The Interplanet Art Academy--
The Test (Introduction)

written by

Code Name Sophie Lacroix

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Introduction

Six girls, who are their world's hope.
One academy, many world's hopes.
Chapter 1

Introduction

There is only one academy to ever accept students from more than one world. It was quite unknown, until the graduates became the one who changed things, and they did not keep secret where they had their education. Even worlds were changed...
All because of one academy.
The Interplanet Art Academy.
Chapter 2

I couldn't believe that The Interplanet Art Academy, also known as TIAA, wanted me--and my sister, Linda--to come to their Testing. Which was how I came face-to-face with the grandiose building thrust out of the ground, and the gold gates that were slowly and majestically opening...

"Jania! We're going through the gates now!" Mama announced, pushing me out of my reverie.

"I'm coming!" I replied, and began walking in the sweaty, travel-weary throng to the gates.

"What do you want to do there, if you get accepted?" Linda inquired.

"Well... I'm not quite sure," I responded. "Maybe... yeah, I don't know."

"Well I want to sing!" She squealed. It seemed a good choice for her--she had a wonderful voice. All to soon, the testing kids were ushered into the grand building and the adults were sent to wait somewhere else. As I walked through the halls, I noticed the one consistent thing about this school was that it was grand. It just seemed to have an innate grandness about it, even the dark rooms, floor-to-ceiling window or painting rooms, and bright rooms.

We finally stopped at a great hall and were split into different groups. Linda and I were not together. My group's first stop was what looked like a regular classroom. A skeptical-looking woman with an auburn bun introduced herself as Miss Dakota began calling names.

"Ravenia Claw," she said.

"Here!" A small fourteen year old girl replied.

"Owen Davis."

"Here!"

A few more names... then. Miss Dakota raised an eyebrow.

"Madam Penelope Pepper Lee Van Jorge Gogh?" She asked.

"Here," A girl who was about thirteen, and tall, replied. She had glittery turquoise eyeshadow, and her raven black tresses flowed only an inch above the ground. It was as if she was trying to say, "Look! Everybody! Notice me! I'm here! Don't look away!" Miss Dakota began calling names again.

"Margaret Joe-Bob," she said.

"Here," a girl of about fifteen said. It was as if all the color had been leeched out of her, although she wasn't colorless, as in, gray. She was blond, and seemed to be trying to carry the weight of the world on her shoulders.
"Leah Arron."

"Here!" She was short, auburn, and had brown eyes. She looked ready for anything the world could throw at her.

"Nicollete Quizzy!"

"Here!" A girl who had shoulder-length hair and green eyes replied.

"Stella Adeline!"

"Here," A fifteen year old girl whose silvery blonde braid and dark skin completed a much more subtle look than Madam Penelope Pepper Lee Van Jorge Gogh.

"Jania Brooklyn!"

"Here!" I replied. I felt rather ordinary next to all these other people. My hair was light brown and straight, and my skin slightly tanned.

"Kaity Neveah!" And the list went on.

How was I ever going to get in with all these other people?
Chapter 3

Margaret Joe-Bob

In my eyes, there wasn't any real color here. Nothing was grand, nothing was beautiful. Everything was plain. I was so used to no color, there was no color even when there was. Even people were colorless. Unless you were Madam Penelope Pepper Lee Van Jorge Gogh. She looked so bright with her black hair and pale skin, her eyeshadow and bright dress. She was out of place, in my eyes. I turned my attention back to the paper and pencil in front of me. We were supposed to write a short story about a human. A human being in a sewer. Strange. I began.

"The human girl walked through the sewer and looked to the right. No one was there. No one was anywhere. The human girl wanted to find someone. Any one she didn't care who..."

Twenty minutes after we had started, our stories were collected and we went to another room. It was about the same size, and looked practically the same, except for all the sewing machines, needles, felt, and threads around. Miss Dakota was still with us. I briefly wondered whether she was going to be the only one watching us the entire time, but then I was busy attempting at pulling a needle with a thread through felt. My hands felt clumsy as the needle dropped a third time. The boy next to me snickered, but I paid him no need and tried again. It dropped. He was practically guffawing now.

