

Could It Be?

from Writers Club!

online:

<https://www.allthetests.com/fan-fiction/other-fan-fictions/quiz38>

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Introduction

Here's chapter 2! thanks for reading!

Chapter 1

CHAPTER 2 - Belinay

"Okay, let's start with all we have to do," I said to the girls following me in through the big French doors. I was nervous. I wanted this sleepover to be perfect. It was a special occasion. Our freshman year in high school was going to start next Monday. And I wanted to have a nice memory of this night. And let's just say my past sleepovers were not wonderful. Like once when we were seven years old and were doing DIY crayons and all the melted mixture went to the floor. We passed all night scratching it from the floor so dad would not get angry. And let's not tell the time when mother broke the washing machine and all the kitchen went underwater.

But we HAD to have fun tonight.

"What do you want to do first? Decorate cookies? Or watch a movie?" I asked.

"Let's see a movie!" said Rae eagerly.

"Yes!" exclaimed Cassie and Lynn at the same time.

"A movie it will be!" said I pointing to the sitting room as Lewis and Clark might have pointed to the sea.

Everything was going smoothly, to my relief, while watching the movie. There haven't been any soda or popcorn accidents. And exactly when the hero was going to be eaten by the alien...

"Hi!" shouted Celeste, my annoying big sister that loves making my life hard, jumping from the back of the couch.

We all screamed and all the popcorn and soda ended on mother's new carpet.

"Was that really necessary Celeste?" I screamed at her seeing the horrible mess.

"C'mon you are such crybabies!" she retorted looking at our faces one by one.

"You have no right to call us names just because you are going to college this year!" said I, wishing she would go far away in place of going to college here.

But after cleaning up all the mess and going to my room to play Truth or Dare, it all went perfectly.

"Sorry, girls," I said jumping from my place on the carpeted floor.

"Sorry for what?" Lynn looked at me questioningly.

"First. For having such disastrous sleepovers. You came tonight to have fun not to be called crybabies by Celeste," I said looking at the floor.

"C'mon don't worry about that. We ARE having fun" said Cassie.

"Seriously?"

"Well it wasn't fun scratching crayons from the floor, but we have more good memories than bad ones!" said Rae

"Thanks for saying that," said I with a smile on my face. And replaced me on the floor to have my dare.

"Tomorrow we are going to the park to ride bikes and play with the fallen leaves," said I with my spirit renewed. Hoping tomorrow I'll have as much fun as today.

COULD IT BE?(chapter 3)

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Introduction

I hope you like our work!

Thanks for reading

?

Chapter 1

Chapter 3: Rae

As we got ready to play truth or dare, I started to think of questions and dares I would do. I was never good at truth or dare, and it gave me anxiety when it came to be my turn, I hated asking the regular questions like, "who do you like" or "I dare you to tell them that you like them," those questions got old fast. We put our pillows in a circle and sat down to play, "who wants to go first?" Belinay asked as the host of the sleepover, and she got no response.

"I guess I will," I said trying not to freak out about what question I was gonna ask.

"Ummm, Belinay truth or dare?"

"Um, truth."

"Oh shoot, ok so do you have a crush?"

"Ok Uhm, no."

"Wow, ok Belinay your turn." I had hoped that my question wasn't a boring one.

"Let's see, Lynn truth or dare?"

"Uhh, truth."

"Ok, when did you meet Caleb?"

"I met him in tenth grade."

"Nice, ok your turn Lynn."

The game had been easy for me so far, but it always gets worse for me the more we play.

"Cassie! Truth or dare?"

"Dare!"

"Ok um, I dare you to text your mom and ask her if she has your phone."

"But I would be using it to text her." Cassie made a good point.

"Yeah, that's the point, duh." Lynn was the oldest so we all usually listened to her.

"Ok fine."

Cassie messaged her mom, and her mom responded with "you are holding it." We all laughed at that response. This was a great sleepover so far, I hadn't had to talk that much, and I was fine with it. Ever since I was 7 years old I've had a slight problem with the letter s because one day I was waiting for a friend and riding a skateboard sitting down, I leaned too much forward and hit a crack and face planted into the sidewalk, I chipped two teeth that day, one I got filled the other I got filled twice but it broke both times.

"Hey, Rae, truth or dare?" Cassie asked me. As she turned to look at me her short, brown, wavy hair swayed back and forth in her ponytail. In all the time that I've known Cassie, I've rarely seen her with her hair down.

"Uh, truth. I know I'm boring!"

"OK, what are you most scared of?"

"Easy, needles." Needles are the worst thing in the world. When I was 8 I had to have blood tested for

something and after I passed out, and I barely let them put the needle in, in the first place. I feel sick I see needles.

"Ok, your turn." Cassie said giggling.

"Lynn, truth, or dare?"

"Uh dare." She was brave this round.

"Ok, I dare you to message Caleb."

"WHAT! Why! I don't know what to say to him!"

Maybe I shouldn't have said that...

"Would you like anything else?"

I was trying to be kind and not make her do something she didn't want to do. Then Belinay chimed in,

"We can be done with this game if you guys want."

Belinay loved having sleepovers at her house, but something bad always happened when we had sleepovers. There was the crayon incident, and one time when we were younger we decided that we should cut my hair, so I had bangs for a year or two.

"Yeah, we can do something else." I tried to make Belinay feel like she had someone to help her.

Sometimes people thought we were twins because we both have red hair, and we act like twins also. I told this group of friends everything, except for one thing, my crush. I always told them I didn't have a crush because I hate it when everybody knows that I like someone. I get self-conscious really easily, and they all know that.

COULD IT BE?(CHAPTER 4)

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Introduction

Thanks for those who read all the chapters we have till now.

Chapter 1

Chapter 4- Lynn

The Saturday before the first day of school, the four of us decided to ride our bikes to the park, to enjoy our last bits of summer vacation. We loved riding bikes. We always had a set order we'd be in. Rae was in front, Cassie was second, Belinay was third, and I was last. I actually used to be first, but I changed to last for two reasons. First, I liked being in the back because then I could see everyone and make sure we weren't spaced out too far. Second, the last time I was in front, we were going down a hill, and there was this big white dog that a lady was walking, and to avoid hitting it, I suddenly slammed on my brakes and swerved off the curb. Now, thankfully, I didn't hit the dog, but Cassie, Rae, and Belinay almost crashed into me and each other. So now I'm in the back.

As we were riding to the park, a gap was forming between Cassie and Belinay.

"Hey guys!?", I called, "There's too much space between Cassie and Belinay! Either you guys need to slow down or Belinay you have to speed up. We don't want to get separated at a crosswalk!?"

"Sure thing!?", they called back.

So for the moment, the gap was fixed. But then about 5 minutes later, it was back again. So I was like eh, it's whatever. We were coming towards a crosswalk, and the timer was already counting down. Since Rae and Cassie were ahead, they rushed to speed across before it got to zero. Now, Belinay and I may have been able to make it across too, if the following hadn't happened. As Belinay and I were reaching the street corner, I saw a boy approaching the same street corner from the left. Belinay couldn't see him though because he was walking along a hedge, but I could see him because I'm tall. I tried to call out to Belinay because I saw that neither of them saw each other so they were going to collide.

"BELINAY ST!?", I cried.

But it was too late. And what once was two human beings approaching a street corner, was now an unpleasant pile of a random boy, bicycle, and Belinay. I quickly got off my bike to make sure they were ok. Rae and Cassie were standing jaws to the ground on the other side of the street.

The boy had curly dark brown hair, extraordinary hazel eyes, and he looked at least 15, or maybe he was just tall. Either way, he looked nice enough, so I had the feeling everything would turn out ok.

"I AM SO SO SORRY!?", apologized Belinay profusely.

"It's o-," the boy started, but Belinay was too embarrassed to let him finish.

"Are you okay? I'm so sorry, I should have been paying attention!?"

"It's ok, I'm fine," the boy said, trying to laugh it off.

"Are you sure??"

"Yes, I'm alright," he said laughing.

"No, you're not. You're bleeding," Cassie pointed out. She and Rae had made their way back over. I handed the boy a bandaid for the small cut on his knee. I always keep bandaids in my bag, for incidents such as this.

"No really, I'm fine, it doesn't hurt.", he said as he smiled. "By the way, my name is Keith. What's yours?"

"Belinay."

"That's a cool name. Well, try to be more careful next time, Belinay.", he said with a grin on his face. Belinay blushed as he walked away.

"I'm so embarrassed." Belinay sighed.

"Don't worry about it, accidents happen," replied Rae.

"Yeah it's no biggie, you'll probably never see him again anyway," I said, trying to reassure her. She looked a little relieved. Nevertheless, Cassie, Rae, and I ribbed her for it for the rest of the day.

