

# Frindle

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*Frindle sees the supernatural and lives in a pscyciatric youth care... place... o\_O;;*

# 1. Chapter 1

It was as if it was a dream... No... A nightmare. There was screams, and fire, and the smell of rotting flesh. But yet it was not an ordinary hotel fire. Only I could see it. I was terrified... My parents were worried about me, but scared stiff when they found out that the same fire that I had seen this morning while they checked in happened five years ago. And there I was, seeing it happen, standing in that same room seeing something no other human could see... I am human... right? Back then I was only four. People thought I was strange, for the first time I spoke I was already three. I am thirteen now. My parents not knowing what to do admitted me into a special youth care center. They think I am crazy because I can see things no human eye can see, causing to traumatize me for all I see are not pleasant so I talk in third person. I don't know many words, I can't spell, I basically act like the basic three, or four year old. It's not my fault... I. Frindle... Can see the supernatural.

"NO!!! LEMME GO!!! I'M NOT CRAZY, I DON'T BELONG HERE!!!!" A girl said clinging to the entrance doors of Taylor's Psychiatric youth care center.

"Moriah, let go!!! You have been admitted here by order of your mother and your psychiatrist!!!!" One of the nurses yelled pulling on her legs. "NO!!! I'M NOT CRAZY!!! MY MOTHER JUST DOESN'T LIKE ME AND MY PSYCHIATRIST IS ON DRUGS!!!!"

"Doctor!! We're gonna need help with this one!!!"

Frindle peered out of his room to see what was happening. "Wadda ya doing Frin?" A young male said from a top bunk bed.

"They fight outside. I hear yells. Please dont call frindle frin, okay toe?"

"Only if you dont call me toe, I'm toby you weirdo." Toby said gleaming at Frindle.

"Come on moriah honey, please dont fuss!!"

A male said oulling Moriah past Frindle's door.

"... Heh, I hope the get bunked with your friends. Who were they... Jessica and Mikeala?"

"They nice, yelling girl maybe happy with them!"

"Your so weird..."

"Frindle weird?!? At least Frindle no afraid of trash cans!!"

"I told you already!! They're out to get me!!! I hear them whispering to me all the time!!!!"

"Whatever Toe..."

"I said stop calling me that!!" Toby said hopping out of bed and heading towards the door.

"Where are Toby going?" Frindle asked.

"To the art room!" Toby said covering his eyes so the trashcans in the hallway couldn't see him, and he darted out and turned into a room. Frindle stared strait down the hall...