**CHAPTER I**

*The Golden Griffin*

The sky was fierce and thundering in the city of WintleVille on the island known to be Orthins as the moonlight embraces what there is, as so it was on the rest of the islands of Monthiester.

Time was so in a hurry that when MickleBerry checked his watch it was already quarter to 10. In haste holding a red antique umbrella with his right hand and his casket on his left, he ran towards a blue painted metal tube with a rectangular plate with it at least 3 meters above the ground that stood near the street. Perceiving what is on the plate,

“Ispran -- zia two WintleVille City!” he mumbled in great gladness.

Mickle took some steps forward then he turned facing the house he thinks he was after. He felt it – that’s got to be the house

“Mom, hold on! I will call the doctor,” a girl babbled in terror while holding her mother’s right hand and off she ran.

In a dash, leaving the room open – she ran towards their living-room and grabbed a book near the telephone on a table connected to a vintage seat of green velvet fabric. Heart’s racing, she turned every page – skipping, looking for something,

“F—G—H, H!, ahmmm.. Hos--pital!” she muttered irritably while scanning down the page up and down, searching – like nodding seriously on the book.

“Hospaffa, Vincewell...”

“Hospinch, Markvelle”

...

“Hosquel, Michibill ---.”

Veronica Treavourg was lying down her bed feeling the pain. She was convinced that this night might be the end of her suffering. Convinced that she is going to see her third, convinced that --,

“Ahhh.. Parvati! Don’t call for help!” Veronica shouted for dear life convinced that someone would come for her. Parvati dropped the book down their white tiled floor without noticing as tears fell down from her pretty brown eyes – she found nothing, for she did not know how to use the directory. She must go outside and call for help, she thought.

Three strong knocks were heard on their main door which froze Parvati from shouting what she did not found on their telephone’s directory.

Veronica heard the last loud knock. She knew it. The one who knocked must be the one she was waiting for. She smiled which covers the pain she’s baring within her. Gladness was with her eyes and joy went through her heart.

“Come and hurry! MicBerry!” shouted Veronica.

Without hesitation, Mickleberry opened the door and his eyes captured the sight of Parvati. He ran and patted Parvati on the head and kissed it,

“You will see your new brother alive and kicking little princess,” he uttered and smiled while wiping her tears with his right thumb.

“Please save my ma--ma too,” she replied and ran to the other room where her younger brother was sleeping.

Mickleberry then proceeded quickly to Veronica’s room, closed the door -- and did what should be done.

Eyes were hazel brown like her mother’s eyes. He took his first breath of air on Earth and cried his first. Mickleberry checked his watch, sweating from the operation which was already done.

“Ten Twenty-four of Post Meridiem, operation done!” Mickleberry proudly uttered and opened the door.

Veronica was very tired from delivery that she almost slept. She grabbed her new born boy and smiled pricelessly.

“Jack, from now on – you will be called Jack Treavourg,” she spoke.

While Mickleberry was packing up his tools, Parvati went inside then saw her mother sleeping and her new younger brother by her side wrapped in a white fine cloth.

So pleased, Parvati took a seat next to the bed and laid her head on her arms gazing her new brother with delight. Blinking her eyes as Jack breathe in and out – then she fell asleep.

Mickleberry was glad that the family was fine, that they are leaving in peace. He went to the other room and saw Michael woke up with his eyes as hazel as the others. Michael reached out his hand to the space toys hanging on his crib giggling.

Watching the kid, Mickleberry then looked at his fingers counting – thinking,

“Parvati – se – six years old, Michael – hmm take away five – easy! Two years in the living!” he marvelled.

While Mickleberry was taking care of everybody in the house, Parvati was in a deep sleep.

“No, I should leave! This is for the better, I don’t want you all to get involved,” Parvati shouted.

“This house will guard you! This will keep us away from harm! That!” Veronica shouted back pointing her right hand on parvati’s necklace – on it was her pink crystal butterfly, and someone Veronica was holding on with her left wasn’t clear.

Parvati looked back ... away from her mother’s sight – walked as she heard her footsteps in the midst, everything’s red – bloody red.

Someone’s crying she noticed. A baby she thought. As she walked further away in the emptiness, the crying went louder and louder.

She snapped out. She was dreaming. While her heart was beating fast, she held her butterfly necklace by her left hand clutching it. It glowed without her recognizing.

