

Qualiteria High

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## Introduction

It was a cold night in England, October 24th, 1883. Mr. and Mrs. Welter had sat their eyes on their first child. She was a beautiful baby girl with sleeping eyes and flawless skin, wrapped around in a white blanket. They were very proud of their new baby. They named her Amelia.

Four years later, 1887, Amelia was already an avid reader. She had her own bookshelf and it was filled with stories like *The Adventures of Huckleberry Finn* and *Little Women*. But her favorite book was *Moby Dick*. Her parents recognized her talents and were fascinated with their daughter being able to read such a big book.

"She is very smart for being four years old," Mr. Welter said, "We should educate her."

"I agree," said Mrs. Welter.

"Yes. So we should send her to school," Mr. Welter suggested. Mrs. Welter looked up in surprise.

"Send her to school? No, no!" Mrs. Welter shook her head, "How about a tutor?"

"A tutor? What could be wrong with sending her to school?" Mr. Welter asked.

"I... just thought that she wouldn't be fit to go out there. What if she misses us? Maybe she will be terribly frightened by the other children that she wouldn't make any friends."

Amelia's parents could never take their child outside. In the busy streets of London, there is no place for her to play. Amelia usually sits and reads in her room, never taking her eyes off her book. She never had the time to make friends.

"Alright," Mr. Welter said, "It might be best to get her familiar with things before she goes outside. So, let us try a tutor."

A few weeks later, the parents invited a young tutor. She was a cheerful woman that is great with meeting people. The parents greeted her and led her to the room where Amelia usually reads. Her first reaction was a puzzled look. She never met anyone like the woman in her life. What does she want in her room?

"Hello, little darling! My! You are awfully cute," the tutor said as she reached out to Amelia. As soon as she saw the hand, Amelia got up and stepped back.

"Oh! I do apologize, Ms. Adams," Mrs. Welter apologized.

Amelia was scared, confused, and frustrated as well. She had just a few pages of *Moby Dick* to read. She hoped that this stranger could go away, but her parents managed with her fear and told the tutor about her problem. The tutor understood and was instructed to stay a few feet away from Amelia to avoid conflicts.

A few more weeks had gone by and Ms. Adams had managed with her. And that involved numerous shouts, running, and numerous space for Amelia to try to get away from the tutor. But apparently, she did learn new things that could help her in the schoolhouse. After all of that, Ms.

Adams still wondered about how she could learn about socialization. After the tutor left, the parents made the decision to send their daughter to school.

In her first time in a room full of loud children, Amelia had never been more frightened in her life. She was sitting in a chair in the corner while everyone played and shouted. This was all quite new to her, as the other children don't look anything like her.

Amelia figured she can be as loud as the other children. So, she got up on the floorboard and shouted as loud as she can. But, nobody could hear her. She shouted again, but still, nobody can hear her. She shouted one last time, and still, nobody can hear her. The room was too noisy, and the other children were causing it to be this way. She was just not like them. None of them were like the characters she read.

She sees dancing, singing, boys yelling at each other, boys playing tag and falling on top of each other, and laughing. It was all colorful. She was just standing there and not doing any of the things the children were doing. It was clear that she was the outsider. Amelia sat back down, watching the colorful kids.

Amelia had grown up while she was reading. She was the only child of the Welters. By the time she was in secondary school, she never did learn the activity of socialization and never spoke to anyone but the characters from her books.

Every day, she focuses on how the kids are different than her. It just fascinates her, the thought of people that were born the same year as her is different in the future now.

Through the years, she had read many books and gathered many stories in her head. All of them were of good value to her, but there was this one book that was truly special. She never shared this with her parents. The book was about a fairy who lived in a magical forest and all her friends are different compared to her. They go on magical adventures to protect their home. Amelia noticed that most of the concept is similar to the world she is in now, except the adventure part.

After she went through a day of school, she spent most of the time in her room reading more books. The books made her think about becoming a writer, but she had something else in mind like being a bookstore owner, or a teacher. Sometimes, her parents were worried about her time in her room. She sometimes assured them that she was fine. Then her parents kept that in mind. To her, her room is the best place, but she tries not to get distracted by the noisy streets of London outside.

