

A Lesson to Remember



BY L.B. MURDOCK

INTRODUCING~

MY NAME IS CELESTE GRAVENDER. I COME FROM NEW JERSEY, AND SOMEDAY WISH TO BECOME A POET. I AM THIRTEEN YEARS OLD. AT HOME I LIVE WITH MY SEVEN YEAR OLD BROTHER- LIAM. MY DOG (A TWO YEAR OLD CORGI)- SAMMY. SIXTEEN YEAR OLD SISTER- SIOBHAN. FORTY TWO YEAR OLD DAD- ERIC, AND MY THIRTY NINE YEAR OLD MOM- KATALINA / KAT. I HAVE TWO BEST FRIENDS- SELINA AND OLIVIA. (WE ALL HAVE OUR OWN CODE NAMES. CELESTE WAITE IS MINE, SELINA GOMEZ IS SELINA'S, AND OLIVIA RODRIGUEZ IS -YOU GUESSED IT- OLIVIA'S. *)

EVER SINCE I WAS THREE YEARS OLD, I'VE LIVED IN THIS SAME OLD MODERN HOUSE** I'VE ALWAYS BEEN MY PAST TEACHERS' FAVORITES. (MOSTLY, EXCEPT FOR MR. CRUMP.) ME, SELINA, AND OLIVIA, USED TO HAVE A FRIEND CALLED TAYLOR- TAYLOR SWIFT. UNFORTUNATELY, SHE MOVED AWAY WHEN WE WERE SEVEN.

*IF YOU DON'T KNOW WHO ANY OF THESE PEOPLE ARE... LOOK IT UP WHEN YOU GET HOME.

**OR AT LEAST, MODERN ACCORDING TO MOM.

canadian MIDDLE SCHOOLer~

'STARTING MIDDLE SCHOOL IS gonna be a pain...' I THOUGHT TO MYSELF WHILE GOING DOWNSTAIRS FOR BREAKFAST. SIOBHAN STARTED TELLING ME A LIST OF TIPS FOR MY FIRST DAY. "IF YOU WANT A BOYFRIEND, SUCK IT UP AND WAIT TILL NEXT year. NOBODY WANTS THE NEW GIRL TO UNWITTINGLY STEAL THEIR BOYFRIEND."

"EW," MURMURED LIAM. "WHAT'S THAT SUPPOSED TO MEAN?" "UGH," I MUTTERED. DAD LOOKS AWKWARD FOR SOME REASON. I TRY TO CHANGE THE SUBJECT. "ANYWAY," I SAY, WHILE BITING BACK THE WORDS AND LAUGHTER ABOUT HOW CLUELESS LIAM IS. "I'M gonna WALK TO SCHOOL WITH SELINA TODAY. SO, I'M LEAVING FOR HER PLACE IN FIVE." AFTER THAT, I QUICKLY FINISHED BREAKFAST, (BACON, EGGS, AND HASH BROWNS MADE BY DAD SPECIFICALLY FOR THE OCCASION OF ME STARTING MIDDLE SCHOOL THAT DAY) BRUSHED MY TEETH AND SWIPED OUT MY PHONE TO TEXT SELINA.

#Celest_Online

LEAVIN THA HUS NOW

B-liQQ_Selina

WAITIN ON PORCH 4 U

#Celest_Online

K ALMOST THR

THE ODD THING ABOUT ST. GEORGE'S SCHOOL~

AFTER I MET UP WITH SELINA, I STARTED THINKING ABOUT THE FACT THAT I'VE SEEN PICTURES OF THE INSIDE OF THE SCHOOL, AND IT DIDNT HAVE A GYMNASIUM. AFTER NOTICING THAT, I IMMEDIATELY LOOKED UP WHY. IT SAID THE GYM GOT KNOCKED OVER IN 1894, 6 YEARS AFTER IT WAS BUILT, DUE TO AN *'INCIDENT'*. I FELT GUILTY FOR NOT LISTENING TO WHATEVER SELINA WAS TALKING ABOUT, BUT FORTUNATELY FOR ME, SHE HADNT NOTICED THAT I WASNT LISTENING TO HER. AND I DIDNT EVEN HAVE TO PRETEND I KNEW WHAT SHE WAS SAYING, BECAUSE SHE SEEMED TO HAVE TAKEN CARE OF ALL THE TALKING. WE FINALLY MADE IT TO THE SCHOOL WITH THE DIRECTIONS ON SELINA'S PHONE. THE SCHOOL HAD A HUGE ARCHWAY CONNECTED TO A LARGE STONE WALL. AFTER EXAMINING THE PLACE, I REALIZED THAT THE SCHOOL HAD A GRAVEYARD RIGHT NEXT TO IT! AS SOON AS WE APPROACHED THE STONE WALL SELINA INTERRUPTED HERSELF TO SAY: "UHH, DOES THIS SCHOOL NOT SEEM KIND OF ODD TO YOU?" "TOTALLY." I REPLIED. "IT GIVES ME THE CHILLS." "MAYBE WE SHOULD CHECK IN WITH OLIVIA," SAID SELINA, SOUNDING CONCERNED. "I DONT SEE HER, AND SHE HASNT TEXTED BACK IN A WHILE." AFTER HAVING SAID THAT, SELINA IMMEDIATELY SWIPES OUT HER PHONE. I FOLLOW.

B-liQQ_Selina

Wer R U?

#Celeste_Online

Yeah! We R rite outside!