"Jake Ross!" Miss Dakota called. "You are disqualified." The boy who had previously been laughing now looked dead serious.

"But Miss Dakota, I wasn't doing anything wrong. My needle is--" he began, but Miss Dakota interrupted him.

"Out. There's a man outside to escort any disqualified persons to their parents." And so, Jake Ross left. Inside, somewhere, I was relieved. But I hardly felt it. I was my world's hope...

But I hardly felt anything.
I was usually certain of everything, but TIAA? Nope. I had been... until I saw the crowd outside of the gate. Twenty people, in one room *alone!* But it was no use wasting my time thinking of my future... or was it? Was, wasn't, is, isn't. Everything was confusing, but I'd learned not to show it.

"It's embarrassing us and you," my parents told me a long time ago. Which confused me. How could it embarrass me if I didn't feel embarrassed? Why did they feel embarrassed? But I didn't ask questions. I acted their perfect girl, although I wasn't. I moved along with the eighteen others, as Jake Ross had been eliminated already. We entered a large room that held a stage. We were to sing a song that we had just been taught solo on the stage. It seemed as though every one was terribly off-key. Then, Margaret Joe-Bob went onstage. Her voice was scratchy, as though it hadn't been used in many months, and she coughed every couple minutes.

Then she fetched up breakfast onto the stage. Mutters of "Ew, gross!" Suddenly floated around. Margaret came offstage, and I went up. I sang, then went off deliriously happy with myself.

And then...

We were to dance.

I was horrid at dancing. We all went onstage to learn a dance together, which I didn't do too bad at, but then we had to do it by ourselves. I hoped I didn't trip over my own feet...
Chapter 5

Leah Arron

I knew I shouldn't stare, but...we all were watching as Madam Penelope Pepper Lee Van Jorge Gogh tripped over her own feet and almost fell flat on her face. Then she caught herself and tried to dance.

Then it was my own turn to attempt at dancing, and I was not the best. But at least I tried. After we all finished dancing and singing, we were handed a paper and told to read the lines of whoever we were assigned to be. This, I was not terrible at. But not that great, either... Stella Adeline was good. So was Penelope. Then we went back to the first room and were to paint a sunset. I swooped the brush over the canvas until I was happy with each part, except I didn't get to finish, as the twenty minutes ran out quickly. Then we sculpted volcanoes with a partner. Jania Brooklyn was my partner, and she didn't seem to know much about sculpting. When I asked her about it, she replied:
"Of course I don't know anything about sculpting. Clay's rare in Comunureya, my home planet."
"Clay?" I asked.
"That is what I said," she replied. Our volcanos ended up a so-so one. Then we were to test our academics. Miss Dakota came back.
"Science, math, history..." she said. "History won't count as much, since you're from all different planets."
I just hoped I could pass academics. I usually didn't pay all that much mind to my school, but I had studied harder ever since I got the letter.
I thought I could pass. Thought.
Chapter 6

Nicolette Quizzy

I could pass academics, no problem. The *art* though... that was a different matter. I *liked* art, I really did. I just wasn't all that *good* at it. I didn't know how I did, and didn't want to think about it. Science, math, history... easy. After, we were brought to a kitchen to cook. I didn't know cooking was an art, but apparently "culinary arts" were practiced at TIAA. I wasn't too horrible at cooking, luckily. I had a slight hope I would cook if I ended up accepted. I didn't know how I'd gotten into the testing. For TIAA, you had to be invited to the testing to have even a chance at getting in. If you failed, sometimes you were given another chance the next year.

I salted and peppered my eggs, then scraped them onto a plate. Owen Davis dumped hash browns next to them, and Penelope Pepper Lee Van Jorge Gogh placed three slices of bacon next to the hash browns. Once we were finished, we were brought to the first room again to answer questions about how much we had enjoyed the activities. "Answer honestly!" The paper--and Miss Dakota--said. I did.