Jack Treavourg was crying loudly. Mickleberry hurried inside,

“Rise and shine everyone, Breakfast is ready!” Mickleberry shouted with energy carrying Michael on his left. Michael was gazing here and there then finaly uttered, “Ma-- ma”.

Parvati stood up forgetting her dream as she childishly talked with Jack. Mickleberry checked his watch, “sev-en thirty-eight.”

Veronica woke up, opened her eyes with a blurry to clear view of her room. Purple tinted curtains catching some of the rays of the sun, mini cabinets on the wall where lots of books were piled reflecting the light on its glass doors.

“Breakfast is ready. Parvati is waiting for you in the kitchen,” Mickleberry uttered sitting beside Veronica’s bed.

Veronica glanced around and noticed a crib on her left side – Jack was sleeping peacefully. She smiled. They went outside and ate together.

“It looked delicious but it became more delicious when I ate it! You cook like my mama Dr.Berry,” Parvati exclaimed.

Mickleberry almost choke then in haste, he grabbed his glass of orange juice to drink it. Veronica chuckled silently noticing Mickleberry’s cheeks turn into red.

“Thank you dear princess and you look like your mother too ... and you can call me uncle if you like!” He replied cheerfully with a smile.

“Really, am I beautiful like my mama uncle?” Parvati’s eyes opened widely.

“Yes, your eyes too little princess”

“Mama Veronica! Is it true?” Parvati blinked her eyes thrice in amazement to let Veronica see it for proof.

“Yes my dear, as bright as your mama’s eyes,” Veronica smiled as she proudly spoke and kissed Parvati’s forehead.

Hours later, Micleberry was again packing his things to his casket leaving a crystallized bracelet in the sofa. A crystallized elliptical gem was inlayed in it.

“Veronica, wear this to Jack, like you did to your other children,” uttered Mickleberry in front of Veronica.

“Here’s his elixir, take good care of this until the time that he will need to drink this. Are the two other elixirs with you?”

“Yes, they’re hidden in my safe.”

“Very well then, can I see what’s store for Jack?”

“As you please Dr.MicBerry,”

Veronica held the armlet Mickleberry handed then she wore it to Jack’s left wrist unlocked. As she was about to talk, the crystallized gem on the bracelet echoed some words with a gusty man’s voice,

“Say it”

“His Jack, guard his soul. Guide him as thy time permits. The time you will give him what is his.”

“Free me!”

“Mal haliev-er Phlu twas!”

The gem glowed brightly in golden yellow slowly breaking the crystal around it. Golden wings appeared shining flapping the crystal fragments around it. A pitchy voice roared like a bird breaking the crystal fragments near the glowing wings – a head of an eagle appeared opening its beak to cry. The glowing creature moved its head as it flapped its wings aggressively. The whole of the crystallized sphere then broke up leaving the creature with its left upper foot and right lower foot tangling with the crystallized string that made up the armlet.

It stopped like a golden statue then its tail coiling up the string behind it. Slowly moving, the tail then reached the other side of the bracelet coiling with the other crystallized string thrice tying up Jack’s bracelet

“A griffin, He’s got The Golden Griffin!” Mickleberry jumped in amazement. “You’ve got to hire your nanny Veronica!”

“I can handle them”

“Brother would not like you to forget your health you know, you must take care of yourself too.”

“Thanks,” Veronica smiled at Mickleberry,

“You can stay here as long as you like MicBerry.” She added.

“No, it’s so busy there. Lots of work you know – fighting, taking care of things and stuff.” Mickleberry replied.

“Then take care, tell your brother we’ve got a cute and lovely boy like Michael. Tell him I -- love him and believes in him,” Veronica gasped heavily as if she had freed something in her heart, as if she had been longing to say these words. She wiped away her tears acting brave and felt a warmer glow of happiness in her heart than before.

Mickleberry then kissed the foreheads of the kids as he passed next to their room.

“See you then Doctor,” Veronica spoke lightly.

Dr.Mickleberry then bowed in front of them in the living-room, wore his hat then opened the door which suddenly became velvet in color – rays of light went in.

“See you next time uncle!” Parvati shouted.

