

Saving Allison - Free Novel

Chapter 3: The English Paper

Allison

Right as I opened the doors to the school, I ran straight for the bathrooms.

I didn't want to risk anyone seeing me like this. I should have picked up some makeup before I came here.

I sighed as I opened the stall and sat on the toilet.

I felt tears slip out as I thought back to this morning.

Flashback

"You dipshit!" My dad yelled as he backhanded me across the face.

I let out a scream as my head made contact with the wall.

"There are only two eggs here!" He roared as he kicked me in my stomach.

I started to violently cough, trying to get some air back into my lungs.

His kick knocked the air right out of me.

"I-I'm sorry!" I cried trying to breathe.

"Do you want to tell me why there are only two eggs and not three?" He asked as he picked me up by my hair.

"W-we were out!" I said clawing at his hand. "I didn't know we were out!"

I tried desperately to get my hair out of his grasp.

He scoffed at me. "You should be more aware."

My dad finally let go of my hair.

I sighed in relief, but gasped as he grabbed my throat.

“Listen here you little worthless bitch.” He growled right in my face. “You better not fuck up any more. Or you **will** pay the consequences.”

I mustered the best nod I could.

My dad glared at me one more time before throwing me into the wall.

“Now get the hell out of my sight!” He yelled with one more punch to my face.

End of flashback

Another sob rang out of me. The next thing I know, it’s like my eyes are Niagara Falls.

I felt a pang of pain on my forehead.

I slowly brought my hand up and felt something wet and gooey.

I cringed as I saw fresh blood on my hand.

Damn. That must have been when my dad threw me into the wall. Or when I fell into the wall.

I can’t really remember.

I froze when I heard the bathroom door bang open.

‘Don’t make a sound!’ I told myself as I held in my breath and hid my head in my arms.

“Is she the one crying?” I heard a frantic voice.

What the? It sounded like a.....like a male voice.

That’s odd. Why would a guy be in here?

I tried not to make a peep. I didn’t want to draw any attention. I hate being the center of attention.

All of the sudden, I heard the stall doors being opened.

I looked under my arms and saw a shadow right in front of the stall door that I was in.

Oh please Lord. Don't let them open this door!

I jumped as my stall door slammed against the wall.

"Oh my gosh." I heard someone whisper.

"A-are you okay?" A different male voice asked.

I jumped in fright and looked up.

I saw a boy maybe a little older than me gasp and he took a look at me.

Well I don't blame him. I probably look like I went through hell and back.

While he was looking at me, I took time to check him out.

The boy had short, dirty blonde hair with smoldering gray eyes.

He looked really built and pretty tall from the looks of it.

I realized he had to other guys with him, but I wasn't paying attention to them.

I was too focused on the guy talking to me and making sure he doesn't come closer.

"What's your name?" Blondie asked.

I let out a squeak of fear as he took a step near me.

Why won't he leave?

Men aren't nice. They just fake it and then hurt you in the end.

I learned the hard way.

"It's okay." He smiled. "I won't hurt you."

Why would he care?

He went to take another step, but that's when I lost it.

I screamed and jumped up trying to get away from him.

I ran out and pushed him away in the process.

What the hell? Did I just feel sparks when I touched him?

I shrugged it off and ran for the bathroom door.

I threw it open and ran like a bat out of hell.

After I got out of the school, I decided to head for my house real quick.

I looked down at my watch.

10:56 AM it read in silver coloring.

I guess I was kinda late. Oh well.

Dad is usually out until 6 o'clock doing only God knows what.

He leaves every morning at 9, and doesn't come back until supper time.

But hey. I'm not complaining.

Better get cleaned up before I go back to school.

"You must be the new sophomore." The secretary giggled.

Wow. Preppy much?

I gave her a short nod.

"Okay." She smiled as she handed me a folder. "In this folder is a map of the school, you student handbook, a planner so you can write down your assignments, and your schedule which includes your locker and locker combination."

"Thanks." I said quickly and I tugged my turtle neck sleeve down a little.

I decided to change clothes, considering my other clothes had blood and dirt on them.

"Gotta love cold weather huh?" She laughed "Oh! Silly me. I didn't introduce myself. I'm Mrs. Sally Witmer. But you can just call me Sally dear."

“Nice to meet you.” I said giving her a forced smile.

“Well you better hurry if you want to make it too class Allison.” Sally smiled.
“Have a good day.”

“Uh you too.” I said quietly as I walked to the bathroom.

I made sure my makeup was covering everything up and headed for my locker.

Okay. 122, 122.

Where the hell is locker 122?