We were told we would get results by the end of the day. The end of the day?
That soon?
Yay... and not.
Chapter 7

Stella Adeline

We all were by our parents in the waiting room. This room is accurately named, I thought. We were waiting to know our futures. Our lives could change. An undercurrent of tension was hiding just below the anticipation in the air. Every parent was wondering whether their child would make it--if they were good enough. It was the question in every adult's and child's eyes--am I good enough? It was even in mine, if you looked. Maybe stared. Or, you might have to glare.

Miss Dakota entered the room, along with an older woman.
"I am Mrs. Fadra, and this is Miss Dakota," the older woman introduced. "I can tell you all want to know if you're getting accepted, and where. I am here to tell you that." The tension wasn't an undercurrent now. It was the air. "Dakota will begin calling the ones who are accepted, and where they will focus." Mrs. Fadra announced.
"That is all, people," Mrs. Fadra declared. "Everyone not in the family that is called may go."
I was going to join. I could help my world.
My dying world.
The Interplanet Art Academy--
At War (1)

written by

Code Name Sophie Lacroix

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Introduction

Jania Brooklyn thought she was prepared.
But not for this.
Chapter 1

Jania Brooklyn

It was my first day, and I did expect that something might go horribly wrong. That was what happened in books, at least. However, I did not expect to get a speech about how the planet we were on, Amtee-Ohna, and all the other planets, were at war.

I’d just got here with my bags an hour ago, when Miss Dakota brought five other girls and I to a dorm, where we had each claimed a bed. Mine was the top bunk by the window with the lovely view of the outside grounds. She told us that we were to stay here and get to know each other until she came back to take us to dinner. The girls in my dorm were Margaret Joe-Bob, Ravenia Claw, Lunah Laney, Yvonne Anderson, and Jessica Kennedy.

Ten minutes ago, Miss Dakota told me to follow her, and I was still walking.

"How big is this place?" I muttered, although I’d seen the grandiose scope of the outside. Apparently Miss Dakota heard me, because she replied:

"Very large," and kept on walking. Soon we reached a golden door with the words "Teacher's Office No. #1" on it. We stepped inside. There were two wooden chairs and a desk inside, along with a cabinet. "Sit," she said. I did. "You are here to have a very serious talk with me."

"About what?" I inquired.

"About that we are at war," she replied harshly.

"Wait--what? What do you mean, 'we are at war'?"

"I mean, we are at war!" Miss Dakota burst out. "There are planets that are bent on conquering and nothing else, bloodthirsty planets that want only dominion! And since they are united in this, they look to other planets to rule! There are spies among us, Jania Brooklyn. Spies."

"What does this have to do with me?" I squeaked.

"Jania, the spies have some technology that hides what they do here. Only six can see what they do--six students." Wait--did I know what was coming? Why else would she be having this talk with me? She confirmed it by saying, "and you, Jania, are one of the six."
"Two questions," I replied to this, "one: how do you know? And two: who are the other five?"
"I can see it. I am one of the rare gifted few who can see these unusual things," Miss Dakota answered. "To your second question, you must figure it out yourself. But don't ask anyone directly unless you are absolutely certain. The only clue I'm giving you is that they are all girls. Now, it is almost time for dinner. We would best get back to the dorms."

............

The thirty-two new students, including myself, milled around the large tables, unsure where to sit. Then Mrs. Fadra came in and shouted, "EVERYBODY SIT DOWN!" Which prompted us all to sit in the nearest chair. "Always works," she grinned to herself. "Well, students. Another year at Interplanet. Are you all glad to be back!" She yelled. "YES!" The students shouted.
"New students, are you glad to be here!"
"YES!" We shouted gleefully.
"This year will be a great one!" Miss Fadra announced. "But, I regret to inform you that Mr. Bailey has retired and Miss Dakota will be taking his place as teacher of the regular academics classes." Many sighed. Mr. Bailey seemed to have been a well-liked teacher. "New students, your schedules and a map will be in your beds once you get there. Classes start tomorrow! Enjoy your dinner, now, every one."
Chapter 3

