

Child Delinquent Reform School

Here I am again. Standing in the pink-walled, pink-faced principals' office. This is all Caden's fault. But, like usual, I am perfectly fine. Not the least bit fazed. I should be trembling, but as a proud card-carrier of the tomboy club, I will not betray fear like a girly-girl. My name is Justine. I am the daughter of the greatest spy in the world. And it's HIS fault I'm not with my mother, solving crime. I'm stuck in an itchy pinafore at CDRS. My mom took over since he retired and he didn't want me fiddling with his spy equipment so he waited for the chance to send me to Child Delinquent Reform School. Makes you feel all warm and cozy when you see the gray stone walls and barbed wire, doesn't it? My sweet old Dad sent me here to "keep out of trouble. If you keep your nose clean, I'll send for you." That's not happening anytime soon. Millicent Blustebol is the principal here, and SHE'S the one who decides whether kids go home or not. Since this is the seventh time I've landed here, she's gonna keep me as long as she can. Miss Prewitt, the secretary, walks in with her huge pouf of fire-engine red hair and says in that cold, fake, voice of hers: "Miss Mazer here has done it again. Spilled all the curled frog legs down the garbage chute. On Purpose. They were to be a special supper for the students." Now this time I know that wasn't on purpose. Caden pushed me. Gosh, that cat is annoying. Now it's Miss Blusterbol's turn. She prattles on, blabbed-blah-bloo-blah.... "This is a reform school..." "You are supposed to follow rules" ... I swear I'm about to fall asleep, when Miss P. tears in again shrieking, "It's happened! Oh lord save us!". Miss B doesn't even stop. But I wake up.

CDRS Police are interrogating students every day. Apparently while I was being reprimanded, Caden was up to mischief. He's escaped! I'm so proud of him. He must have actually listened when I told him about the spy gadgets I'd brought/smuggled in. During P.E., he was at the out-door-pool, and he used my grappling hook to fly over the wall! His parents gave me a letter when they came to collect his belongings: "Ju – thanks for teaching me about the grappling hook, I'm currently with my parents, they looked up CDRS's rules and I've been here for the time limit, so have you! Mom is gonna try and convince Blusterbol to let you go. Wish her luck! – C". I can't believe this. I CAN'T BELIEVE THIS! I've already sent a letter off to my Dad, and packed up.

Why does this always happen to me? I'm just a child delinquent, do I have to now be a real criminal?! Three years of horrible treatment and accusations, I just wanna go home! I can't even remember what my room looks like! My Dad looked so happy to take me home, my mom was even there, and Miss Prewitt runs, or should I say scuttles, over and says cheerfully (and I mean actually cheerful) "Mr. Mazer, sir! There's been complications and you cannot take your daughter home!" I'd barely hugged Mom when I was rudely shoved away. Miss P. growled in my ear for me to go inside – NOW. But I was already there. I had had no time to even hug Dad and had been picked up like a bag of potatoes, and was in detention. "How did you manage to get a letter to your folks?" asked Prewitt, glaring icily at me while I did 100 push-ups. She had be doing a P.E. detention, and I was already tuckered out. My energy drained. I evaded her questions and managed to lie through my teeth to get her to be quiet. Finally, she let me go, but said I had to report there for the rest of the week. I didn't tell her I planned to leave before tomorrow. Mom slipped me another grappling hook before she left.