

Class of 2011: Ten Years from Now

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Submitted: April 22, 2008

Updated: June 25, 2008

Who knows what can happen ten years after you leave high school in your Sophomore year. Here's RAA's Class of 2011

Provided by Fanart Central.

<http://www.fanart-central.net/stories/user/animewolflover/52265/Class-of-2011-Ten-Years-from-Now>

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1 - Farewell

It was the summer of 2009 at RAA, and the school was in anticipating for the day to end, so they could be free to welcome summer. No longer did they have to worry of the pressures of school. At last they were free! Well, at least until the end of their End-of-the Year parties.

But, in the Sophomore English classroom was the Class of 2011, and to them it would be nothing more but a three-month torture for them, no longer would they be able to see and talk to their friends(well, except for their cellphones, where they will be increasing the monthly bill for the next three months) it had always been like this for them, saying their teary goodbyes to friends, and when school started once more it would be a joyous celebration. At least this time the students will have a very good(and hopefully tearless) party, and were enjoying themselves . . . Well, almost everybody.

For standing in a corner was a fifteen-year-old Filipino girl, her long, black hair tied up in a ponytail, and her signature black-framed glasses sliding down her nose. Sighing, the girl pushed them back up, and she scanned the room, a sense of both sadness and worry slowly creeping across her face.

"Jasmine?" someone asked.

Looking behind her, Jasmine saw a blonde girl with blue eyes that expressed concern.

"Are you okay?" she asked.

"Y-Yeah!" Jasmine replied. "I'm fine! I just have a lot on my mind right now. You don't have to worry about it Audrey!"

Nodding with suspicion, Audrey shrugged and turned around. Taking a deep breath, Jasmine combed her hair with her fingers. No, she wasn't okay, for she had just found out that she would be moving to the Philippines, and she had decided not to tell anyone. Anyone that is except Matt.

Matt was an Indonesian boy, whom Jasmine had a crush on since Freshmen year, and now that she was moving. She had decided it was either now or never. Taking one more deep breath, Jasmine begins to walk towards Matt, only to hear her friend's voice,

"Hey Pluffy-chan! Whatcha doin'?"

"Franci," Jasmine mumbled beneath her breath. "Not now!"

Standing close by, was one of Jasmine's best friends, Franci. Of all of her friends, Franci was a person who always would stand by her side, and yet be a major annoyance to her as well, especially when it came around to Jasmine's crush. But somehow, somehow Jasmine always got back at her for such teasing. And even though the two could get at each other's throats there was one thing they had in common: Anime. Of all the things they enjoy talking about the most, it was anime, for both were anime artists and they always helped each other out with their drawings.

Looking at Jasmine with a confused expression, Franci looked towards the direction she was walking

towards and the moment she saw Matt, Franci yelled and turned around. Laughing softly, Jasmine approached Matt.

"M-Matt?" she asked nervously.

Looking down at Jasmine, Matt smiled, "Yeah?"

"M-May I t-talk to you privately?"

"Sure."

Jasmine smiled weakly as she and Matt walked towards the door, and as they stepped into the empty quad, she looked up to the sky, and whispered,

"I'm not sure what to say."

After several seconds of silence, Jasmine quickly said, "I-I like you."

But looking up to see Matt's shocked face, she sighed and said, "But apparently you don't like me."

As Jasmine began to walk away, Matt quickly shook his head, and grabbing Jasmine by the arm, he pulled her back, and said, "Wait . . . I kinda like you too, but why are you telling me now?"

Blushing madly, Jasmine replied weakly, "I-I'm moving to the Philippines."

"Oh . . ." Matt sighed, disappointed.

Smiling softly, Jasmine carefully wrapped her arms around Matt, while Matt did the same.

At the time, Franci had stepped out of the classroom to retrieve something from her locker, but the moment she saw Matt and Jasmine she yelled frantically and scrambled back into the classroom. Watching Franci's reaction, Jasmine laughed as she quietly squirmed free from Matt, and added, "Please don't tell anyone."

Not sure why, Matt nodded trusting Jasmine, as he took Jasmine's hand and led her back to the classroom, where they separated and returned to their friends. But as Jasmine approached her friends, she saw the sly looks on Audrey's and Franci's faces and she groaned inwardly.

"Ooh, Jasmine," Audrey said, playfully nudging Jasmine.

"Way to go Pluffy-chan!" cheered Franci. "So when's the first date?"

"D-Date?!" Jasmine asked blushing a little bit. "M-M-Matt and I aren't a c-couple!"