I was a bit surprised nothing bad had happened yesterday, as it was the first day, but then there was always today. Breakfast passed without incident. Then I went to my first class, which was called First Focus Class on my schedule. It was writing. An older, pencil-thin woman with graying blonde hair introduced herself as Ma'am Fleur. Then she began roll call.
"Kaity Neveah!"
"Here!" An eleven year old girl whose chestnut brown hair had streaks of orange in it answered. She was on my right. On my left, Stacey Gracey, who was my age--twelve--and had thick apple red hair. After roll call, Ma'am Fleur started talking about sentence fragments and run-ons and this and that and whatnot that had to do with writing. Nothing terrible happened then.
Or at lunch.
Then, it was my Extended First Focus Class, writing again. Owen Davis was there this time.
"I want to see how well you can work together in writing," Ma'am Fleur said. "So, I will pair you in there's. First, Owen Davis, Kaity Neveah, and Jania Brooklyn. Secondly..." Once she'd finished listing off pairs, we came together.
"What should it be about?" I asked. "It's supposed to be a short story."
"A human in a sewer!" Owen exclaimed. "That's what Ma'am Fleur had us do when we were testing."
"But that's not original," Kaity contradicted. "That's taking from something else."
"Well, so is this class," Owen shrugged. "We're taking things from Ma'am Fleur."
"I will not stand for it," Kaity declared. "What about you, Brooklyn? You have any ideas?"
She asked.
"My name is Jania?" I responded.
"Yes, well, your last name is Brooklyn which fits you much better than some name that your parents just added an 'e-a' to." I didn't know how to answer this, so I let it go.
"What about a dinner where everyone is arguing?" Owen suggested.
"Boring!" Kaity said.
"Well, we need an idea quick, Kaity!" I said. "We don't have an unlimited amount of time!"
"Time's up!" Ma'am Fleur declared.
"Oh man," I muttered.
"We had thirty minutes and we weren't able to even agree on an idea!" Kaity raged in between our extended first focus class and next class, which was math.
"Well, you denied a perfectly good idea about people arguing at dinner--" I began.
"But nooo, your ideas were unoriginal and overused!" She interrupted. Owen and I exchanged glances. We left Kaity to her raging and went to math class. It looked like something went wrong on day one after all.

"How was everyone's day?" Yvonne asked at free time, when we all went to our dorms because we were exhausted.
"Great! And tiring," Ravenia responded, her voice muffled because of the pillow she was face-down on.
"I agree with her," Jessica said.
"Horrible," Margaret declared.
"Good, except for part of it!" I exclaimed.
"I agree with Margaret," Lunah said.
"What about you, Yvonne?" I inquired.
"Oh, not to bad," she replied. "What was the not-good part of your day?"
"Well..." I thought about what to say. "Just, a couple others and I didn't finish an assignment in time."
"That's not good," Yvonne said.

*No, not good at all, I thought, especially if I have to finish it with Kaity tomorrow.*
Chapter 5

I had to finish it with Kaity and Owen the next day.
"Come on, don't you guys have any good ideas?" She complained. I glared at her.
"If you have so many original ideas, why don't you share them?" I exclaimed.
"Oh, my ideas are private," she replied.
"Well, we're using Owen's idea about the family arguing over dinner, and you're not going to stop us," I declared. Owen and I managed to almost complete the story before the time was up, despite Kaity's constant protests and complains.
"Good," Ma'am Fleur said after reading it. She then put it in her desk and we started to our next class, science.
"Wow, that girl never stops complaining," Owen said.
"If she could, I would be glad," I replied.
"We have to sit next to her for the rest of the year!" he vented.
"Maybe the seating arrangements will change?" I asked hopefully. But we both knew that that was a far-fetched hope.
Would the rest of the year be like these two days, not being able to tell whom the five girls who could see spies from other planets were and working with a complaining girl every day?"
The Interplanet Art Academy--
Spies And Seeing (2)

written by

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Introduction

She didn't see color.
She didn't feel much.
She has to find five others, but there are at least sixteen of them.
Chapter 1

Margaret Joe-Bob

Wednesday, only three days after I had come here, was the worst. Monday and Tuesday had been horrible, but today was heinous. The first week, we were learning a different type of dance every day. And today, we needed a partner.

Of course, no one wanted to be my partner. So Signora Lulu, one of the two dance teachers, had to tell someone that they had to be my partner.

