

Pink Rose

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Three best friends. Kira, Tasha, and Manka. They all seem like a normal bunch of friends. Plain, old, 15-year-old girls. But odd things start happening. Who is this man telling them that their spies? Is he lying? Or... is he really... telling the truth?

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Chapter 1 - Foolin' Around

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1 - Foolin' Around

The wind gently blew the orange and brown leaves off the sidewalk, and into the grass.

"WHEE!" Kira jumped into the pile of leaves, splashing them everywhere, as if she were jumping into a pool.

"Kira! I just raked all those up!" Manka pushed her glasses up her nose.

"Aw, relax, Manka." Kira waved it off.

"Okay... so if I divide 2 into 100, I'll get... or maybe..." Tosha tapped her pencil on her head.

"I told you to do your homework when we had that extra time during math class." Manka sat down on the porch, giving up her effort to rake up the leaves.

"Well excuse me for drawing in class!" Tosha sarcastically raised her arms in the air.

Tosha had brown hair, and shiny blue eyes. She had her blue jeans on with a purple shirt that said "Only losers would try to read my shirt."

Manka had red hair that was always kept up in a braid. She was a bit of a technology freak, or 'nerd' as Kira liked to call her. Her blue sweater came down to her fingers, and her freckles always seemed to draw everyone's eyes away from the fact that she had circular glasses.

Kira is a party girl, no doubt. She always has her green headphones on. Even though, nobody could figure out why. It wasn't hooked up to anything, she just... wore them. She LOVES the color red, but has brilliant blonde hair.

Believe it or not, they're all best friends.

"WOOO!" Kira jumped into another pile of leaves.

"My effort is futile..." Manka put her head in her hands.

"YUP!" Kira giggled her head off.

"Done, finally!" Tosha slammed her notebook down.

"Tosha, these answers are all wrong--"

"Don't care!" Tosha hopped into the pile of leaves with Kira.

"When will people start listening to me?" Manka sighed.