

W.O.N

For so many months, Casey had wanted recognition. Maybe he would win an award. Maybe he would get a position in the student council. Maybe, just maybe, he would excel in his classes. At least one. No. There was no way he would be able to do that. He sighs, leaning back in his chair. But, as usual, he messes up. *CRASH!* Heads swivel, turning to look and laugh at the tiny kid with black hair. His identical twin, Bailey frowns, and signs *What are you doing?* Scowling, he sets his chair up. Once he rerights himself, he signs back *Learning math* His sister opens her mouth, about to retort something, probably something rude, the teacher interrupts.

“Do you have something to say, Ms. Black?” asks Mr. Gonzalez. “Perhaps you could solve this problem for us?”

Bailey flashes a smile, sitting straight up, her black ponytail bobbing up and down. “Sure, Mr. Gonzalez,” she replies. “X equals negative four,” Mr. Gonzalez gives her The Eye before turning back to the class. Casey breathes a sigh in relief. His twin had come so close to getting busted. But the teacher wasn’t done yet.

“How about you, Casey? Can you solve this problem?” says Mr. Gonzalez. Casey gulps. He knew today would be a long day. And he was right.



“I can’t believe that I scored so low on that chinese test,” Casey moaned, while walking alongside Bailey. Bailey raises an eyebrow.

“Did you study?” asks Bailey. Casey turns red and mutters something about a “project”. Soon after, they turn onto the street that leads straight to the convenience store. As they walk down, Bailey notices something. An asian man is sitting on a bench reading a newspaper. The man, who looks nervous, is wearing a diamond ring on his index finger plus all black attire, like he wants to hide.

Bailey grabs Casey’s arm, and whispers “That man on the bench, why is he reading a newspaper, when he’s clearly rich enough to have a phone?”

“Nah, he’s probably someone like, fifty or something, but looks really young?” suggests Casey. Bailey narrows her eyes at him.

“It’s probably nothing,” Casey mutters. They walk past him and into the store. Bailey sneaks into a row of candy, while Casey stalks off to the slushie machine. Bailey sighs, and looks out. The man isn’t there.

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Bailey’s eyes widen, but it’s too late. A hand claps down on her shoulder. As she turns around, she finds herself staring into storm grey eyes.

“Where’s your brother?” he hisses. Bailey’s eyes widen. He sighs.

“Follow me,” he says. He leads her to the nearby alley.

He leans against the wall and starts to speak... but a dart shoots from nowhere and collides with his shoulder. He turns pale before dropping into a heap on the ground. Bailey turns around. There is a red haired woman standing in the alley with a dart in her right hand, and three more in her left.

“Are you okay?” She asks. Bailey doesn’t answer, but instead tries to squeeze past her.

“Hold on,” she says, frowning. “Where ya goin’?”

“To my brother,” Bailey answers.

The red haired woman shakes her head. “He’s got him,”

“Who-” Bailey starts to say, but a big, blond haired fellow comes lumbering into the alley with his hand over Casey’s mouth. Casey looks furious, his face red with anger. The man lets go of Casey’s mouth, and Casey, seeing Bailey, runs to her side.

Casey stands in front of Bailey, probably trying to protect her.

“Bailey,” pants Casey, “Run!”

Bailey frowns. “What! Why?”

“He,” Casey says, “Tried to kidnap me!”

Bailey laughs. “He probably just brought you here because... uh what’s your name?”

“I’m Claire,” the woman says, “And this is Bruce,” Bruce grunts in agreement. “But,” Claire continues. “You have to come with us,”

“What?!” Say the twins, “No way!”

Claire’s expression darkens. “Fine but we’re taking him,” she says, gesturing to the unconscious man.

“Fine,” The twins say. They walk out of the alley, mumbling about what happened.

Once they get out of earshot, Bailey turns to Casey.

“What happened to you?” Bailey asks.

“Well... I-” he’s interrupted by a man staggering towards them.

“Help, me,” He gasps out. It’s the same asian man. He stumbles forward, only to fall on his face. Casey and Bailey look at each other and nod. They sling his arms around their necks as they drag him home. Luckily, their parents aren’t home.

“What’s wrong with him?” asks Casey. Bailey looks at his legs and feet. One of his ankles is twisted at an unnatural angle.

Bailey gasps out loud. “One of his ankles is broken!”

“Good job, Einstein,” he says dryly. “I saw this in a movie,” he adds.

“What?” Then she realizes. Casey grabs his foot but pauses.

“Bailey, get a knife,” he says. Bailey scurries off to grab a kitchen knife. Casey twists until he hears a *pop*. *Is that good or bad?* He wonders. Then he realizes the man is screaming. His eyes dart around.

“Ni hao,” says Casey. Then the man spots Casey and his eyes widen. Bailey enters the room with a large kitchen knife.

“Don’t hurt me,” the man says, throwing up his hands.

“We want some answers,” Casey replies. “Who are you, why are you here, and why are you stalking us?”

“I can only answer the first one.” He replies. “I am Joshua Park, from W.O.N.”

“What’s that supposed to mean?” asks Casey. “And remember, my sister has a knife.”

“You really don’t know?” the man asks doubtfully. “I’m from W.O.N. Wonder Of Novels. And I’ve been asked to retrieve Casey and Bailey Black.”

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