

The Campbell Family

Part 1

Hi my name is Grace Campbell. I'm told that I'm responsible, kind, amazing, and overall that I'm perfect- I think otherwise- (a girl can never be perfect right? Plus if you've ever seen my diary you'd understand why I think this!) Anyway I live in a family of nine (including me). I have three other sisters and three other brothers. I'm the oldest in the family excluding my 18 year old brother, Apollo and my parents: Lily and Jeremy Campbell. My sister Ana is okay and 6 year old Kaitlyn too. The rest of my siblings are always annoying me. I live at a boarding school called Avluton with my best friend Kaiya, my sister Ana, and my arch-enemy Emma. My family lives in London, England. Anyway: I

grabbed my diary which was in my bedroom I locked my door and grabbed my pink fountain pen, flopping onto my bed.

Dear diary,

Today it was ok to start but after lunch Emma Lorenzy

“walked into me”

“Hi Grace.” Emma said grinning smugly.

“What do you want?”

“huh-can’t I just say hi?” exclaimed Emma putting on an innocent face.

“Shut up!” Just then I was saved:the bell rung and Emma stalked off.

I put down my pen and closed my diary. There was a knock on my dormitory door.

“Hi Grace!” exclaimed who I guessed was my friend Kaiya

“Kaiya?”

“It’s me!”

“Come in!” I greeted.

“Hi!” said Kaiya.

I smiled.

“okay so I know that something is up with you Grace.”
started Kaiya.

“Why would you say that?” I said awkwardly.

“Because I know it’s true-though you may not have noticed until I said so.” continued Kaiya matter-of-factly.

“Well Emma used to be my best friend and you know that, and I used to show her my diary when we were still BFF’s. But now Emma’s new BFF-who btw used to hate her-is getting Emma to plot against me.”

Kaiya laughed,

“Well to start with what's her new best friend’s name?”

“Vena Arianes.” I groaned.

“okay.” grimaced Kaiya.

“So just watch out.” recommended Kaiya.

“that’s all?” I asked.

“yes cause I know that is not your real problem.”

“how did you know?” I complained

“I’m your BFITWF.”

‘BFITWF’ stands for ‘best friend in the world forever’

“okay fine.” I said.

“so what’s the problem?”

“read the letter.” I said passing a red letter to Kaiya.

Dear Grace,

I believe I have some bad news, but I’m very sorry that I can’t say this in person for we both know it’s best for you to go to boarding school so you can have a rest from being the most responsible child in the family. But I must say this: Your brother Apollo has gone missing.

Lots of Love and Hope for the best,

Mother

“Grace is this true?” whispered Kaiya, dumbfounded.

I nodded my head.

“oh.” peeped Kaiya.

“do you think he’s okay?” I blurted.

“I’m sure.” announced Kaiya.

“okay.” I mumbled.

“Bedtime!” called one of the Matrons.

“goodnight.” muttered Kaiya, switching off the lights.

Kaiya drifted off to sleep easily.

I on the other hand did the exact opposite.

I sat up and grabbed my pink fountain pen and diary.

dear diary,

I told Kaiya about Apollo, thinking it would help but it only made it worse. What should I do?

I heard footsteps and quickly rushed my diary and pen away before curling up to try to sleep. My last thought that night was: I must save Apollo.

I soon drifted off into an uncomfortable sleep.

to be continued...

Part 2

My name is Apollo. Everyone thinks I'm an unsociable person and that I'm so rude, and I'm always being told off for wearing such dark clothes and never nice, bright ones and overall they think I'm quite an unenjoyable person and looking back, I guess I am, especially since my younger sister, (the oldest sister in the family)

Grace. That is why I'm here in the middle of a random forest with scratches from being pricked by thorns in

the dark and a most likely sprained ankle from tripping on a log in the dark.

My jet black hair was a mess and my black jeans were ripped at the knee.

“Ow!” I muttered to myself. My hand was bleeding from a wild blackberry bush. I had no idea how long I had been here. Suddenly I saw something in the dark.

“Hello.” It said.

My eyes were wide open-who was it?