Could It Be? (Chapter 5)

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Introduction

Here's chapter 5!

Chapter 1

CHAPTER 5 - Cassie

BEEP! BEEP! BEEP! My eyes shot wide open as my alarm screamed at my face to wake up. Quickly, I pressed the button to turn it off. I look at the time. 7 AM. Weird. Why's it that early, and why do I feel like something big was supposed to happen today? My mind was still far away in dreamland, so attempting to remember what I had dreamt while I slept was the biggest priority before starting the day. It was either something about giant stuffed animals taking over the world like the Illuminati, or it was me at a pool party, which got attacked by a hairy guy and his circus animal trained puma. After sitting on my bed for fifteen minutes without blinking, I finally realized why the sun had barely begun its daily sunrise outside of Sienna Valley, Maine. It was the first day of school. High school. Lynn had already started three years ago, and now she's a senior at Sienna High. And now, for me, Belinay, and Rae, it was our turn. I gazed back at the clock, which made my heart race. Not only did I stare into the abyss for a quarter of an hour, but I also had less than forty-five minutes to fix my bed, make my breakfast and both my parents' coffee, pick my clothes, and wash up. Then run as fast as I can to catch the bus before it passes my stop. Ever since my parents became workaholics for their business, I rarely saw them during the school year, only in the summer. My older brother had to drive me to school, but last year was his senior year, so now I was practically on my own with him at college. Yeah, not really the most efficient morning routine, but it had to do.

It was 7:30 when I finished my tasks for the morning, meaning I had a pretty large gap of time until the bus would arrive at 7:40. I wasn't freezing though, despite the nippy weather conditions. My pink hoodie and blue jeans were the only protection against the bitter cold. The only thing that felt like ice was my glasses, which fogged up when I breathed out. There were no kids that were older than me or the same age in my neighborhood that I knew of, so I was alone. The bus finally pulled up, and I stepped on the stairs, with a sick feeling I was going to be a bit lonely for my first few classes until lunch, which I shared with the group. Inside the yellow vehicle, there were other kids I recognized from last year, but they were already sitting with their friends. Only one row was empty, so I quietly made my way through the large chatter and plopped myself and my backpack there. The doors were about to close when there was a small shout. Shouting to stop the bus. Even with the loud, clanky engine, the angry driver yelling, and that huge crowd of people not listening and continuing to talk, I could still hear that tiny voice.

?Wait!? I jumped out of my seat, which probably wasn't the best idea. The driver grumbled at me with that sarcastic ?what? look. ?I think another kid is coming!?. And at that moment, a boy burst through the bus doors, breathing in all the air that entered the bus. Time instantly froze when we locked eye contact. All the sights and sounds disappeared, except for him and me. His jet black hair was slightly messed up, probably because of running. Just looking at him made me sure he was taller than most boys. He had these dark brown eyes that almost looked like melted chocolate pools, pulling me deeper and deeper into his trance. I didn't understand this feeling that came over me. Like how you feel completely fine one minute, then extremely nervous the next when you're randomly called on

by the teacher to speak upfront. It felt like a mild case of the butterflies at the beginning of the day, but developed into a swarm when I set my eyes on him. I felt my pulse quicken, and it became harder to breathe.

The boy thanked the driver and started walking towards me as the bus began to drive away.

"Um, hey," he said, and chuckled. "Can I sit with you?" I had completely forgotten about what he asked since my attention was mostly on his attire. He wore an oversized light gray jacket and some pants that were the same color as his hair. When I managed to recall his question, my mind went blank. What is wrong with me today? Agh, just answer his question before he leaves and asks someone else!

"Is that a no? I'll just sit somewhere else then." He started walking away when the bus hit a speed bump head-on, and my hands suddenly grabbed onto his jacket sleeve to keep myself from falling. I knew I was blushing hard, so I dropped it. "Y-yeah, you can sit here!" He smiled and sat on the empty spot next to me. For a few minutes, it was quiet. I stared out the window, watching the birds and trees passing me by.

"So..." The boy turned his body towards me and put an arm over the seat. "What's your name? Mine's Nathan. Nathan Wagner." He held out a hand, so I shook it.

"Me too!"

"Your name is also Nathan?" He looked at me unsurely. I feel my face start to heat up.

"Sorry, I meant I'm Davis Cassie. Wait sorry, Cassie Davis." I facepalmed. Yeah, something's wrong with me for sure.

Nathan laughed at my words. "I was wondering, were you the one that jumped up from your seat and told the driver to stop? I heard your voice, and I could see someone jumping vaguely through the window." I stare down, slightly embarrassed. But I gathered all my courage and agreed. "Well, thanks. My family and I just moved here for my dad's work a week ago, and I barely know where everything is. This move has been so hard, and I'm glad one person stopped living their life for a second and helped me out." Nathan flashed a grin at me and turned away.

Ten minutes later, the bus arrived at our destination. Even though I had already seen it at the Sienna High freshman orientation, I was still amazed by how beautiful it was. The school was colored purple and yellow for its flag and borders. There were small green hedges, lining up along the brick walls. There were numerous buildings, with different classes and teachers. The lawns were cut perfectly, and the trees swayed in the wind. But the inside was even more captivating. Once I stepped through those doors, large stairs were escalating into the next levels of the school. It was bright, with the sun shining through windows in the ceiling. Awards and achievements were polished and dusted on the trophy wall. Every freshman I saw had a smile on their face, and it seemed like they weren't scared one bit. I was still really scared. Mostly scared of the teachers and being late to class. Then someone tapped my shoulder. I turn around and see Rae, jumping up and down.

"Oh, hi Rae!" I grinned with happiness.

"Hey, Cassie! Remember that guy that Belinay almost ran over at the park yesterday?" I wasn't really sure where she was going with that, so I nodded. "Well, it turns out he's a freshman here too! They just bumped into each other a couple of minutes ago." She started rambling on about how ironic it was that Lynn said Belinay would never see him again, but then Belinay did at school.

?Um, I met this-? Right then, the warning bell rang, signaling that we had five minutes to get to class.

?Tell me later at lunch, I gotta go. See ya!? Rae ran off and left me in the middle of a huge group of students heading off to class. I got lost, turning the wrong corner, and continuously saying sorry to the people I bumped into. Great, I?m totally going to be late. With a heavy sigh, I plow my way through the crowd and finally arrive at my destination. Chemistry. I heard rumors about this place, some people claiming that the teacher would boil you alive if you even coughed while she was talking. The alarm already sounded when I walked through the doors. There were long, black desks in neat rows. The desks were very tall, including two seats that were pushed inside. Posters of ?No Talking!? and ?Science Rocks!? covered the white walls. A lot of students were standing around the sides of the classroom while the teacher, Mrs. Yelda, tapped her clipboard with a pencil violently.

?Where is Ranley? Mr. Ranley, please sit in the back along with Mr. Simmons, before you have detention with me!? She screeched at the class, pushing her thick-framed glasses up her nose. I took a closer look at my teacher. She wore a flowery dress and very high heels. There was a large hat placed on her head, decorated with polka dots and stripes, along with huge flowers. Then, I hear someone calling my name, so I leave my thoughts and snap back into reality.

?Davis!? Mrs. Yelda storms towards me. ?Are you Cassie Davis?? I gulped and shook in agreement. ?I have been calling your name six times, and now would you please sit in the back with Mr. Wagner? Honestly! What is up with kids these days, just constantly lost in their own little worlds when the grown-ups have to do all the work?? She mumbled away and started screaming at the people who took so long to sit down. But I just stood there frozen for a couple of seconds, still taking in those last words. Is Nathan here, too? I search the room, and it doesn?t take long until I see him again. Taking a deep breath, I walk past the desks and take a seat right next to him.

?Hey, Cassie.? Nathan put his backpack over the chair. ?You were kinda blanking out there. What happened??

?Well, I was just looking at Mrs. Yelda?s choice of clothes, that?s all,? I confess.

?Yeah, that too, but what about after? You stood there for a few seconds like you had something else on your mind. What?s that about?? He pulled out his pencil case from his bag and unzipped it.

?Well-?

?CLASS!? Mrs. Yelda?s voice boomed around the room. ?IF we have no more interruptions, I suggest we begin class, shall we?? A couple of ?Yes, ma?am?s and ?Alright?s came from our mouths. ?Good, as some of you here may perceive the science world as?? Her words were so confusing, and her voice sounded like someone turned on a fan. I thought I would die listening to her speech when the alarm finally rang. Everyone ran out to either get away from Mrs. Yelda or if it was just rushing to class.

