

Who Am I: Chapter Four

from AddyNick

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Introduction

It's time for an interesting two weeks with Rico, and Sheila's ideas!

Chapter 1

"Why can't you just tell me your idea for making money, Sheila?" I asked impatiently. "Rico's been following us around the house for two days. He could show up at any time."

"Well, I have to make sure you can do some stuff first, and then I have to talk to my dad about it..." Sheila replied uncertainly. "How old are you?"

"I know you're changing the subject, but I'm almost thirteen," I sighed. "Didn't I tell you? How about you?"

"I'm almost fourteen," she responded.

"I thought you were fifteen."

"I'm tall."

"This is not the point."

"I'm not sure if this will work."

"Just tell me. If it won't work, it won't work. If it will, then it will." Then, to my extreme annoyance, Rico came around the corner.

"What won't work?" He interjected.

"Go away from here, Rico. You're annoying." I told him.

"How old are you?" Sheila asked him. I glared at her. Then I glared at him.

"I'm not telling," he replied.

"Why can't you just go away," I muttered under my breath. You didn't want to meet Rico when he was with his "friends," and when he was with nobody he was always annoying. Insufferable.

INSUFFERABLY ANNOYING!

Did I just make up a word?

Chapter 2

The one time I had met Rico alone was half a year ago, when I had taken a wrong turn coming home from the store a couple streets over.

Well, technically it wasn't a wrong turn. I just thought that any way was a wrong turn when Rico was there. He was not with any of his friends, which was a highly unusual circumstance for him. The streets were crowded with people getting home from work and wherever, when I bumped into someone a bit taller than me.

"Sorry!" I had said. Then the person turned around, and it was Rico. He then said some things about how I was saying sorry to him, and something or other. It was annoying. I realized how annoying he was just then. And I left as soon as possible.

And now he was living in the same place as I.

Chapter 3

When Rico finally left, I asked Sheila if there was any room where it was certain we'd be alone.

"Follow me," she said. We walked to the third floor, and Sheila led me down a hall that I hadn't been to before. "I usually don't show this place to visitors. My parents have most likely forgotten about it, and I like to have a space that's mine." She pushed open a door. Inside was a room smaller than most others at the mansion, painted green with a window at the far end. There was a beanbag chair and a regular chair next to it, the only furnishing.

"So, are you going to tell me what your idea is now?" I asked. Sheila nodded and sat in the regular chair.

"Want to sit?" Shen inquired. I plopped into the beanbag chair as answer.

"Go ahead," I said.

"Can you sing?" Sheila asked.

"Can I sing? Do you want me to sing in a choir or something? Well, I have no clue."

"Not a choir. My father's a director, and he's doing a production of *The Music Man*."

"You want me to act." I repeated.

"It's a way to get money. If you can," Sheila added.

"I don't know if I can act or sing. Or dance." I replied.

"Why don't you sing right now?" Sheila asked.

Chapter 4

Sheila wanted me to sing right now? What songs did I even know? Well... I knew Christmas songs.

"All right," I breathed. Then I began, with no warning whatsoever.

"The first Noel, the angel did say,

Was to come to the shepherds in fields as they lay

In fields as they lay

Keeping their sheep

On a cold winter's night that was so deep.

Noel, Noel

Noel, Noel

Born is the king of Israel." I stopped. "Is that enough?" I asked.

"You just need practice and you'll be good," Sheila said. "No--you'll be great!" I was taken aback. I could be good? At singing?

"What about those other things, Sheila?" I asked.

"I'll find something for acting, and I don't know what kind of dancing they do in *The Music Man*," she replied.

"So... you're going to somehow try and get me into your dad's musical if I'm good enough?" I asked.

"I'll try. It's still mostly chance, though," came the reply. Sheila was thinking, I could tell. "Be right back." She left. A few minutes later, someone knocked on the door. Assuming it was Sheila, I opened it. But it was not Sheila.

*Disclaimer: I do not own *The First Noel*. So rights go to rightful owners.