"Then---" Franci said.

"Matt and I both knew that our parents wouldn't approve of the idea of dating," Jasmine lied.

Both shocked and suspicious of Jasmine's reaction, Audrey and Franci picked up their bags as their teacher announced the end of the party.

"Well, see you guys next year!" Franci called as the group went their different ways.

"Yeah . . ." Jasmine said sadly. "See ya . . ."

Looking around the school for one last time, Jasmine sighed and walked towards her ride. This would be the last time she would see her and the last time anyone would see her again.

2 - Gone

Three months later, school started once more at RAA and it was a joyful reunion for the class of 2011. Meanwhile, Franci was walking up the driveway towards the High School lunch tables. Seeing Audrey, Franci grinned.

"Hey Roo!" she called. "Where's Pluffy-chan?"

"I have no clue," Audrey replied shrugging.

"Did you ask Shanelle?" asked Franci.

"Shanelle said that she didn't ride with her this morning either."

"Come to think of it, she never replied to any of my MySpace messages(**Yes, yes that is very cruel to friend**)," Franci stated thoughtfully. "Try calling her on her cellphone."

"I have!" Audrey exclaimed. "But all I get is the number is no longer available. She changed her cellphone number!"

"Well, maybe we better ask Matt," Franci said.

"Good point," replied Audrey. "She's the only one who had a conversation with someone before we left."

Nodding, Franci and Audrey walked towards the Music Hall where the Concert Band was just dismissed.

"Matt!" Franci called.

"Hey!" Matt called back waving at his classmates. "What's up?"

"Have you seen Jasmine?" Audrey asked.

Shaking his head, Matt lied, "Sorry, I haven't seen her since the End-of-the-Year party last year."

"Did she say anything about transferring schools?" Franci asked.

"No," Matt lied. "Why? Did she leave?"

Seeing the two nod, Matt shrugged, "Maybe her family vacation was longer then intended. But try not to worry, she might come back."

As the two left, Matt takes notice that there is a suspicious look in Franci's eyes. Sighing, Matt picks up his bag and heads off to his first class, now knowing this is going to be a *long* year.

3 - Paths Cross

Sighing sadly, a dark-haired woman stared out the window of her condo.

"Never saw Jasmine again," she said sadly. "It turns out that Matt was hiding something, but he never told us.

Shaking her head, Franci tied her hair up into a ponytail. It had been ten years since her junior year in high school, and she and her friends never found out what had happened to Jasmine. Looking around her condo Franci smiled softly. Even though Jasmine had mysteriously vanished, things had gotten better for her every year. After graduating from high school, Franci continued her education at a college in Tennessee, and from there she pursued her dream to become a chef by attending the Cordon Bleu school in California. But before attending the school, her boyfriend, Robbie had proposed to her and from there, things just got better. And now she and her husband were a happy family with one 4-year-old daughter.

"Sweetie?" Robbie called. "Are you leaving yet?"

"Yes," Franci replied. Grabbing the copies of her menu, purse and car keys, she walked out of her condo.

Besides, thought Franci. *The day I see Pluffy-chan is the day I divorce with Robbie.*

Chuckling to herself, Franci started her blue Ferrarri and drove out of the building parking lot, and headed towards her resturant. And yet Franci has no idea how high those chances were.

Walking down Alabama Avenue is a twenty-five year old Jasmine. Her black hair flowing behind her, and the ever so familiar glasses were now gone. Grinning to herself, Jasmine jogged towards her hotel. It felt good to be back in California, after being gone for ten years, it was comforting to know that nothing has changed too much. Climbing up the stairs towards her hotel room, Jasmine begins to ponder what has happened to her fellow classmates. Taking out the key to her room, Jasmine slipped it into its slot and pushed the door open. As she entered, she picked up a list of recommended resturants and cafes to visit. As she lazily skimmed through the list, Jasmine froze at the sight of a cafe's name.

"Le Smile?" she whispered, recalling the name of the resturant Franci had desired.

Grinning, Jasmine grabbed her car keys and ran out the room, dashing towards her car.

* * *

A blue Ferarri was driving down Tennessee Street with Franci as driver. Checking her watch, she grumbled, "Dang! Stupid traffic jam! I'm already behind schedule by fifteen minutes!"

Seeing her entrance into the parking lot of her resturant, Franci turned sharply, nearly running over a nearby pedestrian, hearing the pedestrian shout at her in a language she couldn't understand, Franci

called back, "Sorry!"

