

THE GIFTS OF MERCY

BY: CARNEGIE SEVEN

MATT "IAPEN"

MARIAH "PETRILLO"

AMBER "REICHERT"

ALLISON "WESTFIELD"

DANA "FRAENER"

SHAWN "JONES"

HELEN "ZIO"

TAYLOR "HACKER" (TECH SUPPORT)

WHAT I DO IS IMPORTANT.

WHO I AM IS IMPORTANT.

I HAVE BEEN GIVEN A GIFT.

I USE THIS GIFT.

THE GIFT OF LIFE

DANA

"Dad, I think the new school isn't going to work out." Dana told her father.

"Why not? It's one of the best schools in the Cleveland area!" Mr. Fraener scolded and continued to eat his sirloin.

"Well, it's not me." Dana muttered.

"What is that supposed to mean?" Mr. Fraener asked, and he turned his head towards Dana in a scolding way. "Is it a piece of furniture or something? Don't say it's not me."

"Fine." Dana remarked. "I don't like it. So many rules, so many things, so many pompous people..."

"Dana!" Mr. Fraener yelled. "Pompous people? Compared to the kids at that school, you're probably the richest! How can you say, 'pompous'?"

"Because they brag! That's all I hear?" Dana screamed. "They go around saying things like, 'how much money do you have? I have forty-nine hundred thousand dollars!'"

"You have way more than that." Mr. Fraener said.

"Daddy! That's the point! Where's mom? I want to talk to her about it?" Dana asked.

"At a friend's house. Swapping stories about you and her friend's kids." Mr. Fraener said.

Dana left her father's study and went to her room. She felt like every school didn't work out with her. She had been to at least three schools this year alone. But, they never worked out. Dana simply was different from other rich kids. At the looks of her you would never think she had the money. She dressed normally, talked normally and did things differently than any normal kid. She was imaginative. She was humble. But, she didn't say it. She decided to get out of the house and walk to the local park, Cain Park.

Dana loved Cain Park, because it was peaceful and quiet, most of the time, and was something to spend all her time at. She looked at the trees, shaking in the wind. Yesterday there had been a horrible storm, causing some branches to fall from the trees. She looked at the wood chips and branches and found a bird.

It was a young robin, maybe several weeks out of the nest, and was limping around the wood. Apparently, its home had been destroyed in the latest storm. Dana looked at the bird, who was so startled, it was trying to fly away, but couldn't. Its wing was broken, or at least damaged.

"It's okay." Dana coaxed, but the bird was still frantic. Dana watched it and followed it, as it hopped on the asphalt. After doing this for ten minutes, the bird stopped, and Dana picked it up.

Her parents would have frowned at Dana for doing this. Her father would have said, "*That bird might have a disease or something! Drop it!*" And her mother would have said *the bird will be fine. It's a way of life.*

Dana was different. She picked up the bird and took it home. She went to the closet and found a huge aquarium, which once held fish. She then put the robin inside and went to get grass, twigs, water and food. The robin, once those goals had been finished, was settling down comforting, and looked at Dana with the round black eyes. Dana looked back. Then, the robin, certain he was safe, went to sleep.

It took Mr. and Mrs. Fraener about a week to actually notice that a wounded robin was taking residence at their mansion. When they did find the robin, Mrs. Fraener went into Dana's room to drop a book off, the reaction was just as Dana expected.

"What is that...creature doing in my house!?" Mr. Fraener shouted.

"Why are you taking care of it?" Mrs. Fraener asked.

"Please, let me heal the bird!" Dana asked.

"Why!? It's the way of life!" Mrs. Fraener exclaimed.

"No! All life deserves to live!" Dana remarked.

"Fine! Fine. Have that wretched bird! Heal him! Whatever! I just don't want to see that thing!" Mr. Fraener roared, and Mrs. Fraener agreed, shaking her head like an uncontrollable bobble head.

"Okay." Dana said.

Six weeks and a day later, the bird had recovered to Dana's delight, but to Mr. and Mrs. Fraener's disappointment.

"I'm going to release Fario!" Dana told her parents. Fario was the bird's name.

"Hum." Mr. Fraener said.

"Hmm." Mrs. Fraener muttered.

Dana went outside and walked over to Cain Park. She didn't bring a box to carry Fario. He rested on her shoulder. When they arrived, Dana whispered. "Time to go back to your home, Fario." she lifted the bird off her shoulder and she raised him out in front of her. The bird was reluctant. Then the robin flew. But, circled the area and came back to rest on her shoulder.

"*Chirrup!*" the robin growled.

"No!" Dana exclaimed. "You have to go! My father and mother would kill me if I brought you back!"

The robin gazed in Dana's eyes and then, slowly flew away. Dana wasn't exactly crying, but she wasn't jumping for joy.

Every time she came back to Cain Park, the robin would swoop over Dana and ate some bird feed she would bring.

THE GIFT OF FORTITUDE

SHAWN

Since Shawn had grown up, he had always wanted to be someone important. So, with help from his mother, he took many volunteer opportunities and programs. One time, he signed up to volunteer with a summer camp at Wakatacocka, which lasted a week.

"Bye honey. I'll miss you. Have fun!" Shawn's mother whispered, as Shawn boarded the bus. Since he was a counselor, he had a big 'counselor' shirt and a huge nametag.

"Bye mom. It's only a week, so don't worry."

"That's why I'm worried..."

"I'll be fine. Love you."

"Bye sweetie."

The camp was very fun. Shawn was in charge of five kids in a cabin and all of them were super active and hyper.

"Shawn! Shawn!" a voice called, "Can we do the Midnight Hike!" George asked.

"NO! The Midnight Campout!" James screamed.

Shawn's cabin had to make a choice. Did they want to do the midnight hike or the midnight campout?"

"Let's vote." Shawn said. "George wants the hike. James wants the campout. Paul? Cory? Samson? What do you guys want to do?"

"Campout!" Paul yelled.

"Hike!" Cory and Samson screamed.

"It looks like the hike."

At midnight, the six of them made their way to the rendezvous point, which was the plaza before the trail. Two more groups were coming to the hike. Brian's group and Jessica's group were coming. The staff members were Miss Ellen, Mr. Nyguen and Mr. Tom.

"Ready to set out?" Mr. Tom asked, and all the kids screamed, 'YES'.

"Good." Miss Ellen said, and she, with Mr. Tom and Mr. Nyguen led the fifteen kids and three counselors into the woods.

Mr. Gill the leader of the whole camp was listening to 106.5, Mix radio when a surprise announcement was made. **"ATTENTION! ATTENTION! A MASS MURDERER HAS ESCAPED PRIZION! HE IS HEADED TOWARDS THE CAMP GROUNDS OF WAKATAKOCKA! PLEASE STAY INDOORS AND PROTECT YOURSELF. ATTENTION! ATTENTION! A MASS-"**

Mr. Gill gasped. "The midnight hikers! He yelled, and then, shouted to the rest of the staff, "Stop the midnight campers! A murder is out there!"

The fifteen kids, three counselors and three staff members plunged into the forest. After ten minutes of hiking, they came across some strange plants. As Miss Ellen, Mr. Nyguen and Mr. Tom

explained, Shawn, who was at the end of the train, heard some movement. He turned around, and a woman appeared out of the shrubbery.

"Hello. I'm R.C." the woman said. And she attacked.

"WHAT THE-" Shawn yelled, and everyone turned to see the woman with the knife trying to cut through Shawn. The kids screamed. The two other counselors moved the kids back, and the three staff members yelled for help. Shawn dodged the knife, and kicked at the woman. She fell, but quickly got up. She did fancy work with the knife and she cut through Shawn's shoulder. Shawn gasped, and he punched the lady in the face.

Suddenly, Mr. Gill and two staff members appeared. "That's a mass murderer!" Mr. Gill screamed.

R.C. laughed and then disappeared.

The next day was the last day of camp. Shawn was awarded the Courage award and was applauded by everyone. Every counselor, staff member, camper, parent, friend and whoever clapped to Shawn for being courageous in the tough of times.

THE GIFT OF TRUTH

AMBER

After Amber received the position of Head of Jr. Docents, she helped run the docent classes. Amber did power points, papers and other things for Ms. Howell. This new life was different. Her parents, who lived in Akron, didn't mind that there daughter permanently lived at the museum, working and studying night classes on the internet.

Amber had been working for a while, when it was Docent Appreciation Day, [why is spelled dad, nobody knew] and all the docents and Jr. Docents met for a meeting for appreciation and the likes. Amber had been in charge of the gift and recipient list. She had decided which might with Ms. Howell's approval, that six winners, four docents, two jar. docents would get the 'Best Of' award. The six winners would get each a plaque and a ten dollar certificate to the local gift shop. Amber didn't pick the six winners, Ms. Howell did. But, Amber liked the idea of her helping overall.

On the night of the Docent Appreciation Day, when different awards had been passed out and the like, it was time for the main event, which was the 'Best Of' category. Ms. Howell gave out the speech.

"It is now time for the 'Best Of' category. I have chosen four docents and two Jr. Docents.

To qualify, you must have worked over one hundred hours and have done many other things. You must also have gone over what you are expected to do. The two Jr. Docents are Anna Cripps and Daniel Harford. [Amber got the award last year.] "

When Anna and Dan got their awards, Ms. Howell continued.

"The four docents are Henry Brooken, Jerry Laufing, Beatrice Matthews and Victoria Shavines."

Amber was glad and clapped along, but noticed that on Jerry Laufing's face was a suspicious smile. Amber was puzzled and looked into his eyes. She saw a spark of dishonesty and then whispered into Ms. Howell's ear, "*Laufing is lying.*"

Amber had been a Jr. Docent for two years, Head of them for three months. Jerry Laufing had been a docent for four months.

"*He's clearly lying.*" Amber thought.

Ms. Howell frowned but then motioned for Amber to talk into the microphone.

"Hello." Amber exclaimed. "I'm Amber Reichert, head of the Jr. Docents. Before the four docents sit down, we want to interview them."

Amber quickly interviewed the three other docents with stupid and obvious questions, such as, *what is your favorite subject? And What is your favorite food?*

Amber reached Jerry Laufing.

"So, Jerry Laufing." Amber boomed. "You've been a docent for about four months. Is that right?"

