

The below belongs to the original draft of Fury. Due to an editorial decision (agreed with by me), the last chapter and the epilogue were cut from the final novel because it felt like it wrapped the story up too completely. Although I think the epilogue is kinda sweet, I don't regret the decision – *Shirley Marr*.

Epilogue

Finally! They let me out. Did I say I hate my mum? Well I love Mum. And her lawyer is awesome. Nova, you're the awesome. If I ever said you were a mean lipstick lesbian it's because they, like, fully interrogated it out of me and everything. It was a total abuse of my human rights, wait till I tell Today/Tonight all about it.

So I don't have to go to jail, but I am on a good behaviour bond. Hey, I'm one up on Lindsay Lohan, so I'm not complaining.

I thought they might put one of those tracker anklets on me, like you see on TV, but they didn't, which is disappointing. So the first thing I'm going to do is go shopping because I don't have to study the bible and pretend to love it Paris Hilton style – I don't even have to go to court. I hope Ella has gone back to where she came from (Hell) and that Lexi is out of hospital and that Marianne's parents have gotten her out too (and haven't shipped her straight to a convent for safe keeping).

I saw a group of kids from school on the way home in the car when we stopped at a set of lights, and I am pretty sure they saw me too, but they all turned away for no reason. I knocked on the window and mouthed "hey, it's me, Eliza! I'm free! Where are you all going? Are you going to see that new zombie movie cos I like, so want to see it as well." They turned to look at me, but it was like they looked totally through me. Maybe it's cos I still look like jailbait crap and they don't recognise me? It'll be different of course once I go to the salon and beauty spa and get a new outfit.

Just between you and me, I keep having this really weird feeling, which I've never had before because, y'know, I'm popular and shit. But it's like I feel... lonely. And I have no one to talk to. I've tried messaging both Marianne and Lexi like a hundred times, but I haven't received a single response. I guess I'll keep trying and wait for tonight. Then I bet Marianne will message me straight back and it'll be like "stop bugging me! I don't know about you, but I actually want to get a good grade on the test tomorrow! Get back to your work!" It'll be just like the good old days again.

You know what I've been thinking? This may sound a little crazy, but listen anyway. I think I might go to the pet store and buy a rat. I don't know why. I guess I just shake this stupid feeling. It can live in my old dollhouse and I'll treat it kind and talk to it and it'll be my friend. I might even let it sleep on my pillow. I think I'll call it Neil.

Yes. I'll do that. After I get a decent meal. I kinda feel like eating a cheeseburger and fries, but that won't do. I need to go with Mum to a decent restaurant, one with proper linen and crap and I'll have to smile and laugh and show everyone just how well I feel. Then everything will be wonderful like it used to be. Yup. I'm going to tell Mum that's exactly what I want to do. Well, I will once I can get my hands to stop trembling and my mouth to open properly, cos I don't have a clue why I can't stop my whole body shaking like crazy.

END.