

“What’s wrong?”

Newt looked up at Alex. He gave a slight shrug. It had been a day but he felt bad inside... more of a punch in the gut. In fact, he would have rather been punched in the gut.

Newt watched as the clock ticked. A few more seconds seemed to go by so slowly. Newt made sure his sunglasses were on right, then the bell rang. Newt walked around and fixed his backpack. He walked towards the Gym, and broke off into a run. He ran up to Jamie, and walked with her.

“Sorry.”

“For what?”

She looked at him, with her soft brown eyes. Newt looked down. He tried to get the words out but failed.

“Just send it in a text Newt.” She said laughing. Newt felt his face go red, and hung it immediately again. He knew the makeup would cover most of it but still. The two walked outside, when Newt got the oddest sensation. He turned to see a man in a Ski Mask walking over.

“J-J-Jamie... go.”

“Huh?”

“GO!”

The two borked off into a run, as the man chased them. Newt took a wrong turn, and ended up in a corner.

“Leave it to this stupid school for not having security!” Jamie said obviously angry. Newt flung his backpack off at the man, but soon four more joined him.

Newt grabbed Jamie’s backpack and flung it, hitting the taller of the five men. Newt was actually taller than them, but he was still utterly terrified. He turned to a terrified Jamie, and felt anger boil inside. Newt moved slightly.

“Don’t... you... dare.” Jamie said under her breath, but it was too late. Newt was mad... very mad. He decked one of them, as the others seemed to try and beat him up. Newt tried to fling them away, the smallest one, but five against one... not that great of odds. Newt then got decked, and his glasses came flying off. They all smiled, and spoke in some other language.

“Hey idiot heads!”

Newt looked up and to his shock someone ran in and tackled them. It was like seeing football in real life!

Alex stood up and cracked his knuckles... newt could tell this wasn’t his first rodeo.

“Hey pea brains, get away before I do something worse.” Alex threatened. They stood up and turned to him. Soon, Alex was taking on all five of them... then the worst of the worst.

Alex got hit... he got hit badly... he got hit where the sun doesn’t shine.

Newt felt it himself even though he watched it.

The five turned to Newt, and Jamie came over, walking one with a metal pipe. Newt gave her a thumbs up, and tackled one of them.

The unthinkable then happened... again. One man pulled out a metal container, and white smoke came out.

Newt covered his face... but soon fell.

He tried to stand up, but couldn't. He then got nailed in the gut by a punch... now he wished he hadn't rather gotten punched in the gut... THIS SUCKED!

Newt tried to keep from falling, but he couldn't.

Newt hit the ground and fell asleep.

Newt opened his pure black eyes. He closed them again and hung his head. He opened his eyes, and realized he was tied to a chair. He tried to move but couldn't.

No no no no no!

He looked at his arms, and realized that his makeup was gone. He swore silently in his brain, and looked around. He saw a glass wall. The room was white, but there was a odd tint of yellow. A familiar feeling went through Newt's lungs as he breathed.

What? No... no no no! The Gas.

Newt struggled, and tried to free himself, and soon heard a groan behind him. He turned his head as far as it could to see the back of Alex's head.

Oh no.

He was trapped again.

He was trapped with the gas again.

He was trapped with Alex who could possibly get infected by it and become some man eating crazy monster.

He was trapped and Jamie was nowhere to be seen.

He couldn't even protect her in his first fight... like ever.

Newt looked at the ground. This had to be the worst day of his life... okay not the worst but still; pretty bad.