

Frindle

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This is redone. Burner doesn't have much creativity...

1. Chapter 1

I know I am different. I just didn't know how much exactly. It started out small, working its way up. At first it was only shadows, little glimpses of people or things I could see out of the corner of my eye, which nobody else could. But around when I was five, I finally knew, how much I am different. My family and I were going on a trip in Germany and checked into a really nice hotel. When I set one foot inside, a woosh of energy went right through me. I could see people dying, running, and I could smell rotting corpses of people who didn't make it out in time. It was a fire... After my parents had gotten their room, I decided to say something, but as soon as I was going to speak, a figure walked straight into our room. Without opening the door. My parents were worried about me, my eyes gazing upon nothing. I finally built up the courage to tell them. They thought a therapist could solve my problems. But that seemed to make it worse as time grew on. I began seeing them more, and even being able to talk, and have physical contact with them. They referred to themselves as 'spirits' or 'wanderers' but to everyone else... They were ghosts. My parents were in fear, for when I had just turned 12, I had seen my first vampire. They had talked it over and on my 13th birthday, I was admitted into Professor Dementor's Psychiatric youth care center. Though I could barely read, and already 13, I knew what it was. My parents, and everyone else I have ever known, thought I was crazy. Because, I frindle, could see the supernatural.

"Frindle... Frindle, its morning. Wake up. FRIN?!!!" A young boy's voice said shaking a lump on a bottom bunkbed.

"I not Frin. I Frindle." The lump said, and stretched, then slowly hopped out of bed. "Man, I thought you were dead." The young boy said. "Any ting knew toe?" Frindle asked rubbing his eyes. " My name is Toby. Not TOE. and... no..." At that moment there heard screams from the open door leading into a long hallway.

"NO!! I'M NOT CRAZY!! LET ME GO!! I DON'T BELONG HERE!!!" A young girl said, clinging to the entrance to the large building.

"Ms. Moriah, please, you are causing a scene... This is not a big of a deal, your psychologist and mother said you need to live with us for a while, tis' all!!" A male nurse said, trying to pull her away from the door.

"MY MOM HATES ME, AND MY PSYCOLOGIST IS ON CRACK!!!! LEMME GO!!!!" She said tightening her grip.

Frindle and Toby looked at one another. They couldn't help laughing for the display going on right out there door. Finally after awhile the nurse and a couple of doctors calmed her down and were able to talk to her in Professor Dementor's office. Dementor... That is such an uncomfortable name. The kind that gives you chills every time you are supposed to be comforted by it.

Toby stood up. "Where you goes?" Frindle asked. "To the art room. I wanna paint a picture of a kitty." Toby said, covering his eyes. Frindle gently picked up what seemed to be a stuffed cat and held it close to him. "No worry Toby. It garbage day. No trash cans." "Oh... Thank god. I hate it when they stare at me in the hallways. They know what I'm thinking... They want to kill me..." Toby said walking relieved out of the room and down the hall. "Do you think he weird Mr.Bunny?" Frindle said directing to the cat. "No... I honestly think he doesn't like trash cans..." The cat said, surprisingly answering him. "oh... I get dressed now so we go see Mikeala and Jessica." Frindle said hopping up. "Okay,... Remember, Tag goes inside shirt, and facing your back" The cat said walking around the bed for no apparent reason. "Oh...." Frindle said looking at his shirt, and quickly turned it around. Then he closed the door and finished changing.