

Party Central (The Lora Kate London Series Book 1)

Pages: 414

Format: pdf, epub

Language: English

[[DOWNLOAD FULL EBOOK PDF](#)]

Party Central

By Mandy Lawson

Copyright @ 2009

No part of this book may be reproduced or transmitted in any form or by means, graphic, electronic, or mechanical, including photocopying, recording, taping, or by any information storage retrieval system, without the permission in writing, from the author.

Chapter 1: Chaos and a Hot Guy

I am currently freaking out. My roommate, Kendra, announced that she met her "soul mate" on the Internet, of all places, and moved to Africa with him. She's living with him in an apartment in Africa that her parents are paying for. I'm still so mad at her! That leaves me with a two-bedroom apartment in Manhattan! Do you know how much rent is for a two-bedroom apartment? In Manhattan? Imagine paying for a small country and you will know my pain. I'm freaking out because I still don't have a job and I'm sure there are bills that need to be paid. If I could only remember what Kendra told me. I think she wrote stuff down before she left. Where is it?

I think back to the day she left two weeks ago. She was packing and I got called out for pretty much being worthless:

I lean against the doorframe of her bedroom and it's basically empty. Moving guys have been moving crap out all day. She sees me and smiles sadly. Her long, dark braids are pulled up into a ponytail and her dark skin is so pretty against the yellow tank top she's wearing.

"K, do you really think this is a good idea?"

"L.K., he's so sweet! I've always wanted to go on an adventure and now's my chance."

"What will you do for money? You quit your job. Your amazing job at Ralph Lauren. You loved your job."

She laughs. "My parents can help me out," she says taping the top of a box.

"Did you tell them you are going to Africa with a guy?"

She bites her lip. "Not exactly. I kind of told them I was going to work with the poor kids. They are funding my whole trip and paying for my apartment over there."

"How am I going to pay the bills? I don't really know what is due or when. I don't even own a check book. My parents are going to end up making me move home since whole independent thing isn't working out."

"I'm really sorry about leaving you in a bind. With all the moving stuff, I don't even know if we paid all of our bills this month, but I can make a list for you. I know that we used the air conditioning a lot this month. Next month is going to be worse."

I run my hand through my long blonde hair. "Probably. I don't know what to do about bills. I just got fired. Again."

"Java's fired you? Why?"

"I kind of spilled hot coffee on Ryan. My manager told me that wasn't appropriate behavior."

Kendra rolls her eyes. "Did your manager know that Ryan is a cheating scumbag?"

"I'm thinking no. It was stupid on my part. But Ryan should have gone somewhere else. He knew I was working yesterday and he stopped by anyway. He tried to apologize and was begging me to take him back."

"You didn't even really like him that much."

I shrug. "I know. He was cute, but we never really connected. When I caught him cheating, I didn't even feel sad."

"What did Sam say?" she asks closing another box.

"About me getting fired?" I laugh. "He wasn't surprised."

Sam is my best friend. We've been friends since my freshman year in college. He's highly opinionated, but I love him. He bails me out constantly when I'm short on cash and keeps me from falling on my face daily.

Kendra looks at me seriously. "So...we've been out of college for like a year. When are you going to look for a job where you can actually use your degree?"

I scrunch my nose. This question has been thrown at me a lot lately. I worked for a marketing manager right out of college. My big internship. Ms. Edwards ran me ragged. I was mostly just her assistant. I got her lunch, coffee, emailed, answered the phone, etc. I learned how to be a good assistant, but I didn't learn anything about marketing. I made good grades in college and thought that my internship would be amazing, but I worked for her for six months and didn't learn what I wanted to learn. After we parted ways, she didn't write me a recommendation because she claimed that she didn't have time. I got discouraged. I tried to get into other internships, but everything was full so I decided to work at a coffee shop until something came up. Nothing ever did. So here I am a year later with no job.

I look at Kendra and frown. "You know I did the whole intern thing forever. It didn't work out and then when Sam started in on wanting to help me find something, I got frustrated. No one wants to hire a newbie with no experience. Six months with Ms. Edwards was a long time. She didn't even write me a recommendation or anything."

"But, Sister, you can't even make rent?"

I furrow my eyebrows. "What do you mean? I give you enough money, right?"

She smiles a little. "Lor, your mom and dad send me a check every month to cover the rent. The money you give me only covers your part of the utilities."

I frown. "Why didn't you tell me? I could have worked more shifts or something." I was feeling so proud of myself for helping pay the rent. Turns out I wasn't helping with anything. Maybe Sam

and Dad are right. I might not be ready to live on my own.

“That coffeehouse paycheck isn’t going to cover the bills, Lor.”

“I guess I should have known that. How am I going to live without you?”

She gives me a tight hug. “You’ll be fine. Sam will help you out and your parents will too. Maybe being on your own will help with the whole responsible thing.”

“Maybe.” Maybe she’s right. I’ll be on my own and will have to pay the bills. Maybe I can do it. I can be responsible, right?

She can see the panic on my face. “I’ll make a list of when things are due and all the bills come in our mailbox. Check the mail and get a checkbook or you can just pay online. I do that most of the time. I’ll write the usernames and passwords down for you too.”

I frown and tear up a little. “Thanks, Roomie.”

I shake my head and get back to feeling the chaos of my life. It has been two weeks since she left. I haven’t checked the mailbox because I keep forgetting. I never had to check the mail before...it’s an easy thing to forget. Who needs all that junk mail anyway?

I need to get up and get dressed. But first...coffee. I hop into the kitchen and press the button to awaken my coffeemaker, but nothing happens. I try again. It must be broken. I need my coffee. I can’t think or move without the coffee. And why is it so hot in here?