The reason why nobody wanted to be my partner? Simple. I constantly threw up. Or coughed. Or just dry heaved.

Which was why Benjamin Samuel was trying to lean as far away from me as possible. When we were released for a bathroom break, I was first to leave and first to get back.

"Margaret, that was incredibly fast," Signora Lulu observed.

"What of it?" I asked.

"The students will come around in time. Maybe someday you will not get so sick as quick," she replied. "You work hard, though. That is all I ask of my students. For them to work hard at this. To be patient. Now, it is almost time to start again."
Chapter 2

It was lunch, and I was in the rest room. Victoria Littler, another dance student, began talking.
"Hi Margaret," she began. "You like to dance?"
"Yes," I responded stiffly. Although everything I did was stiff, to some level.
"Have you thought about being a professional in dance?" Victoria inquired. I didn't answer. Victoria had not talked to me since Monday, and I didn't like her. She continued. "Well, not everyone can make it. Even though there are so many different worlds! Professionalism is hard to achieve. You, you just don't really have any life in what you do." I was pretty sure Victoria was the one who had no life, as she was having a pointless one-sided conversation with myself. However, she apparently didn't get the fact that I wasn't talking to her, as she continued chatting away. "Besides, who wants to get the dancer's lunch on them? The audience wants to see the dancing look good, not have disgusting germs on them!" I tried to ignore her, but I knew she was right. Nobody wanted to see a dance where one of the dancers three up every few minutes. Who would hire me? Wait, I realized, why am I still here? Victoria is just going on a tangent about professionalism, which I won't even have enough experience for until at least four more years! Then, I left. I ruled Victoria out as one of the other five who could see spies, as I suspected she was a spy herself.
I plopped onto my bed during free time. I decided to try and make conversation with the girl above me.

"Hi Jania," I greeted.

"Hi," Jania replied, bending her head over the railing. "How was your class?" I almost said "terrible" but no one wants to hear that, especially not from me,

"Fine," I answered instead, then burst into a fit of coughing.

"Are you okay?" Jania inquired.

"I am okay. How was your class?"

"Great, mostly." She responded. Then I did not know what to say. But Jania asked, "would you like to go outside?" And I agreed.

We were sitting under a tree, when Owen came up to us.

"You're in my class," I declared.

"Yeah--I'm Owen," he said.

"I know," I replied. "You're in my class."

"You just said that..." Jania whispered.

"I know." They stared. "I also know that you are staring at me." They looked away.

"Sorry," Jania apologized. I did not know how to respond, so I didn't.

It seemed that there were a lot of things I didn't know in this strange new world.
Chapter 4

Round and round I go, spun many times by Benjamin, who had become my partner for
dance when we needed it. He didn't want to be my partner, he made that clear, but no one
did. And so it fell to him. I lingered after class.
"Is there something you would like to ask, Margaret?" Signora Lulu inquired.
"Yes," I said. It had been on my mind since Tuesday. "Is the only reason that I am here
because I can--"
"If you are about to say what I think you are, don't say it." She interrupted. "Secrecy is of
most importance, and you never know who could be listening."
"But is it?" I asked again.
"Margaret, no. The other students may not think you should be in this class, but I chose you.
None of the other teachers thought you would do well in their classes, but here you do. You
do well here. Otherwise, I would not have accepted you."
It may have made me feel better in the moment, but later on, I wondered if she really meant
it. She seemed to. But she was colorless. Every thing was lackluster. I could not tell one
expression from another. Only the tone of voice.
Maybe she had been lying... but she wouldn't.
Would she?
Chapter 5

On Friday morning, Miss Dakota tracked me down to ask whether I had made any progress figuring out who the other five were.
"No," I told her. "How am I supposed to? You said not to directly ask until we were certain."
"Well, here's a clue: one of the girls in your dorm is another of the six. But only one." Miss Dakota said. It didn't seem like it would be a helpful clue, until she called Jania away after myself. Then she didn't call any others.
At free time, I walked to her.
"Do you know about the..." I began, then trailed off, uncertain.
"W..." Jania said.
"Ar?" I finished. "War? Miss Dakota saying we are at war?"
She was going to say yes, wasn't she. Yes, yes, yes, yes. But she didn't say anything. So I added, "and spies? Seeing spies?"
Jania replied, "Yes."
I had found the first of the other five. Now, four more to go.
The Interplanet Art Academy--
The "Perfect" Girl
(3)

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Introduction

She was unprepared for her class...
But she couldn't show it.