I groaned in frustration as I banged my head against a locker.

I flinched as I hit my cut.

Shit. Probably was not a good idea.

I looked at the locker that I banged my head on, and about screamed.

Locker 122.

Wow...just my luck.

I looked at my schedule and put in the combo that it had on it.

After grabbing my English book, I quickly and quietly made my way to class.

I found the room and opened the door.

I froze as about 15 pairs of eyes landed on me.

I wanted to go crawl in a whole and die.

“Ah.” The teacher smiled at me. “You must be the new student.”

I nodded and scanned the room.

Why did everyone look older than me?

I looked down at my schedule and saw English IV.

I gasped. Why the hell did they put me in senior English?!

The teacher laughed. "You must be wondering why you are in senior English huh?"

I nodded in shock.

"We got your grades from your last school. You are exceptionally well in English. So the principle put you in my class." The teacher beamed at me. "I'm Mr. Tompson. Why you don't come up here and introduce yourself?"

I gulped and make the trek towards the front of the room.

I looked at Mr. Tompson, and he gave me an encouraging smile.

I groaned and slowly turned around to face everyone.

But three faces stood out too me.

I gasped as I saw the three boys that barged into the bathroom and found me this morning.

Blondie leaned back in his chair and gave me a warm smile, while the other two gave me small smiles.

You have got to be kidding me. Can this get any worse?

"U-um." I said trying to find words. "I'm Allison Knight. A-and I just moved here the other d-day."

Blondie raised his hand.

I looked at him and waited for him to ask me something.

"Where did you live before?" He asked with that same warm smile.

Seriously. What is his deal?

"I-I lived in Virginia." I answered quietly.

"Are your parents in the military?" He asked.

How the hell did he hear me? I said my answer really quietly.

“Uh y-ya.” I lied. “My dad is in the military.”

“What branch?” The brown haired guy that sits next to blondie asked.

He was one of the three that busted into the bathroom with blondie.

“The army.” I lied again.

Years of practice really pays off I guess.

“That’s amazing.” A girl up front said. “My dad’s in the army too.”

I gave her a small smile before picking up my bag.

“Well it’s nice to meet you Allison.” Mr. Tompson smiled. “Why don’t you take a seat. There is an open desk in front of Tommy. Tommy please raise your hand.”

Remember how I said it couldn’t get any worse?

Well blondie, is actually Tommy. And guess who gets to sit right in front of him.

That’s right. Me.

I sat down and got my notebook out as Mr. Tompson started talking about whatever he was before.

I jumped as I felt someone tap my shoulder.

I turned around slightly and saw blon-er I mean Tommy leaning forward, looking straight at me.

“Why were you crying this morning?” He asked carefully. “Are you okay?”

I looked over and saw brown haired guy and shaggy blonde haired guy looking at me worriedly.

Man. These guys won’t give me a break.

“No reason.” I said all too quickly.

Tommy went to open his mouth, but the teacher cut him off.

“And now.” Mr. Tompson smiled. “You guys are gonna do an English project.”

The entire class groaned and Mr. Tompson laughed.

“Oh it’s not that bad. You guys will get partners.” He was cut off by the class cheering. “You and your partner are going to write a 10 page paper about an author or a play writer or whatever. He can be an old author from many years ago or you can write about an author in this time period. Now I’m gonna read off the list.”

“What if I get someone stupid?” Shaggy blonde haired boy whined.

“Michael Trone.” Mr. Tompson said as he looked at the list.

“Please.” Shaggy blonde haired boy, or I should say ‘Michael’, whispered.

“You will be paired with Adam Stunn.” Mr. Tompson said.

“And I’m paired with someone stupid.” Michael sighed.

“Hey!” Brown haired guy said.

Well he must be Adam then.

“Just messin’ with you bro.” Michael smirked.

“Allison Knight.” Mr. Tompson’s voice trailed off as his eyes glossed over.

Oh please Lord. Anyone but-

“Tommy Slade.” Mr. Tompson finished as his eyes went back to normal.

Okay. That was weird. Oh well. I was too focused on the fact that he said the name that I didn’t want to hear.

I zoned out as he read off the rest of the partners.

Just my freaking luck!

Now it can’t get any worse.

I jumped again as I felt someone tap my shoulder.

I swiveled in my chair and saw Tommy smiling at me.

“Hey partner.” He laughed.

Just. My. Luck.

Chapter 4: Stupid Shakespeare

Allison

Once the bell rang, I was out of there.

I don't think I have ever ran that fast before.

I made it to my locker and hurriedly opened it.

“Allison! Wait up!” A ...