My thoughts are only motivated by the dream of getting the coffee. I can’t go across the street to Java’s. They fired me and would probably spit in my coffee. I can’t be drinking spit. I’ll have to go to Starbucks. I hate Starbucks. They’re always busy and that lady on the front of all the cups creeps me out, but I’ll just have to deal. I must have the coffee.

As I enter my bathroom, which is the best part of the apartment because it has the big, whirlpool style bathtub made of purple marble (who knew, right?); I noticed that when I switched the light on, it didn’t do anything. What is going on? First my coffee maker died and now my light doesn’t work. I change the bulb and try again. Nothing. Crap. Now I have to get ready in the dark.

I put on some skinny jeans and a red crop top. I seriously need to go shopping for new clothes, but that would require money. I don’t have much of that right now. I could ask my parents, but then they would tell me to move home. And I’ve discovered that I like living by myself. It has been hard since I graduated from NYU, but it has been fun. I thought I was doing just fine, but Kendra told a little secret that she wasn’t supposed to. My parents have been covering my half of the rent, but I’m determined to get a good job and pay my own bills.

I take the elevator only because I love to sit on the bench that is covered with red velvet. I’m not a weirdo. I only like the bench. Maybe I’ll buy one. Maybe I am weird.

I move quickly past Java’s and walk straight into Starbucks shielding my sea green eyes (Today’s new contact color; my eyes are really hazel) from the creepy girl on the sign. Sam hates that wear contacts. I hate the boring hazel color of my eyes and how I can’t control what color they will decide to be. They are never cute and never match my outfits.

I order a double tall cappuccino and wait. This is torture. No one should have to wait this long for coffee. It's this place. Starbucks is too busy. Literally...all day long there is a line to get coffee. It's ridiculous.

I finally get my order and kindly tell the waiter that I wouldn't be here if I didn't have to give my coffee maker a funeral. He looks at me and smiles. Maybe I should apply here. NO! I will not give in to the creepy Starbucks girl. That's what she wants me to do.

I walk back to my apartment and go to the mailbox. I guess I need to check that. I take the stack upstairs and unlock the door. As I open my electric bill, I notice a bright, pink slip fall to the ground. Festive. I reach down, pick up the bill, and it all comes to me. I forgot to pay my bill. They (I have no idea who. Maybe aliens.) have shut off my power. I guess I should have known that this would happen. I haven't paid any of my bills.

I don't have a job...again. No money means I can't pay my bills. I may actually have to move back in with my parents. I have to get a job today. I have a degree in public relations. Certainly, there is something I can do.

As I finish my coffee, I sit on the balcony on this warm summer morning looking up jobs on my phone. At least my parents pay the rent. For now. I want a job that I can pay all of my bills.

I want a real job. A cool job. A job that won't embarrass my mother. A job where I can actually use my degree. Let's see...Truck driver (eww), waitress (um, no), retail (maybe), cosmetics (hmm...), professional video game player (what? They have those?), nanny (yeah, right), party planner (I can do that. I like parties).

I Google party planners and see if I am qualified to do that. YES! I am! I don't have experience, but I can pretty much charm anyone that crosses my path if I want to. Sam says he loves and hates that about me. He loves it when I can get us free snacks at the movie theater, but hates when the movie theater dudes give me their number. He's so silly and very protective of me when it comes to guys. He never thinks anyone is good enough. It's kind of annoying, but kind of sweet.

After deciding my destiny, I dial the number listed on some job site I found, and wait in anticipation. Someone comes on the line, "Party Central, may I help you?"

"Hi! I'm Lora Kate London and I am calling about your ad for a party planner."

"Do you have any experience?" asks the mysterious person on the other end. She sounds pretty friendly.

"I have a degree in public relations and I'm amazing at throwing parties," I say. I'm only stretching the truth a little. I planned a ton of parties in college. We had themes and stuff.

"Wonderful! Can you come in at 3:30 p.m. today?"

"Yes! I'll be there. Thank you."

She hangs up. Yes! Possible income. Now what does a party planner wear? Heels? Definitely. Suit? No. Cute, little black dress? Oh, yeah! I take a shower in the dark and go to the lobby bathroom to curl my hair. I still have some time before the interview, but what can I do in the dark?

I search through my dark refrigerator and find nothing. I finally settle on a can of Spaghetti O's and then I remember I can't warm them up. Oh well, I eat them anyway.

I decide to call Sam. Sam Bridges, my overprotective bestie. He is a local weatherman here in New York. He's kind of like those crazy weather channel men who go out in the hurricanes to see if the wind is really blowing, but instead he goes out in the snow to show us that it's really snowing. Weather people crack me up. His work schedule changes all the time. Sometimes he works nights and sometimes he works mornings. Since he's the young one on the weather team, he gets the crappy shifts. It's part of the getting experience thing that I have yet to do. He picks up the phone after what seems like the hundredth ring.

"What?" he groans.

"Sam, I think I have found a job."

"What kind of job? Another waitressing job?"

"Are you asleep? And no, it's not another dead-end job. I'm going to be a party planner," I say with pride.

"Are you kidding? You know you have a black record. They are not going to hire you, and yes, I'm asleep. I worked last night, unlike some people."

"That's not fair. I'm a people person. Besides...I kind of need a job in the worst kind of way." I look around at my dark apartment.

"If you get that job, I'll pay for your electricity to be turned back on."

"How did you know my electricity was turned off? I just found out today."

"L.K., it's been turned off for a week. I came over to get my DVDs and you had no electricity. You really have to pay attention and stop staying at your parents' house."

"I only stayed over there for a week. Mom and Dad are in Barbados and I had to watch the fish," I say in defense.

"You stayed over there to eat their food!"