Jerry nodded.

"So, in four months you've accomplished over one hundred hours? Impressive, I must admit."

The audience clapped, even though Amber's words were not praise.

"Yes." Jerry yelled, and grinned.

"But, for some reason..." Amber said into the microphone, and everyone went deathly silent.

"In my notes, I have you down for six and a half hours."

Ms. Howell dropped her coffee glass. Everyone looked quickly at Jerry.

"She must have made an accident or something. She probably counted someone else. Did you correctly read the numbers correctly? Did you not see me when you came in the museum here and there?"

"Mr. Laufing, I am always present at this museum. I live here. I also don't trust what people put on the hours list. I circle the museum once every hour. I take notes and record my own hours. I do not lie. Do not mistake me for some little girl, because, I'm not."

Laufing was sweating nervously as everyone put their squinty eyes on Amber.

"Fine." Laufing muttered. "She's right."

Everyone gasped. Laufing placed the trophy down and the gift and then, walked out of the museum.

"How...how...how...how did you know?" Ms. Howell gasped.

"I knew from what he said and did." Amber said.

Everyone grew respect for Amber.

THE GIFT OF COMPASSION

ALLISON

Allison was 18, when she started her training. She was learning quickly, but still had a while until she could become a nurse. One day, when she was at the receptionist's desk, a little girl, came up to the front desk.

"May I help you?" Allison asked.

"Yes. I'm Suzy. Can I hang out with you here?" the girl asked.

"Are you a patient?" Allison asked.

"Yes." Suzy replied. "I'm going to be at the hospital for a while."

"Why? You look fine?" Allison asked.

"Actually, I have broken bones and some problems with my blood system." the girl casually stated.

"What about your family and friends?" Allison asked.

"Who do you think did this to me?" Suzy remarked.

"Your family!?" Allison gasped.

"No, bullies at my school. But my parents don't care." Suzy sighed.

"Does anyone visit you?" Allison said.

"No." Suzy whispered. "My parents are always at work. So can I stay here?"

"Yes. You can." Allison replied.

Suzy smiled, and came around and then sat down beside Allison and began to talk.

A week later, Suzy asked Allison, "Why did you decide to become a nurse?"

Allison looked at Suzy and replied, "I think what made me want to become a nurse was the classes I took as a little girl. I took all these medical camps. When I was young, I wanted to become someone."

Suzy smiled and said, "Well, I think you're doing a good job."

Allison smiled, and asked, "What do you want to be when you grow older."

Suzy looked at the floor and said, "I'm not sure. I'd like to do different things, be a teacher on Monday, a scientist on Tuesday. Living in China on Wednesday, living in Oklahoma the next. I would love to do different things. I'd enjoy that."

Allison laughed. "That would be a fun job."

Two more weeks passed by, and Suzy told Allison she had another two weeks before she would be released.

"Isn't that good?" Allison asked.

"No." Suzy muttered. "I'll have to go back to my stupid life."

"But, Suzy, try and change that. Don't expect it, do it!"

"Thanks Allison."

One day, close to the end of Suzy's stay at the clinic, her parents came to the hospital.

"Hello, what is your name?" Allison asked. Suzy wasn't there; she had a check-up.

"We're Lawrence and Beverly Kolre. Our daughter is Suzy Kolre." a man said.

Allison looked up, and said, "Before I tell you where she is, I want to ask you something."

Lawrence and Beverly glanced at each other.

"Yes." Beverly whispered.

Allison did a quick breath. "Do you think you're doing the best that you can? What I mean is, that everyday, from morning till night, your daughter has talked to me, here at this desk. Are you providing her with right tools for her to succeed? She told me that you don't care, and she dreads going back with you. Is that right? Do you want your daughter to feel unwanted? It's a horrible feeling. Think about what you're doing."

Lawrence and Beverly looked shocked. Lawrence whispered. "Okay." and Beverly were almost in tears.

"Room 312." Allison told the two, and the Kolre's slowly walked to the elevator door.

The next day, was Suzy's last day, and she came down to Allison before she left. The two exchanged email and phone numbers. Suzy then told Allison what Allison wanted.

"My parents came to my room yesterday and told me that they wanted things to change! They wanted to spend more time with me, and at least one of them will be home, with me! Isn't that great! It's like a miracle!"

Allison smiled.

Allison and Suzy still keep in touch.

THE GIFT OF KINDNESS

MATT

"I don't think so." Matt muttered, as Tanner Largo and Lamar Remaon pleaded with him.

"Matt! Please!" Tanner begged. "Help us with the talent show! We need a third person, and we can't find anyone!"

"Fine!" Matt rolled.

"Sweet!" Lamar exclaimed, and then said. "We're meeting this Saturday at Tanner's. You know where he lives, right?"

"I carpool him everyday. I know where he lives."

"What are we doing for the talent show?" Matt asked as Tanner and Lamar took a seat on the couch. The first meeting at Tanner's house had started with talk and drinks.

"What about a dance thing? We're Team Red, we'll take it all!" Lamar stated.

"No. Not original." Matt remarked.

"I got it! A singing performance!" Tanner snapped.

"Way too junior high." Matt replied.

"Then what should we do?" Lamar and Tanner asked.

"Both?" Matt muttered, running out of ideas.

"Okay!" Lamar and Tanner exclaimed.

"What should the song be?" Lamar asked.

"Viva La Vida by Coldplay?" Tanner said.

"Dead and Gone by T.I.!" Lamar interjected.

"Magnificent by U2!" Matt asked.

After a moment of silence, Matt then said, "We'll do my choice."

On the night of the talent show, Matt, Tanner and Lamar were ready to go. It had taken three meetings, each three hours long to get a dance done.

"Ready?" Lamar asked, and Matt nodded.

After the performance, clapping and cheering was heard, and the three guys smiled.

"Hello! I'm Mrs. Carlsen, and I'll be awarding the awards. In third place is the Pink Team! Second is the Green Team! And first with their smashing music dance, is the RED TEAM!"

Later, during the after reception, Lamar and Tanner walked over to Matt.

"Good job, guys!" Matt told them.

"We want you to have the trophy, Matt." Lamar stated.

"Why?" Matt asked.

"Because without your gratitude and patience, and more important, kindness, we never would've had a group. Without your ideas, we would never had this prize. You can keep the trophy." Tanner told Matt.

"Well....okay..." Matt replied.

"Okay! See you-" Lamar exclaimed.

"Wait!" Matt yelled, and Lamar and Tanner turned around quickly.

"What?" Tanner asked.

"What about my share of the prize money?"

THE GIFT OF LOVE

MARIAH

"FINE! THEN NEVER TALK TO ME AGAIN YOU CREEP!" Mariah screamed, and flung the phone into the receiver so hard, that the whole machine went flying across the room.

"Um, Mariah are you okay?" Mr. Petrillo asked, as Mariah stomped into the living room.

"NO! My date, Will has CANCELLED our date to the FINAL DANCE!" Mariah yelled.

"Oh, that's not good, is it?" Mr. Petrillo robotically answered, and Mariah stormed off to go over to her friend Danielle's house.

"There is no one left for the dance!" Mariah shouted, and Danielle shook her head.

"There is one person that I can think of." Danielle thought.

"Who!? Tell me!" Mariah asked.

"Raymond Gitor."

"AGH!" Mariah yelled.

Mariah and Raymond Gitor walked into the dance hall.

"We're just friends. Remember that." Mariah said to the geeky guy.

"I know."

"Anyway what do you do-"

"I had a great time Ray."

"Me too. Thanks for inviting me."

"Well, we should hang out more."

"Sorry. I'm moving. To Wisconsin."

"What! Ray!"

"I'm sorry."

"TIME FOR THE LAST DANCE!" the D.J. called and everyone knew that the dance was going to be ending. Mariah and Ray danced the night away in that dance.

"Thanks for inviting me." Ray said. Mariah nodded and then kissed Ray on the cheek.

"Thank you." she said.

THE GIFT OF MERCY

HELEN

"Um...Ms. Z...um I need some help." a little boy asked, and Ms. Z looked down from her computer and said, "What do you need?"

"My book was a day late. I was trying to get here yesterday, but my parents said no, and then yelled at me.

So, I couldn't. But I have no money to buy it. What can I do?"

Ms. Z smiled and said, "I'll pay the dime." and she pulled out two nickels from her desk and gave it to the boy who smiled and ran off.

Helen smiled and went back to work.

THE SINS OF MERCY

By: Carnegie Seven

I Glutton, I Sloth, I Wrath, I Greed, I Envy, I Lust, I Pride, All to Hide My Face.

THE SIN OF GLUTTONY

Bradley Jacobson

Bradley picked up his second muffin and gazed at its beauty.

He loved muffins, he really did. They were probably his favorite food. "Bradley! Let's go outside!" Manny called, and Bradley took a bite of the chocolate chip muffin.

"No. Not now." Bradley coughed. "I'm eating."

"You've been eating that muffin for a very long time!" Manny whined.

"So? I like muffins." Bradley contemplated.

Manny sighed and left the kitchen. Bradley smiled, and gulped the rest of the muffin, very easily. The reason he like muffins, was because they were cupcakes without the frosting. He like cake, so muffins were the best.

"Bradley, your brother wanted to play with you!" Mrs. Jacobson said.

"Mom!" Bradley called, "I'm 16! He's 7 years old!"

"And, you're pigging out on those dang muffins!" Mrs. Jacobson snapped. "Don't you want to look good for the girls?"

"Not particularly." Bradley groaned.

"Whatever. All I'm asking is for you to hang out with your brother."

"Hmm."

"Brad!" Vicky Sruhber called, as she ran over to Bradley. "Omygosh! It's been so long! So what are you doing?"

"Nothing."

"Really? Good, I have tickets to a drive-in movie! Wanna go?"

"Um...no thanks."

"Are you sure?" Vicky asked.

"Yep. Sorry." Bradley replied.

"...okay. Bye." Vicky muttered, and left.

"That's not my goal." Bradley laughed.

Bradley was looking for a sidekick and found her. Mercy. She was an average Cleveland woman, working on a low part-time job. Bradley knocked on her apartment door.

"Yes?" a woman asked, and Bradley entered the apartment.