After the second period and break, I met up with Rae, Belinay, and Lynn in History, and I saw Nathan in my Spanish class and said hello. Finally, it was lunch, and I was hungry. I head on over to the cafeteria and scan the room. It was ear-splitting, almost losing my sense of hearing. There were many tables, and it took a while to find my friends. When I did find them, we engaged in our normal conversations. Lynn and I ate our food while Rae told us how her teacher was pretty cool, and let them do whatever they wanted for today, and Belinay told us about her encounter with that Keith guy.

“Um, so what about you, Cassie?” I pull the fork from my mouth and see Rae doing her scary gaze
“You haven’t told us what happened today, and you know we always tell each other everything!”
Lynn joined in. “Yeah, what’s going on?” My eyes widen as the three stared intently at me, their eyes
begging me to say something.

“Well, there’s a scary teacher I’ve got and-?”

“Hi,?” I look up and see Nathan behind, holding his backpack over his shoulder. “I was thinking, can I
have your number? You know, just in case I need help in Spanish or something?” He trailed off, and I
was slowly panicking because not only was Nathan here, but Rae, Belinay, and Lynn were there to
witness it all.

“Um, yeah. Sure!” I replied. He hands me his phone and I type my number in as fast as I could.

“Thanks! Well, see you around!” Nathan walks off, probably to go back eating with somebody.

“Cassie?” Lynn shifts her eyes from Nathan to me. “Who was that?”

“No one! He’s just someone I met in class!” I immediately say, which makes it even more suspicious
to my friends.

“Cassie, tell us! We know that you’re not telling us something because we know you well enough!”
Belinay eyes me cautiously. “Whenever you lie, you always exert your nervous energy somewhere,
and usually, that energy comes from your foot.” She points to my foot, which is moving up and down
at record speed. I bite my lip. Why is it that when I don’t want her to know, she knows?

“Ok, you got me. He’s someone I met on the bus,?” I start feeling the butterflies again. “His name’s
Nathan. He moved because of his dad’s work, and I had to stop the bus for him to get on. I
accidentally said my name was Nathan, and that was super awkward.” I smile at the memory. “Some
weird feeling came over me when he did get on. I’m not really sure how to describe it.” I slowly stop
talking and look back at my friends, who are nodding at each other like they have some secret
language they didn’t teach me. “Uh, what are you doing?” The whole group gazed at me, then at each
other.

“So, he’s just someone you met?” Rae folded her arms and peered at me. “Or is something else going
on here?”

“Um?”

“And why exactly were you smiling when you were talking about him?” Belinay asked with a smirk.

“You don’t have to do that.”

“Well, uh?” Everyone takes in the information and does a synchronized nod.

Lynn sighs. “Cassie, do you like this Nathan?”

“As a friend, yes.”

“Anything else?” I got taken aback by her next question, so I didn’t say anything and blushed. “Hmm,
let’s just leave it at that. We shouldn’t budge her. Besides, we’ve got to be in class in about...” Lynn
checks her watch and gasps. “Five minutes! C’mon people! Let’s get a move on! You don’t want to
be late!” Lynn acts like an army general while we’re stuffing ourselves as quickly as possible. I’m the
first to leave the table, due to the whole conversation from before, and rush to English. It was pretty
much the same as Chemistry, but Mr. Keller wasn’t that strict of a teacher. Once that was done, I
decided to walk to PE, one of the other classes I shared with Rae and Belinay, although the tension
was at an all-time high with Belinay’s enemy there.

It was finally the end of school. The bus came to my stop, and I waved goodbye to Nathan, who went other way. Walking back, my brain was yearning for the last days of summer to return, or at least some kind of hurricane to sweep down the school, trusting that nobody's inside of course. Still, it felt like a regular school day, just with the horrors of a new school layout, old and new faces, and scary teachers. I didn't even bother to change my clothes as I flopped on the bed, knocked out cold.

Could It Be? (Chapter 6)

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Introduction

Thanks for reading!

Chapter 1

CHAPTER 6 - Belinay

The sun from my big window shined on my face as I slowly opened my eyes under the red mass of hair that covered my eyes. After barely discovering my face, I nestled my head back on the pillow. Wait! No Belinay! No more sleep!

The alarm was set to 7:10, so I got up begrudgingly from my bed to my wardrobe and took out the clothes I chose from last night. I put on my green shirt, decorated with little white 3-D flowers, and my new jeans. My hair was tied into a braid crown, letting the rest of my hair-free. I loved to dress up, which made me the girliest of my friend group.

Ready.

I had breakfast, and shortly after, went to change my shoes again. Why? Ask Celeste! The one who has problems pouring milk. Celeste has been....well...her. Since my grandpa died three years ago. She loved him terribly. I sometimes pity her but that doesn't mean she can do what she does.

After slipping on a jacket, I hurried to the bus stop. Five minutes went by standing out there in the cold. I finally got a glimpse of the yellow vehicle.

"Hey, Belinay! I have a seat for you right here!" Rae shouts through the window, waving at me. I got on the bus like lightning to get rid of the torturing hand of the cold wind. I sat next to her and talked about the classes we were having together. Let's see: algebra, history and PE.

As the bus stopped, I nearly bumped my head against the front seat. I looked at the bus door opening and through them came a tall guy with brown curly hair and hazel eyes. It was Keith, the guy I ran into yesterday.

Oh, no! It's Keith! I can't let him see me! I began to panic.

"Don't look now," I whispered to Rae as I sank underneath the seat.

"What got on your head now? Are you crazy?" Rae laughed at my comical position.

"Shush! It's Keith!? Rae looked at me confused. "You know, the guy I crashed into the other day? Don't let him see me!" She turned her head to find Keith making his way through the tight space between the seats.

"Don't worry. He's looking through the window. I don't think he noticed you," she laughed again. A couple of minutes after, I began to breathe normally when we arrived and he got off the bus.

"C'mon, he's gone! Move on, or we'll be late!" Rae pulled on my sleeve, urging me to go.

"Ok!" I said, barely grabbing my backpack by the straps.

She guided me or rather took me off, the bus as fast as she could. But on the last step, I stumbled and ended in a boy's arms. He laughed.

Oh, no. I froze when I recognized the boyish, and I have to admit quite enchanting laugh. I looked up and confirmed my theory. It was Keith's arms in which I landed on. I quickly established my feet on the floor and got off him.

"You need to stop landing on me." He grinned at me. I feel my face turning redder than my hair.

"S-sorry," I said, looking up at Keith because of my short size. Suddenly I found myself wishing I

He might be thinking I'm a shrink like everybody. What do I care what he thinks? I just crashed against him.

"So," he ruffled his hair, "Are ya also freshman?"

"Umm, yes."

"Belinay, let's go!" Rae barged into the conversation. "We don't want to be late!"

"Then I guess I'll see you around. I'm also a freshman.?"

He waved and walked away from me. I didn't know if I was happy I'll see him all year, or if the sick feeling I felt on my stomach when he said that meant I didn't like it. We met Lynn and Cassie afterwards. Then rushed to our classes.

I took algebra with Rae. Mr. Shirley, our algebra teacher, was famous for giving hard lessons and long homework. And then it was time for English with Mrs. Nightingale. She gained her fame for being a sweet teacher that cared for her students.

After the break, I joined with the girls in the history class that I was taking with Rae and Cassie and in which Lynn was TA. I got a scolding for trying to tell Lynn something during the lecture. The bell rang again, and this time I took my astrology books from my locker.

I sat on an empty table for two. Then? him again. We have this class together! I wasn't sure if I should move, or he was just passing by.

"Mr. Ashford, take a seat." The teacher, Mr. Bradley, was writing some tables on the whiteboard. Keith sat on another table, to my relief.

"Hello, class. The first thing we will do is pairing in groups of two with your partner, whom you will sit, work, and participate with all year.?" Mr. Bradley paused for a moment, catching a breath.

?Remember, choose wisely, or else-?

"I CHOOSE BELINAY!" Keith shouted frantically. I felt my face burning, I was about to object but stopped short. The teacher had already consented to the petition.

Keith walked to the desk I was sitting at, a smile pasted on his lips.

"I'll sit here.?" His finger pointed to the seat next to me. ?If you don't mind," he added.

"I guess you will.?" I immediately regretted saying those words. He took his seat as the rest of the classroom danced to find a partner.

"You almost killed me with your bike. If I'm not irritating you, can I at least know the name of my murderess?" Keith asked, stifling a laugh.

"First off, I didn't want to kill you. You just happened to be there when it happened. And my name is Belinay Everdeen,?" I retorted back.

"Keith Ashford to your service." He bowed like those knights in the medieval shows I watch. Soon enough, the class started and all went quietly.

