

The Miri Conspiracy

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Miri has been on the run from the government her whole life, only, she dosent know it. She was involved in this prject and something happened and her patents decided they didnt want to be a part of it, so they ran off with Miri. Only now they decided

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Miri was not a superstitious person. She didn't go for the whole break-the-mirror 7-years-of-bad-luck thing. But somehow, when she glanced up at the calendar that morning, she couldn't help feeling oddly spooked, it was, of course, Friday the 13th. She tried to tell herself it didn't matter, it didn't. She didn't care, but it did somehow. Miri had a wild imagination, she loathed the fact that she lived in such ordinary times. She hated that her mom drove her to soccer practice every day, instead of Miri fighting enemies on the back of a dragon with an enchanted sword. So when Miri saw Friday the 13th on the calendar her imagination went wild; she would be kidnapped. No! How ordinary. Something else would happen, something amazing and wild. Beyond comparison. It-

"EARTH TO MIRI!!!!!!!!!"

Miri blinked. She hated Ellie. She didn't actually, Ellie was her best friend. She tried to remember what Ellie had been saying. She couldn't. Miri had been too caught up in her own story of mystery and excitement. That was the problem with her life she decided, it was too normal.

"Miri??? Are you there at all???"

Miri sighed, "Yes, I am. What do you want El?"

"The rest of your breakfast."

"Sure." Miri pushed the plate of awful cafeteria eggs across the table. As Ellie chattered on about everything and nothing, Miri lapsed back into her daydreams. She tried to think of something evil, something exciting evil, not boring evil. It was Friday the 13th after all, something should happen, but she failed.

The day passed by as most school days did. Teachers, classes, friends, and homework blended together into a whirlwind of things to-do. As Miri walked home she thought about the day. What had happened? Someone had throw up at lunch. Anything else? No, not really. Miri sighed, her life was boring. She reached her front door, for a moment she was filled with the same sense of foreboding she had had that morning looking at the calendar. But the moment passed and it left Miri to doubt whether it had ever happened. She stepped inside.

"Mom! I'm home!" There was no answer. Odd, thought Miri. Then a part of her mind, the part that stepped in at times like these said, something's happened to her. Something's happened. That's what you wanted wasn't it? Shut up, Miri told herself. She's just at the store. She went down to the garage to check if the car was there, it wasn't. See, she's at the store. She called her mom's cell phone, no one answered. Fine, she told herself. She has her phone turned off. Who cares? Wait until she gets home, she will. Start on your homework or something. But it was Friday, so Miri contented herself with calling

Ellie.

“Do you know who threw up at lunch??? It was totally disgusting wasn't it?”

“Uh, yeah, it was.” Miri was distracted, no matter what, she had a feeling that her mom was not “just at the store.”

An hour later her mom wasn't home. Miri was panicking by now, it was 5 o'clock! Her dad was supposed to be home at five. Neither parent home, and there hadn't been so much as a phone call. It was very unlike her parents to go unheard of for this long. A shrill ring cut through the unnerving silence. Miri pounced on the phone.

“Hello?”

“Is this the Rowland household?”

“Yes it is. May I ask who's calling?”

“Officer Mathew Caldwell.” Then, “To whom am I speaking?”

Miri hesitated, then said, “Miri Rowland, is there a problem sir?”

“Yes, Miri there is. Your parents' car was found in upper Chelsea on West 59th Street. It was involved in an accident, both of your parents suffered fatal wounds.”

“My parents died?” The idea was laughable, who the heck was this guy?

“Uh,” The man seemed caught off guard, probably by Miri's frankness, then he said, “Yeah, they did.” His voice was soft and sincere.

Sill, Miri didn't care. “Gee, thanks.” She said happily. Somebody's having a laugh over this call, she thought. After all it was Friday night, what better way to kill time than make prank phone calls?

“Miri, this is a serious affair. I-”

“I bet it is.” Said Miri unable to control her laughter now, and then, inevitably, Miri hung up.