"I'm an assassin. I need a partner. I'm agent 6 of Ohio, which means I'm the Sixth strongest assassin. Will you help me become the top of the assassin charts?"

THE SIN OF SLOTH

Calvin Van Dugan

Calvin Van Dugan looked out over the window. He then looked at the floor. He then left the room and went downstairs. There was a party downstairs, ratio of woman to men: 25-1. Van Dugan was a rich bachelor. He was filthy rich.

Van Dugan went into the crowd of woman, looking for his brother. But, he stumbled upon something else. An older gentlemen was at the bar, motioning for Van Dugan to come over. Van Dugan smiled and came towards him.

"My high school hockey coach, Mr. Jacobson. What can I do for you?" Calvin asked.

"Come with me and become an assassin. I'm trying to become the number 1 agent in Ohio." Bradley asked.

"Really? This is new."

"You think?"

"Yes. Who have you asked to join your campaign?" Van Dugan asked.

"My minion, Mercy has agreed. And hopefully you." Bradley stated.

"What about the leader, Harold? And the other agents?"

"The take-over will be swift."

"Fine. What position do I get?"

"Fourth now. But once I take over, second position."

"Nice. I need another glass of wine."

"Quite the ladies man."

"Shut up."

THE SIN OF WRATH

Mercy Zio

Every year, the five O agents meet once a year. At least once a year. That's year's meeting was at the South providence, located in Austin, Texas. Mercy arrived there. She was the weakest of the O agents, but was the fifth strongest in the country. She liked her other O agents, but her enemy was the 3rd strongest of the O agents. Nancy.

Mercy arrived at the underground Texas institution. She came to the conference room and sat down. Today was important. The head of the O agents was taking the third position, so deciding who would now lead the O's was crucial. If Nancy got it, Mercy could be exiled. She had to get the spot. The leader was named Joseph. When he saw Mercy he smiled and then began the meeting.

"I have decided who will take my spot. So, let's start with that. The new fifth agent is me! The fourth agent is still Annabelle! The third agent is Buster!"

Mercy and Nancy locked eyes.

"The new leader is Mercy! Leaving Nancy as the second!"

Mercy smiled and as everyone shuffled around changing seats.

"My first degree is to switch it up again. The fourth agent is Annabelle! The third agent is Joseph! The second agent is Buster!"

"Where does that leave me?" Nancy asked.

"Easy." Mercy stated. "You're done here. Bye."

THE SIN OF GREED

Experiment 4506

"This is the best one yet!" a voice called.

"Totally! We've contained its powers! We can *now* control it." the second grinned.

"Good. Remember the last ones?" a third shuddered.

"Poor inters." a fourth voice stated.

"Who....are...you....?" Experiment 4506 gasped.

"It's awake." the first voice stated.

"I wrote 4506 on its arm. Identification, you know?" the third voice told the others.

"Where are we taking this guy?" the second voice inquired.

"Ohio. They need somebody, and they requested a living corpse."

"I...thought.....I died...." Experiment 4506 gasped.

"We brought you back." the second voice called.

"Really...? What...do....I do?" Experiment 4506 asked.

"Serve your master." the fourth voice laughed.

"Who's.....that?" Experiment 4506 wanted to know.

"Master Bradley." the first voice contemplated.

THE SIN OF ENVY

Ruby Cube

Ruby Cube walked down the dark hall of the Ohio Agent Headquarters. She was the 7th Agent, and walking down the hall bumped into Rebecca, her past master.

"Hi, Rebecca!" Ruby said.

"Hello, Ruby! How do you like the position?" Rebecca asked.

"Good, I like it." Ruby replied. "Well, how's the others beneath you?"

"Great. Frieda misses you, but that's okay." Rebecca laughed.

"So, today Master Harold called the seven of us to a meeting. What is it about?" Ruby stated.

"No idea. We should get going."

The two walked further down the hall, and when turning, found that Calvin Van Dugan, the 4th Agent was walking right out his bedroom.

"Hey girls. Woke up late." Van Dugan growled, and the three hurried on down the hall. Two doors came into sight, and the three passed through it.

"Hello you three. You're a bit late." Harold Seifel muttered. Harold was very old, and was very fragile. But when it came to fighting, he had the power to turn younger. However, he could only use it once per day.

"Yes. But, just sit down." Bradley Jacobson called. Behind him was his Mercy, his head minion. Bradley was the 2nd Agent.

"Shut it. We must continue." Josephine Halbeli whispered. She was the third agent.

"Nobody's perfect." Morgan Ancritoras yelled. She was the 5th Ohio Agent.

"Gorador. Cube. Van Dugan. Sit." Harold muttered. "We have things to do. Bradley has an announcement. What is it?"

Bradley stood up and then shouted. "It's time for a new change. Starting today, I'll be Agent 1."

Everyone gasped. Harold's eyes flung open. Appearing was minions from the Agents. In front of Harold was his six guards. Josephine's minion, Jessica Conta was in front of Josephine.

Morgan's two minions: Liza Devoure and Zak Mofar leaped from the shadows. Frieda Goodwill appeared in front of Rebecca, martini glass at the ready.

"We will kill you Bradley." Harold muttered.

"Go for it." Bradley grinned.

As the ten minions rushed towards Bradley, he then moved, as Mercy hit them all with her sword. Harold's minions fell like grenades, and Liza, Jessica and Zak fell swiftly. Mercy reached Frieda, who dodged and ran back to Rebecca.

"She's no match for us!" Frieda screamed and Josephine and Morgan ran towards Mercy, who reached out to hit Morgan, who fell to the ground. Josephine stopped, but got smacked to the head and went flying back and moved no more.

"It is now time for me to take control." Bradley said, and Van Dugan smiled, and walked over towards Bradley.

"What!?" Ruby screamed. "Van Dugan was a traitor!?"

Bradley smiled and said, "Time for you to choose Ruby. Outcast or move up?"

Rebecca ran towards Bradley, wielding her sword, "I won't let you-" but Mercy was quick and plunged a knife through her arm and she fell, writhing.

Ruby was sweating. Only Harold, Frieda and her were left.

"I'm not leaving!" Harold called, but Mercy then cut right through him.

"What is it Ruby? Will you join me? Same with you Frieda. Come or go. What will it be?"

Ruby sighed and then said, "I'll join."

THE SIN OF LUST

Frieda Goodwill

Frieda stomped down the stairs. Today was her 17th birthday out in Oklahoma. She was greeted by smiles and grits. Sarah-Elizabeth ran up to

Frieda and smiled.

"Sister, I hope you know that this is your last year here at home starting today."

Frieda laughed. "Yes sister. And to toast!"

Frieda picked up a bottle of sparkling grape juice and opened it. She put it in the nearest martini glass and drank.

"My 17th year's theme is martini glasses!"

Everyone cheered, and when everyone was settled down, Mr. Goodwill spoke.

"Frieda," he growled. "I have picked out a fiancé for you."

"What!?" Frieda laughed. "Is it Bobby Goira?"

"No!" Mr. Goodwill laughed. "It's Mr. Ruicnfef."

"What!?" Frieda gasped. "Daddy, he's over 30 years old! I want a young bachelor to sweep me off my feet! Not some old-whisky rundown man who slept with half the town! I hear he beats, hurts and doesn't respect the woman!"

"I release that he has his faults, but don't we all?"

"Daddy! I'm not marrying him!" Frieda shouted.

"Yes you will!" Mr. Goodwill roared.

"NO!" Frieda screamed.

"Fine! Fine! Fine! You are BANNED from my house! I don't want to see your dirty face around my land AGAIN! You're ungrateful! You're sinful! You don't appreciate what you got!"

"APPRECIATE!" Frieda yelled. "Trying to hook me up with that son of a gun? Hell no!"

"Out. Out! OUT! OUT OF MY HOUSE! If you won't marry him, than get out! OUT!"

"I will! And because of you, I'm taking the pain with me!"

Frieda grabbed the martini glass, took some clothes from her room and left.

THE SIN OF PRIDE

Wake Storm

"Up! Up! Up!" A roaring voice called, and everyone in Dorm Seventeen at the West Shore Training Camp. [WSTC] Wake Storm was in the seventeenth dorm, being woken up from a huge man, named Lt. Yoras. Wake got up, and ran over to where Lt. Yoras. Wake almost had the six-pack and bulging muscles yet. He was skinny, and played sports, but wasn't exactly the best. He was sixteen years old, and went to this camp to get more muscular. So far, it was like a really bad summer camp that had vicious training, and Wake still had two more days.

"Soldiers! Today we have a huge day ahead! We are going to know have personal fights! We will have a tournament! The winner gets to talk with the president! Doesn't that sound good?"

"Yes sir!" the kids shouted, and followed Lt. Yoras to the gym.

Many people were there, and Wake was getting nervous. To win, you had to fight five people. Wake then waited for his first match and then, fought to the death.

Four fights later, Wake had made through the fights. In the first round he fought a rather big kid, who couldn't match his speed. In the second round, he fought a offensive-style person, so Wake went defensive. The third match had a defensive opponent, and the fourth had a mixture, but Wake survived that as well.

The fifth match was against a fellow from Dorm 4. He was tall, and actually had muscles. "Look at this shrimp, how did you get here?" Then, he lunged. After five minutes of sparring, Wake realized that his opponent was rather slow, so speedily ran around and punched, but missed, due to a quick block. Then Wake, smiling hurled into the guy who was flung out of the ring.

"The winner is WAKE STORM!" an announcer called, and led by Lt. Yoras he was ushered to the President's office.

"Hello sir." Wake said as he and Lt. Yoras entered the office.

"Hello Wake Storm. My name is Bradley Jacobson, and Lt. Yoras' real name is Calvin Van Dugan. How would you like to join an assassin project?"

"What's in it for me?" Wake asked.

"Power. Money. Pride. And..." Bradley said and motioned to a big box in the corner. "Steroids. You can finally get the muscles you want. Wake grinned.

"Of course. I'll do it. Watch me. Me and my strength."

THE UNWRITTEN TRUTHS OF MERCY

By Carnegie seven

Evil ones hate the truth
Because it binds them.
Good ones love the truth
Because it frees them.
Evil people hide the truth

To keep it from being found.
Good people seek the truth
Because it saves us.

