

Meredith

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By : Katniss

Just something for a contest I never finished, decided it would become like a 5 chapter novel... Very short chapters as well... Haha! P.s. It's not a Twilight remake. Just because his name is Edmund, doesn't mean it's gonna be a Twilight remake!



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Chapter 1: Chapter the First

"Miss," The kind lady from my orphanage said to me, trying to grab my attention. "Excuse me miss, but it's time for you to leave."

I looked at her and glared. "I do not trust those people, Miss Glidewell. Have you not seen their eyes? They burn with a fire that I cannot describe."

"Oh don't be silly, Meredith. That was purely your imagination. These kind people want to adopt you. You've been waiting for this moment for over six years. Now go get your luggage, the carriage is waiting for you." Ms. Glidewell gestured to my cases packed with all my clothes and trinkets.

When I was seven years of age, I was sent to this orphanage after my father died in a fire at the textile factory he worked at. My mother died two years before because of a terrible illness. I had an older brother who was off married to a pretty little lady who did not like me at all. She told him to choose between me and her, and he chose her. She told him the Devil is within me, and whatever she says, he believes. I believe so myself, as her father is a priest.

But all is well. Now that I'm thirteen, finally being adopted is a good thing, even though I do not like the family who is adopting me. They stare at me with hungry eyes, and their boy about my age said it himself he can't wait to devour me. I was very taken aback by that, but Miss said not to worry about it, he wasn't right in the head.

"Miss Dascosta, it is about time for you to leave. Please do not keep the carriage waiting." Miss Glidewell said. This time I did not utter protest and got my luggage.

"Good bye Miss." I said, trying not to let the tears that were building up fall. I also resisted the urge to hug her, as the headmaster was very against showing affection. He said it was immature, but the gossip around suggested it was because his wife had died from the same plague my mother died from. He never got to hug her once he found out she had the illness. It must have felt like never having a final farewell.

"Good bye Meredith. Enjoy your new home!" I turned away and walked towards the carriage. The driver helped me inside and as I sat down, I couldn't help but think about the family that had adopted me.

The couple who adopted me told me they had a lot of children, over half of them were orphans like me. When they came to find a child though, they only brought two children, Amanda and Edmund. When they walked in, they were holding hands, almost as if they were in love with each other. I thought it peculiar at first, but I learned they weren't related. It was very creepy and I was a little set off by that. Their parents were nice though.

Mrs. and Mr. White were the most charming people I've ever met. They didn't look shy of thirty years, and they were handsome at most. Mrs. White had long brunette hair that reached the middle of her back and Mr. White had sharp, wavy blond hair. Both their eyes were a hazel nut brown and I couldn't help but notice the slightest hint of red.

"What's your name?" The lady asked when she walked in. I remembered her speaking to Miss Glidewell a few days ago. I remembered her in the room when the other children were sleeping, and I couldn't go to sleep. I remembered her say: "I need a strong mature girl, one who is able to withstand what most girls cannot."

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I remembered when Miss Glidewell responded: "Well, you should meet Meredith. She's the kindest girl and the most strong-hearted girl our orphanage has. She only has a soft-spot for chocolate chip cookies; but in all honesty, what child does not?"

I remembered how the lady's laugh was light and soft, the most beautiful laugh I had ever heard. Then I heard his voice. Hearty and deep; I expected a very handsome owner of the voice, and that is what I saw. "Is tomorrow a good time to meet her, maybe bring some kids her age here to meet her? How old is she?" He asked, genuinely interested in this girl; me.

"She'll be thirteen in a few days actually." Miss Glidewell said, and then added "Maybe tomorrow around noon would be a good time to visit. Do you think you could make it?"

"Yes ma'am, see you tomorrow." The man said, and they left, leaving me a sense of hope.

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