It was lunch. Finally! I walked out of the classroom and Keith followed near. After turning several times and noticing he was just behind me, I turned around and faced him.

"Are...are you going somewhere?"

"Sorry. it's my lunchtime."

"Oh, never mind." I couldn't believe I was so awkward. I found a seat with Lynn and Rae and not much after Cassie joined. We talked of our day though Cassie was acting strange. Finally, we discovered what was what had her so quiet. Some guy she met on the bus named Nathan. He even

came and asked for her number. We did our secret telepathic language, though we didn't talk. Just twitch of the eye and mouth meant something. We came up with the conclusion that it seems she likes him, and so does he, even if it wasn't that clear. But we dropped it so that Cassie would not be uncomfortable.

The group and I hurried to our classes. And my next class was sign language. To my surprise, Keith was there too. Could my day go better? The class finished, and Keith came to me and asked what my next class was.

"Let me see." I pulled out my schedule, which was neatly folded in my backpack. "PE."

"Guess what? Me too," he replied.

We walked to PE together talking about how absolutely diabolical the teacher was for giving astronomy homework on the first day. At PE, I had a hard time. Because Geraldine was there. My enemy since first grade. Since the day I spilled juice on her new dress, to be more precise. The moment the drop from my juice touched her clothing marked the beginning of a never-ending war. It almost seemed like we were destined to fight until one of us surrendered or died. And I didn't want to lose, or give in, to that evil girl. Because of my wonderful luck, today we had to play the classical torturing game. Tag. Once you got tagged, you had to sit back at the bleachers. The class was evenly split into two teams, one would play the first half of class, while the other would play the last. It turned out Geraldine was chosen to be the tagger for the first half, and I also turned out to be in the first half. The whistle was blown. All the girls ran away from Geraldine. From a distance, it looked as if she wasn't going for those people, only me. I tried to get away, but Geraldine was faster, striking me square on the mouth. Or right on the braces. Wherever she hit, a month of braces gone and a visit to the nurse's office because of a bloody mouth.

The girls came to visit me at the nurse's. A hurricane of "Are you alright?"s, and "She is so mean."s was tossed in the room. Even though I was in pain, only one good thing came out of that. Geraldine was punished, but just two lunch detentions were received. To the teachers, it looked like Geraldine was just playing a bit too rough, so they let her off easily. We were just about to come up with a plan to get back at her when a certain boy came to visit me. The group's mouths immediately closed as he came over and left after placing a small notebook paper, and scribbled messily on the top, "Read After School - Keith Ashford." Rae turned to me with a confused expression on her face. Cassie paid close attention to the letter, probably wondering how that handwriting was so messy. Lynn, on the other hand, was still comforting me by my bed.

A few words of persuasion to the nurses and I took off to my last class, Yearbook, which cheered me a bit. Something about taking pictures seemed calming. Peaceful. Celeste wouldn't understand though. She was all moody and none of the emotions you'd experience while taking pictures. The best thing of all was that I could take photos and go to events to write about them with Cassie, and also get an easy A just by doing so. When I was walking back with Rae to the bus, I noticed Keith sitting three rows in front of us, throwing glances at me, as if he was asking if I opened his letter yet. I wasn't sure how to react, but Rae just kept talking to me like nothing was happening right now.

Even though I was really tired from school, and my still bloody mouth, Celeste set me to work, telling me to clean the house with our cheap mop and a dusty rag. This was our "normal" routine, as my sister would've called it. Thirty minutes went by when I finally finished my chores and went

upstairs. I started my homework, but when I pulled out my textbooks, Keith's note fell out. Hesitantly, didn't pick it up from the floor until ten seconds after. And I was honestly surprised he wrote this down, despite the newest technology and computers. It read:

hey belinay, so I heard you got smashed in the face... hope you get better soon! ok, imagine this. I'm doing my astrology homework, and suddenly I remember we had to do a project together, and we didn't even start it yet. it's due the next day, but I have no way of asking you about it because I don't have your number. well... what I'm trying to say is that maybe we should give our numbers to each other, just in case something like that will happen... lemme know what you think! oh, and thanks for being in most of my classes, or else I would've been lost half the time. here's my number?

I read his note again and again and remembered how this was often the first step to becoming friends, and in some special cases, more than that. I'm not even sure if I'm ready to be friends with Keith, since I met the guy yesterday, and bumped into him today. I shrugged. I'll just decide later.

Meanwhile, it's time to work. The homework I was assigned was very easy, but it was the school day that basically wiped out my energy. I laid on my bed, took in the homey smell, and propped up my favorite book, and read. I was happy the first day ended.

Could It Be? (Chapter 7)

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Introduction

Here's chapter 7, everyone! and to the people that were waiting for chapter 7, SORRY! thanks for reading! stay cool!:)

Chapter 1

CHAPTER 7 - Rae

"BARK! BARK!" I woke up to my dog, Chloe, barking downstairs.

"Chloe! Shut up!" I covered a pillow over my head, but that didn't seem to silence the noise. She was annoying sometimes, especially when she barked at seven in the morning. As I slowly sat up, I tried not to wake up Nico, my mom's cat, that slept in my room most nights. The cat laid on top of my feet, which were becoming numb from the weight. Luckily, I was able to accomplish this feat, sliding Nico with my blanket. For some reason, I had a slight headache from my bun. I took out the bun and brushed it, but now my hair was all poofy, so I put it in a french braid. Quickly grabbing my skinny jeans and my blue elephant shirt, which were kinda nice, but not over the top, I went downstairs and took care of my dog, and then ate a bagel with cream cheese.

It was a nice day while I waited for the bus. As the bus pulled up the curb, I got in and saw him, Alexander Cohen. He was sitting in the back with his friends, and some of them looked like they had a growth spurt in the past summer. Alex, it was as if he didn't change. Same towering height. Same dirty blonde hair. Same blue eyes. Well, maybe just a bit of a difference if you count his hairstyle. Last year, it used to be combed, but now, it was just messy. If you hadn't guessed it already, yes, he's my crush. The one I've kept from my friends for a very long time. It killed me inside every time they asked me if I liked someone, to which I always denied. I kept quiet, found an empty row, and saved a seat for Belinay. The bus approached Belinay's neighborhood, recognizing the line of houses that were so beautiful. I caught sight of Belinay running to the stop and flailed my arm around so she could see me.

"Hey, Belinay! I have a seat for you right here!" I called from the window. She got on the bus as fast as she could, and made herself at home with the saved seat. We talked about what classes we had today, and about how nervous we are. Suddenly, the bus stopped, causing Belinay to almost whack her head on the seat in front of her, and I tried not to laugh. But she didn't move from her position, only sinking deeper and deeper into the seat. From what I could tell, Belinay looked like she was more in a panicky mode than her usual self.

"Don't look now," Belinay whispered to me, still stuck in the same funny position.

"What are you doing? You look crazy!" It felt impossible not to take a picture of Belinay, who kept sneaking a couple of glances at some boy next to the bus stop.

"Shush! It's Keith! The guy I crashed with the other day! Don't let him see me!"

"Don't worry. He is looking through the window. I don't think he noticed you." I tried to reassure her by laughing. When we got to Sienna High, Belinay finally moved from her spot and looked normal again.

I turned to Belinay, pulling on her sleeve. "C'mon, he's gone! Move on, or we'll be late!"

"Ok!?" Belinay said frantically and grabbed her backpack in a rush.

We were almost off the bus when Belinay tripped on one of the steps and fell into that boy's arms. And that's when I realized it was Keith.

"You need to stop landing on me," Keith said with a grin on his face. The rest of the conversation I didn't hear because I saw Alex walking off the bus. I tried to get the courage to talk to him, or at least get his attention, but I was too shy.

When I finally snapped out of my thoughts, Belinay and I met up with Cassie and Lynn. Then the two of us went to Algebra. Mr. Shirley was not a rude teacher, only that his lectures were long and there was a lot of homework. Alex was also there. We didn't talk, but he smiled and looked me in the eyes, so I smiled back and went to work.

After Algebra, I zoomed through the halls and into Astronomy. The school layout wasn't that hard to navigate, so getting to my next class was easy. As I sat down, I caught a glimpse of Jake, one of Alex's best friends. It was time to be assigned partners, and all I wanted was to not get Jake because that would mean I would have to talk to him. I could envision him talking about Alex, and that was something I didn't want to see. Mrs. Richards, the astronomy teacher, pulled out a name and called mine. I closed my eyes and crossed my fingers, promising I'd never ask for anything else for as long as I live.