Chapter 1

Before there was a takeover, there were seven agents, all joined by Harold Seifel. Harold was very old, in his nineties, but he still fought like his fellows, with his special powers. He reached into his P.A. system and called to the whole building, "All Agents, report to the meeting room, bring your minions if you want, all Agents must come."

Agent 2 at the time was Morgan. Before she was demoted down to Agent 5, she happened to be the second in charge. She yawned and got up. She looked over at her two minions, Lisa Devoure and Zak Mofar. She looked over and groaned.

"It's the yearly examination," Morgan muttered.

Every year, the seven agents would have an examination of their powers, to see if they were able to keep their status, some increased, some decreased, some stayed the same—and some disappeared forever. Unless you died, you had your position until the next year, guaranteed.

"Shall we start?" Lisa asked and motioned around the room. The room was decorated with many colors and pillows, with side rooms for Lisa and Zak. Morgan got off her bed and went to her dresser drawer. She picked up a glass needle and raised it to the light. It contained a purple liquid.

"Is that...?" Zak asked.

"Who's ready for a treat?" Morgan asked.

Josephine Halibeli was the third agent back then. Her minion, Jessica Conta, was ready for the day. Josephine got up and walked over to her huge aquarium and fed her fish and aquatic life.

"Should we head over?" Jessica asked and Josephine closed the top to the aquarium.

"Yes," Josephine calmly stated and picked up a needle that contained a light blue liquid and put it into her pocket. She walked over to the door, and then walked down the hallway to the elevator.

"Coming?" she asked Jessica.

The fourth agent was named Silvia. She turned towards her minions, Joyce Garner and Hachi Child. The two looked at Silvia and she smiled, picking up a needle filled with pink liquid.

"Are you using it?" Joyce asked.

"The...injection?" Hachi gasped.

"It's for the evaluation. We must all use it," Silvia said as she turned, hips swinging. Her room was in a corner, down the hallway. The top three agents got suites, the fourth and fifth had ground floor rooms and the sixth and seventh had basement rooms. Silvia smiled and walked down the hall. Morgan and Josephine were coming down the elevators. Bradley must have made it to the

room first. Silvia smiled. She hoped she would get a better position. Maybe she'd get a suite.

The fifth agent, Norman was directly across the hall. Unlike any of the Agents, he had no minions and was meditating at the moment. He then got up and looked at his necklaces. The one with the emerald changed and formed into a needle. Norman looked at his clothes and changed from his t-shirt and boxer shorts into a polo shirt and pants. He smiled and got up.

His powers were illusions and he used them all the time, to hide things, to be lazy, and sometimes to not change clothes. He wore the same clothes for a week, but to other people he looked different every day. His dark green, emerald crystal was actually his power; he needed his power.

The sixth agent, Chico, was a very young guy just out of college, who happened to be very eccentric. He was bright and everywhere he went he smiled and looked happy. His three minions were Samson Higgins, Samuel Corsogen and Stanley Norsan. They followed behind with designer outfits made by Chico. Chico had an eye for fashion. On the way out the door, he grabbed a periwinkle colored needle and headed upstairs.

"What is that for?" Samson asked.

"Silly. My powers, of..." Chico said, until Samuel said, "What is this meeting for?"

"Silly number two!" Chico exclaimed. "Hmmm! An evaluation."

Rebecca snapped her hands and her lime green needle appeared. Frieda Goodwill and Ruby Cube appeared out of their rooms and came towards Rebecca, smiling. She smiled back.

"Ready ladies?" Rebecca asked and Frieda and Ruby nodded.

"Are you going full out?" Frieda asked.

"And, will you be fine?" Ruby wanted to know.

"Yes, and yes," Rebecca said and continued, "Watch me."

"Hello everyone, thanks for coming. It is now time to start the examination," Harold boomed. The six other agents stood up and walked to the middle of the room. Suddenly, a wall opened up, revealing the training facility.

"Highest goes first. This decides your rank. Improve our agency's status. If you win, you'll stay or move higher. Remember, we have no room for weaklings. Impress me! Now, let's begin."

Chapter 2

"It is simple. One by one, you will perform by punching as many bags as you can in five seconds. Then you will work with some other obstacles, including chopping wood and various other exercises. When you are warmed up, you need to fight ten opponents. You'll be timed, but there are other things that qualify you."

Harold's six minions came out of the shadows. Mike, Sean, Chris, Tim, Everett and Russell. They guarded Harold. Harold smiled; he thought the more minions the better because you never got a

chance to know them. He hated relationships. The other agents disappeared to the corners of the room as Morgan stepped to her tasks.

"Gem Blast!" Morgan shouted and smoke engulfed everyone. Morgan had transformed into a person encrusted with jewels and gems. On her shoulder was a barrel gun and it looked as if it could blast through a mountain. Morgan smiled and confidently said, "Let's begin."

Harold started the watch and Morgan punched all the bags she could in five seconds, destroyed a dummy and overcame a series of obstacles. When she came to her ten opponents, Morgan pointed her gun and shouted, "Gem Strike!" She shot lethal gems, which flew at over one hundred miles per hour, striking them down. She flew up and kicked the last person and swung into the air, all the gems turned white. "Crystal Crossing!" she shouted and a bright white beam lasered her opponents into oblivion. Harold nodded in approval and Morgan transformed into her regular self. Still breathing heavily, Morgan looked over at Zak and Lisa, who had their mouths open in shock.

"I thought she was really lazy," Zak muttered to Lisa.

"Guess not!" Lisa whispered.

Once Morgan had left, everyone watched as Josephine stepped into the middle of the floor. She raised the needle filled with aqua fluid and injected herself with the contents. She whispered, "Shark Fang" and Josephine turned into a figure made of shark bone and skin, holding a huge fang-shaped weapon.

Josephine moved quickly and she disappeared into the light. She punched the bags swiftly and ran over to the other obstacles, easily overcoming them.. From her view, Jessica smiled and looked on as her master went through the obstacles. When Josephine got to her ten opponents, she raised her shark fang weapon and called out, "Waterfall!" A torrent of water rushed through the opponents. Her ten opponents became nervous because Josephine was disappearing and re-appearing all around them. She muttered, "Breath of Cold," and freezing water engulfed the entire group. Josephine looked up; she had defeated her ten opponents. Josephine returned to normal and walked to a corner.

Silvia stood up. She went to the middle of the floor and shouted, "Numbera!" Silvia transformed; she was was wearing a dress with numbers on it. Two large bracelets covered with lethal spikes also accessorized her outfit. Silvia punched, and kicked through the obstacle course. She came upon her ten opponents and shouted, "Holder: Number 3." A barrier appeared and yellow walls surrounded her ten opponents. "Passage: Number 2!" she shouted and a hole opened up in one of the walls. The ten opponents stood shivering and Silvia smilingly called out, "Death Bringer Numbers: Number 1." She whispered and a big gust of air rushed into the box. Silvia dropped a bracelet into it. The bracelet rotated around and minced her opponents into smaller and smaller pieces. Silvia came back to the middle of the floor, smiled and left to sit down. Joyce and Hachi were secretly applauding.

Norman came to the middle of the room and looked at everyone and smiled, he then raised his hand, where the needle was. "Illusions," he quietly said. Going through the course, he did fairly well, but not as good as the top three. He appeared to disappear when he reached his ten opponents. "Control," he whispered and all the minds of the ten opponents were enthralled.

"Finis," he whispered and the ten fell dead. As Norman left the area, he vanished and appeared thirty feet away.

Chico smiled and stood up. He waltzed to the center of the room and held his needle filled with periwinkle liquid and plunged it into his arm. "Sparkle!" he shouted and Chico turned into a sort-of butterfly, but the wings weren't made to fly. The wings were purple and looked more like liquid. Chico grinned and his mouth turned purple. His clothes changed as well, to something like a swimming trunks. He was not muscular. Chico moved a quickly, but was not as swiftly as everyone else. He seemed simply adequate, but when he reached his ten opponents, he did an amazing job. "Paralyze!" Chico yelled. Out of his mouth and wings an orange powder was emitted, engulfing his ten opponents. Each one fell over with horror engraved on their faces.

"Our boss is really scary," Samson said as Stanley and Samuel nodded.

"He's a good guy," Stanley said.

"Except for making us wearing these cheesy outfits," Samuel frowned.

Rebecca stood up as Ruby and Frieda locked eyes onto her. Rebecca smiled and she stood in the middle of the floor. Then she screamed and injected the lime-green liquid into her bloodstream. "Forest Clone!" she cried and turned into an outfit of leaves and grass. She had a huge knife on her back and maneuvered through the course. When she came to her ten opponents, she yelled "Leaf Knives!" Leaves, sharp as swords flew out of her knife and pinned every opponent to the floor. "Energy Give!" Rebecca screamed and she created clones that surrounded her ten opponents and finished them off. Energy flowed from they dying into Rebecca, who smiled very happily. She had succeeded.

Bradley looked at her and said, "It will take me a while before I have the results, so go on your merry way. And by the way, we will start the first stage of the plans for Ohio."

Chapter 3

Down in Agent 7's rooms, Frieda and Ruby sat at a table, while Rebecca changed clothes.

"You did a good job, Rebecca!" Frieda squealed as Ruby nodded.

Rebecca looked happy but frowned, "I really don't know what's going to happen," she muttered.

"Rebecca, please" Ruby said. "You were way better than Chico. You could probably beat him!"

"Well maybe, but he didn't quite show all his powers," said Rebecca.

"What do you mean?" Frieda asked.

"He has more up his sleeve," Rebecca muttered and motioned to Frieda, "Can you make some sandwiches?"

Frieda nodded and asked, "Can we train after?"

Ruby grinned, "Let's train! Maybe I will be an agent one day, so I'll need the practice."

Frieda laughed, "I'll try to surpass you first," she shouted.

Ruby grunted, "I've won the last ten matches."

Frieda slammed a slice of pastrami on to a slice of white bread and snapped, "We've only had nine fights."

Ruby smiled "I'm counting today's as well." Frieda hurled tomato and lettuce onto the squished pastrami on white. She started on her own and Rebecca's. Rebecca liked salmon and Frieda liked ham.

"Don't count your eggs before they are hatched," Frieda whispered.

"Another southern saying?" Ruby laughed.