Chapter 5

"Mr. Evergreen?" I half-shouted. "Um, hi Mr. Evergreen?"

"Hello. Alexa, is that your name?" He asked.

"Alexia," I corrected.

"Well, is Sheila in there? I heard someone singing... I haven't heard Sheila sing for three years." Mr. Evergreen added. He seemed to be thinking about something... Maybe the past.

"Sheila just left... and it's a big place. She could have been singing somewhere else every time she was." I suggested. Mr. Evergreen thanked me and left.

I was just closing the door when Rico came in.

"Why are you coming in here?" I grilled.

"Why are you angry at me for getting lost after you and Sheila lost me, and then hearing someone singing so going there?" He replied.

"Take two lefts, three rights then left at the end of the hall, then two more rights and you'll be at the stairs," I said, although I wasn't actually sure where my directions went. Rico left. Which was good. Very good.

If only he would leave the house altogether.

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Introduction

They aren't safe anymore...

Chapter 1

"What?" Sheila exclaimed.

"How do you know this?" I challenged.

"I saw you two running away. The man definitely saw you too. I saw him see you, in fact," Rico replied matter-of-factly.

"And why are you telling us this?" I interrogated.

"Alexia, why do you need to know everything about why Rico does what he does?" Sheila inquired.

"Because I don't trust him," I responded.

"And I don't trust you," Rico added.

"Very helpful, you two, very helpful," Sheila interjected.

"I am very helpful," Rico said. I wasn't sure if he was joking or not.

"Well why did you tell us about the man?" I asked.

"Because none of us are safe anymore," he replied.

Chapter 2

We walked the rest of the way back to Sheila's house in silence. Rico had sounded serious. There was no hint of a joke in him when he told us. I believed him--mostly. Once we got back, Sheila and I went to her room.

"Do you believe him?" I asked her.

"Yes," she replied. "What about you?"

"He seemed completely serious--not like he was trying to trick us. Besides, he's never tried to trick anyone like this before."

"How do you know?" Sheila asked, interested.

"Because I would have overheard at some point or another. You here things in my town."

"What do you think Rico means, 'we're not safe anymore?'"

"Exactly what it sounds like," I responded grimly, "the man saw us, and doesn't know how much we heard--so we're not safe."

"Should we do something about that?" Sheila asked, panicked.

"Don't panic, Sheila. We'll be fine," I replied calmly.

"You will be more safe than me. You lived with people like those!"

"Fair enough," I conceded. "But please don't panic. That makes everything worse."

"Alright," she said, "I won't." We lapsed into silence. Despite acting like I wasn't worried on front of Sheila, I had a feeling this man was worse than the other people in my town. And he wasn't the only one.

Chapter 3

"Alexia, you know this is bad," Rico said. I had somehow consented to meeting with him while Sheila was at school.

"Bad enough that I'm meeting with you," I returned.

"Yes, all that. But this man is working with others to take over the state, and then the country. And he might decide to go on to the other countries from there!" Rico exclaimed.

"So what do you want to do about it?" I asked. "I'm not sure the police would believe you, me, or Sheila when it comes to a bunch of adults."

"They wouldn't," he shook his head. "People try to hire me for jobs kind of like this a lot. I used to try and tell the police. They didn't believe me, but they looked into some of them and didn't find anyone guilty."

"That doesn't change the fact that we need to do something," I said.

"We could try to stop them ourselves," Rico responded.

Chapter 4

"Are you crazy?" I laughed. "Are you talking about you, Sheila and me? 'Cause that's not gonna work."

"We could always get people from outside's help," Rico replied.

"'Outside' like our town outside?" I asked.

"Yes. Some of them might be willing."

"'Some of them' might also be willing to work with the man. He wants change there. Everyone wants change there," I responded.

"We just need to choose our allies carefully," he said.

"Very carefully," I replied.

"Yes."

"We don't have a better plan. Let's ask Sheila when she gets back--is she going to join us in this incredibly stupid plan?"

And so we decided, we were using the Incredibly Stupid Plan to stop the man.