Like her friends, she graduated with a ceremony. And like most people, she struggled to think of what to be. After much thought, she found that she really wanted to teach. She found that she dreamed of being a teacher, and a really good one. She wanted to teach her students in the future on things that she had learned and the concepts and insights of the world. She was really getting into it with all the books she had. The university she was studying at gave her all the help she needed.

One day, while she was studying, her uncle came to the room. Her uncle was a lumberjack for a living and just came back from America from doing his job. He asked her how she was doing.

"I am doing fine, uncle," Amelia said in a British accent.

"Good, good," the uncle said, "What are you studying?"

"Teaching," Amelia answered. After she said that, her uncle chuckled. Amelia looked over at her uncle, curious as to why he is laughing.

She found it strange to see him laugh about that. It was on her mind while was looking through books to read, but then she switched from her uncle to teaching. She needed to think bigger about teaching anyway. She can't see why there are people denying her jobs. She wasn't even allowed to observe the teachers in what they do in a school room.

She saw no hope until her father suggested something. He told her about the country of America, a place where great jobs were to be found. He then told her about a school where they are accepting new teachers to observe what they do in the school. He gave her the map of where it is. Amelia gladly took it.

While she was on the boat, Amelia thought of what to do in the school room. Maybe she can introduce herself to them and the teacher first, and then write down what the teacher is doing. She quickly reviewed all her luggage she brought with her. When she reached the land, she took another mode of transportation to get to the school. After a few days, she finally reached the place but found that there was nothing there, only flat land.

Astonished with the sight, she quickly recalled what her father had said. There was nothing on the open plain she was standing on right now. Had her father fooled her? Did he plan this scheme with her uncle to get rid of her? Amelia felt immediate devastation, but she decided not to make any conclusions and soon found this a misunderstanding. At least she can get away from the noisy city she came from.

As she rested beside a tree, she heard a quick 'Hello'. She got startled at the voice that she opened her eyes and jumped up from where she is resting. She looked around for the person who spoke, but she didn't find anyone. She forgot that her luggage was beside her. While looking around, the tiny voice came back. "Hello."

Amelia screamed and jumped. She looked to the side. She saw a tiny green light next to her. She looked closely and found that there was a little person in the light. "I said, hello," the person said while moving closer to her. Amelia screamed and fell down.

"Do not be scared of me," the person said, "I only want to talk to you." Amelia gazed at the light, then she soon found that it had wings. T-This better be what I think it is, Amelia thought to herself as she reached for her childhood book in her bags.

"Hello?" the person called, "What are you doing there?"

"Y-You," Amelia stuttered as she tried to grab her book.

"I am what?" the person asked.

"You," Amelia started saying again as she finally grabbed her book. "You... were the fairy... in this book." Amelia showed her the old book. The fairy gazed at it.

"I do not recall being in that book," the fairy said, "I've never actually heard of that, actually."

"My word," Amelia said, "I cannot believe you are real."

"Can you not see that I am real?" the fairy stated.

Amelia had the sudden feeling to touch the fairy, even to catch it, but she knew it was cruel. But just to be sure, Amelia moved her finger to touch the fairy. When she touched it, the fairy moved back.

"Hey!" the fairy yelled. Now that Amelia touched the fairy, things started changing in her mind. There were too many questions in her mind that an average human cannot answer at once.

"May I ask?" the fairy started to say, "Why are you here in the first place?" Amelia snapped out of it.

"Oh," Amelia called, "I was supposed to find a school here, but this place is empty as an abandoned factory building, or an empty farmer's garden."

"I have a name, you know," the fairy stated, "My name is Marie. What is yours?" Amelia got up to her feet.

"Amelia Welter," Amelia answered.

"Well Amelia," Marie said, "I don't know how you would come here thinking there is a school. This spot hasn't had one thing built on it in years." Amelia recalled her father saying there was a well-established school waiting for new teachers like her.

