

Twelve-Year-Old-Artists: Hidden Talent (Book Three)

from AddyNick

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Introduction

Here's book three, about singing like Fellow Earthling requested! Also, I'm going to shorten the title from Twelve-Year-Old-Artists to TYOA. It's easier to write!:)

Chapter 1

I sat in the same chair at the same table with the same friends at the same time at the same school as all the other days. Every day was practically a copy of the day before it. Still, I wasn't bored, even though Diana and Macy were having the same debate about whether cheesecake or chocolate cake was better. Every day has the same EVERYTHING. The only difference was just how strong the urge to sing was. My friends were convinced that singing was something only the popular girls did, so I didn't sing, although that was secretly my passion.

"Did you guys know that a new student is coming tomorrow?" Kelly said. Kelly knew everything about Belingear School, because her father was the principal. She was also the quietest of my friends.

"No!" Macy yelled. She was into loud party songs, large gatherings, and neon colors. To prove my point, she was wearing crazy leggings with an eye-popping green top.

"Who is he or she?" Diana asked. She wasn't as energetic or extroverted as Macy, but she also wasn't as shy as Kelly.

"She's a girl... I heard someone saying when Dad was on the phone a few nights ago "she's quite artistic," Kelly was getting quieter by the second. It was unusual for her to unexpectedly say something like that. I wondered... "She's quite artistic." Could she love singing, too? Could I finally share my passion? Would she accept me the way I am if I told her?

Could I be free of my secret?

Chapter 2

You may wonder, "if she loves singing that much, why doesn't she just tell her family?"

It's not that simple.

My dad died when I was little, and Mom has had to work two jobs since then, to feed all three of her kids. My older brother Nico has had to take care of my little brother Johnny and I until Mom could come home and relieve him for a while. I lived for the time I could go to our "study room" blast the radio, and sing along. They don't need one more thing to think about.

I couldn't wait to meet the new girl. I had kept my love of singing a secret since the early days of third grade, and that was four years ago. While I was helping Nico with Johnny, Nico commented, "You seem distracted."

"Kelly says that a new girl is coming tomorrow," I replied.

"And I suppose you're thinking about a hundred thoughts," I had to admit, that was a pretty good description of myself. I was always thinking, "tell you what, Sandy. Why don't you take those thoughts to the study room, or our room? I know how much your head needs protection from outside influences," he teased. Nico was always making weird jokes.

"Okay," I welcomed, "sure you won't need help with Johnny?"

"Yeah. Go protect your head!" So I went to the study, switched on the radio, and thought and sang and thought and sang and thought and sang and thought and sang and sang some more.

Chapter 3

"This is Colette," Mrs. Johansson announced. In front of her was a girl with brunette hair who stood like a queen--although in most stories, queens don't have a spray of freckles across their face--surveyed the classroom. Right before lunch, I asked Diana and Kelly,

"Should we should invite her to join us?"

"Sure," Diana agreed.

"All right," Kelly responded. I moved up a little, to where Colette was.

"Hi, I'm Sandy," I introduced, "want to sit with my friends and I?"

"Okay," she replied, "and I know why your name is Sandy."

"Why?"

"Your hair color," I glanced up at my bangs. They WERE a sandy-blonde color, "and your skin looks like sand, too," Colette wasn't even trying to hide her smile, so I knew that it was all good-natured.

"My skin does not! Diana!" Diana came up to us with Kelly, "this is Diana."

"Hi," Diana said.

"Hello. I'm Colette. Sandy wants to know if her skin looks like sand or not," Colette said.

"Now that I think about it... it does."

"Hey!" I complained.

"You can't hide from yourself, Sandy," Kelly teases, which was more than I would have expected her to say around someone that she'd never met before.

"Come on! You haven't met Macy yet!" Diana declared. She scrambled to the cafeteria.

"She's more excited than I thought she would be," I said.

Chapter 4

"Hi! I'm Macy!" Macy shouted.

"I'm Colette," Colette replied, not a single bit flustered by Macy's behavior.

"So, Colette, what do you like to do?" I inquired, "I like... um... uh... history class."

"I like PE!" Macy announced.

