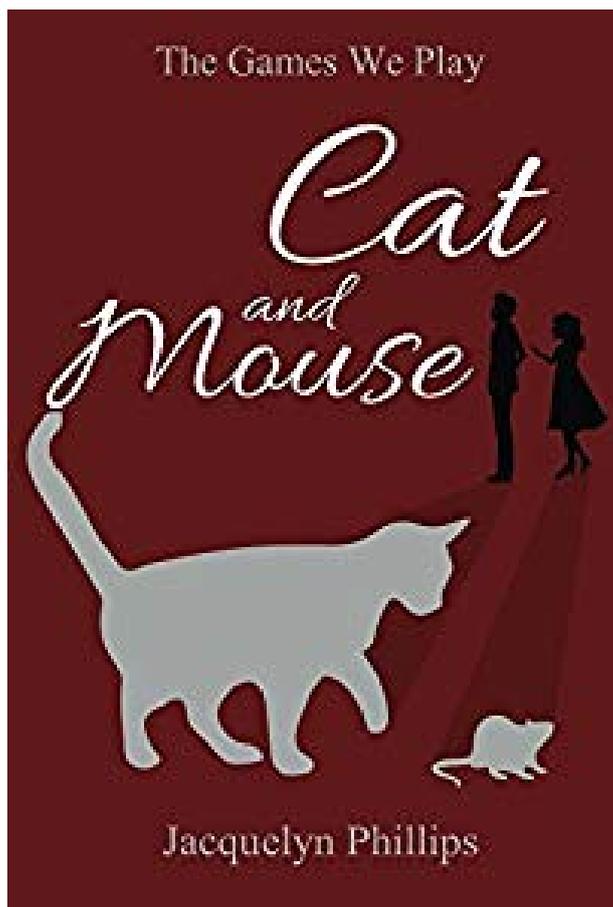


Cat and Mouse (The Games We Play Book 1)



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My name is Roxanne Vaughn. Most people just call me Roxy. My parents call me a disappointment. I'm not gonna lie—I hate how much they detest me, but I've learned to embrace their skepticism. What better way to write poetry than to feel like an outcast? Insecure. Ugly. Stupid. Even writing about my failure in pre-med has earned me some notoriety in my creative writing classes. Although, some people believe I should write fiction, I don't know if I could do that. It would probably end up being some distorted version of my own sick reality. I'm originally from San Diego, the daughter of two well-known doctors, and the younger sister to the perfect God-send of an offspring. I moved to Rohnert Park to attend Sonoma State, to escape the pressures related to living with my parents and in the hope of creating some friendships along the way. I just so happened to meet two extremely different boys—one in San Diego, one in Rohnert Park—on this journey to self-discovery. I just so happened to fall in love with the wrong one. I'm not one of those "typical" party girls. Well, at least I wasn't. My three best girlfriends converted me to their religion of drinking and bad decisions every Thursday through Saturday night. I guess you could say I live two lives. Possibly three, if you count hiding in my bedroom from societal pressures one of them. I'm just a normal girl who puts her pants on one leg at a time. Except I'm sleeping with two different guys every time I put on said pants. Life could be worse. I could be striving to live the life of a penni poet, bussing tables to afford an education my parents refuse to pay for. I could also be in a relationship built off of a foundation of lies. But who am I to judge? I'm just a simple

twenty-something year old girl looking for her place in life. Maybe you're in the same position as me.

But if you've already found out who you are—all that soul searching crap—don't rub it in my face. I'm working on it. It's just taking me longer than expected.

I'm a poet. I'm a bad daughter. I'm a good lover. I'm a loyal friend.

I'm a hot mess. But is there more to life than just that?