"Ms. Rae Beckett is with... Mr. Jake Myers." Well, the universe just doesn't keep its promises anymore. But that wasn't the problem right now. What I dreaded most had happened, I was partners with Alex's best friend.

Astronomy was over, and thankfully, Jake didn't talk to me at all. A small victory for me! I had a fifteen-minute break, so I met up with Belinay and Cassie and walked to history together. The even cooler thing was that Lynn was there too since she was a TA for her old teacher, Mrs. Stinebaugh. Belinay got in trouble for trying to talk to Lynn during a lecture.

Next was English, and I was excited about it because the teacher was fun. Ms. Henley was my English teacher in 7th grade and then she went to high school to teach. I missed her, and I was glad to see her again. But she wasn't the only person I saw again. Alex was there, and he was walking towards me. I wanted to curl up in a ball and cry because I didn't know what to do. As he got closer, I felt as if I shrank.

"Hey." He said.

"H-hey." I felt so nervous.

"So, we haven't talked in a while."

"Y-yeah we haven't."

"About 8th grade-"

"It's fine, forget about it." I immediately went from nervous to stone cold. I thought he would've forgotten about what happened in 8th grade by now. But that was last year, so he probably didn't. In 8th grade, my ex-friend, Abby, asked Alex if he liked me and he said, word-for-word, "As a friend for sure, more than that not so much." And it gets worse. Then he completely ignored me because he thought I liked him. In fear, I never told the girls, because then, the secret would've been out and they would probably hate me for keeping a secret from them.

Alex breaks my train of thought. "Rae, you sure we're good?"

"Yes, I'm sure." He smiled and walked away because the class was starting.

English ended, and it was lunchtime. I found Lynn and sat next to her. Belinay came next, and Cassie arrived last. During lunch, Cassie was acting weird. I decided to ask what was going on, and then a boy, who we later found out was named Nathan, came over to our table. We figured out that Cassie was acting weird because whether she likes to admit it or not, she likes Nathan, and judging by the evidence we collected, we're pretty sure he likes her back. But we left her to be so she wouldn't get mad at us.

Now I had a choir. I loved choir as long as I sang in a group and I wasn't in the front. It was the first day of the choir, so I was a little nervous. No one I knew that well was there, and that didn't really help my shyness.

After the choir was PE, and the universe again decided Alex will be there. I feel like he's everywhere I go. Like a haunting memory when your brain sees an object and remembers. Except it wasn't really haunting. I just didn't want to see him at the time. When we were PE, Belinay got hurt and had to go to the nurses' office, and I felt kind of bad for her. Well, up until the point when we saw Keith walk through the doors and set a piece of paper next to her. Classes were about to start, so we three waved goodbye and went back to our classrooms.

And now my last class of the day was french. My favorite thing to say in French is "Je t'aime," which means I love you. But it wasn't like I was going to say that to anyone I know anytime soon. When I

I got home after I saw Belinay and Alex get off their stops. I was exhausted and ready to go to bed. But Chloe still wanted her to walk, and Nico wouldn't stop being annoying, so it would still be a long way to go until I could sleep. And I'm pretty sure I'd be dead even before I hit the sack.

Could It Be? (Chapter 8)

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Introduction

Here's chapter 8, and thank you for reading our story! it really means a lot!:)

Chapter 1

CHAPTER 8 - Lynn

My alarm went off at 6:45 AM. I contemplated getting up, since I actually felt mildly rested, but ended up pressing snooze so I could sleep for another 15 minutes. When my alarm went off at 7 AM, I decided to sit in bed with my eyes open for another five. Finally, at 7:05, I started getting ready for what would be my last year of high school. Even though I only had 35 minutes to get ready, I wasn't worried. In those five minutes, I had actually been productive without moving at all: I had mentally chosen my outfit and recalled where each piece of clothing was so that when I eventually got out of bed, I could head straight into the shower. I decided to wear my light green sweater and my blue jeans, but I wasn't so sure about my brown wedge boots. It was a small debate whether or not to wear my boots, since they'd give me another two inches to my 5'9" height. Coming off as too intimidating to the freshmen on the first day and unintentionally scaring them was one reason not to, but I ultimately decide to wear them anyway. My hair didn't take that long because I had straightened it the night before, so all I had to do was take it out of the bun, and pop in a couple of bobby pins. I put the lunch my dad had made into my backpack, grabbed my car keys, and headed out. It was a little less than a ten-minute drive to school, which then left me another ten minutes to drop my violin off in the orchestra room, so I wouldn't have to lug it around all day, meet up with Cassie, Rae, and Belinay for a bit, and then swing by my locker before class.

I parked my car about two blocks from the school since all the parking spaces nearby were filled. After dropping off my violin, I took the long way to get to our designated meeting place. The detour took me past Caleb's locker. I met Caleb Ronan in 10th-grade history. We were assigned the seats next to each other, and as a result, I'd say we became friends, or at the very least, good acquaintances. In 11th grade, he had the same history class again, so I chose the seat diagonal from him: I didn't choose the one right next to him because I didn't want to seem too forward. As I approached Caleb's locker, I saw that he was there, but since it was never my intention to stop and talk, but rather observe from afar, I continued to meet up with the others. Afterward, I swung by my locker, which I loved because it was broken in a very convenient way: it didn't relock immediately after closing as long as I didn't move the dial, so I could literally just stop and go at my locker. Perfect for days when I was rushing in the morning, which was practically every morning.

My first period was my food and nutrition class with Ms. Transport. She was really nice, except for somewhat clueless with technology. It wasn't that big of an issue, since a chunk of the class would be just cooking. In the second period, I had Government with Ms. Atwood. I walked in and I was the first person in the class, so I picked a seat in the middle of the back row. I liked sitting in the back because then I could see the entire class. I'm reading the board when I hear other people walk in. To my surprise, when I set my gaze on the door, I make eye contact with Caleb. I felt like I hadn't seen him in forever, and I quickly observed his medium length brown hair, light brown eyes, glasses, and of

course, his six-foot self. He shoots me a smile, which I return, and walks towards me. I broke eye immediately after the gesture: looking into someone's eyes is not my favorite.

"Hi, Lynn!" Caleb sat down on the desk diagonally from mine.

"Hello," I say kind of sing-songy.

"I see you picked a seat near the bookcase again." He peered at something behind me. I turn my head to where he was looking and realize I am, in fact, sitting in front of the bookcase for the third year straight. The two years prior, I sat in front of the bookcase in history, which made me become the unofficial book distributor, a job I didn't necessarily mind since I was efficient and kept the books organized.

"Oh, I guess I have," I say with a bit of a laugh.

"How was your summer?"

"It was good. How was yours?"

"It was nice."

"Cool.," I say with a smile. And soon after that, Ms. Atwood started class. I blame myself for the awkward lack of depth in the conversation. I had predicted that once I went back to school and interacted with him, I would unintentionally make things awkward since acknowledging to myself that I liked him.

When class ended, I said bye to Caleb on the way out and went to my locker. It was a break, so I went to the library to check out a book and decided I'd head to my third period early. I'm the TA for Mrs. Stinebaugh's freshman history class which Rae, Cassie, Belinay all had. Mrs. Stinebaugh was known for being one of the stricter teachers, but I decided to TA for her since she was my freshman history teacher, and she taught well. During class, I saw Belinay subtly trying to get my attention. She leaned over to try to tell me something but apparently wasn't subtle enough.

"BELINAY EVERDEEN! There will be no talking during a lecture now or at any time of the year! I will not repeat myself if you miss a detail nor will I entertain a lack of focus! I hope I am making that clear to everyone in this room! Consider that a warning Ms. Everdeen."

I shot Belinay a sympathetic look and I felt really bad because 1. She got yelled at on the first day, 2. I was the one she was trying to talk to, and 3. I didn't get in trouble. Fourth period: I had AP English with Mr. Renaud. Both my sister and cousin had had him before and he seemed cool.

At lunch, I met up with Belinay, Cassie, and Rae. Rae talked about how her day went so far and talked about how she apparently crashed into the Keith kid getting off the bus, and that she has some classes with him (so much for "No biggie, it's not like you'll ever see him again."). I didn't have anything interesting to say really, but I realized Cassie was unusually quiet. After a bit of pushing from Rae and me, she started to say something but then this random kid, with the darkest hair I have ever seen, comes over and asks for Cassie's number, which she freely, but somewhat nervously, gives.

"Thanks! See you around!" says the jet black-haired kid.

I watch him as he walks away and asks "Cassie?", and then I look her dead in the eye. "Who was that?"