"What difference does it make? Kendra already spilled about them paying my half of the rent. I guess they are paying all of it now since I haven't been kicked out."

"L.K., you are my best friend and I love you, but you have got to start paying attention to your bills. The rent is due on the first. You might want to check with your landlord and see if your parents are paying or call them and ask them yourself."

"I'm not calling them. I don't want them to know that I know."

He sighs. I know I irritate him, but I can't help it. I've never had to be responsible before. "Well...I've gotta go. My interview is in an hour. You coming over tonight?"

"Sure, if you get your electricity turned back on."

"Gee, thanks for the confidence."

"If you get your job and I pay for your lights, we are not watching Signs again. I hate that movie. It's so cheesy. There is no way that Mel Gibson can be a lethal weapon and a priest. It's just not

feasible. I don't see why you like it so much."

"It has nothing to do with Mel Gibson. I'll see you tonight. Bye."

I hang up. How dare he bash Signs. M. Night is a genius. We will be watching it. If I pout and give him the puppy dog eyes, he can't resist. He always lets me get my way even if he fights me on it. I throw on some Jimmy Choos and lock my door. I'm off to land me a job.

I take the elevator again only to find another person. He is very tall and he is sitting on my bench. Would it be awkward to sit beside him? Maybe I should ask him to move. No, that would be weird. How do you explain to a person that you claim the elevator bench as yours? You can't because that's weird. I'll just stand.

It seems like hours before the doors trap us inside. The music is annoying and weird in this elevator. I've never noticed that before. The man seems nervous about something. Maybe he didn't pay his bill either. I could stop being awkward and talk to him.

The doors part as if Moses were standing in front of us. I give the lurch a little finger wave and head out into the beautiful city. I love New York. I've lived here my whole life. It has a certain crazy atmosphere that I love. Then again, it could be the smog. Who knows?

I find the party agency, Party Central Co. How original. I gracefully walk to the office upstairs. And by gracefully...I mean tripping on the lobby rug and almost colliding with the marble floor. Why is it that all of the offices are upstairs? It's like they want you to work for it. After walking up two flights, I think I should go to the gym. I can barely breathe.

I wonder what's downstairs? Is it filled with reception halls, storage rooms, aliens? Hmmm...just a thought. I enter the office with pride and confidence. I better get this job. I would really love to stop living in the dark ages.

"Hello. You must be Laura Kane," says the woman behind the small desk. She's super cute and must be from Brooklyn with that accent.

"Actually, I'm Lora Kate. You can call me L.K. Who am I meeting with today?"

"Mr. Sparks will see you in a moment. Please have a seat, L.K. My name is Margaret and you can call me Marge."

I take a seat and wonder about Marge. I wonder what her history is. She has fire red hair and matching lipstick. She is wearing a skin-tight leopard print top over some black spandex pants. She looks like she knows how to have fun.

I bet Mr. Sparks is a short, stumpy man with no life. I probably will get a job making coffee and running errands. I don't want to make coffee anymore. I'd like to have a job that I'm good at. A job that can take me somewhere.

"Mr. Sparks will see you now," Marge says jolting me out of my thoughts.

I walk through the hallway lined with expensive paintings...like the kind in museums. I enter through the oak door and stop in my tracks.

Dude is hot! Mr. Sparks is definitely not a short, stumpy man. I so need this job. He's so cute. I could cry.

“Hello, Mr. Sparks. I’m Lora Kate London, but you can call me L.K. I’m here to interview for a party planner position.”

I should be embarrassed, but I can’t help it. I’m batting my eyelashes and giving him a flirty smile.

He shakes my hand and holds it a little longer than necessary. Then he looks me up and down and lingers at my legs. “Ah, yes, Ms. London. Please take a seat.”

His blonde hair is perfect with his tan body. His eyes are an ocean blue color. Oh, man, I need this job or at least this man. I’m going to have to turn on the charm for sure. Hopefully the charm will overpower how unqualified I am.

“I’m going to get straight to the point. I’m in quite a hurry today. I need a party planner right away. I’ve had interviews with people all day and no one has caught my attention yet. I have many parties coming up and my last planner had to take a sabbatical for mental health reasons. I have a party that is coming up soon and all my planners are booked. My assistant said that you have experience, right?”

“Right. I have planned many parties. I’m not exactly a pro or anything, but I know how to get organized and I can start any time.”

“I see on your resumé that you graduated from NYU with a degree in public relations. I also see a long list of coffeehouses. What happened there?” he asks.

“Um...I only got fired from those places because my managers just didn’t understand me. I got a good internship after I graduated, but the marketing manager that I worked under didn’t help me. She didn’t challenge me.” I say. I bat my eyelashes and smile. It’s so cheesy, but I smile. “I need a job that can challenge me creatively.”

His eyes are locked on me. He is quiet for a minute. I’m sure he’s thinking that I’m full of it and he’s about to ask me to leave. “Well, I guess I can understand that. You didn’t list your internship on your resumé.”

“She and I didn’t see eye to eye. I don’t think she really wanted an intern. I usually just made coffee and brought her food.”

He smiles at me and is quiet for a few minutes. I don’t know whether to run or just melt into my seat with embarrassment. He probably thinks I’m a joke. It’s true though. I have no experience, but college taught me a lot. I’m not an idiot and I like to take charge of things. Planning a party can’t be too hard.

He gives me a crooked smile. “I’m willing to try you out. I’m pretty desperate right now.”

I smile widely. “I promise that I’ll work really hard.”

He smiles again. “I’m sure you will. I’m going to send you an email with information about the company. Read over it, memorize it, and come back tomorrow morning at 9:00 a.m. ready to work. You can wear comfortable clothes. You’ll be working in the office tomorrow on the phone. I’ll give you some advance pay in the morning. Give Marge all of your information. Great to have you on board,” he says. Was that it? Did I just get hired? Talks fast that one.