A few minutes later Franci pulls into the front of her restaurant. Jumping out of her car, she grabs her purse and menus and rushes to the front door, crashing into Jasmine in the process.

"Aray ko!" Jasmine cried in Tagalog. "Watch where you're going!"

"My menus!" Franci yelped as the menus scattered all over the parking lot.

"Nice to meet you too," mumbled Jasmine, as she picked up a few of the menus.

"I-I'm sorry," Franci said, scrambling after the menus. "I'm behind schedule, and I have a lot to do before I open the restaurant."

"Is there any way for me to help?" Jasmine asked offering the menus she had managed to gather.

"Thanks," Franci replied grabbing the menus from the girl's hand. "AND that would be a lot of help."

Smiling in response, Jasmine followed Franci to the front door and asked, "So what do you want me to do first?"

"Just set up the tables and chairs, and come into the kitchen once you're done," Franci said as she flipped on the light switch.

"Well," Jasmine said. "How bad----OH MY GOSH!"

For in the entire restaurant was sixty to seventy chairs, and over a twenty tables set on top of each other.

"Crap!" Jasmine yelped, as she pulled up her sleeves. "Do you even *have* this many customers?!"

But before Franci could answer, she takes notice of the scar on Jasmine's right hand. Immediately she shakes her head, dismissing the thought that this woman was her old classmate.

"Ah, well you know where to find me when you're finished," Franci said, as she mindlessly walked towards the kitchen.

About an hour later, Jasmine had completed setting up the final chair and table, letting out a deep sigh of relief, she walked towards the kitchen.

"All right chief," Jasmine called watching Franci place a pan of chocolate cupcakes into the oven. "What else do you have for me?"

Grinning in response, Franci pointed to a metal table, "Just set up those plates, and we're good to go."

Nodding, Jasmine placed the plates on the metal table, while Franci grabbed a sack of flour to cook another dozen of cupcakes. Setting the flour down with a loud 'Thud!' As a small cloud of flour rose from the sack, Franci sneezed her signature squeaking sneeze.

"Bless you!" Jasmine said with a raised eyebrow.

"Thank you," Franci replied, still in her squeaking voice.

After several minutes of silence, Jasmine asked, "So how are you and Robbie?"

Yelping in response, Franci fumbled the carton of milk she had.

"H-How do you know my husband's name?!" she cried. "A-Are you some kind of stalker?!"

Growling softly, Jasmine thought, *A stalker? She is dead once she finds out who I am!*

"You seriously don't recognize me Franci?" Jasmine laughed. But seeing that Franci really couldn't recognize her, she pulled out her backup glasses, and placed them on, and tied her hair into a ponytail. "How 'bout now?"

"J-J-Jasmine?!" Franci gasped.

(ITS A MIRACLE! Okay first off, I apologize for the shortness of the last chapter but I made it up didn't I?)

4 - Reuniting with Old Friends

"The one and only!" laughed Jasmine as she was embraced with a hug from Franci.

"It so good to see you!" Franci said, but suddenly growing angry she confronted Jasmine. "WHERE WERE YOU FOR THE PAST TEN YEARS?!"

Eyes widening with fear, Jasmine backed up to a wall. "Ph-Ph-Philippines . . . I . . . ah . . . moved . . ."

"WHY DIDN'T YOU TELL ANYONE?!"

"Didn't want to, plus the fact that I had a feeling I wouldn't be missed."

As Franci calmed down, she shook her head and looked towards her friend, who now had a look of guilt on her face and said, "You know better than that Pluffy-chan, your a close friend and mysteriously vanishing gives me a panic attack."

"Sorry Fuu," Jasmine replied shrugging.

"So anyways," Franci said. "What brings you back to America?"

"Somehow 3ABN* managed to recruit me as animation director for a show that I created just for the network," Jasmine replied happily. "And for other reasons too."

"Oooh, you mean like Matt?" Franci asked, the ever-so familiar sly look appearing in her eyes.

Jasmine didn't reply, instead she looked away blushing.

"You do!" Franci exclaimed. "You still like him!"

"N-No I don't!" stammered Jasmine as she grabbed a water bottle and began to drink it.

"Mhmm," Franci replied as she peeked out a window to see Matt coming. "Oh look, Matt's coming."

Jasmine suddenly began to choke on her water and spitting out the liquid she gasped, "WHAT?!"

The two heard the sound of a bell, indicating that someone has entered the restaurant.

"Franci?" Matt called. "Are you there?"