(If you haven't read the introduction, 1 and 2 yet, make sure to read them before reading this part)
Chapter 1

Madam Penelope Pepper Lee Van Jorge Gogh

The first week of TIAA had been a breeze, (except for the pressure from my parents to present a perfect girl and representing my planet or something.) But then the second week happened. There were three beginners in singing besides myself, Lunah Laney, Audrielle Carlos and Carlos Audrielle. (It was some sort of tradition to have every pair of two children have their name backwards. Something like that.) And when the second focus happened, Audrielle left and Yvonne Anderson and Patrick Michael came. Pretty complicated, but I had figured it all out. Anyway, Monday I put on a big green dress and makeup, then at seven twenty a.m. I walked into the stage room, where Mr. Cane, our teacher, was poring over some book of his, taking notes.

"Madam Penelope! Early again, I see," he boomed. He was wearing a light blue suit that matched his eyes, almost always smiling, and he had short brown hair. I nodded to him curtly. "Well, today's going to be a bit different."

"Different how?" I inquired, trying to keep the polite and formal tone of voice that was so difficult to maintain.

"Well, you're going to have to wait for class to known that!" Mr. Cane replied. Fortunately, the rest of class came by seven twenty-eight. Mr. Cane told the rest of class what he had told I, then brought us to a small, windowless room off to the side. It held a piano, and a few chairs, but beyond that it was sparsely decorated. According to Mr. Cane's direction, we took the chairs and put them in a circle before sitting on them. "I am here to have a serious talk with you," he announced, with almost no hint of a smile. "If you're doing this for a possible career... you have a long, hard road ahead of you. You may never be widely known. You may end up in arguments or disputes. You may also end up in rivalries. You may never make it. There are so many things that could go wrong. You have to love this to continue on from here." At this point, he surveyed us. "Madam Penelope. Do you love this?" Out of the corner of my eye, I saw Audrielle glaring at me. She wanted to be my rival, did she? Inwardly, I sighed.
Chapter 2

I couldn't dwell on Audrielle, though. I had to answer Mr. Cane. But I already knew the answer.
"Do you love singing?"
"Yeah!" She responded enthusiastically. I turned my attention to Audrielle and all I knew of her.
1. She's thirteen, my age.
2. Her home world has weird naming traditions.
3. She didn't like me. This, I knew because she was glaring at me. She'd given me a couple glares in the past few days, too. Did she think being rivals with another was a good thing? I didn't. I would rather the whole world get along. My parents confused this for weakness. They loved arguing, and sometimes I even thought they loved discontent, too.
"Madam Penelope!" Mr. Cane called. I looked to him. "Did you hear what I just said?"
"No..." I responded. My parents would have wanted me to say "yes" but I knew it wouldn't do any one any good to lie about this.
"Well, you're coming up here to warm up," he declared. I went to the piano and did the warm-ups, but they were far from the first thing on my mind. Audrielle, my apparently being able to see spies along with five others, my parents telling me their standards for myself...
Chapter 3

I would have liked to flop on my bed at free time, but Mother had specifically told me not to do that. Instead, I sat primly down and asked about everyone else's day.

"Great," Leah Arron replied.

"Ditto Leah," Yvonne Anderson said.

"Amazing," Victoria Littler responded.

"Okay," D'Mädchen Sierra added. As they said these, I eyed them for possible seeing-spies-ness. Victoria rubbed me the wrong way, but anything's possible. Sierra couldn't keep a secret to save her life, so I severely doubted she could. Yvonne was unplaceable, and Leah... well, she was pretty extroverted and bubbly but could be serious, and probably could also keep a secret. Yvonne and Leah were my top two for being another like I apparently was, followed by Victoria, and lastly Sierra. Miss Dakota said another in my dorm was one of the six, but I had been told to not ask unless absolutely certain by Miss Dakota, and told to obey the teachers and rules completely by Father.

