

Prologue



We're the Pogues, and our mission this summer is to have a good time all the time.

The Outer Banks, Paradise on Earth. It's the sort of place where you either have two jobs or two houses.

Two tribes, one island.

Alright, so there is Figure Eight, the rich side of the island, home of the Kooks. So, guess where we don't live.

Then, there is the south side, or the Cut, home of the working class who make a living busing tables, washing yachts, running charters, the natural habitats of, drumroll please...

The Pogues.

That's us.

Pogues, pogies, the throwaway fish. Lowest member of the food chain.

Okay, so the downside of the Pogue life is we're ignored and neglected. But the upside of the Pogue life; we're ignored and neglected, which means we do whatever we want, whenever we want.

Let me officially introduce you to the Pogues.

There's JJ. He's been John B's best friend since the third grade, and mine by default. He's about as local as they come. Latest in a long line of fishing, drinking, smuggling, vendetta-holding salt-lifers who made their living off the water. Best surfer I know, but if anyone asks, I taught him everything he knows.

He's a mild kleptomaniac and a future tax cheat. Since we got into high school, something has changed in our relationship. He used to just be my annoying, big brothers annoying best friend, but in the past two years, he's become my best friend.

Then there's Kiara, or Kie as we call her. When not saving turtles, or listening to Marley, or getting a dolphin tattoo, she hangs out with us. I'm not really sure why, though. She's a rich kid, actually. Foot in both worlds.

Her family owns The Wreck, this Outer Banks institution, a total cash cow with the tourists. You know, I'm not really sure how her parents feel about us. All the guys seem to have a thing for her.

And there's Pope, the brains of the operation, finalist for the Lucas T. Vanderhorst Merit Scholarship, and the smartest person I know. Well, book smart. The common sense doesn't always come so naturally to the guy. Also, a little bit of a weirdo.

His father is this legendary character, Heyward. Anything you wanted on the island, Heyward could get for you. Now, I'm not sure Heyward knew what to make of his oddball son, but it didn't matter. He was a Pogue, just like the rest of us.

Finally, there's John Booker Routledge, or John B for short. He's my idiot of a brother. He and I live in an old fish shack on the marsh. The Chateau, as our dad used to call it.

Our dad disappeared at sea nine months ago, looking for a shipwreck, and John B has been really beat up about it. But honestly, who disappears at sea these days? We both miss him.

Our mom split when John B and I were three. I guess the thought of supporting a pair of twins and having a husband who is a little obsessive with a famous shipwreck was enough to send her packing. Last I heard, she was in Colorado. At least, I think it was Colorado. I honestly couldn't care less where the bitch ran off to. She isn't really my family.

Since both mom and Dad are MIA, Uncle T is supposedly mine and John B's legal guardian. Which is laughable, considering he's hasn't been back to the Outer Banks since leaving a senior high school. At the moment, he's in Mississippi, building houses or something, which means it's just John B and me right now, on our own, hanging out with our friends.

Three months after Dad went missing, he was officially presumed dead. John B, being the older one of us, by a whole twelve minutes, refused to sign the papers, meaning I also refused to sign the papers. While being twelve minutes older may not seem like a lot of time, he is still my big brother, and I know he will do what is best for the both of us.

Not declaring our dad dead is definitely better for the both of us. Until we see a body, we're not giving up on our dad.

I'm Josephine, or Jo as my friends call me. Being a Pogue has definitely been awesome. No one expects me to go off and do something great with my life. Not having the high expectations leaves me room to basically do whatever I want.

Sure, I have high aspirations of going to college and getting a job, but not having the pressure to have to do that, has made the Pogue life the dream.

On the last day of the school year, John B and I got called into the school's social worker's office, and she delivered some news.

Not only were her and the rest of the Department of Child Services aware that John B and I were living alone as minors, but they were going to come and take us away from Kildare Island and put us into foster care without the guarantee of being together.

On that day, I remember just sitting in silence and taking it all in while John B lied his ass off about being in contact with Uncle T. That night involved way too much drinking and smoking, so it's all a little fuzzy.

My friends were supportive, offering any help they could to keep John B and I from going into foster care.

Pope offered his parents to adopt us, which is laughable. While I love Heyward and Pope's mom, I honestly don't think they love us all that much, considering all the trouble we get Pope into.

Kiara offered free food and shelter whenever we needed it. Her dad didn't seem to approve of us eating for free at The Wreck, but with one look of Kiara's irresistible puppy eyes, he usually caved.

JJ offered the best assistance. A distraction. Many parties full of drinking beer and smoking weed ensued, filling the early summer nights with loud music, dancing, and making out with random Tourons.

So, that's where our story begins. Dad missing, uncle in another state, and Cheryl, the Bride of Frankenstein, threatening foster care.

Welcome to the Pogue life.

[Continue reading next part](#) □