

Oh noes!

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Submitted: November 13, 2008

Updated: November 13, 2008

The schools thought it would be fun to play 'foren exchange student teacher', every teacher thinks it fun right. Well it was, until some 'got poked in the eye'. Not literally.

Provided by Fanart Central.

<http://www.fanart-central.net/stories/user/pookiebear/54850/Oh-noes>

Chapter 1 - The starting of the big event

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1 - The starting of the big event

“Wow, this is awkward.” AiraBella mumbled, staring at her mother in a...sexual position with Poncho, there Gardener. He was about 20 years younger then AiraBella’s Mom, Christina. Christina gasped, shoving the sweaty tanned gardener off her and pulling the sex stained blue sheets to her chest. “Sweetie-“

“Er, dads here...”

“I’ll be down in a moment, okay?”

“No need, bye mom, by Poncho.” Aira said, closing the door.

“It’s Seth!” Poncho said his voice muffling because of the closed door. She picked her bags up; she had dropped them on the wood floor moments before. Shocker there.

Aira hurried out the front door and towards her Dads rusty blue truck. Second’s latter Christina ran out in her bra and underwear, causing out neighbors to watch in amusement. Probably wondering what the crazy Keller family was up to now. It was like a soap opera to them.

“Mom! Get back inside! Go get your clothes on!” AiraBella hissed blushing from embarrassment.

“Don’t Mommy your Mommy. Hi Greg.”

“Hi Christina.” Greg mumbled staring face foreword.

“Were going to miss the plane! I’ll see you during charismas and write you and stuff, bye mom!” She said horridly opening the truck door and throwing her many bags in, she then turned and kissed her mom on the forehead.

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Prosper was always one of those girls. She was the rebel princess, the full blood with attitude problems and dressed like a muggle hoochie. Nevertheless, Carsi was always by her side, watching her stupidity and saving her from her mistakes.

Carsi was her pet, no friend, since birth, literally. Carsi was a Mursic, a large very cat with 3 eyes and 2 bunny ears.

“Prosper! Mommy says it’s time to leave!”

“Coming!” Prosper yelled back, shoving the last article of clothing into her trunk and locking it securely. She dragged the bag off the bed and pulled it acrossed the floor, wincing at the screeching noise it made.

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Darek grumbled incoherently as his sister decided it would be fun to torcher the hell out of him. She had hid his ipod again. She was so dead!

Darek imagined what he would do to her if he did not find it in the next 2 minutes.

“October, if my ipod doesn’t appear in the next second I’m going to jinx you!” He yelled, his petit twin appeared in the door way, her brown hair in a pony tail. In her small hand was his most prized position, his sleek black ipod he had stolen from best buy.

His second prize position was not really a position at all; it was his skill at stealing valuable things.

An: So here it is!