"Penelope, you're staring," suddenly burst out of Sierra. I realized that I was staring. It seemed everyone was trying not to say it, but Sierra, as already said, couldn't keep a secret to save her life. There was only one thing to say. It was...

"Oops."
Chapter 4

Surveying the crowd at dinner, there was no one who screamed "I can see spies from bloodthirsty worlds." But then, what's the point of secret if it isn't... well, secret. So, I got my food and walked to one of the loooong tables, where I sat by Yvonne, Leah, and Lunah.
"Mr. Cane told us how singing is a very serious thing for a career," I announced.
"Really?" Leah asked. "Because Mrs. Edith told us how visual arts is a serious career."
"Apparently it's these-careers-are-very-serious day," Yvonne added, joining the conversation.
"Acting, singing, dancing had the conversation too?" I laughed.
"Yes," she replied, "except Devushka Svetlana says the official term in this place is troikaminaciatre."
"Troika-what in the world!" Leah asked, confused.
"Troikaminaciatre," Yvonne responded. "Troika-mina-ciatre." Leah and I just nodded along with her. My mind was on other things, such as soon I was going to try and indirectly ask Leah and Yvonne if they were one of the six or not.
That night, before lights out, I muttered the word, "six." I hoped whoever was part of the six would understand. After a few minutes, I said, "five."
"Six what? And five what?" Sierra inquired. I did my best to look startled.
"Nothing," I replied.

Before breakfast, Leah pulled me aside.
"Six what?" She asked, a bit suspiciously.
"People, I think," I responded.
"And five?"
"Others."
"And one?"
"You say it."
"War," Leah confirmed.
"Exactly what I would have said," I confirmed for her. She was the other one.
Four more to find, now. Joy of joys.
If you couldn't tell, I was being sarcastic.
The Interplanet Art Academy--
The Search (4)

written by

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Introduction

Several of the ones who can see spies found another... but they still have to find everyone else.
And war has been declared.

(If you have not read the Introduction, 1, 2, and 3 yet, then read those first so you know what's going on)
I toyed with the clay in my hand. We were supposed to be building an animal from our home world out of it. But I was preoccupied, thinking about who else could apparently see these "spies." Penelope, and four others. I'd only learned that this very morning, and now it was distracting me. I settled for building a crocogator.

"What're you building?" Colette Claw inquired.
"Crocogator," I replied.
"What's that?"
"Basically a giant gray-blue crocodile with horns. What are you building?"
"A Chayateeian dog," she responded. "They're small and spotted with short fur."
"Girls, is this the time to talk or the time to create?" Mrs. Edith interrupted. She said that every time she caught us talking at an inopportune time.
"The time to create," the entire class of four people replied in unison.
"Right," she clapped her hands. "Back to work, everyone!"
"So, how are we going to find out who else can "see" these spies?" I asked Penelope right before lunch.
"Narrow the list of girls down, then start indirectly hinting at them like I did to you," she responded. "No one else in our room is part of the six, and I overheard Miss Dakota saying that there's no more than two per room."
"Well... that sort of helps."
"Not really." I sighed. Penelope could be a little negative at times. As we passed Miss Dakota's office, I heard voices.
"Slow down," I whispered. We did, but the voices were still muffled.
"This is... action of war!" Miss Dakota declared.
"It's not like... know this was coming," Mrs. Fadra's much calmer voice replied.
"But this? Knightstone is... world, and they just... at this rate, the planet will be dead in the next six months! Three... students live there!"
"We are doing... prevent this."
"The... need to find each other. Quick."
"They've... at least one other."
"...Not good enough! We... do something!"
"Once... take action, they'll...." The door began to open. Penelope and I carried on as if nothing had happened.
But something very serious had happened.
Chapter 3