“See you too,” Mickleberry replied as he grabbed his umbrella with his right hand. “When you grow up,” He whispered himself, took few steps outside the door until he was nowhere to be seen.

**CHAPTER 2**

**Mocking Bird**

WintleVille was busy as always as it was in the street of Ispranzia. The sky was solemn this time compared to the households that the early neighbours were doing. Up above, the sun was striving itself to be seen and the thick clouds were enjoying their publicity for a while.

Some Parents were tidying up their children and some had just finished cooking their breakfast like Mrs.Felidy. Topaz Felidy was a science teacher in Vinqueen National High School. She studied General Biology and earned her degree in WintleVille University and there she graduated with her present husband Vince who took mathematics as his course.

Ms.Felidy was a proud wife and a proud mother. She has chubby Fruy – eating his chocolate cookies and older son Fritz with their tan skin and not so curly black hair which they inherited from their mother.

Fritz was feeding up his dog – a Samoyed ... some cereals when he took a glimpse at somebody in a window next to their front yard. “Be good lambda,” he whispered frantically patting the dog’s forehead as he rose up from bending,

“Brodher Fritz! Cookies for breakfast!” shouted Fruy. Ms.Topaz sighed as she handed a glass of water before Fruy could almost choke.

A walk away to the left from the Felidys was a house. Someone’s staring inside, inside of its right window. Hazel brown eyes, bouncy black hair, hands holding up its white curtain – it was Parvati.

While Veronica was cleaning up their dining table, Jack was tapping something with his fingers. “Oh ... nitwit’s got his new ultra flamo sword ... UNIQUE!” whispered Jack in amazement smiling pricelessly.

“Jack and Mike” Veronica called while piling up their plates in the cabinet. “Be ready for the school bus,” she added.

Still staring what is outside the window ... Parvati saw Felidys car went by. She grabbed her pink backpack from the sofa then groomed herself facing the mirror which stood between their door and their window.

While Jack was still playing seriously, Michael hid behind the sofa Jack was sitting at. He was about to grab the tab Jack was holding when Jack noticed.

“But Nitwit’s about to level up!” Jack begged.

“Fix yourself, we are about to go,” replied Michael wearing his well polished black shoes.

“Don’t forget your I.Ds,” uttered Veronica.

“See you later Ma,” Jack and Michael grinned.

Parvati kissed her mother’s right cheek.

“Oh you look good with your white jeans and Maroon WintleVille leather jacket honey ... just be always confident okay,” Veronica told Parvati. “See you all later then and be safe.”

The two went outside and directed their ways to their respective school buses. Michael was left alone standing in their front yard.

Before Jack could even enter Wintleville sophomore’s school bus, Ms. Haloway, their freshmen president blocked his way. A pen on her left and a notebook on her right, she stood out straight full of confidence.

“White shirt – check ... WintleVille’s tuxedoes – check ... black shoes – check ... I.Ds uhmmm what else -- come inside.”Finly Haloway finaly uttered.

“Whatever!” Jack muttered to himself.

While Jack’s and Parvati’s bus were off to school, Michael was still entering their school bus for it was the last one to arrive. Everyone inside has gone wild.

“Blow three farts for Mr.President!” Mr. Hoover Shult shouted.

Everyone became silent. Ashamed that no one has responded, Hoover sat down and faked a call.

“Done with numbers 1 and 4?” someone sitting next to him asked.

Michael looked at him in doubt “Oh yes and that was easy,” he replied.

“Good! I’m done with mine too. Let’s just rewrite our answers later then.”

“Have you heard that Prof. Weckinly’s going to replace Ma’am Sylvesli today?”

“Well ... who the heck is Weckinly?”

“My sister told me that he came outside of Orthins.”

“Hmm ... I feel bad for Ma’am Sylvesli.”

Jack’s bus has arrived. Landing down his feet on the ground, he smiled – took a deep breath “Nitwit ... it’s time to show what we got,” he told himself.

Parvati was walking her way to her first class. Everybody around her seems to be talking about their coming intramurals. Drawing nearer to her destination ... she glared at the doorknob and positioned her hand to open the door when somebody inside it had swung it open hastily by great force. Parvati hit her forehead and you could really see from her face that it hurts.

“What! Oh Parvati sorry,” the man was now biting his lips.

