

The whispers

The whispers

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Lola hers voices

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The whispers : Chapter 1

Prologue

Lola stared off at Yasmin. She was scared. She could see it so clearly, like a vision.

Today would be the day she died and no one could do anything to save her. She could read her like a book. Explore her thoughts; see her future. Well what was left of it. That was her burden. Her special gift. It is as if she could see an expiry date on human. She heard there brain whisper. She could see it so clearly.

"Why me?!" she screamed.

People laughed and teased her. Called her mad. She thought that she was. She wanted to scream. Be isolated. Locked up. Everytime she saw a person- her brain would speak. It would ell her everything she needed to know about a person. Call it physic or what but it was more.

Chapter 2

Mrs Hobbs stared at Lola. All she could see was 14/10/22, at the age of 69 death by falling down the stairs. It was even her birthday today. She wanted to laugh. She saw everything about her. How she had two children. A boy Kelab and girl Lucy. Twins and twelve. Her husband was in war and she longed for him to come home. She of course knew he would die. She could tell her all she was thinking. 'Do the children like me' and 'Is Alan coming home?' 'Will he love me when he returns?' and lots more. "What's the answer?" Mrs Hobbs asked. She could tell Mrs Hobbs did not expect her to get it. "Four." she answers. She read her mind. 'How does an absent minded fool like her know?' "Because I am not absent minded like you think." she answers to her mind. "I can see your lonely miss. Your husband left to war. Now your asking. How can she possibly know?" She looks at her startled. "She is a freak. She can read peoples mind. She 's using her voodoo on you." Says Rebecca. People stare at her. She just sighs and smiles upwardly. Next day.... Mrs Wood introduces Larry. "This is Larry. He is new to our school." Lola tried to read his mind, but she couldn't. She couldn't see anything. Larry was different but how? Who could help her with her gift. She heard all there voices at once. Whispering. Talking. She wondered. Could Larry hear too? He had black hair and grey eyes. He certainly had that mysterious look about him. He was tall and slim. She stared hardly at him. Who are you she thought? "She's got a crush!" Shouts Fiona. Everyone laughs. "Stay away from her. Her name is Lola and she is a real loony." He looked at her and Lola was quick to turn away. He walks pass her and drops a paper. She picks it up and opens it. She doesn't want to be seen talking to him. It wrote in big bold letters, "I KNOW." she looked at him puzzled, and he smiled. A suspicious one, you might say. Suspicious means like hiding something, but Lola was convinced he knew.

Chapter 3

Lola could feel Larry's sharp stare against her. They were as sharp as lasers. She could feel it hitting her and making her splatter on the floor like a little kid, who had an accident. There were three things nagging her about the new guy Larry. He wrote 'I KNOW' so what did he know? Who was he and why couldn't I read him like a book? And lastly why were his grey eyes soo gorgoeus?! She hesitated even looking at him. She tried not to, but she couldn't resist juat asking him straight. The bell rang and her class was dismissed. She wasn't sure whether to approach him, or run as far as she could to get away. She could feel the air tense around her neck. She could feel the air closing in. She could feel the heat, like someone was closing in. Someone was approaching her... She walked her self into a corner, following her instincts. Any stalker would not have tried to kill her or something; and she knew who it was. It was Larry. She couldn't read his mind. She slowly turned around and looked at him. "What do you know?" she asked "Easy. Aren't you going to introduce me probably. I am Larry and you are Lola. I know that. I have been learning about you." She looked at him puzzled. "What do you want?" she snarls. "I know." "Know what?" she asks. "I know you like me, and I like you too. Call it love at first sights. It is like I was moved her to find you." he moves in. She dogdes. It was actually worse than she expected. "I do not like you.What gives you that impression?" "I see the way you stare."She laughs at how ironic it is. She wonders if it may be a joke. After all she cannot tell. A sudden thought crosses her mind as she walks away. Maybe... She thinks. Maybe. That could be why...

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