Frieda threw the pastrami sandwich at Ruby, who almost got smacked in the head. Frieda carefully placed Rebecca's and her own sandwich smoothly on the table.

Ruby looked at her sandwich and frowned, "I hate pastrami," she complained.

"That was the only meat left," Frieda growled as she chomped on her ham sandwich.

"It has mayo and mustard on it. You know I hate that!" Ruby said scathingly.

"Suck it up, you fussy!" Frieda snapped.

"And most importantly," Ruby yelled, "This sandwich ISN'T IN A CUBIST SHAPE!"

"And for some unknown reason, we all survived," Frieda contemplated.

Ruby stood up and she screamed, "Time to fight! You and me!" Ruby then went into the room to the left, which was the gym. Rebecca looked anxious, but followed with her salmon on artichoke hearts sandwich. Frieda stood up and grabbed her martini glass. Rebecca looked worried, but said nothing and sat on the bench. Ruby stood to the right, while Frieda was on the left. Ruby growled menacingly and Frieda gnashed her teeth.

"Begin," Rebecca called out.

Ruby dashed towards Frieda and threw both kunai and shuriken at her. Frieda ducked the colorful and plastic weapons and sprung into a flip. She called out to Ruby, "You can't win like that!" Frieda then ran towards Ruby and tried to hit her with her martini glass. Ruby ducked, but Frieda stepped back. Frieda then pulled out a clear dagger, made out of glass. It could still hurt Ruby, though. Ruby pulled out three shuriken. One was a square, another a triangle, and the third was a circle.

"Let's start with Easy!" Ruby yelled and she threw the orange square towards Frieda. The square grew sharp and whizzed towards Frieda. Frieda pulled the knife down and it easily cut the square in two. "Medium!" Ruby smiled, and threw the triangle, whose points were very sharp. Ruby flung it and Frieda tried to cut it in half, but the dagger only cut halfway through.

"Sorry Frieda! Halfway won't cut it!"

Frieda sliced at the triangle, but it swooped around and then came back at her. Frieda put all her force into the swing, but it only went three-quarters of the way through. Frieda dodged the shuriken and then she knew what to do. She waited for the triangle to come back, angled her knife, and slashed with such momentum that the triangle shuriken broke in two.

"Hard!" Ruby called. Frieda watched as a spear turned into a large shuriken and whizzed towards her. It was made of metal and could not be broken easily. Frieda dodged the lethal circle, but it rebounded. Frieda vanished and Ruby tried to find her. Frieda reappeared behind Ruby and raised her dagger. Suddenly, Rebecca appeared between the two combatants.

"You two did well, but we don't want a troublesome fight, do we?" she said, and the two friends smiled good-naturedly. Rebecca watched the two laughing girls and looked down, almost ready to cry.

Chapter 4

"WOOHOO!" Chico called as he entered the gym. Samson, Samuel and Stanley were working out on the machines and on the track.

"WOOHOO! Guys!" Chico called and the three turned towards Chico, who smiled. "I just came with a scientific breakthrough!" Chico yelled. The three guys tried to look amused, but since there was a scientific breakthrough every other day or so, it was rather hard.

"You know when everyone gets sweaty when they workout?" Chico asked. "I have solved the problem! It's called..." and Chico pulled out a huge jar, "The Clogonator! It will clog your pores so the sweat won't get all over your clothes! Here, everyone dig in!"

Samson, Samuel and Stanley pulled out a huge glob of the white paste and covered their pores. Did they trust Chico? Yes. Did they trust his inventions? No. Did they smear themselves with the strange gunk? Hell, yes! Brawn, not brains, remember?

"Oh! It's working! Maybe I'll use it when I work out!" Chico exclaimed and the three minions laughed.

"What? What's so funny?" Chico asked.

"You're puny! You couldn't survive one of our workouts!" Samson laughed.

"So?" Chico muttered.

"You wouldn't last two minutes." Samuel snickered.

"I certainly think that you are misjudging me." Chico said.

They certainly were not. Samson, Samuel and Stanley didn't take steroids, but they certainly looked like they did. These three muscle heads trained every day and their olympic sized bodies were the result.

Chico on the other hand, was lighter than a puff of fluff. He could be pushed over easily by anyone. He had no pecs, packs, biceps, period! He was a skinny, puny prawn.

"Chico, you're a weight room wimp" Stanley admitted.

Chico looked angry but snapped, "Are any of you the Sixth Agent? Or even an agent? You're MY MINIONS." Chico stormed out of the room like a teapot tornado and left the three minions most angry.

"Who the heck does he think he is?" Stanley yelled, but Chico was right. He was more powerful, but muscle wise, he was pitiful.

"Don't get on his bad side," Samson told the other two. "Remember his powers at the examination? The paralyzing act?"

Chapter 5

Norman went inside his meditation room and sat down. He closed his eyes and thought. He thought of the past, present and future.

Silvia walked with Joyce and Hachi towards the room. Silvia was thinking about Harold's choices. Joyce and Hachi were practicing moves with each other. Joyce worked with four swords and Hachi, however, used the cannons that he carried around his neck like a necklace. When he wanted, the cannon would grow to the size of a gun, and fire miniature, but lethal cannon balls.

Silvia watched the two and thought of the whole examination. It was tough to compete with Josephine and Morgan, but still... Hachi and Joyce left the field and came to the bench and sat down.

"Are you worried?" Joyce asked and Hachi looked anxious.

"No," Silvia said and she tried to laugh, but it came out like a dying cat.

"Silvia, don't be worried. You won't go down," Hachi told her. But Silvia still looked at the ground.

"Don't fret," Joyce said and Silvia got up. "Who wants to practice?" she asked.

Chapter 6

Josephine and Jessica were fighting each other. Jessica threw seeds towards Josephine, but she raised her sword and ice flew to block the lethal seeds. Jessica was wearing her fighting outfit, which looked like nature vs. girl power.

Jessica jumped in mid-air and called, "Branch!" and it flew towards Josephine. She ducked to avoid it and the whole branch snapped when it hit the metal floor. Josephine suddenly vanished, whispering "Waterfall." Jessica saw the blast of seawater and shouted, "Barrier!" and trees blocked the saltwater, which fizzed away. Josephine suddenly ran towards the barrier and cut through it with her sword. Jessica turned and Josephine whispered, "Breath of Cold," and a huge ice beam came towards Jessica. She dodged it and then shouted, "Flower Bloom!" Huge flowers bloomed and hid Jessica from Josephine. Josephine smiled and said, "Breath of Cold." When the

icy air touched the flowers, they died and shattered to the ground. Jessica was wide open, so Josephine pinned her triumphantly to the wall.

"Good try," Josephine said to Jessica and walked out of the gym and sat down on a chair in the kitchen.

"Good job, Josephine? You didn't even go full force," Jessica whinned.

"I didn't want to kill a friend and a companion, did I?" Josephine said and took a sip of water. Jessica smiled and said, "Thank you."

Chapter 7

Morgan yawned deeply. Lisa and Zak were sitting on chairs next to the couch, where Morgan was extravagantly laid out, looking like a drunken sorority girl.

"Um...Morgan?" Zak asked.

"Yes?" Morgan replied.

"We want to train with you," Lisa said.

"Okay," Morgan said and she stood up and stretched, "Let's go to our gym. Do you want to go two on one or tag team?"

"Two on one," Lisa and Zak agreed.

"Fine." Morgan said and then she vanished and reappeared between Liz and Zak, easily overpowering them. "Match over," gloated Morgan.

Chapter 8

Sean, Tim, Russell, Everett, Chris and Mark were playing cards around a table in the living room. Harold had decided to take a break and went into his office to evaluate all the agents.

"Who do you think is going to be here once Harold chooses?" Sean asked the others.

"Not sure. I hope Chico gets the boot. But he won't. That paralyzing thing is underhanded, but very effective." Everett said.

"That's just his skill," Chris added and said, "Fold."

"Well, it's a wicked skill," Tim griped.

"An underhanded skill," Russell added.

An older man walked outside the agents' office and looked at the building. "I found it," the man laughed. A woman saw him and said, "Do you have a place to go? It's late!"

"Yes, I do," the man smiled.

"Food and water?" the woman asked.

"All of it," the man continued.

"What is your name?" she asked.

"Bradley. Bradley Jacobson."

Chapter 9

All Seven agents were called to the main room the next day. It wasn't an emergency situation, but Harold said it was important. Once everyone was there, Harold spoke, "We have a visitor named Bradley Jacobson." Bradley then stepped into the middle of the group.

"He wants to be one of our seven agents," Harold continued. "So, he's going to be given a vial to ascertain his powers. He will fight his way from the bottom up. Rebecca will fight him first. If he loses, then he can stay as a minion. If he wins, he fights Chico. That's how it will work."

Harold pulled out a needle. It looked empty at first, but there was a clear liquid inside. "Inject this into your bloodstream. You will feel a bit of pain. In several minutes, the liquid will change color according to your powers and personality." Harold tossed the needle to Bradley who injected it into his bloodstream. Bradley felt pain, but after five minutes the liquid changed to a strange color of brown. Bradley gave it to Harold.

Harold said, "I'll mass-produce this if you become an agent. Bradley, you will fight after lunch."

Chapter 10

Frieda, Ruby and Rebecca were down in the kitchen. While Frieda and Ruby ate, Rebecca sat very still.

"Eat up Rebecca!" Ruby urged, but Rebecca looked at her plate sadly.

"Rebecca, you'll do fine!" Frieda exclaimed and ate half of her baked potato.

"I don't know," Rebecca muttered. Ruby and Frieda glanced at each other concerned.

Chico was eating a yogurt, a salad, and a light bisque for lunch. He ate furiously and looked over at Samson, Stanley and Samuel. The three looked very worried.

"What are your worries?" Chico asked as a forkful of salad went into his mouth.

"What makes us seem worried?" Stanley asked.

"I've known you for a while and I know how you guys think. You think I'm going to lose," accused Chico. His minions became very silent.

"Sorry to disappoint," Chico stated, "But, I have more power than you know, power that could give me a higher position in this agency. I just don't show them all. Maybe you'll learn something."

Norman ate in silence.

Silvia, Joyce and Hachi were gossiping about Bradley in their dining room.

"This Bradley person. Do you think he'll beat Rebecca?" Hachi asked.