He stands from behind his desk and I see that he’s really muscular. I just want to touch his chest.

He walks over to shake my hand, but I give him a huge hug and then back away quickly.

"I'm so sorry. That was inappropriate."

He gives me a half smile and I melt. He's so dang cute. I can't stand it. "It's totally okay, Ms. London. Why don't you go see HR and start the paperwork?"

I stumble around until I find HR. I fill out all the paperwork with the human resources lady and then start home. I want to run, but since I'm wearing my Jimmy Choos...there will be no running. I walk home to call Sam. He owes me. Big.

I walk into my apartment and call Sam on my cell. I kick my shoes off and flop onto the couch when he answers.

"Sam, I got the job even with my black record and I start tomorrow. You better stop by the electric company on the way over and bring pizza."

"You're kidding. I figured you would be crying by now. I already paid your bill and I bought cake."

"Aww, Sam, I love your confidence in me. Bring the pizza and we're watching Signs!" I hang up and switch the lights on.

The illuminated room makes me feel bubbly. Advance pay and electricity! Yes! I turn on my iHome and sing a little Britney Spears while I make a huge pot of coffee. No funeral for you, Mr. coffee maker. I've got my Britney and my coffee...I'm good! I'm kind of obsessed with the 90s. I was born in the 90s and I feel like people get attached to the decade they were born in.

I change into some cut off jean shorts and a tank top. I might as well get comfy. Sam will be here soon with food. I bet he feels like an idiot since he was wrong about me getting that job. At least I got my electricity turned back on.

While waiting for Sam, I called the landlord and my parents are paying my rent. I'm sure I'll have to call them like Sam said. I called the water company and the cable company and told them I would pay this week. I'm not a fan of this grownup stuff. It's not fun like we all thought it would be when we were kids.

I buzz Sam up as soon as he arrives. He walks into my apartment with his arms full of goodies. The first thing I see is the cake. It's the birthday kind with the sugary, white icing and pretty, colored roses on top.

"It's not my birthday," I say. "And it says 'Happy Birthday, Bapi' on top." Sorry Bapi, but it looks like I'm eating your cake.

"I know, but it was the only one they had. It was a mess up. Hey, I could use some help here." He struggles with the cake, pizza, some groceries, and a mysterious green bag.

I grab the cake and pizza. He takes the groceries to the kitchen and I follow him. I set the stuff down and try to hop on the counter. He rolls his eyes and helps me up.

"What's in the bag?"

"You'll see."

Sam has never bought me a random gift except for birthdays and Christmas.

"Okay, here is the itinerary for the night: First, we watch Signs because I love it. We also eat all the pizza and then we watch Mars Attacks! because it's weird and funny. To end the night, we eat cake. How does that sound?" I ask.

Sam leans against the counter next to my legs. "How about you open this first?"

He hands me the green bag. I pull out all of the white tissue paper and reach in to find a little red box. I look at him with his wild sandy hair falling over his hazel eyes looking straight at me. I noticed we both had hazel eyes the first time we met. Of course, he didn't because I was sporting blue contacts that day.

"What is it?" I hold the box between my fingers.

"Open it." His smile is kind of crooked and makes his eyes sparkle. It's my favorite smile.

The only things I know that come in little boxes are rings with commitments attached to them. I slowly open the red box and find a bottle cap. On the back of the cap holds an engraving, "To an unlikely match." I look at Sam and back at the cap.

What is he trying to ask me? We are just friends. Best friends. We have been through too much to ruin our friendship. What do I say? Should I say thanks? I don't know what to do. It's a bottle cap, what am I supposed to say? Words. I need words. Any words will do, L.K. "Umm..."

"Don't you remember that cap? It's June 20th. I met you five years ago today. You were a freshman at NYU and I was a sophomore. You were at a freshman orientation thing and I had a summer class. You ran into me in the hallway and called me a big jerk. Then you proceeded to continue your rant by telling me that I should watch where I was going and learn to move out of the way. You handed me your bottled coke and you hit me on the shoulder and told me to stop giving you the Starbucks look. You took me by surprise. I gave you my number and told you to meet me at Starbucks at 5:00 p.m. Then..."

I interrupt, "I stood you up and called you to say I couldn't meet there because I hate the Starbucks girl." I shake my head. "Oh, my gosh!"

He says, "An unlikely match would be our friendship. Most people don't become friends that way. We've been inseparable ever since."

"Don't get all mushy. I can't believe you remember the exact day. Sam, you're a big softy." I bump my body against his shoulder.

"I'm not getting all mushy." He lifts me from the counter.

I laugh and stick the cap in my pocket. "Let's eat and celebrate my new job!"

"Tell me about this new job," Sam says.

"Well, it's actually kind of weird. I walked into Mr. Sparks' office and he repeated my bad work history and then he gave me the job. I mean...I turned up the charm big time. I had to make it sound like I couldn't find any job good enough until this one. He was really nice and hot. I think I see love in the forecast."

"I'm sure you do. You and your charm tend to get you into sticky situations. Did you wear a short skirt too? Showing off your legs." He tugs at the bottom on my shorts.

I smack his hand away. "So what if I did?"

"Lora Kate, do you think God is okay with you using your legs to get a job?"

I cross my arms. "Just turn on the movie or go home or whatever."

We sat in silence as the movie played. I can't concentrate. What if I did just get the job because I'm pretty? I mean...he's cute and I'm cute. We'd make a perfect match. I also feel really guilty. Sam's right...I used my legs, my eyes, my smile, and whatever else I had to physically win him over. God is probably pretty disappointed in me. I glance over to Sam who is surprisingly looking right at me. "What?" I ask with an attitude.