“Fruy!” She glanced at him knuckling her fists. Eyes met, worried Fruy touched her forehead. Parvati’s cerebellum went buffering – her face was now burning wild peach,

“I was just in a hurry –” Fruy looked aside.

“No – that was good.”Parvati proceeded inside and was now knocking her skull with her fist. What good are talking about she thought.

Minutes later, Michael bus has arrived and jack was now sitting twisting his pen by fingers fancily.

“Good morning ma’am Squintz!” Jack and his classmates greeted in an almost rhythmic manner ... Jack’s voice was the loudest.

“Okay fellas, let me give you something to warm your brains up before we proceed to our lecture for today.”

Every student in the class felt their heart jump except on a girl sitting next to Jack.

“Why doesn’t a stomach digest itself?”

Jack raised his hand then he stood up thinking. Everyone looked at him.

“It is because the person doesn’t want to digest his own stomach ... the brain naturally told it not to do so.” He uttered in confidence and for once in his life he felt like he was brilliant – everyone’s looking at him.

“I appreciate your rare participation in this class Treavourg but that was obviously wrong,” Miss Squintz replied back.

The girl sitting beside jack stood and spoke, “Because of the mucus coating the gastric lining ma’am ... it forms a barrier between the stomach’s acid and the stomach wall.”

“Very well, Quartz! And even though the hydrochloric acid damages the cells of the stomach, the stomach does the repairs automatically.”

Miss Squintz continued their discussion then Mr. Flant came in for their next class. Jack could not believe what had happened. His first ever participation failed him. Who cares, he thought.

“Give me your answers Mike,” a boy sitting behind Micheal spoke.

“Don’t mind rewriting it. I have our assignment.”

“You answered 3 and 5?”

“All.”

“You mean all 5 problems on the exercises?”

“No. All 20 problems”

The boy behind Micheal almost reacted exaggeratedly when a woman went inside their room.

“Good Morning Ms. Hemwik!” the class greeted.

Ms. Hemwik was now on her sit when she started calling someone.

“Maylene and Frank.”

A girl stood up and handed Ms. Hemwik a paper. Ms. Hemwik checked the paper.

“Why weren’t you able to answer problems 4 and 5? ... well anyways 3 out of 5 are fine.”

“Davee and Asnairah.”

“Micheal and Peter.”

Micheal reached out his hand and handed their homework to Ms. Hemwik. He is sitting on the front seat and Peter was behind him. Peter in relief poked Micheal’s head.

While every class at WintleVille High was busy on their academics. Parvati was exempted from their class to practise a board game.

“Parvati, mind your horses. They are very effective ones. One move may change your chances of winning.” A fat man seriously spoke sitting in front of Parvati.

“I know couch,” she replied.

“Do not focus on one subject! Every warrior should have their move for support. My turn.”

Parvati took up her move afterwards.

“Oh! You should not do such unreasonable sacrifices. Remember ... WHAT!” Her couch widened his eyes in amazement.

“Check Mate!” Parvati marvelled.

It was now noon when Mrs. Kwidledotch came for Jack’s Math class, His last class for the day and his most hated class. Sitting at the very left corner, Jack was sightseeing outside thinking about Nitwit’s new Ulra Flamo Sword when suddenly a strange looking bird flew and knocked itself into his window.

The class did not notice the noise the bird was making because of the intense horrifying formulas Mrs.Kwidledotch has been teaching. With her wooden stick from her left and her white chalk from her right, she could easily get the attention of the students as she pleases.

Jack was so amused on how the bird knocked itself to the window pane just to get in so he slid the window open. The green headed bird about the size of a dove with its shiny purple feathers and eyes was carrying something with its beak. It was like two pieces of pinkish grapes hanging on its thin twigs. They glowed brightly in yellow and Jack had noticed it. He also noticed that something was burning inside of those weird fruits.

The bird was flapping as fast and loudly than before when Franches his seatmate screamed in amazement. The whole class turned their heads behind them just to witness what was happening. Mrs.Kwidledotch was bewildered and in anger, she ran towards Jack then shooed the bird off. This time, the bird flapped its wings with an even stronger force against Mrs.Kwidledotch making her hair flew off to a new embarrassing hairstyle.

Somehow she managed to shoo the bird outside the window. With a horrifying turn, the class burst into laughter and as always, Jack’s laughter was the loudest.

