

Ariel's Discovery

By: Megan D.

I trudged down the navy-blue stairs, my heavy green binder rhythmically smacking against my thighs. I wore my signature scowl that everybody knew me for. “Hey, you see that girl in the green plaid. Really? Well, she's scowling. Yeah, now you see. Her name is Ariel.” That’s normally what happens. Anyways, today I must go into my dad's work! It's going to be awful, because he works for the federal government. Probably Area 51, I'm sure of it. ‘Hello, students of Bleu Junior High!’ My principle’s voice boomed over the loudspeaker, startling me. “Today is a brand-new day, so a brand-new start! Our quote of the day is from an anonymous person. ‘It is not the man that causes the problem, it is the man's mind.’ I want you to think about that today, students. Have a great Tuesday! Go Robins!” I hated Mrs. Lynder’s peppy attitude all the time. People were dying by the minute, and she was busy distracting us with “beautiful quotes”. Oh well, I guess if it doesn’t apply to you, it doesn’t matter.

The day went by quick, unfortunately. While all the kids in 7th period grinned in pleasure when the dismissal bell rang, I groaned, sagging my shoulders as I walked to the front where my dad was waiting. “Hey, Ariel.” He mouthed at me, since he was on the phone. He was *always* on the phone, considering he worked for the federal government. “Hi.” I whispered, pulling out my English homework. “Okay, okay! She’s coming, but she won’t come into the DOSC okay? Jeesh!” He hung up the phone and sighed at me. “You coming to my work has caused *lots* of debate with my coworkers.” I looked up from my stupid English homework. “I don't have to go.” I said hopefully. “No, no, I want you to have the experience.” He waved his hand to the side in a dismissing way, and at that point, I knew I had to obey. “Okay, Dad. I’m not going to enjoy it.” I kind of whispered the last part, so he wouldn’t feel bad about it.

I heard a screech as Dad pulled into his designated parking spot. Yup. Area 51 was right before my eyes. “Dad, why are we here? I thought Area 51 didn’t exist.” He turned his head. “Of course, it exists, sweet pea. We just don’t...do what you’ve heard we do here. It's just a government facility that somebody made famous with a silly rumor of Aliens and Martians. You didn’t believe in that, did you?” I didn’t answer, because, a coworker of his came out and slapped hands with him. I walked past them and entered the place. My first thoughts you ask. I *hated* it. It was bare, smelly and colorless, not that I liked color anyways. Acres of New Mexican desert with black buildings here and there. My dad could tell I wasn’t impressed, so he told me to explore the place. “Well alright, if you want me to.” I said grudgingly and waited until he walked off to run up to a small building labeled DOSC. Time to find out what dad and his work are hiding.