

Dance into the Night

By xxanimexfreakxx

Submitted: May 9, 2008

Updated: May 9, 2008

I'm not one for believing in silly things such as vampires and werewolves. I don't know why the new kid tries to make me. I just want to dance.

Provided by Fanart Central.

<http://www.fanart-central.net/stories/user/xxanimexfreakxx/52502/Dance-into-Night>

Chapter 1 - The Beginning

2

1 - The Beginning

The minute my alarm beeped with startling fury, a groan escaped my mouth in tired annoyance. Waking up at 6:30 every morning was not fun, especially when you couldn't get to sleep the night before. Groggily I sat up, shielding my eyes from the bright new morning sun. Yes sun, its nice to see you too. I forced myself out of bed, showered quickly, brushed my teeth, dressed and grabbed my backpack. I made sure my heals were inside and hungrily munched on a banana as I strolled out of my house. The weather outside was pleasant, only a few clouds drifting through the sky. I could see the school perfectly up ahead, about 5 blocks. I pushed my glasses back against my face as I ignored the thumping of foot steps pounding toward me. "Carina!!" My name was yelled loudly as skinny arms collided around my torso. I let out a sigh as a small smile twitched onto my lips. "Hello...Atticus," I whispered to him softly. OK, I know what your thinking; He's a little to friendly, right? Well, that's just Atticus, loving on everybody! It's just his personality I suppose. Besides, that's not even how our relationship is. He's like the brother I used to have, brave and full of smiles, always trying to make people happy. He's my friend really, best friend. Actually, scratch that. Only friend. Atticus eventually removed himself from me and we walked onward to school. I couldn't tell if it was me, or if his hair was just a little more blonder than usual, brushed neatly into a small pony tail. It might be pretty pathetic to say this, but I wish my own stringy, dirty blonde hair was soft like his. Pretty pathetic, huh, to be wishing for a guy's hair? My friend noticed my stares and grinned, flashing his pearly whites. "I heard we have a new student today," he told me. "A girl from my understanding. Wanted to look my best in case I met her!" He laughed loudly earning nothing but silence. It was normal that way, Atticus would talk on and on and I would be his faithful listener. I was too shy for my own good which was often mistaken for just being quiet. No, not quiet. Loud sometimes, usually directed toward Atticus when I just get to fed up with his nonsense. He earned every bit of it. Especially when we're suppose to be learning a dance and he goes completely ADD on my butt. Don't mess with me when I'm dancing, ever. We ended up in the middle of the school hallway and waved our goodbyes. I headed to my A period, Honors English in anticipation. That rumor about the new girl? So happens that we're in the same first period. I was kind of scared. I really hoped it wouldn't be another preppy, air-headed girl that didn't know up from down, or a punk chick that flicked you off at every single look. Maybe someone normal who didn't care who you were but smiled at you anyway? Like Atticus, but in girl form....and not as inattentive. But there is no such thing as a 'normal' person, so those thoughts were flushed down the drain. I entered my classroom in record time, taking a seat near the back. Our class was tiny, only 12 people in total so everyone had plenty of space to spread into seats of their choosing. Students began filing in the last 15 minutes before the late bell rang. The teacher stood behind his desk in an orderly fashion, dressed in a suit and tie. After the morning announcements were made, Mr. Russell explained that we would have a new student with us and to threat them nicely. I leaned forward as he motioned at the door which opened briskly. I felt my mouth drop open in horror. That was no girl!