pizza. The cops are here. I'll tell them to leave you guys alone."

Mr. Anderson left. Cory's house is so awesome. His dad's a journalist, so they have a pretty big house. It's kind of messy, (his parents are divorced), because no one picks it up.

"Ah ha," Cory announced, holding up a case of Budweiser. "I knew we had some. I'm going to see... Danny, why don't you make your famous pizza?"

"I guess, but it's not famous."

"Josh, Sean, you guys come with me. We'll be back with some munchies."

Brett helped me put together the pizza. We put cheese, pepperoni, and more cheese on it. Into the oven it went. Brett handed me a beer.

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"I'll be back. I'm going to get some CDs."

"Okay," Brett said.

I ran up the stairs two at a time. Cory's room was to the left of the staircase. And it was a mess! He had weed all over his desk. Clothes were all over the floor. I found his CDs under a box in the corner of the room. I grabbed *Megadeath*, *Coal Chamber*, *Slipknot*, and *Fear Factory*.

"Don't forget *Fear Factory*," Brett yelled.

"I've got it!"

I slipped and fell down the stairs. It hurt like hell, but I ignored the pain. Sitting on the floor in a daze, I started to get myself off the floor.

"Nice fall Danny. You okay?" Brett asked.

"I'll be fine. What the fuck did I trip over?"

"I don't know."

Cory, Sean, and Josh were back by the time I was in the kitchen drinking a beer. The pizza was finished.

"Danny, what the fuck happened? Your eye is swollen, black, and blue," Cory noticed.

"I fell down those damn stairs. Something made me trip."

"Damn, I did the same thing last week!" Josh exclaimed.

"My stairs are deadly."

We laughed. I glanced out the window as we ate the pizza. The stars were beginning to appear. Sean's sister and my sister were walking down the street with their friends.

I stared at the sky, watching their every move out of the corner of my eye. I had a Pepsi to wash down the nasty taste of the beer. I'm not a heavy drinker. To be honest, I can't stand the shit. Stepping onto the back porch, I lit a cigarette.

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The stars were like diamonds stuck in the web of eternity. It amazed me how so many stars we could see, but there were still many more out there we couldn't see. What was out there passed the branches of the universe? What kind of civilization?

"Danny, what are you thinking about?" Hallie asked, breaking my train of thought.

I looked down to her and her friends. She was so beautiful and I didn't know what to say. I turned my arousal into my angry, stoned mood.

"Jennie, what the fuck are you and your prep squad doing here?" I snapped and slammed the door on my way in.

My buddies looked up when I came in. They were so drunk that it wasn't even funny.

"We're going to go," Josh began in a slurred voice.

"To the BMX track," Sean finished.

"Whatever. Let's go," I replied.

We rode to the track. At least my buddies were riding their BMX bikes straight.

The track was empty, but the lights were on. We began to practice for racing. Sean was either inexperienced or too drunk to ride correctly. He slammed into Cory (who was too drunk to feel pain) and they fell. I couldn't stop in time to avoid them on the track, so I flipped over my handlebars onto Sean, who was puking all over himself and Cory.

"Oh Sean, puke the other way. You're puking on me!" Cory cried.

"I'm sorry," Sean replied and attempted to wipe off the puke.

Cory just stripped out of his shirt and threw it in the garbage can. We helped Sean up as Josh yelled about cops with flashlights coming our way. We were going to be in trouble for being there after dusk. It was a nightly ritual for the past week.

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We tore off on our bikes as the cops chased us in their car. It was so hard to outrun them on our bikes. Turn after turn we tried to lose them. We turned off the road and pedaled through the graveyard. As soon as we got out of the graveyard, Josh and I collided as the cops had turned the corner. We scrambled to get onto our bikes. We got up, yelling for the others to run away. They were almost upon us.

We jumped onto our bikes and raced away. We turned down a deserted alley and I turned to the right. Josh turned left. We both found an opening in the fence and raced through it right before the cops had made it to the T part of the alley. We rode straight through someone's backyard and down his or her driveway onto Josh's street.

"That was close. I'll see you tomorrow Danny. I'm tired and I'm starting to get a headache."

"I see. Well, I'm going home to think about what to do tomorrow," I lied.

"All right. Take the back way home. Don't get caught."

"I know."

I rode slowly home to get my motorcycle and two helmets. Jennie had brought Hallie home with her as she was the only one who knew about the date. Hallie climbed onto the back of the bike and put on her helmet. She wrapped her arms around my waist and we went to the movies. I made sure to ride carefully since I had a passenger.

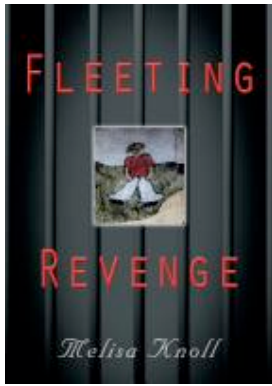
When we got to the movies, I let Hallie pick what she wanted to see. It was some chick flick, but whatever. I asked her if she wanted any popcorn and she nodded. I got us some and we went into the theater. Luckily, no one from our class was there.

We chatted during the previews and I learned that she was 16, almost 17. She had

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grown up in England and Sean had grown up in Minnesota. Their family had been reunited here. I slipped my arm around her and she put her head against my shoulder. It felt nice to cuddle with a girl again. Pain shot through my heart as I thought of my ex-girlfriend and forced the thoughts from my head.

After the movie, I brought Hallie home and kissed her goodnight. She smiled and said she had a good time and that she'd like to do it again sometime.



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