

It's bad enough waking up with a hangover. But waking up late, with a hangover you didn't deserve, knowing that you're the talk of an entire island isn't my idea of fun. The second I walked into breakfast everyone turned and stared – and not even surreptitiously. Just full on open-mouthed gawping. And they didn't even have the decency to keep their mutterings under their breath.

*Bloody yanks love a bit of drama.*

In reality, I was actually more annoyed with myself for losing my shit. I'd promised Lizzy I wouldn't do that anymore – and I really meant it that time. Which meant that not only had I broken my promise, again, I'd also ruined our last night *ever* together.

The mutterings got louder and the headshaking got faster. I could've just turned my back on them and stormed out of there. I should've just turned my back on them and stormed out of there. What did it matter to me anyway? This was the penultimate day of the competition and I was very unlikely to see any of their ugly mugs again. But you must know me better than that by now.

Obviously, I didn't do that. Instead, I screamed, 'What the hell are you looking at?' to the entire room. Then walked over to the nearest table, grabbed a handful of pancakes off of someone's plate, then stole the only bottle of maple syrup off the table.

What? A girl's got to eat.

This performance, along with multiple testimonies from my so-called friends, would later be used to show just how much my mental health had deteriorated in the hours before my death.

Forty minutes, three pancakes and half a bottle of maple syrup later, I walked over to the hangar to find the others to make my apologies - I'm not a total asshole; I was well aware that I'd overreacted the night before. But Zoe still owed me. Stealing my idea then turning it around on me wasn't cool. Maybe not deserving of concussion, but still. I'd also decided that maybe I didn't deserve as much of the business as I'd demanded. 10% was better than nothing. Even 1% was better than nothing. And if I'd known then what that company would go on to be worth in a few years, I'd have probably settled on 0.1%. Which might've saved a whole lot of trouble, possibly even murder.

Hindsight's a bitch, isn't it?