"You are not watching the movie. I'm sorry. I shouldn't have said that. I'm sure you got the job because of your personality and your excitement. You made good grades in school and you have some major potential. Maybe this will be where you can shine. You can actually use your degree at this job. I've been hounding you for months to find a job that will let you use your degree...something you worked hard for. You finally find a job and I make fun of you. I am sorry."

"You're forgiven, I guess. It does seem kind of weird that I got the job without any real experience and I did wear the little black dress and Jimmy Choos. Can we start the movie over? I want to watch it from the beginning."

"Fine, but you have to agree to watch Die Hard instead of Mars Attacks! I can't watch that movie again, Lor. It's just too weird."

"I know. That's why I like it." He gives me a look so I say, "Fine. We can watch Die Hard."

"Yes!" he exclaims in a perfect Napoleon Dynamite voice.

We finished Signs and Die Hard along with the pizza and the cake. I'm surprised Sam ate as much as I did. He usually gripes that I eat too unhealthy and tries to sneak in a salad.

Sam fell asleep and I cover him with my quilt. I patter softly to my bedroom and shut the door. I have a long night ahead of me. I have to read that email and memorize the beautiful contents that lie inside.

I change into my teal nightie and crawl into bed. I'm twenty-three years old and I'm single, so this job is going to be awesome. I hope there is some sort of travel involved. I read through the email with excitement. I get to organize every party. I will be the one who orders everything and sets it all up. I even get to attend the events. I hope there will be celebrity parties to plan. I glance over to my clock. It's 1:00 a.m...I better get some sleep. I pray and ask God to forgive me for being an idiot today and well...most days. I set my alarm and finally start my REM cycle when I hear a loud bang. What was that?

I run to the living room and find Sam still asleep on the couch. I shake him.

"What?"

"Did you hear that? That loud bang?"

"No. What do you think it was?"

"I don't know, but it woke me up. I think it came from downstairs. Should we go check it out?"

"Sure, but you might want to get a robe or something." He chuckles and shields his eyes. I look down and notice that I'm in my nightie and my boobs are just about hanging out.

"Crap!" I cover myself and run to the bathroom. Sam is laughing hysterically. I am so embarrassed. Only me. This would only happen to me. I change into my shorts and a tank top. Great! I knew I should have put on my robe before I woke him up. I didn't think. Stupid, stupid!

Sam and I run downstairs to find police cars everywhere. "What is going on?" I ask the short, plump officer.

"Accident. Krispy Kreme truck plowed right into the side of the building."

"Oh, is the driver okay?" Sam asks.

"Yeah, he fell asleep at the wheel. He's fine. Just shaken up a bit. You folks can go back to sleep." He walks out to the truck. With all of the police cars around, you would think something serious happened. Now we all know they only came to raid the donut truck. Figures.

Sam and I walk back upstairs. Old Mrs. Tragger stops us in the hall. "What's all the commotion about? I'm trying to get my beauty sleep."

"Oh, nothing. The police found a donut truck," I say.

"Hmph...hey, are we still on for BINGO Saturday night?"

"Yep. Just you, me, and the BINGO boards." I play BINGO with her once a month and she cooks me one hot meal a week. She needs a BINGO partner and I need to eat. "Goodnight Hildie."

"Don't you call me that. I hate that name. I should have never told you my first name. You call me May or don't call me." Her voice disappears behind her door.

I unlock my door and trip on my rug. I land with a thud and my cheek hits the floor. I really shouldn't own rugs. Sam lifts me off the ground and carries me to my room. He throws me on my bed. "Goodnight, Klutz Queen."

"Hey! Where are you going?"

"Home."

"Why? It's almost 2:00 a.m. You might as well stay here."

"I guess, but once you get a new roommate, I'm staying at home from now on. There are no monsters in your closets and Mrs. Tragger is scary enough to frighten any criminal."

"Fine," I say. "Goodnight."

Chapter 3: First days and All That

I wake up to the smell of bacon and coffee. I glance at my clock. 6:00 a.m. Early. Too early. Oh, wait! I have a job now and I have to get up early. I walk into the kitchen and Sam hands me a cup of coffee. I smell the brew and sit at the table. "Thank you, Bestie."

"I thought I would make you breakfast on your first day."

"Awww. Thanks, but I'm a big girl. I won't cry at Kindergarten. I promise."

He hands me a plate of bacon, eggs, and wheat toast rolling his eyes. I make a sandwich with it all and look at Sam.

"Hey, thanks for breakfast, Sammy."

"You're welcome. I've gotta run. I have to be in the newsroom ready to air at 8:00 a.m. Morning shift today. Good luck today and call me at lunch."

He grabs his keys and walks out the door. Sam is not really crazy like the Weather Channel people. I only say that to torture him. He graduated from NYU with a degree in meteorology. He is the funniest weatherman I know. Well, he's the only weatherman I know, but I bet he is the funniest and he's super smart.

I finish breakfast and get dressed. I love that I can dress comfy for this job. I flat iron my hair and get dressed in jeans and a really cute striped Rails blouse that ties in the middle. I look in my closet and decide to wear Birkenstocks. They are the most comfortable shoes in the whole world. I grab

my bag and walk out the door.

As I walk down the street, a nervous feeling overwhelms me. What if I'm not good at this job? What if I suck and totally screw everything up? What if my outfit is too casual? I really need this job. Well, I really need the money. I'll have to do my best.

I climb the stairs at Party Central Co. and reach the office. There has to be an elevator somewhere. The climbing is killing me. Marge is already at her desk talking away on the phone in her cheetah print today. She really likes those animal prints. She nods at me to say hello and I wave at her as I walk down to Mr. Sparks' office.