"But, my father sent me here," Amelia explained, "Maybe he made a mistake. My father would never betray me like this."

"Maybe," Marie agreed.

"No matter," Amelia said, "The reason why I came to America was to learn how to teach."

"That was your purpose," Marie said, "Now, how are you going to do that?"

"I don't know," Amelia said, "Maybe I should look around for available maps that I can use to search for schools that welcome me to observe their teaching."

"Okay then," Marie said.

"But," Amelia continued, "I do wish I can head my own school. Sorry that I may be rushing things. I will go off then, and it was nice meeting you." After Marie heard this, she suddenly had an idea.

"Amelia," Marie called, "Maybe I can help you."

"What can you help me with?" Amelia asked.

"Would you mind if we... build you a school?" Marie asked. Amelia's eyes grew wide.

"You can build a school? You have the necessary education to do that?" Amelia asked.

"Yeah, we do," Marie answered, "A group from my family was well educated to build such structures. And others will use magic and tools."

"I... don't know what to do," Amelia said.

"Please. We are really good at it," Marie pleaded as she clasps her hands together. Amelia saw this.

"Okay," Amelia agreed, "And when you do build the entire building, will you help bring in students?"

"Yes, if students know about you. You would most likely gain a reputation before the school is finished. Then, all the others in my family will spread the word. I promise," Marie swore, and she held her hand for her to shake. Amelia looked at her hand. She doesn't know how to shake a hand that tiny. It was the size of a breadcrumb. She decided to put out her smallest finger of her hand. Marie then shook the finger.

"Okay," Marie said, "Let's get to work."

# Chapter 1

Veronica woke up from a flash of light that shone on her eyelids. Inside her eyes was a red color telling her to move her head away from the light. She opened her eyes and turned to her left. She saw her mom standing by the curtained window.

"Sorry, did I wake you up?" her mom asked, smiling. Veronica just sat there, waiting for another set of words from her mom.

"Of course, I did," her mom finally said.

"Did the breakfast bell ring earlier?" Veronica asked.

"Yes. I rang the bell 5 times, and that was 30 minutes ago," her mom said, "Well, I'm going, and good morning."

Veronica watched as her mother walked out of her room. She looked over at the clock, *10:31*. She suddenly recalled the dream she had last night. In the dream, she was on her desktop browsing the web and there was this ringing that came when she reached a shopping website. The ringing was so loud she had to cover her ears so she can't get deaf. After the ringing stopped, her ears were aching. She was about to turn to her computer despite the pain in her ears, but the screen was red.

It took Veronica a few seconds to figure out that the ringing came from her mother's breakfast bell. It was early morning when she had that dream. Her ears were not in pain anymore. She got up and walked to the bathroom. She looked at her reflection. Veronica had flawless white skin and short black hair. There was a black headband creating a fringe for her hair. She was wearing a black camisole with gray sweatpants and white socks.

Unlike most girls, she spends only five minutes in the bathroom and never bothered to style her hair. What she would wear mostly is a black skull shirt, black pants, and black boots. She made the shirt herself since it was her special talent. She has been making shirts at a young age and never seemed to stop.

She got out of her room and walked through the hallway. While walking, she noticed a certain picture and stopped. She looked at it. It was a portrait of a boy in a uniform. He looked at least a little older than her, but younger than her mother. While looking at the portrait, she felt sudden nostalgia. She stopped at the portrait and proceeded to walking.

She slowly made her way down to the kitchen to eat her cold pancakes. She sat down and picked up her huge fork. She took a bite of the pancakes. They were like fluffy pillows from Antarctica, but they still taste good. While she was eating, she looked over to her mother's bell. It was very small and makes soft ringing noises loud enough to not wake the cul-de-sac up, unlike the bell from Veronica's dream.

She quickly finished her pancakes, getting ready to do her favorite morning hobby. She put her plate in the sink and opened the front door.

"Veronica!" Her mom called. Veronica stepped back.

"Where are you going?" she asked.

"To take a walk, like I always do," Veronica answered.

"Okay," her mom said, allowing her to walk out the door, "Make sure to stay in the neighborhood."