We didn't get a chance to talk over what had happened until free time, a while later.
"It sounded like she said a planet would die in the next six months," I said.
"Yes, I caught that." Penelope said sarcastically, "anything else I missed? Someone caused it? Who would do that? And three people here live there?"
"Um... that's what it sounds like." I replied.
"I know."
I shrugged at Penelope's suddenly cross temper and began listing the girls it was possible for them to be able to "see" on paper.
Stacey Gracey
Kaity Neveah
Jania Brooklyn
Audrielle Carlos
Stella Adeline
Ravenia Claw
Yvonne Anderson
Nicolette Quizzy
Elisia Sharpe
"Woah, how do you know so many names already?" Penelope asked.
"I guess I just have a good memory," I shrugged. "Who do you think it could be?"
"Hopefully not Audrielle," she responded.
"Anything more concrete?" I queried.
"Well, I doubt it's Kaity or Audrielle," she suggested. "But... Ravenia or Nicollete, maybe. Margaret... I don't think so either." We continued brainstorming for a while. Then, the list looked like this:
"We need to narrow it down more," Penelope muttered.
"Let's try asking one of them for now," I suggested. Penelope agreed. So, we went and tracked down Ravenia, who was walking through the halls. Pretending to be deep in conversation, I announced the word, "Six," loudly. She gave us a passing glance, then kept on going.
"Doesn't seem like she's one of the six," Penelope murmured.
"What six?" Margaret Joe-Bob asked, coming up with Jania.
"Six what?" I asked.
"You said six... something," she answered.
"Six... yes, I did say six," I replied.
"It's time for dinner," said Jania, which ended the conversation.
At dinner, I noticed that Mrs. Fadra was not with the rest of us. I wondered if that had to do with the thing she and Miss Dakota were talking about earlier--the possible demise of the world Knightstone.

"Where do you think Mrs. Fadra could be?" I asked. Penelope shrugged. "Anywhere. She's the owner... or headmistress... or principal... of the school, so she's probably busy a lot," Yvonne answered.

"True," I conceded, although I still thought it had something to do with the conversation earlier. Just then, she came in. Her face was drawn with worry.

"I have an announcement, students," she declared. Every one turned to her. "And it is not a happy one. The planets Harvest, Jademoon and Axeshade have declared war on the other planets, except for a select few who may become allies with them later." Whispers arose among us.

"War? I didn't know there was war here."
"Are we safe?"
"Nobody is safe in wartime!"
"What will we do!"

"Silence, students!" Mrs. Fadra commanded. "We are having safety protocols activated. I cannot promise that absolutely no harm will come to you, but I will try my very best. For those of you who live in Knightstone--I regret to inform you, but there has been three Axeshade gas missiles launched at it. It has not reached there yet, and we will do everything in our power to stop it..."

"What's a gas missile?" I whispered.
"It's a missile filled with gas that destroys a lot of stuff, and poisons the air. Like a nuclear missile," Nathan Sanders said.

"I don't know what that is, either!"
"Let's just say you don't want to ever have one launched at you--of either of them," he added.

And three of those were heading towards someone's home? I looked around... she lived in Knightstone? The three most devastated people seemed to be two older boys and Margaret. They were the students whose home might be destroyed.

_Unless we stopped them._
The Interplanet Art Academy--
Claw (5) -part one-

written by

Code Name Sophie Lacroix

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Introduction

I've been having trouble publishing this, so I decided to write number 5 one part at a time.
I'm sorry it's taken so long
We were dabbling in each other's art this Thursday. Looking back, it made perfect sense for
the spy to make her—or his—move.
I had opted for trying Dance and Instruments—although Instruments wasn't something you
were tested for, for some reason. Anyway, Colette Claw, Victoria Littler, Patrick Michael,
Nathan Sanders, Jania Brooklyn and I walked out of Instruments. Margaret and Penelope
Crazy-Name joined Jania, Colette, Ravenia and I walking to the cafeteria—and I didn’t
expect anything to happen.
Then Victoria happened.
She just walked up and grabbed Colette.
“Meet up with you at lunch?” Ravenia asked, as if nothing unusual was happening. Like
Victoria didn’t just grab her sister, who was struggling to get out of Victoria’s grip, and was
trying to stuff her in a bag.
Why are you just standing there, Nicolette? I asked myself. Victoria ran away, while
Ravenia kept on walking. Margaret, Penelope, Jania and I stared. Then I chased after
Victoria.