"I like math," Diana said.

"I like science," Kelly said.

"Well, I did choir for a couple of years," Colette replied, "and I love singing, so, singing," Macy, Kelly, and Diana straightened up.

"Then I'm sure that Maddy, Angelina, and Jasmine would LOVE to hang out with YOU," Diana said.

"That's where you SHOULD be," Macy added.

"So why don't you go and find them, COLETTE," Colette furrowed her brow.

"I didn't do anything to you," she replied, "I only said I liked singing," and she sat up and glided away.

"Guys! What's so wrong with liking to sing?" I said, "I... I just realized... this is a clique! You guys are a clique, and..." then I remembered.

In the early days of third grade, Macy and Diana teased me--not like Colette's teasing, but like bully-teasing, "you guys are just... just... why did I ever become FRIENDS with you!"

"You might not remember correctly..." Kelly started, but it was a half-hearted attempt. I turned and left the way Colette had, to apologize.

Chapter 5

"Colette! Colette, where are you?" I called. But she was nowhere to be found, which made me have to suffer through more classes until I could look again. When we were in classes together, she ignored me. Finally, mercifully, the bell rang. I was the first out, and there was Nico.

Nico NEVER picked me up. Mom ALWAYS made the time. I sprinted to him, "what's wrong?" I asked.

"Mom's at the hospital," he replied.

"Why is she there? Will she be okay? When is she coming home?" I was a hurricane of questions, which wasn't fair to Nico, who barely knew anything AND had to take care of both Johnny and I by himself for the day.

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The doctors had to do a test. It came back saying that Mom had cancer. My uncle was going to have to fly in from Tennessee. Meanwhile, I was a mess. I tried to help with Johnny, but when I accidentally poured orange juice all over the carpet, Nico sent me to "go do something." So I ran to the study and blasted the radio. I laid down and sang and sang. I didn't care how loud or how long I was there, I just sang. At some point, Nico knocked and came in.

"I had no idea you could sing like that, for that long. Dinner's ready," he said. I glanced at the clock, which read 7:00 PM.

I had been singing for over three hours.

Chapter 6

The next day I went to the bathroom to delay going to the cafeteria. Colette was there.

"Colette, please listen to me! I don't agree with my, um, friends, and I think they were rude, and I realized they were a clique, and Diana and Macy used to bully me when I was in third grade, and I forgot, and they think that anyone who likes singing is a horrible person for some reason, but I love to sing," I ranted, "and I'm sorry, and... and I have no idea if they're my friends anymore," Kelly walked out of a bathroom stall.

"I remembered that they used to bully me, too," she said, "PLEASE forgive us, Colette," Colette looked a little bewildered.

"Of--of course," she replied.

"You know what?" Kelly said, "let's go talk to them," so we went to the table I had almost always sat at, where Diana and Macy were, "Diana. Macy. I don't know why you hate people who sing, but it's wrong. So was your behavior yesterday. So was mine. You used to be bullies. I have no idea why I'm friends with you today."

"You two are a clique. So were we, but not any more," I continued, "I have actually always loved to sing, and I'm not going to change for you any more," Colette then took over.

"We COULD all be friends. We--you--don't HAVE to be a clique. Join us!" She smiled.

"No," Diana answered, "I know that you guys are going to argue. But NO! Singing is for people who are full of themselves. YOU guys are full of yourselves. NO."

"Okay, then," we turned our backs on them.

"Hey guys! Can I--can I Join you?" Macy asked.

"Of COURSE," Kelly replied, "anyone can join, unless they're bullies or are going to turn us into a clique."

Chapter 7

Uncle Ashton arrived soon. He really brightened things up with his fun-loving personality. Things changed, things stayed the same, and then one day I talked to Kelly.

"You should tell your family that you love singing," she said.

"But--" I protested.

"No buts," she interrupted, "just TELL THEM. It's not like you're asking for voice lessons or anything!"

So I did.

"You think we didn't know?" Uncle Ashton said, "you sing for hours every day!"

"You KNEW?" I asked.

"Of course!" Nico said, "how could we not?"

It was one of the best days ever.