"No one! He's just someone I met in class!" Cassie responds quickly, which seemed über suspicious. Belinay senses she's not telling us something and points out that she's rapidly tapping her foot, which she always does when she has excess nervous energy. She admits he's someone she met on the bus and then she starts going on and on and on about their interactions. It's a complete circle as I look at Rae, who looks at Belinay, who looks back to me, and then back to Rae, who then nods at me, and I nod at Belinay, who then nods to Rae. Rae then throws out the questions we telepathically created together in our heads.

"So, he's just someone you met?" says Rae folding her arms, "Or is something else going on here?"

"And why exactly were you smiling when you were talking about him?" Belinay asked with a smirk. "You don't have to do that."

Cassie looks all hesitant to which the other three of us respond with a synchronous nod. So I just straight up ask her if she likes him, to which she replies, "As a friend?". But when I ask if she likes him as more than a friend she seems a bit shocked so I drop the subject and realize we have five minutes till class and I rush everybody to head off to 5th period.

My fifth period was Honors Spanish and on my way, I saw Caleb again. He gave me a friendly wave so I waved back. Since we were in the predominantly foreign language building, I presumed he was going to his German class. Spanish was awesome. Although the name on my schedule said "Estrada, C?" as the teacher, the teacher said she'd rather us call her Profe Camila (her first name), instead of going by the traditional last name. She was a younger teacher but seemed to know what she was doing. She was so nice and enthusiastic, so I was really excited for the rest of the year with her. My 6th period was AP Calculus with Mr. Devit. Towards the end of class, I got a slip from the office that said "Lynn Barlowe: please report to the health office at your earliest convenience." Since he was done explaining for the day, Mr. Devit let me go five minutes before class ended. Apparently, Geraldine, Belinay's childhood enemy, had smacked Belinay in the face during a game in PE, causing her mouth to start bleeding because of her newly placed braces. My last period was the orchestra, which I really

When I got home, I ate a snack, watched some TV, and then took a nap. But I woke back up again after a few minutes because I actually had homework for my two AP classes. Before I went to bed, I thought about Caleb. I thought about how concerned I'd been when he missed the last month and a half of school last year and I didn't know why (though I later found out he was on the independent study) and how the intensity of my concern led me to realize I liked him as more than a friend. I thought about how he was my first crush. I thought about how I may have liked him a bit in 10th grade, but brushed it off when I found he had a girlfriend (who he's not with anymore). I thought about how I used to think that my heart was impenetrable. That those types of feelings could never creep in without me knowing. That no one would ever be able to make me lower my guards unintentionally for longer than a second. But that after two years of sitting next to the same guy in history class, I realized I had been wrong. Quite wrong.

Could It Be? (Chapter 9)

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Introduction

Well, you know who to blame for making all of you wait that long (aka me, the one who makes Cassie's point of view) SORRY! anywho, thanks for reading everyone! we're all happy that you're reading our story!:)

Chapter 1

CHAPTER 9 - Cassie

“My brain’s hurting?” Nathan moaned next to me on the bus, who held his head like it was about to fall off. The morning light shone on the dark rings that formed under his eyes and his eyelids slowly closed, but then opening in a jolt, which looked like he was barely getting enough sleep. Yesterday, while munching on some store-bought cookies and drinking hot cocoa, I concluded that the whole bus scene with Nathan on the first day was nothing. It was probably one of those “huh? who’s that?” kind of thing. But before I start exerting all of the very few brain cells I have left to this little dilemma of mine, I have to get through the second day of school. Let’s also hope the other girls won’t be teasing me about it. When I snap out of my thoughts, I see Nathan struggling to stay awake, and soon enough, his head drooped down along with the hand supporting it. So I grab my backpack from my lap and release it, allowing it to fall on the floor and make a huge sound. That worked for sure since Nathan jumped up and blinked a few times until he looked like his usual self.

“Oh, thanks!” Nathan did one of his smiles again at me. Then I looked at him like how the girls were interrogating me the other day.

“How in the world are you tired on the second day of school? THE SECOND DAY?” I shake my head in disappointment.

“Hmm,” he said as if he was choosing his words wisely. “I think my brain’s still in summer mode, so the sleep schedule is off. And, that crazy dude is mowing his lawn at 4 AM next door, so that doesn’t help.”

My disappointment turns into sympathy, and I decide to use the amazing solution I came up with in second grade, when I tried to wait for Santa, but failed miserably since I gave in to my tiredness and went back to bed. I reach into my backpack and search for any snacks. As I do, I find two packets of M&M’s [not sponsored, lol].

I toss one at Nathan and put the other back in the bag. “Think fast!” He catches it instinctively with his hands, making a clap sound when he does.

“What’s this?”

“I read from somewhere chocolate can keep you up,” I reply, crossing my arms and motioning him to open it. “Now go eat some!”

“Huh, I thought chocolate was bad.”

?You're sounding a lot like my mom. Always saying chocolate is bad.?

Nathan flinches for a moment, then speaks again. ?I'm fine, so you don't need to give me this.?

He hands it over, but I push it back. ?Look pal, if you wanna stay awake, then you're gonna have to eat some, or else I'll force it down your throat, and believe me, you don't want that.?

It was clear he didn't want that, judging by his face painted with unease. Nathan reluctantly rips it open and puts the chocolate in his mouth. ?Now what?? he asked between munches.

?Uh, I don't know really. I haven't added anything to it, but I guess you can,? I shrug and turn the other way, signaling the end of the conversation. ?Depends on you.?

Later at school, we hopped off the bus and awkwardly walked together to chemistry. Using my eyes, I scouted for any of the girls, having mixed feelings that they'd joke around about it if one of them saw me. Then I recognized the familiar sounds and smells of the science room. And one of those sounds happened to be Mrs. Yelda screaming at a bunch of juniors for running in the halls.

?She's at it again,? Nathan laughs as we walk through the doors. ?C'mon, let's get to our seats before Mrs. Yelda starts taking her anger out on us.? I laugh too, but then I turn silent. Why exactly was Mrs. Yelda so mean? I couldn't wrap my head around it as we quickly walked around the bustling crowd of standing people, like the scene on the first day. But everyone fell silent when the thundering footsteps vibrated the room. Except for me, Nathan, and a couple of other classmates, it's a complete kerfuffle while the crowd disperses and sits in their spots as fast as they could. Murmurs and whispers are exchanged between the class but are silenced when she enters. This time, Mrs. Yelda had her almost-gray hair in a tight bun, with two sticks holding it up. She also was wearing another dress and the same heels from the first day.

?Good morning, class.? She spat out the word ?class? like it was some kind of curse word. ?Today, we're learning about the periodic table of elements-?

A hand shot up in the air from the table next to me. ?Hold up, ma'am!?! It was that guy, I think his name was Andrew Ranley. He shook his golden locks out of his blue eyes and hopped off his seat. I'm pretty sure it was taking a lot of willpower for Mrs. Yelda to hold herself back from lunging at Andrew.

?Ma'am, what if I already know all the elements? I even know the song, so can't I skip class for today?? Andrew asks sweetly. ?I've got to go to the game store to buy Ultra Fighters 6: Redemption, which is gonna come out in like twenty minutes!?

At the corner of my eye, I see a girl sarcastically flip her hair from across the room and roll her eyes.

“Ha, well, little missy,” Andrew began, taking in a sharp inhale. “Ultra Fighters is a competitive, multiplayer-”

“I said, ‘I don’t want to know!’” A lot of people watch the scene unfold. Unfortunately, other classmates joined in and asked if they could come with him too.

By then, I wasn’t sure if Mrs. Yelda would be able to regain control of the entire classroom. I mean, about fifteen kids were chanting, “Let us out! Let us out!” while slamming their fists on the tables, some other classes were peeking through the doors, and I could hear some stomps coming down the hall. But by some miracle, she did it.

“I knew you were trouble, Mr. Ranley.” The atmosphere was like the trial of the century. No one spoke a word. Everyone was sitting in anticipation. She gestured to him to come forward. “Come with me, we will discuss this with the principal. And everyone, please stay seated while I take Mr. Ranley to the office!”

“No, wait! What about the game? I’ve been saving up for two months!” His arms were flailing in the air as he got taken away. “NOOOO!”

When they left, the people crowding the door dissipated and Mrs. Yelda came back, no Andrew. Class returned to a somewhat normal, but there was still that question that loomed in the back of everyone’s mind: what happened to Andrew?

“Yeah, what happened to Andrew for sure?” I mutter out loud, but I forgot the girls were right next to me.

“What are you talking about, Cassie?” Belinay asks for the whole group as we walk to history together, but I could barely hear her because of the loud lockers being closed.

“I think I know what’s going on?” Rae studies me for a moment and looks away, satisfied. “Is this about the chem riot?”

