

# LUCAS KENT & GRETA ROUGE

Rocio  
Bonilla



How It All Began

bromera



Lucas

## 1 ME

I was normal. A normal boy. Or at least that's what I'd always believed.

I had a normal family, a normal dad and a normal mum, who worked in normal places and a little sister who I fought with completely normally.

We lived in a normal flat – well, a small one actually, so, normal-ish – and I went to a normal school, with other normal kids who told totally normal jokes. I myself was a rather normal



height for my age. Nothing about me strayed away from normality and I was fine with that. Well, all normality except for my teeth, those small fangs I'd inherited from my mum which jutted out a bit and which orthodontics had never been able to correct. The poor orthodontist, after a year and a half of tightening my braces, had to give up in despair. Just like he will with my sister, in a few months, when he concludes that our family's only oddity cannot be fixed.

By the way, I haven't introduced myself. My name is Lucas, Lucas Kent, although at school they call me Kentucky. My sister calls me Lucath, but I don't mind because she also says "glatheth"

and "penthilth". And my mum, affectionately, called me Lukey when I was little, although she still lets it slip now and again and I pretend I don't mind.

