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After we fell pdf study novels

Read After We Fell (After 3) Online, Free Novels Online, Read Book Online, Listen Novels Online © 1996-2014, Amazon.com, Inc. or its affiliates Prologue TESSA As I look into the familiar face of this stranger, memories flood me. I used to sit there, brushing my hair on my blonde Barbie doll. Often I would like to be the doll: she made her do it. She was beautiful, she was always cared for, always exactly who she was supposed to be. His parents must be proud, I thought so. His father, wherever he was, was probably a great CEO, traveling the world to make a living for his family while his mother stayed behind and took care of the house. Barbie's father would never come home stumbling and screaming. He didn't yell at his mother so loudly that Barbie hid in the greenhouse to get away from all the noise and breaking dishes. And if, by chance, a little easily explicable misunderstanding had caused an argument between her parents, Barbie always had Ken, her perfect blond boyfriend, to keep her company... even in the greenhouse. Barbie was perfect, so she would have the perfect life, with perfect parents. My father, who left me nine years ago, stands before me, dirty and haggard. Nothing as it should be, nothing as I remember. A smile covers his face as he looks at me, and another surface of memory. My father, the night he left... my mother's face put in stone. She did not cry. She stayed there, waiting for him to come out. That night, she changed; she was no longer the same loving mother after that. She became something nasty, and distant, and unhappy. But she was there after he decided not to be. Chapter a Tessa Dad? This man in front of me could not be my father, despite the familiar brown eyes that looked back at me. Tessie? His voice is thicker than I remember my distant memories. Hardin turns to me, eyes blazing, and then back to my father. My father. Here, in this bad neighborhood, with dirty clothes on your back. Tessie? Is that really you? Asking. I'm freezing. I have no words to say to this drunken man who wears my father's face. Hardin puts a hand on my shoulder in an attempt to get a reaction from me. Tessa . . . I take a step towards the strange man, and he smiles. His brown beard is peppered with grey; his smile is not white and clean as I remember... How did he end up like this? All the hope I once had that my father would have changed his life around the way Ken did it disappeared, and the realization that this man is actually my father does worse than he should. It's me, someone says, and after a while I realize that the words came from me. He closes the space between us and wraps his arms around me. I can't believe it! I tried to do it, He cut short by Hardin pulling him away from me. I'm backing off, I don't know how to behave. The stranger, my father, looks between Hardin and me, alert and incredulous. But soon after, he calmed down in a nonchalant posture and and his distance, for which I am happy. I've been trying to find you for months, he says, wiping his hand over his forehead, leaving a stain of dirt on his skin. Hardin stands in front of me, ready to pounce. I've been here, I said quietly, looking around his shoulder. I'm grateful for his protection, and it seems to me that he must be completely confused. My father turns to him, looks him up and down for a while. Wow. Noah has changed a lot. No, it's Hardin, I said. My dad moves around him a little and thumbs closer to me, and I can see that Hardin gets tense when he moves. So close, I can feel it. It is either the alcohol on his breath or the by-product of alcohol abuse that makes him confuse the two; Hardin and Noah are polar opposites, and could never be compared to each other. My dad swings an arm around me, and Hardin gives me a look, but I shake my head slightly to keep it at bay. Who is he? My father keeps his arm around me for an uncomfortably long time while Hardin stands there, looking to explode, not necessarily out of anger, I realize; he just seems to have no idea what to say or do. That's two of us. He is my . . . Hardin is my . . . Boyfriend. I'm her boyfriend, he ends for me. The man's brown irises go wide as he eventually takes in Hardin's appearance. It's good to meet you, Hardin. I'm Richard. He reaches out his dirty hand to shake bold. Ehm . . . yes, nice to meet you. Hardin is clearly very . . . Unstable. What are you both doing around here? I take the opportunity to get away from my father and stand next to Hardin, who withdraws into himself and pulls me by his side. Hardin was getting a tattoo, I reply robotically. My mind is unable to understand everything that is going on right now. Ah Good looking. I used this place before me. The images of my father having coffee before leaving the house every morning to go to work fill my mind. He didn't look anything like that, he didn't talk about anything like that, and he didn't get a tattoo when I met him. When I was his granddaughter. Yeah, my friend Tom does them. He pushes the sleeve of his sweatshirt to reveal what looks like a skull on his forearm. It doesn't seem like it belongs to him, but as I keep looking at it, I'm starting to see that maybe he's doing it. Oh that's all I can handle. It's so embarrassing. This man is my father, the man who left my mother and I alone. And he's here in front of me... Drunk. And I don't know what to think. Tags: Anna Todd After The Young Adult Source: www.StudyNovels.com

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