

# THE ANNIE PROJECT

By Emily B.

Hi, my name is Alexa. Alexa who? I don't know. You see I'm an orphan but, before you start with the I'm sorry and the pity I just want to say I'm pretty lucky. You see some people remember being brought to the orphanage while I was left the minute I was born. Do I miss them? Yes, do I chase every lead I get? Of course, would I go to them? I don't know. Any way 6 months ago I was chosen along with 100 other kids, two from each state, to become a 'Spy Teen' or more commonly known as 'The Annie project.' To me it was another day at training, at least that's what I thought.

"This may be a game now but not in the future!" yelled the instructor as we faced our fellow teens in one of our daily training exercises. I swung her legs out from under her and sent her falling on to the mat below.

"Time." I yelled to the instructor over the grunts of the other students.

"Really? That's a new record." she said walking over to us as I helped my friend Jasmine up off the mat. "Alexa wins today's challenge."

"Come on," started Mathew but, just then the loud speaker clicked on.

"ATTENTION STUDENTS WE ARE HAVNG ANOTHER TEST PLEASE GO TO THE GREAT HALL." The loud speaker screeched. We all raced to the great hall. I took the booby-trapped hallway, because one I knew it by heart and two it's the fastest way to get there. As I thought I was the first one there and to my surprise President Collier was standing in front of me. He gestured for me, and the other students, to sit in the rows of benches behind him.

"Hello students." Mr. Collier said. "We decided that it's time to start cutting students out of the program. You have had your training, but now it's time to put it to the test. By the time the test is done one fourth of you will be gone. Get your equipment on, time to spy. You have one hour." he finished and we were sent to our rooms and told to prepare for anything. As we headed to our rooms Then the loud speaker clicked on again.

"PLEASE SEND ALEXA, MATHEW, JASMINE," after that I stopped listening. She listed 22 other people and told us we had an extra hour. I started to ready my stun gun when they came by with our assignments to study. It says I going to be the daughter of a duchess. I had to go to the king's party and find out who he was working with. It says here that I'm going to play a 17 year old! I finished getting ready and headed to the simulation chamber. (Were actors put us to test simulating junior missions.)

"Hello students I hope you read your folders. Pleas enter your chamber and try to stay in character. The simulation will begin shortly." Said a lady in a black suit. This is it, I think to myself, my first mission. Then, all of a sudden like going in to a dream the palace appeared. I checked my costume then walked in to the castle. As I waltzed in to the ball room I started to feel overwhelmed I looked frantically trying to find my best access point. There! The prince, around my character's age, stood there by the king yawning softly.

“Boring party.” I say when I finally approach him. He cocked his head at me like I was from another planet.

“I think it’s....” He started as he tried to avoid eye contact.

“BORING.” I finish pretending to yawn. He let out a little chuckle. “Why don’t we ditch this place and tour the gardens?” I say hoping I could get him alone. He thinks for a moment, looks around and nods. He takes my hand and we slowly make our way to the side door. The garden is beautiful but I had to stay focused on my mission. “So I heard your dad is working with a partner.” I start casually. He jumped a little but brushed it off.

“I don’t know I get bored with that kind of stuff.” He said, again avoiding eye contact with me. He was definitely in on it.

“Oh.” I said trying to look disappointed. He looked at me with an adventurous grin.

“Well, I guess I could have ‘overheard’ a thing or two, if you can catch me.” He started running but I have had just about enough of this. I take off my puffy skirt so all I have is my shirt and leggings.

“Ready or not here I come.” I call after him in a little more than a playful tone. When I finally catch up to him he is panting and out of breath. I pin him to a nearby fountain, my look calm and serious.

“I’m done playing. Who is your dad working with?” I bark pointing my Taser at him. “No lies.”

“Fine, he’s working with the general of the U.S.” He says, but past his timid grin I saw what I needed to see, cold hard FEAR.

“Thanks.” I say with a curious smile, I shoot my Taser in his gut and in a few smooth movements he has hand cuffed his hands, feet, and I tie him to the fountain and step back. It’s a work of art I think to myself. I pull myself out of my trance and pull out my communicator: IT’S THE GENERAL. I email the instructor, and almost immediately the palace fades almost as quickly as it began.

“Well done, most of you passed, for the rest of you, you’re not top dogs anymore. Results will be posted tomorrow.” She stated to the class.

The next morning when I woke up my score was listed on top, ALEXA: BEST IN CLASS.