"Undoubtedly," Joyce replied.

"What about Chico?" Hachi asked.

"All Chico has is that paralyzing technique," Joyce laughed with scorn.

"Actually, he has more. He just doesn't show it," Silvia interjected.

"What do you mean?" Joyce asked.

"He's more powerful than you think. He can surpass Norman, and maybe even me," she said.

Jessica and Josephine were doing almost the exact opposite of Silvia, Joyce and Hachi. Jessica was eating a Corbin Blue sub while Josephine had halibut, rice and asparagus. Jessica decided to start the conversation.

"Do you know what asparagus does to the endocrine system?" Jessica asked.

"Yes," Josephine replied and gulped down some halibut.

"You know what is such a coincidence?" Jessica stated. "Your last name is Halibeli and you're having Halibut!" Jessica laughed, but Josephine continued to eat. Jessica sighed.

Morgan, Zak and Lisa were enjoying their lunches and were talking just a bit about the matches.

"I've never seen Harold invite someone like Bradley to fight for a position," Morgan told Lisa and Zak.

"Will Bradley become an agent?" Lisa inquired.

"He'll be the next in line, no doubt," Morgan seethed.

Up on the top floor, Harold, Sean, Russell, Tim, Mark, Chris and Everett sat at a huge table with their guest, Bradley. As everyone else ate, Bradley said, "For a minute I thought that your entire agency consisted of just you and your minions. How silly of me! Yet, they behave so well! I saw the other agents and their minions and it looked like a free-for-all!"

Harold blushed and told Bradley, "I believe in discipline and fierceness!" The two were man-giggling and talking.

The six minions shot looks at each other--disapproving looks. After several minutes of chitchat, Harold said, "Let me tell you about Rebecca." Bradley smiled.

Russell, Tim, Mark, Sean, Chris and Everett suspected Bradley was pumping Harold for information.

Chapter 11

Three elevators opened and the top three agents and their minions appeared. Bradley came down with Harold, but Chris had to go down with Josephine and Jessica. Silvia, Hachi, Joyce and Norman were walking down the hall. Two elevators on the other side of the hall opened; Chico and his three sidekicks appeared in the first, while Rebecca, Ruby and Frieda appeared in the second.

The meeting hall was shaped like a huge rectangle, with the table like a half-circle. An outer half-circle table was behind it, where all the minions sat. Everyone faced the wall, which opened up revealing the training gym. Rebecca stood to the right of the gym and Bradley to the left.

"Time to start the match! Agent 7, Rebecca versus Bradley, ex-agent 2 of Alaska!"

Gasps of shock were heard around the room as agents and minions alike were astounded. Some however, kept their thoughts and feelings to themselves.

"He's more powerful than anyone!" Lisa whispered to Morgan.

"Not necessarily," Morgan told her. "The National Assassin Group [NAG] decides the number of Agents needed for each state, any number from three to eight agents might be needed. California, Florida, New York and Texas all have eight Agents. Places like Hawaii, Alaska, Rhode Island, Connecticut, Montana and Maine have three. Bradley might be the 2nd agent, but still he could be weaker than many of us."

"But why did the other agents look so surprised?" Lisa questioned.

"We all thought he was a normal citizen," Morgan replied as he studied Bradley.

Bradley looked at Harold who winked back.

Josephine noticed and whispered, "What did they plan?"

Harold yelled, "BEGIN!"

Rebecca grabbed a knife and threw it towards Bradley. He dodged it and picked the knife up, throwing it back at Rebecca. Rebecca stood there looking vicious, but the knife plunged through her despite the scowl. Slowly, Rebecca dissolved into wisps of knife-wielding smoke. Bradley raised his hand behind him and blocked Rebecca's second knife. Bradley kicked her where her chest should be and she went flying backwards. "I know all about your clone powers. Sadly, they didn't match my expectations," Bradley scoffed. Ruby and Frieda gasped.

"How did you know about my powers of cloning?" Rebecca asked.

"Why do you care?" Bradley smiled.

"Why did you come here?" Rebecca asked.

"Tsk. Tsk." Bradley muttered. Bradley swiftly pulled out a brown liquid needle and replied, "Because I exceeded where my fellows did not!" Bradley injected the fluid and shouted, "GUNSLINGER!"

Rebecca did the same and shouted "FOREST CLONE!"

Bradley's missile and guns came into view. Rebecca's forest outfit appeared. Rebecca shot lethal seeds out of her gun and steel bullets came out of Bradley's gun; seeds and bullets collided. Rebecca shouted, "Energy Give!" Rebecca screamed, "Vine Cage!" and vines entangled Bradley.

"She's won!" Ruby screamed.

"Missile," Bradley whispered.

Bradley's missile shot out of the vine cage and bolted towards Rebecca. She couldn't dodge it, so she yelled, "Touch of Mother Nature!" and the missile broke and fell. Bradley got out of the vine cage and punched Rebecca in the jaw.

Harold stood up. "I've seen enough. Everyone go on a break. In three hours we will all meet for dinner in the main hall. Then, Chico and Bradley will fight." Harold turned and everyone followed him to the doors.

"Get some hot tea," Ruby told Frieda. Ruby helped clean Rebecca and the three sat down on some chairs. Rebecca hadn't lost, but she hadn't won either. Bradley would become an agent.

"How did he know about my cloning powers?" Rebecca whispered.

"Maybe he snooped?" Frieda said.

"Maybe he knows everything about us!" Ruby gasped.

"No," a voice said and Josephine and Jessica walked toward them.

"That's not it," Josephine explained, "Harold and Bradley have made a deal."

Morgan, Lisa and Zak went to Silvia Joyce and Hachi to tell them about the deal between Bradley and Harold. Josephine and Jessica had told them everything they needed to know. The sly wink between Harold and Bradley had made treachery apparent.

Chico pulled out two needles of periwinkle liquid and shoved them in his pocket. He breathed heavily and felt jittery. Chico decided to take a nap. First though, he went to the workout room and told the three minions to wake him in two hours. "Whose turn is it?" Chico asked.

Samson said, "Mine."

"Yes, time to get ready for this" Chico said and he and Samson left the room.

"What do you mean a deal?" Frieda yelled.

"Chris informed me that Harold gave Bradley inside information about you, Rebecca" Josephine said.

"That's cheating!" Ruby screamed.

"Why did Harold do that?" Rebecca asked.

"Intoxication" Josephine muttered.

"He was drunk?" Frieda sputtered.

"Maybe, but I think Bradley's flattery went to his head," Josephine said.

"Chico, I don't think this will work," Samson whispered.

"Yes it will," Chico grunted.

"But....aargh!" Samson grunted.

"Shut it! This will help me against Bradley!" Chico growled.

"How?" Samson asked.

"I need to be stronger so I need to use my top three moves. It will take a while for it to charge and I need your help."

"You mean, you are thinking of..."

"Yes. To go to my full capabilities," said Chico.

Dinner was served at six o'clock and no one talked at all. Everyone looked at his or her food. After the coffee, everyone went into the main meeting room. Bradley stood on the left side of the arena. Chico stood on the right, wearing the most exuberant costume. It looked like a robe that had a gaudy shirt and pants drawn on it. He had a florescent cape and some purple dye that marked three dots on Chico's face.

"BEGIN!" Harold called.

Chico pulled out a needle and screamed, "Let's finish this quickly!" and plunged the needle into his skin. "SPARKLE!" he shouted.

Chapter 12

Chico transformed into dripping wings and tentacles. Chico raised his hands and shouted, "Welcome to defeat." Then he shouted, "Paralyze!" He opened his wings and his mouth; orange powder flew in streams toward Bradley. Bradley vanished and Chico laughed. Bradley reappeared behind Chico and slashed, but Chico grabbed the sword, and pulled it out of his hands. Chico then wrapped his tentacles around Bradley. Chico laughed, "This is the end for you!" But Bradley pulled out a dagger and easily cut through the tentacles.

Chico screamed and shouted, "Paralyze!" Orange powder flew like the wind and tried to engulf Bradley, who ducked and spun out of danger. The powder dispersed and Chico grew angry, yelling, "Time to up the ante a bit!" Chico opened his mouth very wide and then yelled, "Curata!" A sliver light appeared and Chico shouted, "One drop of this can burn a hole through your skin!" Chico directed the Curata towards Bradley, who ducked in vain.

A drop of the Curata fell onto Bradley's flesh, burning a small hole. Bradley cringed, but shot a blast of water at the Curata. Chico gasped and moved the Curata out of the water's way. Bradley smiled, "It looks like I know the Curata's weakness," he told Chico. Chico looked pissed and shot the Curata full blast towards Bradley, who then fully drenched the Curata.

"WHAT THE..." Chico gasped as the Curata dissolved into mist.

"Why is the Curata affected by water?" Bradley taunted. "Don't you know that Curata melts if touched by any kind of liquid? You think you have power, you stupid fool?"

"Is that all you have up your sleeve?" asked Bradley.

"Certainly not," Chico roared. Chico spread out his wings, which turned black and purple. "I'm going to show you true pain," Chico shouted. "My second and most powerful move, Sierrá Leone!"

Chapter 13

Stanley looked at Samson and asked, "Did you help Chico with the Curata?" Samson nodded.

Chico pulled out a gold ball and opened his mouth. He ate the golden ball and closed his eyes. Suddenly the wings grew length, still maintaining width and the thin-slime shape. Bradley laughed. Suddenly, the color of gold added to the purple and black of the wings. Each hair on Chico's head had a tinge of gold at the tip. "Sierrá Leone is what some call a nightmare," Chico said. Suddenly, he shook his wings and blobs rained down and formed ten puddles. Ten men rose from the puddles. Each had some hair, pants and three golden dots on their chests. "This is Sierrá Leone's power," Chico shouted.

"Gunslinger!" Bradley shouted and he changed into his form. The ten men walked slowly towards Bradley. Bradley picked up the two guns and pulled the trigger. Bradley aimed at the men, but none fell. Bradley looked shocked.

"Nice try, but they can't be killed like that. See?" Chico pointed to the men. The wings oozed a strange liquid, which quickly repaired the holes made by the bullets.

Bradley raised a missile and let go. The missile hit six of the wingmen. The air whooshed and huge holes were made.

"I'm tired of repeating myself," Chico yelled. The huge holes formed back.