"I'll be there in a couple minutes," Franci called back, with a mischievous smile.

"All right," responded Matt.

Grinning once more, Franci grabbed Jasmine by the shoulders and began to push her to the door. Immediately seeing what Franci is planning, Jasmine begins to struggle. Surprised at Jasmine's strength, Franci begins to force Jasmine towards the door, even though her friend has appeared to have grown stronger than the last time she saw her, so has Franci herself. Within seconds, Franci manages to push Jasmine through the door . . . And into Matt's arms!

"H-Hey M-Matt," Jasmine said her facing turning a cherry red.

"J-Jasmine?" Matt asked blushing a little bit himself. "No way."

"Heh," Jasmine laughed nervously. "Believe it."

Smirking, Franci turned to the sound system in her kitchen and turning it on, she placed a romantic CD into the system, and played a song. Peeking through the window, she laughed at the sight of the two turning even more red than before.

"I am gonna get her for that," Jasmine mumbled as Matt helped her up.

"I know this is sudden but . . . ah . . . would you like to go on a date with me?"

"S-S-Sure," Jasmine replied.

"Cool so pick you up at eight?" Matt asked, walking towards the door.

"I-I-I'm o-o-o-okay w-w-with that."

"All right see you later," Matt called leaving the restaurant.

"Oh . . . my gosh," Jasmine whispered walking towards the kitchen door.

As Jasmine entered the kitchen, Franci was cheering, "Way to go Pluffy-chan! You finally got your date with Matt!"

"N-No thanks to you," Jasmine replied grabbing her water bottle.

"Whoa! Whoa! Whoa!" Franci yelped, as Jasmine pinned her to the wall. "Wh-What are you doing Pluffy-chan?!"

"A little thing I'd like to call, payback," Jasmine replied pouring the water down Franci's shirt. **(I know it's not the most mature thing to do, but Jasmine's a kid at heart.)**

Yelping in response, Franci moaned, "Jasmine!"

"What?!" Jasmine asked. "We're even aren't we?"

"But if you haven't noticed, there's like fifteen minutes left before we open!"

"Crap," Jasmine muttered. "Sorry, wasn't paying attention. Do you want to head home to change?"

"While you manage the restaurant?!" Franci exclaimed. "No way!"

"Okay then what's your ever so bright idea?"

"Let's just wait for the assistant manager to come and we'll head to my place for me to change, and from there we'll head over to Roo's place to drop off a delivery."

"Wait," Jasmine said. "You mean Audrey?"

"Oh yeah, she has her own ranch in Laurendale," Franci replied.

"Dang," Jasmine mumbled. "So much has changed. What about Cuppy?" **(There are two Audreys in this story so one is called Cuppy, and the other is called Roo)**

"Cuppy?" Franci asked. "Oh she's in Japan, studying law."

"I can tell somebody's jealous," giggled Jasmine.

"Whatever," Franci replied rolling her eyes. "I went there for my honeymoon with Robbie."

"So what else should I know about?" Jasmine asked.

"Well, Roo's married to . . . Tyler."

"So I really did here wedding bells, when those two got together."

"Of course," giggled Franci. "And you remember Cole don't you?"

"So close to forgetting Franci, you just had to bring him back didn't you?!" growled Jasmine

"Sorry," laughed Franci. "Well, anyways after high school, Cole tried out for American Idol."

"And what? He was given the boot two seconds after he sang?" **(This is too true, Cole is a HORRIBLE singer!)**

"Actually no, he became one of the contestants, but Simon insulted Cole so bad he ran off stage crying."

"Poor guy."

"And now he's the principal at RAA."

"Wow, like father like son."

"And to think, Cole always got in trouble with his dad." **Yes, Cole's father was the principal of RAA)**

Chuckling in response, Jasmine looked out the window, and smiled.

"It looks like your assistant manager's here," she pointed out.

Nodding, Franci walked out to meet the assistant manager, after several minutes of talking, Franci waved Jasmine over, urging her to follow her. Smiling, Jasmine quickly ran after her.

"We'll take my car," Franci said.

"May I remind you that you almost ran me over with that car!?" Jasmine exclaimed.

"But---" Franci started.

"No thanks, we'll take my car," Jasmine stated firmly.

Grumbling in response, Franci followed Jasmine to the front of the restaurant, and eyebrows raised in shock as she stared at Jasmine's Honda Hybrid.

"Wh . . . How?" Franci stammered.

"Animation director is more of a part time thing," Jasmine explained. "I applied as a dentist at the federal prison up in the High Desert, and I've been accepted, problem is I don't have a place to stay."