“It's me.” It said.

For a moment I didn't recognise who the voice belonged to until finally it came to me: It was Grace.

“Grace.” I whispered.

Grace stepped forward, looking as always with her dark brown hair in a ponytail with a few strands falling out and wearing her favourite powder blue coat.

“Apollo what do you think you were doing running away when you're only a senior in high school.”

Scolded Grace.

We were back home and Grace was tending my wounds and scolding me.

Instead of answering her question I just said:

“Shouldn't you be at boarding school?”

“Yes I should but I can't let my own brother just run away and get hurt-can I?”

I stayed silent. Grace raised her eyebrows at me as if she were my own mother.

“Well?” Grace commented, tapping her foot impatiently (which was not at all like herself).

“okay let's start with why you ran away.” started Grace, giving up.

“you know” I said simply.

“yes, but I want you to say it anyway.” explained Grace.

“you all hate me and I'd had enough of it.” I confessed.

“okay, now how did you sprain your ankle.”

“tripped over a log.” I admitted.

“And I'm assuming the scratches and cuts were from thorns?” asked Grace.

“yep.” I mumbled.

“Are you okay?” Grace said, grabbing me in a tight hug and then letting go.

“yes.” I assured.

Suddenly Grace bursted out into tears.

“I was so worried!” Grace blurted.

I've been doing terribly in school, trying to figure out how to get you back.” confessed Grace.

“sis, I’m okay!” I interrupted.

Grace smiled at me, wiping her tears from her eyes,

“did you just call me “sis”?” Grace said.

“Yeah.” I smiled.

“You haven’t called me that in years.” Grace exclaimed.

I nodded.

“okay where is everyone?” I asked.

“Well: Kaitlyn and Bennie are at ‘Sunnyside Daycare’, Ana is still at boarding school, Nico and Marie are at school, Mum is out shopping, and Dad is at work.” stated Grace.

“okay.” I said.

That night I took off my ankle brace Marie had found for me from when she had sprained her ankle in gymnastics (it was surprising that it fit me.) I jumped into bed and soon fell into a deep sleep.

Ana Part 3

“Hello, it's me

I was wondering if after all these years you'd like to meet

To go over everything

They say that time's supposed to heal ya

But I ain't done much healing

Hello, can you hear me

I'm in California dreaming about who we used to be

When we were younger and free

I've forgotten how it felt before the world fell at our feet

There's such a difference between us

And a million miles

Hello from the other side

I must have called a thousand times

To tell you I'm sorry for everything that I've done

But when I call you never seem to be home

Hello from the outside

At least I can say that I've tried

To tell you I'm sorry for breaking your heart

But it don't matter it clearly doesn't tear you apart anymore

Hello, how are you?

It's so..."

I switched off my music as I heard footsteps coming. It was Jessica Abbott, my best friend.

"Hallo!" Jessica chirped.

"Hey!" I greeted.

"Is Grace back yet?" Jessica asked.

"no she has decided to work at home and to take care of Apollo." I admitted.

"oh okay." said Jessica.

We need to go to class now." She said.

"Oh yeah it's art class!" I agreed.

I was almost done with the picture of two best friends walking down a path with the sun setting in the

distance when Ms. Alena, the art teacher walked up to me.

“Ana that is a beautiful artwork and can you please stay after class, I will write you a “class pass”.”

“okay thanks!” I smiled.

Ms. Alena walked away.

“okay so I think you should attend age group 14 for art class as you are very advanced in art.” suggested Ms. Alena.

“thank you I would love too!” I confirmed.

Grace

“Sis can you help me get my ankle brace on!” called Apollo.

“Yep!” I called back.

I had recently sent a letter to Ana telling her that I would be doing all the assignments at home for the

next month which was the end of term. I walked over to my brother and eased his ankle brace on.

“thanks.” smiled Apollo.

“Yep.” I said.

That night I was completely exhausted from my school work and I soon fell asleep in the warm, bright guest bedroom feeling that everything was right in the world, well almost-for as I say a girl can never be perfect nor can their life be.

The End