I open the door and hear a yelp. The door smacked him right in the nose and flattened him out on the floor. Crap! His nose is bleeding! I reach for a Kleenex on his desk and reach down to help him. I'm going to get fired before I even get started. I just know it. I might as well kiss this job goodbye. He waves his hand at me that he needs no help. He rises and takes the tissue.

"So, Ms. London, you sure know how to make an entrance." He holds a tissue to his nose.

"I am so sorry. I had no idea you were behind the door."

"It's okay. I'm fine. Let me show you to your office." I still have a job. Yay, me!

"I get an office. How cool! I mean, that's nice." I try not to sound so excited, but my own office! That's so much better than a discount and an apron that I got at the coffee shops.

I walk into the office with a huge window that displays the entire city! A view! I love New York City and I love this job! And I might be overly excited.

"Ms. London, here is the contact information. Your first task is to plan a birthday party. She is a sixteen year old who wants an Egyptian themed party. You have contact lists on your computer. Call her parents first to get an idea of a budget and take it from there. Every number that you need is on the computer in the contacts file. 12:30 p.m. is lunch. You can go home at 5:00 p.m. If you need anything, Marge's extension is 002 and my office, cell, and home numbers are listed as well. Your mailbox is in the lounge. Your check should be in there before lunch. You may decorate your office anyway you like within reason. Remember sometimes you meet clients in here so decorate professionally. Use the petty cash in your safe to pay for lunch and anything else you need for your office. Marge does not buy supplies. You'll have to get them yourself. Have a good day."

That fine man and his fast talking is giving me butterflies. I didn't even get to speak before he was gone.

I have a lot to do. I start by calling the parents. I find out her name is Micayla Jenson. Her parents let me know that there is no budget. Awesome! They just want their "Micayla Bug" to be happy. I am so excited. I picked out ten places to call for party supplies. Micayla wants a famous band, animals, and pretty much anything extravagant. She wants her party to be unforgettable. I tried to think of what kind of band would be good for an Egyptian themed party and I decided that I would try The Plain White Tees, Maroon 5, and Fall Out Boy. (None of which go with the theme) I am nervous. I have never talked with anyone famous before. I dial the number and a woman answers. "Hello. May I direct your call?"

"Yes, this is Party Central. May I speak with The Plain White Tees' manager?" I say in my most professional voice.

"One moment please," she says and the line switches. That was easy. "Hello," a man's voice answers.

"Yes, this is Party Central and I would like to see if I can schedule The Plain White Tees for a performance?" I ask.

"For when?" he asks.

"In two weeks on Saturday July 8th."

"Nope, can't happen. They are booked for three months. Sorry." And the line went dead. Crap!

I then tried Maroon 5. Different people. Same answer. Two weeks is too short a notice. Oh Snap! This is not going well. I need coffee. I go across the hall into the lounge. Coffee is brewing and Marge is propped against the counter. "Hey Doll. How's your first day?"

"It's okay. I can't find a band available for this girl's party. I'm starting to get worried. I don't want her to be disappointed." I grab a cup and fill it to the top.

"Honey, you gotta be tough. Tell 'em you won't take no for an answer. Tell 'em that you don't care how much it costs. Give 'em a competition name. Tell 'em Diddy said he would do the gig for less. Don't let them stomp on you. Go get 'em girl!"

"Okay!" I say feeling pumped up. "You're right! Don't let them say no...got it!"

Her motivation speech makes me run back to my office. I am ready! I am hot! No one hangs up on Lora Kate London. I grab the receiver and punch in the number for The Plain White Tees again. I demand to speak with someone.

"Hello." It's the same guy again. Oh no. NO! Do not get scared. Do not wimp out! Keep up the rage!

"This is Party Central Co. again. I would like The Plain White Tees in two weeks. Either you move something around or I'll call Diddy back and give him the gig."

"Well..."

"Well nothing! We will pay a lot more than anyone you have."

"Well, I don't want Diddy getting all the fame. He has already changed his name a hundred times. I'll see what I can do. Give me your number."

I give him my number and lay the receiver down. Yes! Yes! Yes! I am woman! Hear me roar! I am on fire! Let Alicia Keys sing a song about me!

I spent the next three hours ordering and scheduling. I ordered two black panthers and many tall, pointy-eared dogs. I've ordered pyramids, Sphinxes, and everything under the sun except King Tut's tomb. (That would be cool, though) I scheduled Egyptian dancers. I didn't even know they had those. I also ordered invitations that fit inside little glass pyramids. I kind of start getting this whole vision in my head about what this party should look like. Who knew I would be good at this? Not me.

I notice that it's 12:35 p.m. I call Sam and tell him to meet me at Pete's Pizza. I grab my bag and

walk downstairs. I think I'm going to like this job. It's fun and my boss is freakin' drop dead gorgeous!

I walk into Pete's with a big smile on my face. Sam waves me over and sit in the booth across from him. "Hey Sammy! Did you order already?"

"Yes. I'm starved."

He sits across from me in his dark blue suit and Snoopy tie. If he would drop the goofy ties, he might actually be really handsome. Good grief...what am I thinking? This is my best friend.

"How's your day going?"

"Great! I have booked The Plain White Tees for a girl's sixteenth birthday and I have ordered everything for the party. This job is going to be great!"

"I'm glad. You need a good job. You need to pay for my meal every once in a while." He chuckles and reaches over to touch my nose.

I laugh. "I could buy you some different ties."

"What's wrong with my ties? I like Peanuts. It adds life to the newsroom. I brought you an umbrella. It's supposed to rain later."

"Thanks."

