

Paranoya

Short Stories

Von abgemeldet

Kapitel 1: 01 - Jody Saintemillion (1)

All about Short-Takes. Will be about random characters.

If you don't know the mainstuff about a character, don't read it, if you don't want to read spoilers! You should know the plot until volume 42!

Have fun!

01 - Jody Saintemillion (1)

And she was running again. Again she was late. It wouldn't have been so worse if she would have been a pupil, but she was a teacher! And she wasn't allowed to be late, but this situation was just typical for her. The blonde woman skipped a few steps. 'Why does this always happen to me?' she asked herself. 'Seems to be fate or something like that.' It also fits to her extraordinary personality. A few meters left. She was able to hear the pupils talking about her delay. Laughing. "It's really typical for Jody-sensei, isn't it?" "Oh yes" another pupil answered in Jody's famous accent. "Good morning my dears!" Jody arrived in the class room, trying to catch more air. 'Just cool down' she thought, still breathing faster than normal. "Good morning, Jody-sensei." The class answered. A few of them were still laughing. "Okay, boys and girls. Let's start with our lesson, please." Again she used her special accent. It was a really strange accent but it also raised the attention of the pupils. They liked her very much. She wasn't like all the other teachers they had. She was really fresh and funny. The other teachers were just doing their job without any fun. Without any special properties. Her English was very good. Of course, because she was an American woman. But her Japanese was still a little bit bad. But this didn't really matter. The lessons were always fun. And they learned. It just worked. And this was just perfect for everyone.

The bell rang. "Okay, this is it for today. Please read again part 5 of our story. Goodbye!" She left the room. 'Phew'. She was satisfied. Everything went well this morning, again. However, the day was still young and this was her only class for the day. Her only task left at school was visiting her office and correcting a few tests. When she entered the teacher-part of the school the guys were smiling at her. She smiled back. When she entered her office she heard someone whispering a *wow*.

She giggled. 'This day could become funny at all.' She sat down on her chair, turned the pc on, checked her e-mails. Nothing special. Only a few mails from other teachers asking her about wired teacher-stuff. In moments like these she always asked herself, how she became involved. Her life wasn't normal since she was a little child. After the death of her parents she was taken into a witness programm of the FBI, because her parents were killed by a dangerous killer who was still after her life. She never had a normal childhood. Everything was strange around her. And now she was also strange.

Two hours later the crazy blonde one was leaving the school. Now she was able to enjoy the rest of the day. Doing stuff she liked. First she went down to the game-center. Playing shoot-games, activity games and all this things. This was real fun for her, although it was only virtual. But those things were able to refresh her mind. To take a break from everyday life, because she wasn't just a teacher. She was also an agent of the world famous FBI. She followed into the footsteps of her father. Chasing the woman, who killed her parents. And now she was in Japan, because *she* was here. She was allowed to follow her over the Pacific. And now, as disguise, she was just an ordinary teacher at a normal school. She knew where she had to search for this woman. She also met her a few times, without being noticed. But now was not the right time to catch her. Still she didn't have enough information about her. A few brackets were still left. So she got time for things like this. Her partner would visit her in a few days. That was okay, although she preferred to work alone for her own. Especially in this case, because her partner was really wired and scary from time to time.

She left the game-center, crossed the street, entering a shopping mall. Searching for new clothes. Crazy clothes with funny colors and with a sexy touch. That was just her style. After buying some new shirts and a new skirt she went on. A few minutes later taking a break at a cafe. She was listening to a street musician with his violin. He played very nice songs, Scottish Dances. She enjoyed it. Then she overlooked a little girl playing with a little green ball. Doing nothing and watch the others. That was relaxing for her. The world just passed by and she was able to watch it.

In the evening she entered her appartement, which provided a nice view over the city. She took a bath and sat down on her couch, reading the newest information about her target: Vermouth, also known as the famous actress Chris Vineyard...