Belinay gasps, turning to me. “That was your class? We could hear some kids shouting ‘Let us out! Let us out!’ from the algebra room! And believe me, it’s super far away from your classroom!”

“Chem riot? That’s what my class is being called now?” I ask jokingly, pausing for a slight moment. “Want me to reenact it for you?” They both nod, and I go through every motion and sequence. I had a habit of describing and telling all of the details, whether they be big or small, and the in-betweens. Sometimes the girls get annoyed about how long I take to get to the point, but it’s there to build up the suspense.

Soon enough, we stumble on the door to history and with a small wave, go to our seats before the bell rings. While the class waits for Ms. Stinebaugh to come back, I sneak a glance around the room. Our desk positions were like the ones in chemistry, but the desks here were tinier and more compact. I love the classroom and all, except when you look at the carpet, littered with chewed-up pencils, gum, erasers, and a backpack? The backpack had huge holes and one of the arm straps was gone, despite it still looking new. It was too disgusting for me to look at any longer, so I focus back on Mrs. Stinebaugh, who just entered the room.

The fourth period zoomed by, and now it was lunch. I managed to get there first before the girls, so I sat down at the spot we ate at on the first day. Then Rae popped in with Belinay, and Lynn came in last.

?Guess what happened to Belinay today?? Rae grins at Belinay, who turns as red as the tomatoes in my lunch.

?Ooh, what?? I ask, but I come to a realization and grin as well at Belinay. ?Is this about that Keith and the note??

Belinay looks really flustered and talks back to me. ?Oh, since we're still on the subject, what's going on about that Nathan and the phone??

Now it was my turn to be embarrassed, and I return her comment. ?What? Stop changing the subject!?

?How about you stop asking about that subject!?

?Wait, shush,? Lynn, who happens to also hold the title as the mediator of the group, comes between us. ?Belinay, what did happen to you??

Belinay looks at all of us for a moment. ?Well, in the note, Keith asked for my number-?

?Ha! I knew it!? I proclaim, but then I cover my mouth after I realize what I said. ?Um, continue please.?

?Anyway,? Belinay resumes. ?I gave him my number when I met him at my locker, through note so that he wouldn't forget.?

?So you gave him your number,? Lynn acknowledges, and Belinay replies with a yes. Suddenly, the speakers blast through the cafeteria. I was somehow able to hear it, even though the cafeteria could win ?Loudest Sound of the Year? with its noise levels.

?Attention students. To welcome the new school year, we will have a field trip to Mirror-Pine Lake at camp, free for all grades. Your parents must sign the permission slips if you want to attend. The permission slips will be distributed by the student council members right now. Thank you, and have a great day, Sienna High.?

Everyone around us seemingly gets louder, and we do too, probably from the excitement. ?A camp!? Rae says with gusto.

?You're all coming, right?? I ask since I wouldn't go if they didn't.

?Sure, if I can?? Belinay shrugs, but we all knew the real reason. It would take a miracle for Belinay to get her parents to allow her to go to the camp, let alone sign the permission slip.

?Don't worry, Belinay. They'll let you go!? Lynn assures while attempting to lift the melancholy mood that surrounded the table.

?And if they don't,? Rae adds, with a determined look in her eyes. ?None of us will!? Everyone smiles and Belinay smiles a little, but she still looked sad.

?You don't have to stay if I can't go. I'll just be holding you back,? Belinay frowns.

?Belinay, don't make me turn that frown upside down,? I threaten. ?Because I'm pretty sure that'll be too painful for you.?

She instantly smiles and hides behind Lynn. ?Ah, don't do that to me! I'm already smiling! Do it to Rae, or someone else!?

?Hold up, you can't rope me into this!? Rae puts her hands on her hips, acting like she was annoyed, while also trying not to laugh.

?Is this going to turn into one of those cowboy fast draws?? Lynn suggests, and for the remainder of lunch, we went off talking in our best western accents, pretending to be cowboys, or in this case, cowgirls. In the middle of it, we received our permission slips from the student council, who looked confused when we were speaking in the western accents.

After school, I say goodbye to Belinay as she heads to her bus and I head to mine. Nathan sat down next to me, and from my perspective, was looking better now, despite the little dark rings under his eyes.

?Um, thanks for the chocolate,? Nathan stammers to me. The bus was about one block away from my neighborhood, so we didn't have a lot of time to talk. Well, unless the bus manages to hit every red

?I?m glad to know I could help out anyway,? I reply. ?You looked like a corpse this morning, except now, you?re fine!?

Then the bus comes to a halt when I see the stop on our street.

We hop off and look at each other before leaving. ?I guess this is our stop,? Nathan tosses me something. When I catch it, the object happens to be a chocolate bar.

?Uh, what?s this??

?I heard from someone that chocolate can keep you up,? he replies casually.

?But I?m not tired,? I wasn?t sure if I should give it back, since it was a gift after all.

?No, it?s just my way to say thank you,? Nathan shoves his hands into his pockets and shifts his feet the other way. ?Remember how you said I could add on to your idea? The chocolate can become a thank you. Make sure to eat it!?

He walks away, leaving me there shocked while holding the chocolate. Now that I think about it, no one had ever done this kind of thing before for me, until now.

Could It Be? (Chapter 10)

from Writers Club!

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Introduction

Here's chapter 10 for everyone who's been waiting! thank you so much for reading! we really appreciate it!:)

Chapter 1

CHAPTER 10 - Belinay

I got on the bus zombie-like. Despite it still being the second day, I felt dead, nothing with the moaning and groaning or the "I want brains!" talk, but the sluggish walking getting from place to place. This proves my theory about getting on the bus with closed eyes (which also, by the way, I never dared to prove). I haven't yet settled on how to undertake Keith's note. To give the number or not to give it? That is the question. Now I understand you, Hamlet. I sat for a while lost in my reverie and didn't notice Rae was talking to me. I was using only half of my senses when I barely hear a foggy voice far away:

"Cassie was sent on a trip to the moon.?"

"Sure," I agree obliviously until I realize what I just heard. Right there and then the meaning of the phrase sunk in, waking me from my daydream and I found myself sitting on the bus between Rae and the window, as usual. "Wait what?"

"What's happening to you today? You seem hypnotized! Does the note Keith gave you has to do with it!" Rae demands.

I start blushing hopelessly. She knew that was a yes. "I sometimes despise you when you read my mind," I said with a grin. I adore Rae. She knows every single thing about me. Not that I like her more than I liked Cassie or Lynn. They all are special to me. I know I am lucky to have them.

"He asked for my number" I sigh loudly. She gives me a playful grin, one I know all too well. "Look, I haven't decided what to say," I add, nudging her in the arm to stop.

"Why? Just give him your number. Simple as that!" Rae points out.

"It's not that easy..." I take a look around the bus to dodge her questions and comments since I didn't know how to answer back.

The bus jerks back and comes to a full stop in front of another neighborhood. At that moment, Keith comes through the squeaky, yellow doors of the bus. His hazel eyes lock in mine while asking for an answer. Instead of resuming my looking around, I quickly glue my eyes to the window to avoid eye contact.

It's all robot mode from here. No more zombies. I let my mind take the wheel when we arrive at the school. I got off the bus and didn't stop walking till I was before my locker. I put my combination in

my lock and fling the door open. It somehow turns into a staring contest, girl against locker: who will

"Hey there!" Keith suddenly pokes his head from the open door of my locker. I jump back, startled.

"How are you EVERYWHERE?" I glare at him irritably. I just wanted to be alone, even if it's just for one moment! Keith's smile was rubbed off to give place to a gloomy look while he turned to leave.

I then became aware of what I had done. Well, that just branded me as a jerk.

"Wait!" I run over and quickly grab him by his jacket's sleeve, making him rotate towards me, but only halfway. "Sorry. I know I shouldn't have reacted that way. You just surprised me. I didn't really mean what I said. Please forgive me," I humbly look at him, then at the floor.

There's a brief silence that falls between us, making it really awkward for me. I'm beginning to give up on expecting an answer and drop my hold on him, and I begin expecting him to leave when he speaks up out of nowhere.

"Hey, your shoelaces."

I glare at him uncomprehendingly. His eyes are fixated on something on the floor, so I look down.

My right shoe was untied. Like always.

These converse always untie no matter how tightly I tie them! Once, the girls and I were riding our bikes in the park, my shoelace got tangled on the pedal, so I lost control and fell in a fountain. And I won't say too much, but I got really soaked.

My shoelaces must have untangled when I was half-sprinting to my locker. Without any words, he bends down, and using his one knee as support, starts tying my right shoe. This was the nicest act a boy had ever done for me. A very simple one but still nice.