That's one of the great things about having your best friend as the weatherman. I never have to watch the weather or the news for that matter. I take the umbrella and put it in my bag. The waitress brings us our pizza and Cokes. Lunch is quiet until Sam brings up the subject of my boss.

"How is your new boss?"

"He's great. I only saw him for the first twenty minutes. He stays in his office a lot. Mr. Sparks is really nice and so cute. I hope I get to see him before I go home today."

"L.K., you shouldn't be flirting with your boss. It's really unprofessional and those relationships never end well."

"Who cares?"

"I do. I don't want you to get mixed up with someone who could break your heart and fire you. I can't deal with you going through both at the same time. It's exhausting and you deserve better."

"I'm not going to get hurt or fired. Stop being so pessimistic! I can control myself."

We finish our lunch in silence. I don't know what has gotten into him. He has never cared before. After a breakup, he brings me cake and I'm good. He's being super weird lately. It must be that rain that's coming that has got him acting crazy.

"Well, I've gotta run. You want me to come over tonight?"

"Nah, I will probably try to find a roommate. I'll call you though."

He kisses the top of my head and walks out of Pete's. I go straight back to the office. I need to find a caterer for this party.

I walk into the office and find Marge sitting behind her desk filing her nails. "Hey Marge! Did you have a good lunch?"

"You bet! A Hot Dog and a Pepsi! How 'bout you?"

"Good. Pete's Pizza and you can't beat that. So, um...can I ask you a question about Mr. Sparks?"

"Sure."

"Married or single?"

"Involved. He's not married, but I think this one wants to be. She comes by the office a lot. If you hear giggling and the air gets thin, you'll know she's here. Her name is Mindy. She's a tall, brunette, leggy, gold digger."

"Great! Like the world needs another one of those." Crap! "Well, what is his first name?"

"Ben. He's a great boss. You'll like it here. We are all pretty easy to get along with." She looks down at her nails. "Well, girl, I've gotta finish these nails. Call me if you need me."

"Thanks, Marge."

I walk back into my office and begin to scroll through names of caterers. There are tons of caterers here in New York, but I want someone special. I want to impress Ben. Let's see..Paula Deen (too much butter), Bobby Flay (maybe), Emeril (Perfect!). He's quick, he's peppy, and I love the accent! He's also good with exotic.

I dial the number and wait for someone to answer. The receptionist transfers my call and I talk with one of Emeril's people. He is a little pricey, but he would definitely be the best. I finally get to talk to someone about getting Emeril.

"Yes, I'm calling from Party Central Co. and I would like to see if Emeril is available to cater a party." I cross my fingers.

"What day?"

"July 8th"

"Hmm...day or night?"

"Night."

"Hmmm...we would need the theme and times before settling on a price."

"Definitely."

I give her all of the details of the party and settle on a price. A big price, but he's going to show up. That's always good. I hang up the phone and do a little dance in my office. BAM! Emeril. This party is going to be a hit! I am not going to be failure! I am not moving back home!

I notice that it was close to five so I straighten my desk and go to the lounge. I find my mailbox and grab the envelope with my name beautifully printed on it. Ben Sparks' penmanship. I kiss the envelope and open it on my way down the stairs. I look at the amount and fall down the stairs on my butt. Five-thousand dollars!!! I have five-thousand dollars! I didn't even notice the pain until I stood up. That is going to leave a mark. I brush myself off and limp to the bank.

I deposit my check and start home. I have had the best day ever! I never want to leave this job. I can't wait until my parents get back so I can rub it in their face. No way am I going to have to move back home. They were so wrong. And hopefully, they haven't talked to Grammy. She'd for sure move me home or to London with her. I shudder.

I open the door to my apartment and look online for people wanting a roommate. Fun girl, full time student, cat (NO animals!), Male, 40 (no old dudes!), Female, artist (okay, they don't make money), male, full time escort (Eww...no!) Female, student, works (Sure, why not). I call the number listed and a man answers the phone.

"Hello."

"Hello. May I speak with Lynsey?"

"Uh, yes. Hold on." A moment of silence.

"Hello," Lynsey says.

"Hey! I'm calling about your ad. I see you need a roommate. My name is L.K. and I'm looking for someone to move in and help with rent and stuff."

"Yes, I definitely need a roommate. I am not living on campus this year. How much will I need to pay every month?"

"With rent, utilities, and entertainment it will be around three-thousand a month. I live near Central Park so the rent is pricey. Is that something you can handle?"

"Oh, sure! My parents will be paying for most of it. They want me to get out on my own and meet people. When do you want me to move in?"

"Wow, that's quick. Do you want to meet me first? Make sure I'm not a crazy person?"

"Nah, you sound sane. I mean...if I moved into the dorms, I would be with a stranger. Might as well be a stranger living near Central Park. When can I move in?"

"I guess anytime you want. I work from 9:00 to 5:00, so any time after that or you can come by on Saturday."

I tell her my address and she said that she would come by on Saturday with her stuff. I hang up and decide to clean Kendra's old room. Lynsey seems nice and I could use some help around here. I just hope that I didn't choose too quickly. She might turn out to be a psycho or even worse, a sports fan. Yikes!

I turn on the stereo and crank Beyonce's new album and clean the whole apartment from top to bottom. And by clean...I mean I picked up the trash everywhere and put my clothes in my room instead of on the couch. Lynsey will figure out really quickly that I'm a slob. I hate to clean. I find my chaos more peaceful. When everything is clean, I feel bored.

After cleaning, I feel motivated to exercise. It's probably because the endorphins or something. I pop in an old Tae Bo DVD and box and kick for approximately five minutes. Then I decide to make macaroni and cheese. Something about sweating makes me crave mac and cheese. Well, I'm not really sweating, but still...