Veronica barely listened as she closed the door behind her. The sun shone on the area around her. She ran past her thick lawn. She ran past her mailbox and then stopped. She could've sworn she saw something glittery out of the corner of her eye. She stepped back and saw some green glitter on her mailbox.

She walked over and touched the glitter, examining it. It looked like it had been sitting here for a while. *Looks like our mailman is a fairy since he doesn't keep his make-up set to himself,* Veronica thought. She brushed the glitter off and checked the mailbox. An envelope was inside. She took it out and found more glitter on it too. She shook the glitter off and opened the envelope. The envelope contained a letter in it. It read:

*Dear Parent or Future Student,*

## **Congratulations!**

*Your child has been invited to the infamous school known as, Qualiteria High. Qualiteria High was a school founded by Amelia Welter back in 1907. This school, compared to other boarding schools, offers a brand-new education to deliver to your child.*

*Parents, if your child is having trouble finding a new school, you are lucky to receive this letter due to your child's achievements in middle school. Those accomplishments are not only test based, but something interesting or outside of school. You can see now that your child learning during middle school can make a huge impact in the future.*

*Our school delivers a fun learning experience and lets students discover themselves. During the years, the school has grown and developed new programs and subjects, and it was all because of the students who went here. We offer new classes now, and a wide variety of them too.*

*During this time, we are launching a new program that lets students choose what to do with their time in being here. They can choose classes, choose activities, and choose what new rules can be established. There are teachers and staff that have been here and supported the students through the years.*

*If you're interested, please come to the tour on Saturday, August 12. The tour guides available are named Michelle Holesberg and Brandon Holier. You are assigned to go with Michelle, which will be near the garden. Please come to the tour at 12:30 a.m. There are no charges for coming here. It is all free if your child was invited.*

*If you are already going to a high school, you do not have to come here. If you are planning to come here, coming to the tour is highly recommended so you won't get lost. At the end of the tour, there will be a buffet in the cafeteria. Please come and discover a whole new environment for your child.*

*Mrs. Hall  
Principal of Qualiteria High  
Part of the local school board*

After Veronica read the letter, she suddenly felt confused. She thought this might be a mistake or scam letter. After reading it for the second time, she didn't see any typos or any sketchy phrases or anything like that. She scratched her head and looked around. Nobody is around to explain this.

She was very confused. What accomplishments has she done to receive this? She figured this must belong to another house. She looked at the letter and realized another detail.

*P.S. - This letter is for Veronica H. Brine. If you find this letter, please return it to her or her household.*

She found this spooky. How did they know her name? This ought to be a misunderstanding. The letter says something that when your child does accomplishments, they'll invite you. This seems like a prestigious boarding school. She suddenly recalled her middle school experiences. Looking back, she didn't remember anything that she had accomplished. She did remember something else. It was the time that she pulled off a boy's hair, scratched off her middle school's posters, pulled off another boy's hair, and filled an entire desk with crushed candy.

*This school picked the wrong kid.* She had that statement on her mind, but now that she knows that this officially belongs to her, she decided to tell her mom about this, which was what she should've done when she got this letter.

When she went back inside and showed her, her mother's expression went from calm to suspicious. Her eyes grew smaller as she scanned the paper.

"And you said you found this... with glitter?" her mom asked.

"Yeah," Veronica answered, "There was glitter on the mailbox, in the mailbox, and in the envelope." Her mother went back to the paper.

"They didn't give any directions to where the school is," her mom said, "No phone number, no picture, no nothing."

"So, what do you think we should do?" Veronica asked. Her mother didn't say anything for a moment.

"I guess... you can go," her mom finally answered, "You aren't going to any other school, so this was a lifesaver. We might have to look this school up so we can be informed of where it is." Veronica agreed.

"I don't get this," her mom continued, "So, they would send this in the last month of summer where kids have their schools already figured out." Veronica agreed with her mom. They always agreed on something.

"You can go out, now," her mom said as she is still reading the letter.