Her parents didn't come home that night, so Miri gave herself a relaxed evening. She had frozen pizza for dinner and watched TV, but after an hour of brainless shows, Miri was aching for something to do. She thought again of the conversation with “Officer Caldwell.” It always came back to West 59th Street, where there would be evidence of the crash. She took out a map, West 59th Street, north of her house about a mile. Not far at all. Three and a half miles to be exact. A fairly straight forward route, easy to follow. No! No, no, no, Miri told herself. Don't go out looking for something that doesn't exist. But once

thought was there it didn't go away. So after studying the map thoroughly, Miri wheeled her bike out of the garage and pedaled her way up to West 59th Street. Nothing. There was nothing there.

Miri's mind reeled. If there had been a car crash, especially as recent as several hours ago, then there would be something there. Prank phone call, Miri reminded herself. But if it had been a prank phone call then where were her parents? What on earth was going on here?

Somehow Miri got to sleep that night. But her sleep was one troubled by memories too faint to remember. Next morning, when she woke up she checked upstairs. No one there, still. When she went back downstairs she noticed her phone beeping in the corner. She went over to it. One message.

With trembling hands Miri clicked the play button. It was from her mom. It said;

"Miri, I am sorry we had to leave you hanging like this. It was never meant to be. Your father and I well, to be honest, we don't know when we'll see you again. We love you and one day we shall find you and tell you everything. Miri listen closely to me there is a police officer who can help you. Officer Caldwell I believe, try to find him and we will get this sorted out. Miri sweetheart, I'm so sorry. We love you. Good-bye."

Miri played the message four times, and each time it was the same. Slowly, unbelievably, she stood up. What now? She thought, what now?

An hour later Miri was standing at the police station on Main Street. She pushed open the door.

"Excuse me ma'am, is Officer Caldwell in?" The secretary gave her a long look.

"I'll check." She answered. She made a phone call. Then she turned back to Miri. "Yes, he is in, what's your name young lady?"

"Miri Rowland."

She talked a little more into the phone. "He'll be right down to see you."

A minute later, he was. "Hello Miri, how can I help you?"

Miri regarded him, and then, in a tone remarkably calm considering the circumstances she said, "You can begin by telling me everything."

Miri now lived with Aunt, a kind elderly woman that could have been anybody's grandmother, but was Miri's aunt. She was not actually sure if she was related to Aunt, but for the time being she lived with her.

There was another girl living with Aunt, her name was Jess. Jess was small and thin and quiet, at the moment Miri was quiet too. One night, however, the silence was broken.

"Miri?" Jess's voice was small and high.

"Hmm?"

“Why are you here? At Aunt's I mean?”

Miri froze, she didn't want to say, but in a way she knew that she had to. She had been holding back the whole frightful story, and here was her chance to let loose. So Miri told Jess what happened.

“Well it all started only a week ago. I was walking home from school and when I got there, no one was home.” Miri told about how the police officer had called her and she hadn't believed him. Then when no one had come home that night she had taken matters into her own hands and rode to West 59th Street. “Nothing Jess, there wasn't a thing there.” And then Miri told about the message from her mom. “The next day, God knows how, I gathered my wits together and went to the police station. And I talked to the officer that was supposed to help me and-” Miri broke off. The next bit was the painful part, but she sucked in her breath and began again. “So I talked to the Officer Caldwell, I think, and he told me what had happened.”

Jess had been sucked in by Miri's story, now she nodded, “Miri, you don't have to tell me the last part if you think it's too painful to relive again.”

But Miri shook her head, “No, I have to tell you. I can't go on my whole life with this thing inside of me. What happened when I talked to the Officer was he told me that I was not related to my parents.” Jess nodded as if she knew what that felt like, and then Miri knew, she does know and she is letting me tell her, so that we can lean on each other when we need to. “Well I'm not related to my parents, I could have been adopted. Why did they have to run off and leave me, and the officer says, ‘because they kidnapped you Miri, and now they don't want to pay for what they did. So they run off and leave the mess for everyone else to straighten out.’”

There was silence in the attic room they shared. What now, Miri thought, what now?