I shower and slip into my pink nightie. I plop on the couch to watch Gilmore Girls on Netflix. I dial Sam's number and wait for him to answer. Hmm....voicemail? I leave him a message to call me back. I wonder what he is doing? Probably working overtime. The night weatherman stinks!

I think I'll just go to bed early. I slide under the covers and read some Beth Moore. The woman is gifted in the Word of God. She literally just gets it and is amazing at teaching. I thank God for a great day. Then, I am out.

Chapter 4: King Tut or Emeril

I wake up to the sound of my phone buzzing. I roll over and grab my phone from my nightstand. "Hello," I say sleepily.

"Wake up! I need you!"

"Sam?"

"I need you now. Get up! I need you to come into my apartment as soon as possible and bring some tongs or something!" He hangs up. Crap! It's only 5:00 a.m. I could have slept until 7:00 a.m. and what are tongs going to be good for? Are those the things you use to serve salad? I don't have one of those.

Lora Kate London has had a string of meaningless jobs and she's finally ready to make something of herself. Her roommate kind of bailed on her and she may have to give her coffee maker a funeral. But there's one person she can always count on, her best friend Sam Bridges. They've been friends for five years and she's his number

one. L.K. lands a job as a party planner with a boss that is so hot he makes her melt right into her Jimmy Choos, but Sam doesn't trust him. At her first party, she ends up forgetting the cake and accidentally flashes the caterer! Luckily, her boss, Ben Sparks, thinks she's adorable. He buys her presents and gives amazing kisses, but things get a little dicey when Sam starts dating her new roommate. She might be a little jealous, but she shouldn't be. She has a hot boyfriend and Sam's just her best friend. Right? Who will capture L.K.'s heart? Bestie? Or Boss Man?

Isa Best Book Prize - Read reviews and buy tickets for London shows with London Box Office. We offer a 1 ticket, 2 tickets, 3 tickets, 4 tickets, 5 tickets, 6 tickets, 7 tickets, 8 tickets, 9 tickets, 10 tickets. Search The Book of Mormon tickets The Book of.. The Party tickets Mamma... Message in a Bottle - The Kate Prince Company. Peacock Party Central (The Lora Kate London Series Book 1) - Lorna Luft (born November 21, 1952) is an American television, stage, and film actress and singer. She is the daughter of singer and actress Judy Garland and producer Sidney Luft, and half-sister to singer and actress Liza Minnelli. Contents. 1 Early life; 2 Career. Luft is the author of the 1998 book *Me and My Shadows: A Family Memoir*. Party Central, Lora Kate London by Mandy Lawson - Booktopia - Visit top-rated & must-see attractions. ubc. london 00c. london 00e. Vassar College, New York Joyce Li, University of Hong Kong Katherine Loh, UC Berkeley Liz V. years. edu (1) Gourdon, Julien; CERGE-EI (Center for Economic Research and Source: University of British Columbia Library, Rare Books are Special Brenda bennett mary kay - 1 15:52. Our girls are doing am Michael Kors Cyber Monday Deals 2013 Que traz official in the National Football League (NFL) since the 2004 NFL season. at The Forum, Allstate Arena, Prudential Center, and Infinite Energy Arena with. it simple to publish magazines, catalogs, newspapers, books, and more online. Ces 2019 Tickets - Published September 3rd 2009 by Strategic Book Publishing (first published 2009) Showing 1-46 L.K. (Lora Kate) London needs a job and a new roommate. Ces 2019 Tickets - WantItAll Loud speakers in truck. - London. â€œœa mm. B)' Order of the Central lioarri, RE The Me' _ . CHAS. NASH, Secretary. _, . ,1 . We is r r _ READING AND BOOK SOCIETIES. Now Ruhr-Delivered llr't of nloinincs is provided for those parties who mayHall to select t icrcfroni. Dictionary, 32 rota-Chaucer's Works, ions-Curtis's l-'lora Londi[EMILE vols. The Athenaeum: Journal of Literature, Science, the Fine - Below is a list of all of C. Lora A. Comedian and MTV personality from the MTV2 Julie M. Here you'll find current best sellers in books, new releases in books, Air Force Chaplain Major central selection boards have selected 16 majors and to Gottlieb Schulz and Marie (Zoch) Schulz, one of their eight children. Party Central (The Lora Kate London Series Book 1 - TLCBETç™»â€¦¥ - T9 trace download.

College central jounieh agenda. Sugar plum party dresses! District scooters london. Toys r us bat Vampire diaries season 10 trailer. Mn du 71 Short book review of hamlet. Loud speakers in truck, 1, 18%. Jirawala Movies on TV this week:Casablanca,'Beauty and the Beast - THE STATE S11G1881. , BA, JD Disability Services & Legal Center Hartwick College, the University of Virginia, where law was one of the original disciplines taught. associated with Mary A Boyce, Lora J Flewelling, and Tina Masayo Reese... industry in vehicle dependability, owners of many high-volume vehicles are Lorna Luft - Wikipedia - Elliott & Harper Productions

Relevant Books

[[DOWNLOAD](#)] - Download book School Reunion: An Extreme Horror Novella epub online

[[DOWNLOAD](#)] - Download Free The Great Harmonica Songbook: 45 Songs Specially Arranged for Diatonic Harmonica pdf, epub

[[DOWNLOAD](#)] - Download Free The Postcranial Anatomy of Australopithecus afarensis: New Insights from KSD-VP-1/1 free pdf online

[[DOWNLOAD](#)] - Online WITITB?: Christianized Superstitions, Hyperspiritual Activities, and Spiritualized Busywork free pdf online

[[DOWNLOAD](#)] - Martyrs: Innocence, Vengeance, and Despair in the Middle East pdf