"You don't want to fall over someone, do you?" With this one sentence, Keith managed to release a hoard of butterflies into my stomach, something that I couldn't calm down even if I tried. "Well, I'm really sorry if I scared you. I didn't mean to. Are we okay?" he asks as he gets on his feet.

"Yeah, we're okay," I answer, barely able to say the words under the hard blush on my cheeks. There was another awkward silence, except it wasn't really silent, with the whole bustling crowd of students trying to get to class.

"Yeah.?"

"So?"

I open my mouth to say something, but I had a better idea. I take a piece of paper from my locker and after writing something on it, I fold it neatly and hand it to him.

"Go ahead," I say, taking a few steps back.

He unfolds the paper, and on it it said:

Thanks for the note. Here's my number, just in case your strange example comes true...

"Thanks," he said, grinning down at the note in his hand. The bell rings, followed by an orchestra of locker slamming. "Well, I... I guess I have to go. See you around!?"

As he disappears around the corner, I notice a girl with jet-black hair and dark brown eyes leaning against a locker, supposedly hers, eyeing me. She seemed familiar, but where did I see her before? It was getting way too freaky just standing there with a random girl burning holes in the back of your head, so I made a run for it, while also looking as calm as possible. She walks toward me like in those movies, when the killer finally catches their victim and puts an end to their misery, or in their case, death.

"Huh! I think he likes you.?" She stood very near me, as if not wanting anybody to hear her. Who was she? But before I could ask anything, she turned and walked away. "Good luck, 'cause you'll need it.?"

"Uh, thanks?" I take a better look at her as she strolls down the hallway. She had a black leather jacket, matching her hair color, and dark blue jeans to come with it. The mystery girl was also wearing a shirt saying "Fries for me, please?". I decide not to freak out. Maybe she was just messing with me. The bell brings me out of my thoughts, and I realize there was only one minute to get to class. I'm late for algebra!

Even if I tried, I wouldn't have been able to concentrate on the classwork this morning. There was just so much on my mind, especially the one about the girl. Then loud shouts ricocheted from wall to wall as Mr. Shirley exits the classroom to see what's going on. We all were wondering who on earth was shouting "Let us out! Let us out!" that felt like it was coming from everywhere yet came from nowhere.

As soon as algebra finished, I told Rae what happened with Keith. By the looks of her face, I could see she was very pleased to see me blush so hard.

At astronomy, as I sat beside Keith, there was such silence that you would be able to hear a needle. No, A HAIR fell to the ground. This was an awkward situation to be in, considering the morning events. I reach to put my astronomy notebook in my backpack when I see the black-haired girl again. She was whispering to Geraldine back at the farthest corner of the classroom. They must've thought I was blind, but I could clearly see them talking, followed by throwing an evil glare at me. Typical of Geraldine. What did that other girl have against me?

"Guess what happened to Belinay today!" Rae says as we join the rest of the gang at lunch. They were very interested in what had happened. No matter how hard I tried to turn the conversation around, it always returned to me. So I told them everything, and when I finished, somehow their playful, but also friendly grins, didn't disappear.

"So you gave him your number," Lynn concludes.

"Yes."

Just then the speakers squeak loudly and through them came an announcement of a camping field trip to Mirror-Pine Lake.

"A camp!" Rae looks at all of us eagerly.

"You're all coming, right?" Cassie asks soon after. I knew she would rather go if we were there.

"Sure!" I replied excitedly, but then, after a split second, I realize something and I frowned. "If I can," I add quickly after.

Everybody also seems to frown at this. I knew the reason. They knew the reason. Want the short version?

My mother.

I know it sounds a bit mean to call her apprehensive but I don't know a better word for it. Like a few years ago, when we went to this school conference, and I went to the bathroom for five minutes. She got so scared that she got on the stage and asked me to help her find me. My face was painted with embarrassment as I saw her talking into the microphone, in front of all the teachers, the parents, the students, being projected on the giant screen saying "Belinay Dawn Everdeen."

After that incident, my mother never let me go anywhere unless it was with her, my family, or the girls. I already knew the short time I'd be at the camp (that if she let me go), she would be worried sick about me.

But like always, Cassie turns our frowns upside-down. And I'm glad to say not in a painful way.

Somehow we end up acting like cowboys.

A guy I had seen in English class, which everyone nicknamed Peter Parker for the inexplicable resemblance between them, gave us the permission slips for the camp.

"Don't forget to bring them signed by your parents if you want to go to the camp,? ?Peter Parker? reminds us before leaving.

"You can bet your boots we will!" I answer with my best western accent, that in reality, isn't that good. "I ...I mean, yes, we will not forget." I switch back to my regular voice.

The guy gave us a weird look and hurried to leave.

We all explode in laughter. Maybe I was getting too much personage.

School ended, and I headed home. In my room, I was just about to finish my homework when I heard a small vibrating noise coming from my phone.

BUZZ! BUZZ!

I make a quick escape from my quadratic equations, which has this gruesome plan to melt my brain, and look at my phone:

Keith: hello it's Keith:)

My eyes bulge out of my head, and my brain melts, so I guess I didn't need those equations after all. A few seconds pass, and I finally figure out what to answer back.

Me: hey:)

It's short, but that was the best I could think of. Since my hands were shaking so much, I almost wrote that simple three-lettered word as 'frey'.

Keith: lol, I hope I put the right number or I'd just be talking to some random person

Me: oh, this is Belinay

Then there was a brief pause. I thought he just wanted to end the conversation here, and I was about to text bye when there was another buzz.

Keith: you going to the camp?

I got a LITTLE excited about him asking if I would go.

Me: I'm not sure. I haven't asked. what about you?

Keith: wouldn't miss it for anything. When are you asking your parents about it?

Me: tonight. fingers crossed!

Keith: tell me later when you do then

Me: count on it:)

"Belinay! Dinner is ready!" My mother's voice rang from the kitchen.

"Coming, Mom!" I shout back.

I knew she would get annoyed if I didn't come downstairs immediately. So I wrote speedily.

Me: gotta go. i'll tell you what happens later:)

Keith: i'll be waiting

I began sprinting to the dining room, with my dinner and family waiting at the table. No one spoke a word as we ate, and I had to talk about the camp at one point before it was too late.

"Mom? Dad?? I call for their attention.

"Hey, why didn't you say my name, you big cry baby??" Celeste argues while waving her spoon around like a crazed maniac. "Mom thinks I'm rude but talk about you!?"

"Celeste, my mother quietly set her utensils on her plate. "Let your sister talk."

"Alright, alright, but I'm just saying, you need to fix Belinay's rudeness quickly, or else things will go from bad to worse," Celeste mutters out.

"Anyway," I say, looking down. "Today, at school, there was an announcement. And it was about this school trip to Mirror-Pine Lake. Well, I was thinking... that maybe..."

"Yeesh, plain and simple: she wants to go," Celeste interrupts.

"Celeste! I was going to say that!?"

"Oh, yeah? When? In a thousand years??" She folds her arms and looks at me jokingly. "Even if Mom did let you go, which won't ever happen, you'd be too little and a small critter in the wilderness.?"

"I'm not little!?"

"Are too!?"

"Honey, that place is too far for you to be wandering without supervision," my mother speaks up again, sternly looking at Celeste to be quiet. "I'm not sure you should go. There will be plenty of other field trips you can go to!?"

"Please, Mom," I plead. "If I don't go, the girls won't go for me. I don't want it to be my fault they miss it!" I turn to my father. "Dad, you went there before. I have to go, don't you think?" I said to him, obviously asking for support.

"She'll be okay. The counselors will be looking after them and it's perfectly safe. After all, Belinay is in high school now. It's time we should make some allowances." my father sticks up for me, giving me a conspiratorial wink.

"Well..." my mother pauses.

"Please! Just this time!"

"Okay," she nods slowly. "You can go as long as I'm chaperoning your group so nothing bad will happen to you. But you have to promise to be very careful, okay?"

"Of course, I'll be careful!" I jump from my seat and hug her tightly. "Thank you, thank you!"

"Hey, Mom, while we're on the 'of course you can' subject," Celeste calmly says. "Can I get a tattoo?"

"No, you can't, Celeste."

"B-but Mom!" Celeste sinks into her seat and eats. "I swear I'm stuck with delusional people."

After supper, I run, or rather leap, upstairs. Skipping a step every jump. I reach my room and settle myself near my sitting window, grabbing my phone.

Me: i'm back

In one second, I got a message from Keith.

Keith: hey! had luck?

Me: it took a little begging, but I can go!

Keith: great!

Me: can't wait to be there!

Keith: see you tomorrow at school

Me: bye:)