"Well," Franci stated thoughtfully. "There are a few condos for sale at the place where I live."

"Sweet," Jasmine said, as she climbed into the driver's seat.

"So maybe later you can try and purchase one," Franci said climbing into the passenger seat.

"That sounds good enough for me," Jasmine said starting the ignition.

As Jasmine followed the directions Franci gave her, Franci gazed out the window. She couldn't believe it! Jasmine her best friend was back! She had so much to tell her, what happened to her classmates . . . Taking a quick glance at Jasmine, Franci shivered at the thought of what had happened to one of her classmates, Georgia. No, she decided, it would be best if she didn't tell . . . At least, not yet.

"FRANCI!" Jasmine's shout brings Franci out of her daze. "We're here!"

"Ah," Franci said. "Sorry, spaced out for a little bit."

And with that Franci stepped out of the car and walked towards the building. "I'll be back in ten!" she called to Jasmine.

Nodding numbly, Jasmine watched Franci, noticing the sad expression on her face. 'What's with Franci?' she thought.

* * *

About two hours later, a young man with messy brown hair and brown eyes was gazing out the window.

"Where is she?" he mumbled. "She should've been here by now!"

"Tyler?" a girl asked as she stepped into the room. "Franci isn't here yet?"

"No," Tyler replied hearing his stomach growl softly. "But she better hurry."

"Well," sighed Audrey. "When she comes tell she can come to the practice ring."

"All right," Tyler said kissing his wife lightly on the cheek. "I'll let her know."

Blushing, Audrey quickly left the room heading towards the horse stalls. Grinning in response, Tyler glanced out the window only to see a black Honda pull into the driveway.

"What the . . . ?" Tyler asked as he watched Franci step out of the passenger seat and another woman step out of the driver's side.

As Jasmine and Franci walked towards the house, Tyler greeted them at the door.

"Hey Franci!" Tyler called. "Who's your friend?"

"Sheesh, first your the one who didn't recognize me," mumbled Jasmine. "Now Tyler? This is very annoying!"

Giggling in response, Franci looked at Tyler and said, "This is Pluffy-chan!"

"Wait a minute," Tyler said. "Jasmine?! No way!"

"Believe it boy!" Jasmine said poking Tyler's side. "What will it take to prove it?!"

"Ah!" Tyler yelped as he winced. "Just that! But dang Jasmine! You've changed so much!"

"You'd be amazed at what a girl can do in ten years," Jasmine said.

Rolling her eyes and shaking her head, Franci offered Tyler the food.

"Where's Roo?" Franci asked.

"She's out at the practice ring," Tyler said taking the food. "She said to go there if you have the time."

"Well then what are we waiting for?" Franci asked grabbing Jasmine's wrist. "Let's go!"

"Whoa! Hey!" Jasmine yelped as she was dragged off by Franci.

Watching the two leave, Tyler chuckled, recalling how many times Franci had dragged Jasmine around during their school year.

* * *

A buckskin horse was trotting around the ring with Audrey as rider. Letting out a pleasant sigh, Audrey urged him into a canter. As she stroked the horse's neck, she looked up to see Franci and another person leaning on the ring's fence. Unable to recognize the other person, she urged the horse back into a gentle trot and directed it towards the two. Suddenly recognizing the other person, Audrey dismounted and taking the horse by his reigns ran towards her.

"Jasmine!" she cried.

"Hold on Roo!" Jasmine called. "Don't trip like you did when we were freshmen**!"

"Pluffy-chan!" Franci exclaimed, punching Jasmine in the arm. "That's mean!"

Laughing in response, Jasmine braced herself for a hug from Audrey.

"Its nice to see you again Roo!" Jasmine laughed as she hugged Audrey back.

"Where have you been?!" exclaimed Audrey as she released Jasmine from her hug.

"The Philippines," Franci replied glaring at Jasmine. "Apparently she moved!"

"Next time you do something like that," Roo said. "Do let us know."

"Don't worry guys," Jasmine replied grinning. "I'm staying in America for good."

"Well then, how 'bout I change and we'll catch up some more shall we?" Audrey asked as she walked

towards the house.

Both nodding, Franci and Jasmine quickly trailed after Audrey. An hour later, Franci, Audrey and Jasmine were talking over a cup of coffee.

"Well now, we got almost all of our friends down," Jasmine said explaining how Franci told her of what had become of the other Audrey. "So what about Georgia?"
Looking down sadly, Audrey said, "Georgia's in prison."