Veronica resumed to taking her walk and doing her favorite hobby, hand printing people's houses. She started this hobby a long time ago. All she does is paint her hand red, go up to a house, and smack her hand against the wall of the house. Nobody ever notices until they see the hand-made art on their house. She keeps a red bucket of paint behind her house. She paints her hand red and goes up to a house, and then... Smack!

## Chapter 2

Chelsea was up quite early. She was in the kitchen making smoothies for her family. She does this every Saturday and loves her family's expressions when they taste it.

"Everybody! Wake up! I made smoothies for you guys! It's strawberry, your favorite!"

Her little brother, Cory, came downstairs immediately, wearing his blue pajamas. "And orange swirl," her brother said.

"Orange swirl," Chelsea said with a nod.

"Yes!" Her brother yelled as he grabbed a strawberry smoothie with orange swirl.

Chelsea's parents came downstairs in their robes. "Ah! There's my little smoothie princess!" her father said. Chelsea gave him a regular strawberry smoothie.

"But I thought I was a queen," Chelsea said to her father.

"You are one," Chelsea's mom added in, "Don't mind your dad."

"Mom," Cory called as he drank his smoothie, "Can I check the mail? I wanna see if I won the sweepstakes."

"Sure, but don't go to any other house," his mom commanded. Cory ran to the front door with his fast legs going behind him. He made sure to not spill his beverage.

"Chelsea," her father called her, "I appreciate you doing this to keep us awake."

"No problem," Chelsea said. Her bunny ears moved as she talked.

"This tastes delicious," her dad complimented as he drank his smoothie through a straw. Seeing her dad enjoying something that she made makes her happy. She wants to speak about it, but she can't put it into words. While she is feeling happy, she remembered something.

"I'll be right back," Chelsea said as she left her smoothie station. She was fully clothed, wearing a yellow camisole with purple pants. She wore a red bracelet on each wrist. She had long, blonde wavy hair with a long piece of red ribbon tied around her head, resembling bunny ears. She had pink boots on, made of leather that can last up ten years. There was one piece left to finish off her outfit.

She walked upstairs to her bedroom. Her room had a bright theme with her window open to reveal a clear blue sky. No other thing could possibly be seen with how bright the room is. She opened her dresser and took out another bigger piece of ribbon. It was the same color as her bunny ears and she wrapped it around her waist, tying it to the side, creating two big loops.

Now that her outfit was complete, she can come up with more ideas to set up her smoothie shop. As she went to her desk, her brother came into the room. He had an envelope in his hands. He was still wearing his pajamas.

"Sis," he called, "You have mail." Chelsea looked over at him. She walked to him and took it from his hands. As she took it from him, she saw green glitter on his hands.

"Thanks," Chelsea thanked, "Did you win the sweepstakes?"

"No," Cory answered, "That was the only thing in the mailbox, but I'll keep trying." He ran to his room to work on something. Chelsea watched him go by. Cory could try again and maybe develop a plan to earn the prize quicker. That was what she learned in a video. Chelsea looked at the envelope.

She wondered what it is as she opened the envelope. People rarely send her real mail and more in via e-mail, so she wondered what it could be. She opened the envelope and took out a letter. She read the word that caught her eye. *Congratulations...*

While reading, she heard her brother drop something on the floor of his room. She stopped reading and looked out the hallway, then came back in. When she finished reading the letter, she had an excited look on her face. She never thought she would go to a boarding school. Funny enough, she had heard of this school before and looked up its amazing pictures. She also felt that is was great luck.

She didn't know what to do and decided to tell her friend, Veronica. She didn't want to disrupt her dad who was still drinking his smoothie downstairs. She grabbed her phone and texted her friend.

"Hey, Verry! Can you meet me at the front of my house? I need to show you something. Bye!"

As soon as she set her phone down, she heard her brother drop something again. She went to her brother's room and opened the door. On the floor, there were many pieces of a toy robot that was recently broken. Toys are scattered on the floor, some of them broken as well. She turned to her brother, who was kneeling down on the floor. His hand still had green glitter on it.

"You should knock next time," her brother suggested.