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**ASSIGN
BUSTER**

" Alright hold on, I'm coming." Tim yelled. Tim was in his early twenties, he had a bluemowhawk, always dressed shabby, and addicted to heroin.

Tim walked to the door and opened it, " Yes." he said sarcastically. The man at the door asked if Gwen was home, " Are you Gwen's new boyfriend" Tim asked him. " Yes I am, my name is Tony" he replied. " Nice to meet you" Tim said. " No, Gwen is not here right now. I think she is still trying to get the job at that bar on 6th street" Tim replied.

" Oh, well tell her that I came by and just to give me a call, OK?" Tony said. " One problem" Tim said. " Oh, and what's that?" Tony replied. " Didn't Gwen tell you?" Tim said " we don't have a phone, or a T. V or any other appliances, we are gutterpunks. Why do you think we live in this shed?" " Well I guess I will just come back later" Tony said with a strange look on his face. " Tim! Wakeup! " Gwen yelled. " Huh?" Tim replied.

" Wakeup!," she yelled back. " Oh, OK" Tim yelled back. " That boy, Tony came by, looking for you, he thought we had a phone.

" Tim said chuckling. " You didn't tell him that we don't have a phone or the other stuff did you?!" Gwen yelled. " Um, well kinda yeah, why?" Tim questioned. " Why?" she yelled and stormed off. Gwen was the type of girl who didn't care what people thought of her, but she didn't like it when people would find out that she was poor. She had blonde hair, and was very thin. She wore sequined pants, and these funny looking shirts most of the time, unless she went out.

" Gwen?, Mike, and Shirley are home. Look I'm sorry I told Tony." Tim said.

" Send Shirley in." Gwen yelled back. " Shirley, Gwen wants you." Timsaid. " I'll be right in" she yelled back.

Shirley was an Irish girl whoseparents had both died, and she was sent to America to live with her aunt, she ran away and met Mike. Shirley had red hair, and was also a weirddresser, she had a job at a library filing books. The pay was bad but shewould accept anything, that would keep them alive." I'm outside Gwen, come on out and we will talk." Shirley yelled intothe shed. " What's wrong with her?" Mike asked.

" Tim told her new boyfreindwe were poor," Shirley replied. " So, what's wrong with being poor?" Mikeasked, " We have a place to sleep and we're happy." " Yeah, but you knowhow Gwen is about these things." Shirley said. " Yeah, I guess," Mikereplied. Mike had brown hair, worked in a music store that paid him almost nothing. He plays the guitar really well, and has tried out to be in local bands so hecould earn money but hadn't been lucky. He is the only one of the group thatknew about Tim's heroin problem.

Gwen walked out of the shack and apologized to Tim for storming off, and told Shirley that she was OK, and didn't need to talk anymore." So, Tim, when are you gonna go look for a job?" Mike asked." Ugh...

.. me work!?" Tim replied sarcastically. " Yes you." Mike said. " I willstart first thing tomorrow, looking for one, I promise.

" Tim said." Well I don't know about you guys but I'm going for a walk." Tim said.

" Bye" they all said. " Maybe I should go with him," Mike thought to himself." I'll be back in a minute," Mike told the girls. He ran to catch up with Tim," Tim!" he yelled " Wait up!" " What do you want?" Tim asked. " Do you have any heroin with you?" Mike asked " Oh, so you know I'm hooked?" Tim questioned. " No! I am just making sure you don't, so you won't mess yourself up.

" Mike said " Mike, just leave me alone, I don't need you telling me what to do!" Tim yelled at Mike. " Fine but don't think about coming back to the house unless you quit right now!" Mike yelled back. " Fine then, tell Gwen and Shirley that it was nice knowing them." Tim said. " I wonder where they are?" Gwen said.

" I am sure they will be home soon." Shirley said. Clang! The door of the shed opened, Mike walked in but no Tim, he explained the whole thing to them about Tim being addicted