Hybrid

By : samanthaEstarr

Swift Academys lush and royal history is what persuades so many parents to send their kids here. 97% of all kids that ever attend school here have been sucessful in their careers. Ever wonder where those high end, famous people came from? Probably from one of the 15 districts of Balmoral Palace. Swift Academy has never had a bad mark on its school, that is, until Silvia Elaine Belle appears. One of the "Bad Kids" at her old school, destorying teachers careers, backtalking, and skipping class were only a few of her bad habits. Silvia was just begging to be sent to jail. On May 30th, it all came true. She sat in the court room, waiting for her sentence. 18 months in jail or 250,000$ bail. She knew her parents couldn't stand to watch her suffer in jail, of coarse they would bail her out, and she would come running into their loving arms. It was different this time though. She was bailed out, not to run back to her parents loving arms, but to live in a castle, AKA academy, far away from her home, from her school, and her life.

Published on
Booksie

booksie.com/samanthaEstarr

Copyright © samanthaEstarr, 2013
Publish your writing on Booksie.com.

Hybrid

It smelled of "French Whore" perfume and old toilet water. (I bet you know what that smells like..) There was something that I wanted to change today. Not only was I going to be respected by ALL students, but I would finally "graduate" (Meaning leave) this school forever.

I made sure everything was in place, I loved fireworks and spray-paint.

LEXIE DUNKON IS A LIEING, BOYFRIEND STEALER, I wrote in bright pink spray-paint onto the bathroom stall door. I hated Lexie, every time I got a semi-cute boyfriend or even just a friend she would come and rip up our relationship.

The only thing she had on me was that she had been here longer than I. I only moved here 3 years ago, from a private school for "special" kids. For some reason I had to go their while I was younger because I was dangerous.

It must have been just a phase.

I got ready to set off the small fireworks. I wanted this to be in the principalâ s office. But, unfortunately he wasn't here today. I got all 6 fireworks laid out around the building in different bathrooms, and when I pushed the button, the fire would get started.

Thank goodness, my science teacher showed us how to light something on fire without being exactly in the same room. This would be so fun.

~~~~~~~~~~
~~~~~~~~~~

"Ms. Hunter, surprising to meet with you again." Charlie said sarcastically.

Charlie was the new cop in town this year, and being only 20 he was the youngest to ever own Delaware State Police. He was built and handsome with dark brown eyes and short, neat hair.

"Itâ s been awhile hasn't it, I wanted to see you so badly, that's why I had to get in trouble!" I said, smirking at how well I played off that act.

He didn't seem to buy it.

"Well miss, I suggest you tell me the real story behind your deed."

~~~~~~~~~~~~

I actually didn't know why I did it. Maybe for the thrill and attention. Or maybe because my parents never give me any freedom and I hate being locked up. I didn't know what to say.

"I don't know..." I drew out my words a little longer than they should have and it probably made him think something was up.

"Don't be playing stupid miss, I know what you have been up to lately, you've been starting a lot of crap lately. Now tell me what you did."

" All I did was spray paint on a bathroom stall, That's it!" I pouted, expecting him to let me off of the hook.

"That doesn't work on me, and I already knew what you did, I was wondering if you would lie or not. Now might you tell me how dangerous you thought your little scheme was?"
~~~~~~~~~~~~

"Not dangerous at all, the fireworks were no where near anyone and its not like the whole school was burned down! Only parts of it!"

"Miss, your not convincing anyone, Ill meet you in court on Sunday. Good Luck."

I knew this wasn't going to be good, maybe I had gone too far..

I dialed the numbers slowly into my phone, 7...1...7-3...5...4...-2...3...6...8.

I heard the slow pause and then the ringing. I wasn't ready for this call but I had to get it over with.

"Hello, This is Annabelle Hunter, How may I help you?"

The familiar voice was soothing but for what will come next, it wouldn't be so nice.

"Mom, I don't know how your going to take this, but I'm at the Police Department." My words came out slow and steady but you could tell I was on edge.

"Tell me exactly what's going on right now! When the Police called earlier, I thought it was a joke, my little angel wouldn't dare try to burn a school down."

"Mom, Im not of age, but if I were, I'd probably go to prision for life.. but I am only sentenced to 25 years in Military School.."

I heard a long pause on the other end of the line.

She cleared her voice, "Ill be over."

Her words came out short and snappy, she was angry.

~~~~~~~~~~~

It seemed like forever but she finally got there. I could recognize her dark blue Ferrari anywhere.

She walked into the Police Department in high heels, a mini skirt, and a low cut shirt.

People could tell we were related from a mile away.

Her forest green eyes and lushious, wavy dirty blonde hair were exactly the same as mine.

She walked straight up to Charlie and I saw them shake hands. I could see him take her into his office. This wasn't going to be good.

I waited patiently in handcuffs on the bench. This was the longest hour of my life.

Finally I heard the click of her heels come to a stop in front of the door.

~~~~~~~~~

The next thing I knew, my handcuffs were being taken off and I was pulled up from the chair.

Charlie stood in front of me.

"Your mom bailed you out, when you get home, pack your things, and I mean EVERYthing. Tommorow a limo will pick you up and you will be taken to the docks, you will be sent to Palm Paradise, an Island off the coast of Hawaii. You will live there."

I stood in shock, I had never heard of this Island, and since when did I have limos driving me places.. this was werid.

I got in the car just in time.

Created from Booksie.com

Generated: 2013-12-12 13:48:14