"I didn't want to have to use the second stage," Bradley yelled, "Of the missile, I mean...DE-LOCK!" Bradley screamed and the missile broke and shot many missiles towards the men. The men fell and as they tried to get up, Bradley sprinkled water onto the Sierrá Leone.

"NO!" Chico yelled. The ten men were reduced to nothing but puddles of water. Chico was red. "Final move. My strongest."

Chapter 14

Harold was impressed by Chico and with Bradley as well, but he didn't want to interfere until death was tapping one of them on the shoulder.

Chico yelled, "Vä Dorsa!" and his wings dripped gold. The gold ball returned and Chico said, "Watch!" Suddenly, the wings grabbed Bradley and gripped him. Chico's mouth opened and popped out a doll of Bradley. But it floated. "Vä Dorsa isn't about voodoo dolls. It's about your energy. It sucks 10% of your energy out of you every minute. You have ten minutes until my wings absorb all your power. Oh, and for your information, don't struggle. You'll be squeezed tighter."

Bradley did struggle. Chico was right, however, and the wings grew tight as Bradley tried to think. Fast.

"8 minutes have passed. Only two more minutes," Chico called out. Bradley decided it was now or never.

"LOOK! Celebrities in skimpy outfits outside our window!"

"So?" Chico sarcastically replied.

"It's Angelina Jolie and Jennifer Aniston!"

Chico turned and the wings let go. "Where! Where!" Chico asked and he got a sidekick to the chest for a reply. Chico shouted, "YOU CHEATED!" Harold called out, "I've made my decisions. Everyone gather in your seats."

Chapter 15

"Before I begin, one of you needs to be chosen to be the 4th Agent of Texas. I give Norman the chance to go to Texas," Harold told everyone. "Now," Harold chuckled, "Seventh Agent: Rebecca, Sixth Agent: Bradley, Fifth Agent: Silvia, Fourth Agent: Chico, Third Agent: Josephine, Second Agent: Morgan, and then me, with my power of youth."

Bradley turned into a sixteen-year-old boy, who was muscular and had many weapons. He turned back and said, "And when I use my needle, it's ten times stronger now."

Norman cleaned out his room with a couple boxes, while Silvia popped in and out with her items to put in her new room. "Good job with the move to Texas!" Silvia shouted.

"Thanks," Norman told Silvia. "I guess I wasn't good enough."

"No, Chico put on quite a show."

"Yes. But what about Bradley?"

"That's different, but remember."

"What?"

"Don't trust him," Silvia said.

Bradley settled into Chico's old room with his suitcases. All the furniture and appliances were in the room, so he didn't have to do much work.

"So, you made it into the Agents?" Rebecca inquired.

"Yes, I did." Bradley told her.

"What are your plans?"

"To gather minions and make my mark on the Ohio Agents, as the Sixth Agent."

"Is that a threat?"

"Take it as you like."

Chico entered the Agent 4 room and gasped. It was bigger and better than his old room, which was cramped and downstairs. He smiled, and walked in.

"We wish you luck, Norman," Harold said.

"Thank you all," Norman said and left the building.

17

"So Mercy...the day is coming," Bradley said.

"I am ready," Mercy replied.

"Good," an unknown voice replied.

"It's time for your evaluation," Bradley said.

"Excellent," Van Dugan growled.

In two months, Bradley had become the 2nd Agent and Morgan was demoted to Number 5. Rebecca had dropped to Agent 6 status with no idea why.

"Why did you fall from grace?" Rebecca asked.

"I'm sure it was Bradley," Morgan grumbled.

Josephine and Chico stayed the same. Silvia was said to have left for better opportunities, but no one really believed that story. Her minions were very shocked and thought that she may have been "removed."

"Nobody's safe," Morgan told Lisa and Zak.

The position of Agent 7 was open and Ruby Cube, Rebecca's minion had already requested the position. Chico however, was not safe. At the last meeting, Bradley told them that a skilled fighter under his and Harold's approval was coming and would at LEAST be the 4th Agent. Bradley had grown his minions to three: Mercy, Wake and Experiment 4506. Each walked behind him in a circle formation, to protect him from harm. Things were very different now.

"Today," Harold called. "Ruby will present her abilities to see if she qualifies as the 7th Agent. Also, Calvin Van Dugan will fight Chico ReDula for the position of Agent 4."

Chico gulped.

"Ruby Cube!" Harold shouted, "Demonstrate your power!"

Ruby stepped into the training gym and picked up a green-filled liquid needle and plunged it into her bloodstream, "Cubist Serpent!" Ruby yelled. Ruby transformed into a huge purple snake with squares, triangles and circles. She slithered through the course and when she got to the ten opponents, she shouted, "Cubist Beam!" and the ten opponents were knocked over and killed.

"I think Ruby qualifies as the 7th Agent. Now, we will see who will become the 4th Agent, Chico or Calvin?"

Chapter 17

"START!" Harold yelled and Chico pulled out his needle and screamed, "SPAR...!" When the needle exploded, Chico looked astounded.

"Can't use your form and power, if you can't use the needle, ReDula," Van Dugan muttered and slashed through Chico. Chico recoiled and was sliced again by the sword.

Doesn't he carry a second needle?" Samson asked.

"He did," Samuel replied, "But the pain..."

Chico tried to pull out a needle, but was unable to. Chico recoiled, but Van Dugan was so fast. Suddenly he got it and injected himself, "SPARKLE!" he yelled. Van Dugan parried and shouted, "Fire Claw." Calvin Van Dugan transformed into a bear and defeated Chico. Van Dugan won.

"Does anyone want Chico or his minions for yourself?" Harold asked. Nobody said a word. "Chico, go to our headquarters and they will direct you elsewhere." Chico, Samuel, Samson and Stanley walked out into the night.

"VAN DUGAN IS THE FOURTH AGENT!"

Chapter 19

"Today, an emergency meeting has been issued," Josephine told Jessica as she ate. It had been three months since Chico's departure.

"What is the meeting about?" Jessica asked.

"I don't know. Let's get going," Josephine muttered. Josephine and Jessica took the elevator downstairs to find that Bradley and his minions were going into the hall. "Let's hurry." Josephine whispered.

Ruby Cube walked down the dark hall of the Ohio Agent Headquarters. When she was walking down the hall she bumped into Rebecca, her past master.

"Hi, Rebecca!" Ruby said.

"Hello, Ruby! How do you like the position?" Rebecca asked.

"Good, I like it," Ruby replied. "Well, how are the others beneath you?"

"Great. Frieda misses you, but that's okay," Rebecca laughed.

"So, today Master Harold called the seven of us to a meeting. What is it about?" Ruby asked.

"No idea. We should get going," Rebecca replied.

The two walked further down the hall, and when turning, found that Van Dugan was walking right out of his bedroom.

"Hey girls. Woke up late," Van Dugan growled and the three hurried on down the hall. Two doors came into sight and the three passed through it.

"Hello you three. You're a bit late," Harold Seifel muttered.

"Yes. But, just sit down," Bradley Jacobson called. Behind him was Mercy, his head minion.

"Shut it. We must continue," Josephine Halibeli whispered. She was the third agent.

"Nobody's perfect," Morgan Ancritoras yelled. She was the 5th Ohio Agent.

"Gorador. Cube. Van Dugan. Sit." Harold muttered. "We have things to do. Bradley has an announcement.

What is it?" they all asked.

Bradley stood up and then shouted, "It's time for a change. Starting today, I'll be the 1st Agent."

Everyone gasped. Harold's eyes flung open. In front of Harold were his six guards. Josephine's minion, Jessica Conta was in front of Josephine. Morgan's two minions: Lisa and Zak leaped from the shadows. Frieda Goodwill appeared in front of Rebecca, martini glass at the ready.

"We will kill you Bradley," Harold muttered.

"Go for it," Bradley grinned.

As the ten minions rushed towards Bradley, he moved aside, letting Mercy strike them all with her sword. Harold's minions fell like grenades and Liza, Jessica and Zak also fell swiftly. Mercy reached Frieda, who dodged and ran back to Rebecca.

"She's no match for us!" Frieda screamed. Josephine and Morgan ran towards Mercy, who reached out to hit Morgan, who fell to the ground. Josephine stopped, but got smacked to the head and went flying backwards, dead on impact.

"It is now time for me to take control," Bradley said and Van Dugan smiled, joining Bradley's takeover.

"What?" Ruby screamed. "Van Dugan was a traitor!"

Bradley smiled and said, "Time for you to choose Ruby. Outcast or promotion?"

Rebecca ran towards Bradley, wielding her sword, "I won't let you..." but Mercy was quick and plunged a knife through her arm, killing her instantly.

Ruby was sweating, only she, Harold and Frieda were left.

"I'm not leaving!" Harold called, but Mercy cut right through him.

"What is it Ruby? Will you join me? Choose Frieda. Come or go. What will it be?"

Ruby sighed and then said, "I'll join."

"Good, I thought so," Bradley told Ruby and turned to Frieda, "What about you Frieda?"

"Yes, I will join you," Frieda acquiesced.

"Very good. Ruby you will be the new Agent 5. Frieda will be Agent 6. Mercy 3, Van Dugan 2, Wake 7, Experiment 4506, 4 and myself, the new head agent. "Goodbye Harold Seifel, Tim McHale, Sean Rowling, Russell Tolkein, Mark Snicket, Everett Stine, Chris Stilton, Josephine Halibeli, Jessica Conta, Morgan Ancritoras, Lisa Devoure, Zak Mofar and Rebecca Gorador."

Several opponents walked over to pick up the defeated agents and dragged them outside. They were alive, but might as well have been dead--they were now outcasts.

"Now," Bradley continued. "In three months we will start the Ohio Plan. With me," Bradley grabbed his sword, "you cannot fail!"

The Future:

In about two months, Mariah will meet Mercy. What happened to the Agents? You'll have to find out.