Olivia_McSmacker

Sowy, I forgot 2 tell u,

Im looking at tha graves.

B-liQQ_Selina

Y gwrl? U creepy.

Olivia_McSmacker

No! Its not how it seems!

Olivia_McSmacker

B thr in a sec.

"WELL, THAT WAS WEIRD." I MUTTERED. "YEAH, I WONDER IF SHE IS BEING POSSESSED! **Woooooooooooo!**" EXCLAIMED SELINA, THEN PLAYFULLY NUDGED YOU. "SELINAAA!" I MURMURED. "WHAAT?" SHE SIGHED. "QUIT TRYIN' TO BUG ME!" I GROANED. "FINE!" SHE GIGGLED.

WHAT HAPPENED HERE? ~

THE BELL RANG EXACTLY TEN MINUTES AGO. I'M CONFUSED, AND I LOST SELINA IN THE CROWD OF RUSHING STUDENTS WHEN THE BELL RANG. 'WAIT A MINUTE,' I THOUGHT. THERE WAS LIKE- A HUNDRED STUDENTS AROUND THE CORNER I JUST CAME FROM, AND THERE'S NOBODY HERE.' I GO AROUND THE CORNER JUST TO BE SURE, AND THE HALLWAY WAS EMPTY. 'WEIRD,' I THOUGHT TO MYSELF. 'MAYBE EVERYONE RAN TO CLASS ALREADY.' AS SOON AS I REALIZE THAT, OLIVIA COMES SPRINTING DOWN THE HALLWAY TOWARDS ME. HER CLOTHES ARE DRENCHED WITH SWEAT, AND SHE LOOKS SO OUT OF BREATH. SHE RUNS INTO ME, ALMOST KNOCKING ME OVER. SHE TRIES TO SAY SOMETHING, BUT ALL THAT COMES OUT IS HUFFING AND PUFFING. "YOU MUST- 'WHEEZE' NO- JUST- 'WHEEZE' TAKE ME HOME-" SHE FAINTS. I CATCH HER, AND RUSH TO THE NURSE'S OFFICE, CALLING SELINA. SHE DOESN'T PICK UP. "NO!" I SAY. "NO NO NO!" YOU BURST THROUGH THE DOOR TO THE NURSE'S OFFICE. IT'S EMPTY. I RUN TO THE NURSE'S CLOSET, AND GRAB A STRETCHER TO ROLL OLIVIA HOME IN. WITH THE STRETCHER, I QUICKLY ROLL IT BACK TO WHERE OLIVIA FAINTED, CUTTING MY HAND, BECAUSE OF THE SHARP EDGE OF THE HANDLE. I TURN ROUND THE CORNER OF THE HALLWAY TO FIND OLIVIA, STANDING AT HER LOCKER TAKING HER BOOKS OUT. "EW" SHE GLOATED. WHAT'S UP WITH YOUR CLOTHES? THEY'RE DRENCHED!" "BUT YOU-" I TRY TO EXPLAIN. I TRY TO FORGET WHAT JUST HAPPENED, AND WALK BACK TO THE NURSE'S OFFICE TO GET A BANDAGE

FOR MY HAND

THE QUESTION~

WHEN I GET HOME FROM SCHOOL, I GET ASKED THE QUESTION I ALWAYS HATE GETTING ASKED, ESPECIALLY ON A DAY LIKE TODAY. "HOW WAS SCHOOL?" ASKED MOM. THERE IT IS. "CAN I JUST NOT ANSWER TODAY?" I ASK, SHOWING A LITTLE SASS. "WAS IT THAT BAD?" MOM EXAGGERATES. "KIND OF" I SAY. "IT WAS CONFUSING."

THREE DAYS LATER... ~

NOTHING STRANGE HAD HAPPENED FOR THE NEXT FEW DAYS. IT SEEMED LIKE NOTHING LIKE THAT WOULD HAPPEN AGAIN. (OR AT LEAST THAT'S WHAT I THOUGHT.) IT'S NOW THE FOURTH DAY OF SCHOOL. I'M EXCITED FOR THE WEEKEND, AND I COME TO SCHOOL TO SEE SELINA STARING DEEPLY INTO A BOOK. WHEN I APPROACH HER, SHE LOOKS UP AT ME. "DID YOU SEE THIS?! IN THIS SCHOOL, THERE USED TO BE A GRADE 8 KID WHO ONE DAY COMPETED IN A TOURNAMENT IN THE SCHOOL GYM AND FELL OFF THE HIGHEST PIECE OF EQUIPMENT. THE AMBULANCE WAS CALLED, AND POLICE CARS ARRIVED. EVERYBODY WAS SHOCKED TO HEAR THE UNFORTUNATE NEWS THAT THE BOY HAD DIED. AS FOR HIS FAMILY, THEY WERE NEVER SEEN AGAIN." "SO THAT WAS THE INCIDENT." I SAID AND WALKED OFF. LATER THAT DAY, WHILE WALKING HOME FROM SCHOOL, I BUMPED INTO ONE OF THE NEIGHBOURS. "ARE YOU NEW IN THE NEIGHBORHOOD?" SHE ASKED. "YES" I REPLIED, "WHAT SCHOOL DO YOU GO TO?" "ST GEORGE'S MIDDLE." "GASP' BUT THAT'S IMPOSSIBLE! THAT SCHOOL BURNED DOWN 50 YEARS AGO!"

THE END