“Planning to eat at my class was a very big mistake Mr.Treavourg! I assume you weren’t listening at my discussions all along. You disrespected me!” She cried grabbing the fruits the bird dropped on Jack’s armchair.

“You humiliated me!” She angrily took her steps towards her table and ate those two pieces of weird glowing pinkish grapes with one gulp.

“You Mr.Treavourg will be pu...puni,” she tattered as her face turned purplish like she was about to vomit something. She looked sick.... she coughed and coughed light rays as if she has eaten a flashlight inside of her. Before she could even finish her statement, she felt her head as light as the air. Her wooden stick fell down and her left hand was now holding on her table.

“Medic ... Doctor!” She lasted and dropped anxiously down the floor with a terrible sound. The students went loco and panicked to the clinic shouting for help. Jack was petrified of that horrible scene and he can’t move. Quartz grabbed his arm in haste, pulling him outside their room.

“It is not your fault and yo--you know it!” Quartz spoke with a rustling voice.

“No... I mean, yes it’s not my ... fault.”

“That’s it, come on let us join the others.”

Time was fast inside WintelVille High. The bell rang as the students went back to their respective buses. Everyone was afraid to sit next to Jack after that but Jack’s got his new seatmate and it was Quartz. She talked about how that bird from their class was different from the other birds and about how jerk their teacher was to have eaten something she even barely knows.

Quartz was glad that Jack was buying the conversation, that jack was always interested unlike her seatmates before. Her theories about what could have made Mrs.Kwidledotch turn purple scientifically and the symptoms she had before she reacted, but she can’t explain the part when the light rays were dripping out of Mrs.Kwidledotch’s mouth. She laughed when Jack has claimed that he saw the grapes insides were on bright fire and that this causes the fruit to light up intensely.

The sun was setting down and it made a reddish scenery out of the sky, by the window, Jack was glad that someone has come to accompany him ... he was glad he has made a new friend.

**CHAPTER 3**

**Intramurals**

Michael was very glad that her sister Parvati challenged him for a chess match. He’s got the first move and you could see how seriously excited he was on every move he was taking. He accepted the challenge not only because it’s weekend and he’s got nothing to do, but he also accepted the challenge for he wants to test Parvati’s skills in logic knowing that she is a chess varsity in their school.

Jack was watching by their window to see them play who later came outside to their front yard to curiously get a clearer view of the match.

While the two was busy storming their brains out, Jack was murmuring heavily. He murmurs about why did Michael did an L move for a horse, about how cowardly beings kings were in chess and about how serious the two were that he felt like his invisible.

After casting out his last word “invisible,” he thought about how he could use this as an advantage.

“Advantage time,” he whispered to himself as he ran towards the house, went and broke inside Michael’s room then he grabbed Mike’s tablet feeling pleased.

Time has passed and Parvati won the first match when Mike’s king was trapped by her pones. She was now playing the second round and now she’s got the first move. My White wooden armies ... this would be a piece of cake, she thought.

Jack was so busy on his Campers Adventure World that he did not notice someone was passing by outside Mike’s room where he was playing. It was not her mother ... but rather an odd looking little man. That old man’s big bulging navy blue eyes looked at him eagerly as he was slowly creeping his way towards Veronica’s room.

That man was wearing black tuxedoes, slacks and black shiny shoes as pointy as his long bulging nose and ears. His skin and his teeth were as white as snow and his wrinkled forehead was partly covered by his Idiot gray hair waving on every step he takes.

“Slowly ... slowly,” the old man’s rusty voice whispered to himself shaking, breaking inside veronicas room with his golden keys from his pocket. The door swung open and he saw Veronica -- sitting on her chair. She was writing something on her desk.

“Arghh ... this flamo sword sucks!” Jack shouted.

The little man froze.

“Check!” Michael mumbled.

“You are wasting your moves Mike,” Parvati replied.

“She is turning eighteen and she must have made her decision!” The little man spoke at last. “Although, whatever decisions maybe, she is coming with us Veronica!” he added.

Veronica jumped from her sit. Slowly at pace she turned behind her. She have heard that voice before in her past ... she remembered someone.

“Are you listening my dear Veronica?” the old man uttered.

“That is against my right sir Zerchk!”

“Sir Zerchkweevel my darling, years has passed and look how witty and pretty you are still.”

