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fury

black dog



First published in 2010 by

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Shirley Marr asserts the moral right to be identified as author of this Work.

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Cover design by Ellie Exarchos

Printed and bound in Australia by Griffin Press

Cover photograph © Pawel Piatek / Trevillion Images

Author photograph © Red Images Fine Photography

The paper in this book is sourced from Finland and manufactured under ISO 14001 certification from wood grown in certified forests.

No old-growth forest wood has been used in the manufacture of this book.

National Library of Australia Cataloguing-in-Publication data:

Marr, Shirley

Fury/Shirley Marr

First edition

ISBN (pbk.) 9781742031323

For secondary school age

A823.4

10 9 8 7 6 5 4 3 2 1

10 11 12 13 14 15

*For D.N.F., for the graffiti you left on me.  
And for everyone who has ever been Furious  
because they had to be  
and wanted to be  
—S.M.*



*He sent his burning anger, rage, fury, and hostility against them.  
He sent an army of destroying angels.*  
Psalm 78:49



one

My name is Eliza Boans and I am a murderer.

I *know*. It's pretty shocking, huh?

To think I actually had a better surname before my parents divorced and my mother went back to her maiden name, taking me kicking and screaming with her. See, the judge gave Dad the Jag and gave Mum, well, *me*. She spewed big time over that. But seriously, unlike what that do-gooder Chaplain here thinks, I didn't just wake up one morning and say to myself, "what a lovely day, I think I might go out and kill someone."

I'm the last person that anyone would have suspected. I'm just Lizzie, typical teenager. I'm all about angst, attitude, designer labels and cupcakes. I want to grow up and do something cool with my life, such as build an orphanage in a third world country like all those saintly Hollywood celebrities. That or, like, cause a scandal and become mega-famous. Everyone knows that's how you get noticed these days. I live in the suburbs, go to high school, and my mum has all these unrealistic expectations of how well I'm going to do in Year Twelve blah, blah, blah. The only difference between you and me is that I live in East Rivermoor

A great wall runs all the way around our suburb. Access is through a double gate that has our own special crest on it. This is not just any neighbourhood; check your reality before you enter.

There is everything that you could possibly want here. The best shopping and heaps of trendy cafés, bars and restaurants that always get drool-worthy reviews in the magazines. A huge park in the middle with acres of rolled-on green lawn and a lake so large it has its own suspension bridge. You can keep your fancy yachts here; the water eventually takes you out into the ocean. Well-buffed guys practise rowing on weekends.

It's not a right to live here; it's a privilege. A privilege of being rich. There's no need to go outside these walls, if you don't want to.

I go to Priory Grammar of East Rivermoor, which everyone refers to by the one word: *Priory*. Makes it sound like a white

monastery or a glass hospital. It's private, of course; as if it would be a public school. You need to, like, have money to live in East Rivermoor in the first place. Sure, we have scholarships for smart students from the povov suburbs, so you can get in if you're special and your parents aren't. But I don't know anyone here who has a parent below a doctor, lawyer, CEO or self-made entrepreneur.

At Priory, no expense has been spared for the offspring of the elite. No concrete landscaping or cyclone fencing here, unlike other schools I've only heard rumours of. Priory's been the top Tertiary Entrance Exam ranked school five years in a row. It's all beautiful and perfect. Even the girl's toilets smell like vanilla cake.

Don't get jealous just yet. Let me tell you my story first. It's *really* awful. Something worse than making a fool of yourself in front of the cute boy you've been eyeing all semester; much worse than showing up to the end-of-school ball in the same dress as the best looking chick in your grade. It's about a crime me and my best friends committed. No one thought that what I did could happen. Not in a safe place like East Rivermoor. Not in a snobby, insufferable place like this.

I think you can tell by now that this is not going to be a happy story. If it were just some teenager's account of the last sunshine-filled days of high school, topped with a graduation and coming-of-age lesson at the end, then I wouldn't bother. You can go and read, like, *Snatcher in the Rye* or whatever, with the losers not doing English Lit.

The truth is we — me, Marianne, Lexi and Ella — never even made it to our graduation.

I heard that Isabella Hervey spiked the fruit punch and that Professor Adler snogged Miss Bailoutte behind the DJ booth. Like, *eww* old people. There was also reportedly a bitch fight on the dance floor involving the school football captain Richard Edwards, two admirers and a misdirected text message. What a shame we never got to see any of that for ourselves. Nobody signed our yearbooks. If we asked now, no one would want to.

The graduation song turned out to be *Extraordinary* by Mandy Moore. Fireworks exploded over everyone's heads as they made their way outside the school auditorium. It was a really touching moment, apparently. I guess the song wasn't intended for us. It doesn't matter: that song is crap.

Instead, the four of us spent what was supposed to be our graduation night locked in separate rooms at the police station in the city. We weren't allowed to see each other. They told us that we had done enough damage already. Maybe they thought that if they put us together we might kill each other. They already believe that we're capable of murdering somebody.

Ella's mother was the first to come, armed with huge bagfuls of food. She cried when that detective or whatever he is — Dr Fadden — told her she couldn't give them to her daughter. He told her that Ella deserved punishment. Mrs Dashwood sobbed and said that Ella was just a little girl.

Dr Fadden folded his arms. It said, silently, that he thought Ella was old enough.

Let's get one thing straight. I don't expect you to feel sorry for me. Hell, I don't think Mum does. That's why I'm not going to give her the chance to tell me how much I've failed her. I refuse to see her, or that woman-lawyer she's hired for me who specialises in "troubled" teenage girls. The only commitment I've seen them both demonstrate is trying to outdo each other in the short skirt department.

As for my dad, well, I don't have what you call an *active dad*. Not anymore. He walked out on us a long time ago and he never looked back. In fact, he took off so fast he's not even in the same country anymore. *Boohoo* you're probably thinking. *Poor little rich East Rivermoor girl*. Yeah, I should probably go and cry into my new Fendi handbag that Mum bought me. That might make me feel better.

They found the body Tuesday morning. A group of kids who walk to school along that way discovered it. I never meant for anything like that to happen. I mean, those kids were only in Year Eight. I'm really sorry that they'll probably have to be in therapy for the rest of their lives, but their parents should know better than to let them walk along the border of East Rivermoor to get to school. Beyond the border is the rest of the imperfect, dangerous world.

If I had known better I would have kicked that body and rolled it down that ditch. Then maybe it would have stayed there undisturbed until it rotted away to bone, and then from