

Qualiteria High:
Preview

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Introduction

It was a cold night in England, October 24th, 1883. Mr. and Mrs. Welter had set 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 are 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 was fascinated with their daughter being able to read such a big book.

"She is very smart for being four years old," Mr. Welter said. "I agree," said Mrs. Welter, "but 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.

"Nonsense," Mr. Welter added, "Of course she will make friends." And with more conversation, they made the decision to take their daughter to school.

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 by 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 can 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, not doing any of the things the kids were doing. It was clear that she was the outsider. Amelia sat back down, watching the colorful kids.

Amelia grew up while she was reading. She was an only child by then. By the time she was in secondary school, she finally worked up the courage to ask others to be her friend. Luckily, they agreed.

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 as her are different in the future now.

Through all these years, she had this one book in her hands that she read over and over. She never shared this with her friends because it was too special to her. 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. Most of the concept is similar to the world Amelia is in now, except the adventure part.

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 in to 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 needed someone to help him pick up the logs he cut down. While carrying an axe, 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 to her uncle, curious as to why he is laughing.

"What is so funny?" Amelia asked. Her uncle explained that it could work, but she would never go that far. After that, he laughed again. Amelia saw that her uncle is not a believer and wanted to prove to him that she can make it. After a few days, her father showed her the map to the Americas. He told her that there is school that she can observe on in teaching. She agreed to this and took a boat to the Americas.

While she was on the boat, Amelia thought of what to observe on with the students. 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 industrial city of where 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 forgotten that her stuff 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 the luggage.

"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 that, actually."

"My god," 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 yelped. Now that Amelia touched the fairy, things started changing in her mind. There are too many questions in her mind that a 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, fairy," 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 newbies 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 the Americas was 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."

"But," Amelia continued, "I only wish I can head my own school." After Marie heard this, she suddenly had an idea.

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

"How?" Amelia asked.

"Me and my friends have been bored and have never seen a real human in years," Marie explained. Amelia suddenly recalled that in her book, the fairies had an adventure. In this situation, this was not the case.

"Would you mind if we... build you a school?" Marie asked, "My friends and I will be delighted to help a human again." Amelia's eyes grew wide.

"You can build a school? How can you do that?" Amelia asked.

"With our magic," Marie answered while showing her tiny hands sprinkled green glitter from her hands, "And other tools."

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

"Pretty please," Marie pleaded as she clasps her hands together. Amelia saw this.

"Okay," Amelia agreed, "But only if you help me bring in students."

"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 bread crumb. She decided to put out her pinkie. Marie shook the pinkie.

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

Chapter 1

Veronica woke up from a flash of light that shined on her eyelids. Inside her eyes is 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 rang earlier?" Veronica asked.

"Yes. I rang the bell 5 times, and that was 30 minutes ago," her mom said, "Well, I'll be taking my leave, 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 mom's breakfast bell. It was early morning when she had that dream. Her ears were not in pain, so that might've been fake. 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 5 minutes in the bathroom and never bothered to style her hair. It was fine the way it was to her. Her wardrobe of choice is her favorite shirt, 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 slowly made her way 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 whole 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 within the neighborhood."

Veronica barely listened as she closed the door behind her. The sun shined on the whole 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 should 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 on 12:30 a.m. There are no charges in 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 whole letter, she suddenly felt confused. She thought this might be a mistake or scam letter. After reading it over a 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 is full-on confused. What accomplishments have 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 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 is an achievement based boarding school. She suddenly recalled her middle school experiences. Looking back, she didn't remember anything that she had accomplished. She was nothing but bad behavior. She was a girl that follows her way, and does reckless things along with it. She was an animal with a black mane and sharp teeth. No teacher would ever want to tutor her.

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 mom'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 is a lifesaver. We might have to look this school up so we can be informed on 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 Ninja Turtle 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 was bright themed with her window open. 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 to 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 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. When getting this letter, this must be pure 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! :D"

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 were 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.