“My daughter is fine. I will just make it up to the king.”

“Jus Soli my dear ... tseet tseet!”

“I ahmm... she has been ... has been naturalized already sir.”

“Tseeeet! The king badly needs more army. We are losing our empire Veronica and you know that all along. Many people from your world vested by Jus Soli or any other were now schooling in our best university... from where you studied from my dear. They were trained how to fight just like you, to shoulder the safety of their selves and of course the safety of our empire. Oh, reminiscing the past... good old days.

Veronica looked aside as if she was helpless. I just wanted her ... them to live a normal life she thought. Zerchkweevel stood as straight as he can but it looked like he was troubled.

“Ahh… I am just too old for this posture.” He mumbled trying to curve his back a bit again. “Just always remember, that we need you, you can come and live in our world back again ... and that you have no choice for her – she will be taken from you. Now okay then, farewell.” He added convincingly.

He turned back facing the door holding his other key from his pocket … it was velvet in colour. The time he held it in his hand, the door he was facing, Veronica’s door, became glowing velvet and so were her windows inside the room. Holding the key by his right, he pushed the door open.

Just a second before the door has swung completely, a humungous glimpse of light flowed inside Veronica’s room. The time she opened her eyes for sight, strange creatures went rooming out of nowhere.

Colourful ... one eyed birds flew here and there, a cute fluffy white dog with its sharp spiky tail began barking at Veronica, and colourful book sized butterflies flapping around her.

“Hooops! I just thought you missed these cute creatures.” Zerchk was still there smiling, looking at the meadow by the door where those creatures kept coming from.

“I missed these pleasing pets to death!” Veronica grinned watching Zerchk taking his steps outside the grasslands ... not to their kitchen. She saw Zerchk took a staff from the air and saw him ran for his life.

The velvet glow in the windows and in her door began to evaporate right after Zerchk was no more in the view. The door then started to swing itself back when a huge cover of flame flew in the scene outside of her door.

Veronica looked troubled ... what was that intense flame going to hit and why was Zerchk in a hurry. Thankfully, she came to her senses when the fluffy dog has grown in size and started to bite her right leg ... blood were dripping out.

The body of the butterflies began bulging up here and there as if somebody was lurking inside them ... human legs and arms strived outside of their bodies. Disturbingly, those arms went stripping off those butterflies skins that were covering their real body ... uncovering their Human faces with different hairstyles and colours. They became flying beings and what were common among them were their black make-ups on their faces.

At the same time, those one eyed birds looking at Veronica’s wound hungrily began blowing freezing breaths from their beaks ... others were burning too, and some were deafening breaths.

Veronica jumped backwards and in haste she murmured something silently. Right after she made a tap out of his fingers ... smokes went flowing out of nowhere covering the entire room.

On the other room was jack with his full attention on his taps and tilts. He was now playing a different game with some loud brooooms and crushes leading his F1 to the race.

Surprisingly, all that is left were corrupted bodies when the smoke wore off. With just a blink of an eye ... they turned into ashes then into nothingness. Veronica on the other side was breathing heavily and her blood was still dripping out from that big bite the cute monstrous dog has given her.

“Okay! I give up,” Mike beamed at last starting to keep the chess pieces into the chessboard up into their living room.

Parvati seems satisfied and she can’t wait for tomorrow’s intramurals to give her best shot in the competition. Her new strategies worked on Mike, she has now practised her plans, her moves to effectively trap the king ... you just can’t deny the excitement she was now wearing on her eyes.

Jack heard a bang on a door outside which tells him Mike and Parvati were done playing on their front yard. He automatically charged Mike’s tablet the same position just the way he saw it before and went to the living room.

“I am sooo hungry,” yelled Jack as he jumped through the sofa.

“Ma! I’m going to cook for lunch now,” Shouted Parvati.

“Help yourself,” Veronica managed to ease her voice when she poured all of her lavender red antidote all over her wound. Later on she came out with her black Wintleville pajamas paired with her white sleeveless shirt. She is so skinny with an athletic build and it even looks like she is still close to being a gym instructor ready for hardcore exercise at the age of 37. She sat beside Parvati facing Jack’s red face from eating to much and Mike beside him.

