

Kiley

The universe is a constantly expanding force that many believe dictates how our lives are lived. There is constant chaos, through which order is achieved. Order is not actually a state of being, but rather a state of mind. The universe predetermines the fates of anyone it creates ahead of time. It will choose a reason to have them on the planet Earth, and a reason to remove them. Then that will be that.

On Limetown, death was a natural part of life. Death was mourned and then people would move forward. Any large icons in Limetown society would be buried up at the Ruin. The

Ruin was a limestone cliffside in the dead center of the island. A stream ran from just past the perimeter forest up to the Ruin, where a large oasis from the five rivers of Limetown intersected.

There were small caves carved into the enormous cliffside where bodies wrapped in shrouds were buried.

There was a morgue in the hospital, and a whole staff of doctors to care for the dead's bodies. The bodies would then be transported to the Ruin and buried in one of the many hundred vacated caverns. There were rumors of another similar Ruin on the southern end of Jadeville, near where clothes were manufactured by a special team. But these were just rumors.

The story of Kiley Brown also began with a rumor.

The weather was always changing on Limetown. It had been about 40 degrees yesterday, but today it was somewhere in the '70's. Kiley had not

yet been called in to teach the thirteen year olds at the Limetown School. She was used to being around six or seven year olds, and thought it to be awkward she was teaching students just two years younger than herself. When the teacher Mr. Jackson was sent on paid leave after he was held hostage by a crazed gunman, Kiley was promoted to his old position for about a month while he recuperated and enjoyed the finer things in life.

As said previously, it was very warm that day on Limetown. Kiley wore a polka-dot dress that went to just above her knees and cut off at the arms. She had a small book bag in her hand, and wore two nice bracelets, one on each hand. Kiley

passed many people who were off work that day on their way to the beach. There were many jobs in Limetown that it seemed were never actually used. Her best friend Clark Kamble was a police officer, and the police division was separated into five different sectors. The Drug Enforcement Sector was the biggest joke job on Limetown, since there were never any drugs on the island. The people who occupied those positions mainly went to the beach on warm days, and just hung out with friends on hot days.

Kiley was assigned to teach English that day, which shouldn't be too hard. In English, they would mainly study either plays or famous novels

written by Limetown citizens
centuries ago.

Kiley had decided to teach a play called *Pride* today. It was about a young woman who was being persecuted by her peers in a faraway place. Kiley thought that the kids may be able to relate to this one, the nerds of the class anyway. She was picked on in school, and might even be picked on through her teaching career too.

When she got to the room she was teaching in, Kiley saw that Mr. Jackson only teaches one class during the day: this one. So she was free to go to the beach after this!

Kiley wrote her name on the board
'Ms. Brown' and pulled out her copy of
the play. She was supposed to have
received the five copies of the play
for her five students in that class, but
looked around and didn't see them.
Maybe she would have to teach it
tomorrow?

That was a good idea, it was only the
first day, and she would have to learn
peoples names and she could crap
her way through this day anyway.

Kiley waited a few minutes, and then
the first two students, girls, came
into class. They had glasses, and
were wearing pants/shirts instead of
skirts/shorts. Kiley wondered if

things had changed in the six months since she had been out of school?

They were probably just the nerds though.

Two boys came in next, talking to each other softly, and they wore t-shirts and shorts. They still didn't seem like trouble-makers though.

And finally, in walked the person Kiley judged the most. She was wearing shorts and a tank-top, which Kiley thought that the administration of the school would not be okay with.

She sat down and propped her legs up on her desk, and Kiley wondered what Mr. Jackson would do to

control this situation. There were very few male teachers on Limetown, so the couple that they had, were intimidating to the students.

“Good morning class!” Kiley said.

“Good morning Ms. Brown...” they all said in unison, with groans in their voices.

“What are you guys so down about? It’s such a nice day!!” So she was gonna be that kind of teacher, Kiley thought to herself, realizing what she was saying. “So, as you know, I’m Ms. Brown, and I would be teaching you about the famous play *Pride*, but the copies didn’t come in!” Nope, this was definitely wrong. Kiley probably

shouldn't have told them that they were off the hook from reading.

“So can we leave?” the bratty girl who came in last asked. She had one of those cliché bratty girl voices.

“No, you cannot leave,” Kiley said, picking up the girl's feet from the desk and dropping them on the floor. “I want to learn all of your names, so I know who I'm teaching until Mr. Jackson comes back!”

“I heard a rumor Mr. Jackson was in a gunfight!” the bratty girl said.

“Oh my God, Mr. Jackson almost died in a gunfight!” one of the guys in the back said.

“Mr. Jackson died in a gunfight!!!”
said the first nerdy girl. Kiley
thought this was getting out of hand,
since the second nerdy girl had
begun crying.

“No, he didn’t die!” Kiley addressed
the class. “Mr. Jackson was a
hostage in a shootout yesterday
afternoon, but he is fine! The
criminal involved is in custody, don’t
worry about it!”

After everyone was calmed down,
Kiley was going to have everyone in
the class introduce themselves to
her, but she didn’t really have time,
since the class was shortened that
day.

It seemed somewhat stupid to only have a 20 minute class on a half day, since there were only four basic subjects to be taught. Kiley wondered if that was why the books weren't delivered to her classroom, because whoever was supposed to deliver them wasn't working on the half day.

The five in her class left soon after, and Kiley was going to proceed out herself, but she decided to clean up the classroom a little bit.

Kiley saw that the room may not have been cleaned since the beginning of the school year. It was extremely dusty and dirty, especially in the corners, and the desks had pencil scratches on them.

When Kiley was finished cleaning the classroom and had packed up her bag to leave, a man stood at the door to her classroom. It was the Mayor.

“Mayor!” she exclaimed, shocked.

“It’s a pleasure to see you here!
Anything you’re looking for?”

“Are you Ms. Kiley Brown?” the Mayor asked her.

“Yes I am! What can I do for you?”

“Well my daughter Natalie is in your class, and I just wanted to meet the person who was so gracious to take over for Mr. Jackson.”

“Oh well it really isn’t a problem!” Kiley said. She really didn’t have another choice. “What does your daughter look like? It was such a short class I didn’t get a chance to learn the kids names!”

“She was wearing shorts and a tank top. Blonde hair, around an average height. I don’t expect you to know her it is your first day.” Kiley knew exactly who he was talking about. The bratty girl, Natalie, was the Mayor’s daughter? Fantastic.

“Oh yes I do know her. She was just a little disruptive today in class. She worried some of the other children by telling them about Mr. Jackson’s near-death experience.”

“You didn’t tell them?” the Mayor asked. Kiley wondered where this was going.

“No, because they’re only thirteen, I don’t want them to be panicked or anything! Your daughter made one of the other students cry!”

“Well that isn’t your job to worry about,” the Mayor told her. “And this island doesn’t pay you to antagonize my daughter. Is that understood Ms. Brown?”

Kiley nodded her head. She didn’t know the Mayor could be such a jerk.

“I’m sorry sir, it won’t happen again.” Kiley wondered what would happen if she told Natalie to shape up in

school. Would the Mayor have her suspended without pay? Could Natalie's father have her deported to Jadeville?

While Kiley pondered the different scenarios, the Mayor left her classroom with some mumble of 'have a nice day' behind him.

At least Kiley could enjoy the rest of her free day at the beach.

**Alright Guys, That's the
Episode for the Week!**

**Next Week You'll Get to See
My Personal Favorite
Episode So Far, Which
Returns Us To Clark's
Story!**

**I Hope you Guys liked Kiley
and that You Come Back for
Next Week's Installment:
*Deport.***

