The Interplanet Art Academy--
The Test (Introduction)

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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 too 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 leech ed 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.
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.