The most awaited day has come, their busses has come to pick them up earlier than they could ever imagine. Jack was still having his nice sleep in the trip near the window wearing his Wintelville jacket and his black pants like his fellow boy mates in the buss. Someone was muttering beside Jack ... just enough not to disturb him from his sleep, wearing her Wintleville jacket and black skirt ... Quartz was reading her science and math notes one after the other.

On the other buss was Mike, holding his green construction paper where lies written his plans, achievements, and what he thinks his best school project of the year was. He barely might have slept enough for today’s event but he surely was still cool leading his mates as the president of their junior class and as the vice-president of entire Student Body Council.

On a different buss was Parvati, sitting at the back corner holding her necklace anxiously. Someone was looking at her ... it was fruy sitting on the other corner then he slept through Wintleville’s Theatre Hall.

Principal Stelward was making his opening speech at the stage facing thousands of Wintleville jackets. The treavourgs got their seats far away from each other because of the arrangement Mrs. Squintz and Mrs. Felidy made. The freshmen on the front followed by the sophomores, juniors, seniors then of course the junior and the senior high.

After his blahs and blahs, Principal Stelward gave the stage to Wintleville’s Honourable Mayor Franklin Snatzcher giving his thanks to his ever most supportive citizens and brilliant students of WintileVille.

The lengthy speeches of the two made most of the students drowse to their guts not until Mrs. Queenie Fletwick went to the stage enthusiastically.

“Okey okeei boys and garls! WAKE UP (clapping her hands). The Intramurals has now begun. But let me first remind you that our map for today’s events has been uploaded and will be re-uploaded again if certain changes of locations will occur. Anyways .... you don’t need to worry okeii because that app will just automatically -- you know -- re-update for you. You have there your events (tapping her tablet), the location of the event, the participants of today’s event, the professors and coaches that will be handling the said event and of course the wins and losses will automatically be updated and so are your scores. Carry on now.” Mrs. Queenie was quite a bit of her 40’s but her colourful presence changes the humidity of the entire theatre. Her short wavy blue hair pairs her peacock feathered red hat as she was walking downstairs from the stage confidently with her red knee skirt and her red high stilettos, eased with her unbuttoned sky blue tuxedoes, silvery tops and a red twinkling scarf on her neck. Don’t forget her yellow contact lenses and her yellow pouty lips smiling in delight.

Jack pulled his smart-phone from his backpack and so did the others.

“I’d better go Jack ...” Quartz stood checking her tablet.

“Ehmmm... Can I watch?”

“Of course,” Quartz grinned.

They strolled their way towards the amphitheatre hall having glimpses on their devices for updates.

Parvati was now sitting on a table for two, on it was a chessboard and a stopwatch. She’s in the library; it is where the map told her to go. A minute later, she was now facing a lad which she thinks was from section 1 of the sophomores. It was a fat pinkish lad looking at her every time he thinks he isn’t going to be caught. A minute later, the chess master tossed a coin and it was tail. Her couch tapped her right shoulder and suddenly she heard the alarm rung ... suggesting the game has just started. The players who chose tail took their first move ... so did Parvati.

Micheal on the other side was busy managing the updates at the computer center. So skilled at multitasking that he ate all the responsibility of receiving information from every event and updating them on the map app that everybody was relying on. He smiled at the data he was about to update – Parvati Treavourg of senior high won the 1st and 2nd match against Miggy Brethourre of the sophomores and Van Moralle of junior high.

Parvati went outside the library for lunch when Fritz blocked her way by the door.

“Ehmmm...that was cool?” And be cool, he thought, then he grinned.

“Hhmm..nah just some practise... I better go.”

“Ahh oh yeah well of course – err where are you heading then?”

“Cafeteria ...” Parvati strolled.

Accompany her Fritz! Fritz thought, “errr Great! I’m heading there too” Fritz grinned. “Let me buy us something to eat then.”

This week of hectic and tiresome events had never pushed Michael’s patience and obedience out of the cliff. His updates on his school app were always on time and accurate with the help of his fellow school officers.

Days have passed and today’s end of the week, the last day of the intramurals, is becoming successful.

Parvati was now fighting for the championship at the library. Milboy, a 4th year student, is her last opponent to defeat to get a gold medal.

Chelsi Finigan won them a gold medal from table tennis yesterday and the senior high chorale brought them gold medal too.