MERCY KILLING

PART 1:

BEGIN THE WAR

BY: CARNEGIE SEVEN

*The Beginning exists to wear you down.
All roads lead somewhere.
The Beginning starts with a step.
We step across the road.
It's unclear to where it goes,
The mist enshrouds it.
However, we keep traveling,
Walking down this road.
And one day this path will end,
And yet we walk this path.*

Chapter 0

Cleveland: February 2030 9:27

Tomorrow, I turn eighteen. Yes to some people this would be an honor. It means adventuring, going to college, leaving my family while I move and travel to exotic countries and cities. Yet, I'm not that thrilled. You see; there will probably be about three people to watch me journey out of this city. I am an orphan. Here at Applewood Orphanage, we live by rules of stature. We follow the same program every day, and yet I don't know what I will do with my life.

I was thinking about where my life would take me, and what I should do, when there was a knock at the door of my small cramped room, and appearing from the dark hallway was Miss Nylon. She ran the orphanage and made things at the orphanage run smooth. Like an 'apple' she said. She walked in frowning and whispered, "This is for you." Then, slowly, she ran out of the room and quietly closed the door. Thinking it was a good-bye letter from the orphanage kids, I wanted to throw it in the trash can, but the words on the envelope struck me in a curious way.

Yellow from age, the envelope smelled like aged cheese, this letter looked to be eighteen years of more of age. I knew that tomorrow I would get my inheritance. 456,000 dollars and some close-family possessions would be in my grasp tomorrow afternoon. Yet, I was not of age so I was getting more inquisitorial every second. The words on the envelope said: ***To be delivered before 18th Birthday.*** I then opened the envelope and pulled out another old smelling parchment. And on it was a letter, addressed to me.

Dear Son,

Tomorrows is your eighteenth birthday, if not blame Miss Nylon, [what a loony she is!] and then return this letter to her, and tell her that it is NOT your eighteenth birthday. But I threatened her with my soul that if she messed up, I would haunt her till she died. Well, now that you're almost ready to leave and to grab our inheritance,

you need to now WHY we died and the legacy before it. I know that as I am writing this hour before I die, that you NEED to know this. I realize that I was never a good mother, leaving you when you were three days old...

I can't blame myself. I died due to this secret. Once you read the past, you must hide them. They are still searching for the last truths that hold them to their villainous attitude. I will guide you. After helping writing the journals and chapters, I added notes to the end to help you find the next one. This is something that, if you don't do, will cause more grief for you, and for the Cleveland Area.

Son, I know that I never knew you, and I don't know your life and personality. As much as I know you don't want to believe this, you must. The truth must be revealed.

Now the first of the seven journals is located at Carnegie Library. It is a beautiful place, and hopefully still around. The first journal is hidden in the library. Where the staffs of the Library have mailboxes, it is the last one on the right of the bottom shelf. Good Luck. Libraries are your guide. Evil people have street smarts, but not book smarts. When in doubt, head to the library.

I will meet you at the end of journal 1.

Sincerely,

Mother that I never was.

I sighed. This letter seemed like the most underhanded trick from Miss Nylon, or better yet the Applewood Orphanage itself. But, since I had nothing better to do, I got up and left the small room. Traveling down the small and somewhat cramped hallway, I had frequently remembered the many times I had done so, and that I might never come back. When I got to the bottom floor, I crossed the living room and the dining room. Children of all ages played and rested, arguing with each other, and two were involved into a fight, where three aides were working on separating them. "Guys," I told the kids who were fighting. "Stop." The two kids immediately stopped and looked wide-eyed at me.

It wasn't like I had authority over the orphans, but the truth is, that they're scared of me. They find me intimidating. When I grew up, I was always hoping for parents. At the orphanage, four out of five kids are under the age of seven. By the time your 12, you're known as a 'dud'. The nickname means that nobody wanted you. Parents these days want babies and younger kids, so when I was never adopted, I was branded with 'dud'. When I was 15, the oldest in Applewood Orphanage, nobody dared called me 'the dud'. If they did, they knew that I would surely beat them up.

On the street, I walked west, towards Carnegie, and then remembered the place. It USED to be the West Cleveland library; however it got on fire by an arsonist or something. They made a new library, several blocks away called, New Carnegie, and then they turned the old Carnegie into a museum about Cleveland Authors and Celebrated Locals. [CACL] Now, as I came close to the plaza, I ran up the ten or so stairs and entered the library.

Inside, it was bright, and filled with people. Some were looking at the artifacts and reading materials, while some classes from out of city or state looked around with interest. Staff members started tours, some worked in the gift shop. It wasn't that hard to go into the *employee's only* section. I then looked for the mailboxes, and when I found them, I searched for the last one, and then reached inside. I felt a book, a leather-bound journal or diary. On the cover was a piece of paper that was duct-taped to it. The words on the note said: **Found It!! ~Mom**. I sighed again, and then, when finding a seat in the museum, sat down to read it.

Chapter 1

Journal #1

The time was 8:04. "Crap!!!" Mariah yelled as she ran threw the halls at St. Joseph. Mariah rounded each corner with a sprinting yell, still running towards first period. She knew that Sister Elizabeth wouldn't be that harsh, but she was never late. She was coming towards the door, and opened it. "Sister! Sister! Sorry, I'm late!!" But, Sister Elizabeth wasn't looming over Mariah. It happened to be Sister Mercy.

Sister Mercy was the meanest, slyest, rudest and strictest nun in the school and possibly the state. She hated children, (why is she teaching at Joe's?) hated things that were not clean and pristine (The room was very plain.) and she was younger than most of the nuns at St. Joe's, maybe in her forties or fifties. She had a look of death on her face and snarled like a starved lion. "Well, well, Miss. Mariah. Thanks for helping us in the lesson of what happens when you're late. Detention Miss Mariah."

"Sorry Sister Mercy. I was running late, so I-" Mariah began but a huge intake of breath stopped Mariah short. "I do not *care* Mrs. Mariah. In fact, I could care *less*." Dripping with sarcasm, Sister Mercy, in fact, did not exactly follow the faith. The school called her many nicknames including: Sister Gone Bad, No-Mercy and the Spanish students nicknamed her: *Mala* 'bad'. However, her most famous and used nickname was: 'The Tunnel'.

There are about fourteen nuns on campus. They all live in a house up the hill. To get to school, seven walk, two drive, three ride a bike, and two take the tunnels. The tunnels are a long winding passage that connects the school to the house. Sister Mercy took the tunnels, and some rumor that she has a secret headquarters down there.

"Where's Sister Elizabeth?" Mariah asked. Sister Elizabeth taught Mariah English for first period. "Sick. Now, can we continue the class? Mariah, haven't you interrupted the class *enough*?" "Sorry Sister." Mariah grumbled. "Sorry, that I was *five minutes* late." Mariah smiled. She wasn't the only one who could dish the sarcastic humor. However, Sister Mercy could dish it, she *certainly couldn't* take it.

"Miss Mariah!" Sister Mercy screamed, fuming with anger and with a face that could kill a cow, "More detention! A week of it! Then, after school *each* day you will come to my, After Detention *Detention*, for another *forty* minutes. Doesn't that sound *great*! Doesn't that sound *amazing*? Won't someone *learn* their lesson?" Sister Mercy could've taken away Mariah's time after school. (Approximately eighty minutes) But, Sister Mercy wasn't going to take Mariah's pride.

"Sure," Mariah said, "Then during your stupid *after detention detention*, we can continue this stupid fight."

Sister Mercy was about to explode. "MARIAH PETRILLO! ENOUGH! SIT DOWN!" Mariah turned around and headed to her desk, which was the center of the first row, right in front of the desk. Sister Mercy continued teaching, but kept her squinty hawk-like eyes on Mercy. When the bell rang, and Mariah left, Sister Mercy kept her eyes on Mariah.

◆ ◆ ◆

"She is just SO weird!!" Mariah shouted. Danielle flinched. "I agree." She whispered. "She's rude and unholy. I'm more holy then her, and I never go to church." Danielle O'Malley was Mariah's closet friend. They shared English, Algebra and Lunch, and walked home every day. "Well, what should I do?" Mariah asked. "Start with detention and then go to after detention detention. How many people will go to that thing?"

Danielle apparently knew, "Most people who get detention in Sister Mercy's classes go to her stupid program." Mariah nodded and had some more chips. "What do you think it's like?" Danielle shrugged. "How should I know? I haven't been to heck?"

◆ ◆ ◆

Detention was bad. After Detention Detention was even worse. Mariah was in the room for ten seconds, when she knew the After Detention Detention would be worse. "Well, well Miss Petrillo. Welcome to-"

"Yes, Yes, Sister, After Detention Detention." Mariah growled.

"Good, good." Sister Mercy shouted and grinned, a perverted grin and walked to the front of class 101.

There were about eleven teens in the room. Some were doing work; some were texting while Sister was looking the other way. At 3:45, Sister Mercy clapped her hands and the eleven teens and Mariah looked up and over at Sister Mercy.

"Welcome to the After Detention Detention!" Sister Mercy shouted. "Today's lesson is: Talking Politely." Sister Mercy glanced at Mariah when talking about her program. "We will study and learn about how to talk, do a worksheet and then we will practice how to talk. Doesn't that sound good?"

The room was filled with small groans and some whispers. Most of the students were rolling their eyes. In fact, the only person who actually cared was Sister Mercy.

"Talking to students as a student you may talk to them nicely and have more-" Sister Mercy had the most boring, unnecessary speech about talking politely that in two minutes half the people were slumping and sleeping, some were on the way. In another five, everyone except Mariah was sleeping. Mariah couldn't believe that Sister Mercy didn't notice the sleeping After Detention Detention members. Either Sister Mercy was too intense into her PowerPoint presentation, or she was too intense into her PowerPoint. Either way, Mariah was starting to sleep herself.

"Time for a worksheet!!" Sister Mercy exclaimed, and everyone woke up, startled. Sister Mercy could've yelled 'Fire!!' for the same effect. Sister Mercy passed around worksheets that were made for kindergarteners. The worksheets had pictures of bears and cartoons of smiling children. They're five questions, which anyone could've answered, weather they watched Sister Mercy's PowerPoint or not.

Sister Mercy watched Mariah during the worksheet, with a hungry look on her face. Little did Mariah know, that Sister Mercy wasn't about to give her mercy.

To be continued...

Visit Quizilla* to read, and check out MercXFiles on www.youtube.com for our movies and clips!

***This is a total 'work in progress' and whatever is on Quizilla is our FIRST DRAFT so ignore the punctuation and things.**

Sincerely, the Carnegie Seven