At last! Its finished! Two weeks working on this chapter and its finished! Now then I'll make sure the time it takes to make chapters like this will take less time during my summer vacation, so keep an eye out for the story!

~ animewolfflover

* 3ABN - 3 Angels Broadcasting Network, a Seventh-Day Adventist television network

** Please note a lot of memories of this story are based off of what had happened in real life. But I won't be too specific with this memory so I'll put it in a nutshell: Friend saw other friend, ran towards her and tripped.

5 - Reuniting with Old Friends pt. 2

Ack, didn't think something like this would happen, but fortunately Reuniting with Old Friends may only be two parts, so enjoy this chapter

"SAY WHAT?!" Jasmine exclaimed jumping up from where she was seated.

"Jasmine," Audrey said, a tinge of sadness in her voice. "Please calm down."

"That's kind of hard for me to do now!" snapped Jasmine.

"I know how you feel," Franci said, her eyes downcast. "That's how I reacted when I found out about it two."

"What was she charged for?!" Jasmined asked as she sat back down.

"I think it was for several murder cases," Audrey sighed.

"There's no way Georgia would do something like that! As far as I know Georgia's way too nice to do something like that!"

"Well, that's what she was accused for," Franci replied.

"Somehow all the evidence was pointed towards her," Audrey continued.

"How long?" Jasmine asked. "And what prison?!"

"Four years and the Los Angeles county jail," replied Audrey. "She's been there for three months already."

"And you guys haven't done anything about it?!"

"Well, we've been holding prayer meetings for her, but we can't do much," replied Franci.

"Better count me in," growled Jasmine.

"Wait a minute," Audrey said. "You said your working for the federal prison now aren't you?"

"Don't get any ideas, the federal prison restricts me from going into prisons like L.A's."

Sighing in response, Audrey sipped her coffee.

"But while I'm recovering from the fact Joey's in jail," Jasmine asked. "What about Gezelle?"

"She's a surgeon at the Medical center," replied Franci.

"Interesting," Jasmine mumbled as she sipped on her coffee.

"We're planning to stop by the medical center and visit later this week," Audrey said. "But since your here, I guess I could cancel the classes I'm teaching."

"Roo . . . You don't have to do this."

"Come on Jasmine, its been ten years since I last saw you, do you really think I'm gonna miss out on this?"

"Okay, okay I get it," Jasmine mumbled.

"Well come on," Franci said. "I know a shortcut."

"Yeah that'll end up taking us two hours to get there," Jasmine mumbled as Franci turned around and stuck her tongue out at Jasmine.**(What can I say? Franci's a kid at heart as well)**

Laughing quietly, Audrey followed after her two friends. Jasmine takes the driver's seat while Franci took passenger, and Audrey taking the back. Starting the car, Jasmine followed Franci's directions

* * *

Two hours later, Jasmine pulled the car into Oceania Medical Center's parking lot. Glaring at Franci, she growled.

"Hey, hey!" Franci said raising her hands in defense. "I thought it would be a good shortcut."

Both Jasmine and Audrey looked at each other before walked towards the building with Franci quickly following after them. Thirty minutes later, Jasmine, Audrey and Franci were watching their classmate, Gezelle perform a surgery. Gazing into the window that views over the entire surgery. Staring at the equipment and Gezelle's swift yet cautious movements, Jasmine could tell this was a critical surgery and even if there was one mistake it could result in the death of the patient. Taking a deep breath, Jasmine took a quick look at her friends. Audrey seemed fine, Franci on the other hand. Poor Franci was as white as a ghost. Chuckling, Jasmine recalled how easily sick Franci got when it came to surgeries, sure she was okay with blood but the thought of seeing human organs and the fact that they were in her body was just too much for her.

"Franci?" Jasmine asked. "You okay?"

There was groan in response and suddenly Franci fainted.

"Franci!" Jasmine exclaimed kneeling down next to her friend.

"This is why [urp] I wouldn't dare [urp] get a job in the medical field!" groaned Franci.

Giggling, Jasmine helped Franci up and laughed as her friend stumbled down the hall mumbling, "If you need me I'll be outside."

"Hold on Franci!" Jasmine called. "I better come with you!"

"I'll just wait for Gezelle," Audrey said.

ANNOUNCEMENT! The continuation of this story shall be temporarily delayed. The reason is because an event has occurred to my friend, who's character is portrayed by Franci. And as a result of this even I have to change a large majority of the story completely in both past and future chapters