

Victoria's Victory



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CHAPTER ONE



Fumbled Beginnings

Ever since I was born, there was always something different about me.

For starters, I was one of those surprise babies like on those cheesy television shows.

“Doctor, I thought I had the flu!”

“No, Vicky, you’re expecting a child.”

The same doctor that delivered the

news to my excited parents delivered me. I was born so early I was called a micro-preemie, and I wasn't expected to live. I did, but my mother didn't. I got a lot of things from my mother: my dimples, my curly hair, and my name. At six months old, I also got her best friend as my new mom. My dad married Rita, a single mother of triplet boys who are just a few months older than me. For six great years, we were one big happy family. Then, my dad was killed in a car accident, and Rita was back to being a single mom except now with a daughter.

Luckily, Rita is nothing like the evil stepmothers you read about in fairy tales. In many ways, Rita would treat me better than her rude, stinky boys. However, on Chore Days, she treated me like Cinderella.

“Victoria, you'll never finish sweeping if you keep daydreaming.” While Blake, Jake, and Drake got to wrestle and watch sports on the

weekends, Rita and I did all of the never-ending housework. “It’s laundry time,” Rita reminded me. “We have a lot to do this week since the boys’ football season has started.”

“By *we*,” I asked Rita, already knowing the answer, “do you mean the boys, too?”

Rita glanced over at the triplet tornado just as Jake ripped a new hole in Drake’s pants. A hole that she’d make me mend later.

“I’d sooner ask the cat,” she laughed. When I didn’t giggle like I usually did out of politeness, Rita stiffened up and reached for a laundry basket.

“Boys will be boys, Victoria,” Rita said, offering me the basket, “and teamwork makes the dream work.” How many times had I heard her say that? What about my dreams?

As I bent to pick up dirty clothes, an unwelcome breeze hit my backside. Rita forced me to mend the boys’ pants but never let me wear them.

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