

Diary of a Spy

By Abby

Chapter 1

Breaking the News

If you know my mother, being called down stairs is never a good thing. I was upstairs minding my own business and there was that call yet again.

"Maggie, come here!" she shouted. It wasn't an angry shout, more of an 'I have news' shout. I could somehow make out sorrow and excitement in my mom's voice, if that is possible.

"Maggie," she said when I finally came down, "I have good news and bad news. What would you like to hear first?"

"How about the bad first," I answered.

"Your father and I have been having problems; we are getting a divorce." I knew this was true because during cold nights I could hear them yelling at each other. As I delved into the pain my eyes welled up with hot tears.

"And the good news?" I asked, my voice stinging and cracking.

"Well, you and I . . . are moving . . . to Milan, Italy!" she cried with excitement. When I first heard this news I was dumbstruck. My mom, the one who loathes change, is packing up and moving us to Milan, Italy?

"When?" I inquired even though I really didn't want to know.

"Six months," she responded, clearly thrilled. "Oh, and by the way, your brother will stay with your father. I hope that doesn't upset you."

The news that I would be separated from my brother did upset me, but I didn't mention it. "Why are we moving?" I asked.

"My work is opening a new branch in Italy and they offered me a job there, so I took it," she explained simply. She must have sensed that I was a bit forlorn about being apart from my brother. "I would take both of you with me, but Tommy is too young, and your father needs someone to keep him company."

I never really understood what my mom did for work. She always said I was too young to understand. What I did know was that she was gone 7 to 7 daily including Saturdays. And she traveled a lot for long periods of time, like a month, at least.

I felt anger bubbling inside me like acid. It didn't feel fair to have to move again when I've just started to make friends at my new school. I never liked it when we had to move. Staying in one place for only a year didn't

allow me to make deep connections. Gracie was the exception. She always moved to the same places we did and at the same time.

"It will be a learning experience," she attempted to console. That bubbling acid must have shown in my expression.

At that moment I could not hold it any longer. **"So what if it's a learning experience!"** I screamed.

"Oh honey . . ." she started but didn't finish because I had already stormed off.

Chapter 2

The Truth Comes Out

When I got upstairs to my room, my stallions, Sprinkles and Jaja, whinnied from outside the barn they share with my mom's mare, Jeans, and her foal, Frizz. How could I leave them? My baby brother, Tommy. He is only three years old. Won't he miss his mom? And I don't one word of Italian.

With those thoughts and many more whizzing through my head, one kept coming back. "How could I leave my best friend, Gracie?" There's no way she would make such a big move. We had always been lucky, but I'm sure not this time. Gracie is unlike my mother; change is totally her thing. Plus Gracie knows everything about me, from my giant crush on Joe Jonas to my small stuffed giraffe, Georgina that I have owned since birth.

Although on the other hand I couldn't help being excited. I mean, there are Rome, Milan, Venice, Lake Como, and Florence! Wow!

That night I asked my mom about her job. We have a tradition that I ask her about her job before I go to sleep. She always says something that is not true like a lawyer or something. Tonight I could not sleep because of what I just heard. Here's what happened. . .

"Mom, what do you do for a living?" I initiated the routine.

"Well, you are getting to an age where you will understand what I do and not get scared every time I sleep or leave the house. And with this move, it is probably time you knew. I work for an organization called the ASAT. Do you know what that means?" She asked.

"No," I answered feeling stupid and like I should.

"Good, you shouldn't. It stands for Adult Secret Agent Team. Does that give you an idea?"

All of a sudden, memories came flooding back to me. The time she came home all in black with scratches all over her face, the fight in the kitchen with unknown people. These were just a couple of tons of memories. It all made sense!

I, Margret Jones, am the daughter of
an international spy!

Chapter 3

The Dream

That night at around 12:30 I drifted into an uneasy sleep...

My mom and I were dressed all in black and gray. The setting was hazy. I could make out vivid mountains but we were in a low, flat ground. On our right there was a river. We were fighting masked figures. There were only 2 of us and there must have been around 200 of them. I didn't see how we could win! Suddenly there was a pop and tons of small squirrel-like things started appearing. Around 300 of them! A chief gave out orders to the small things. All of a sudden the little things were everywhere! I assume they were on our side because they were clonking the enemies on the head with rocks. It was odd because when they were hit on the head they made a sound that was metallic. The squirrels were good fighters because just as soon as the masked figures appeared they had been defeated. The battle field was eerie and silent. I picked up one of the slain and pulled off the mask. Inside was a complicated contraption made of metal. Before I could do anything else, one of the squirrels came up to me. Like the rest he was dressed in a trash bag. His, unlike the rest, was made with a red one. In a strange accent he said: "I am the chief of fruffris. My name is Exes." At first I didn't know how to respond, and then my mom saved me.

"Ciao si può essere così gentile di incaricare noi casa?" She said in what sounded to me like gibberish.

"Carto basta dire a tua figlia di sveglisarsi," Exes replied.

"Ok, what did you just say and in what language?" I demanded as soon as we walked away.

"I asked him how to get home in Italian," she told me simply.

"Ok, how do you know that language?" I asked.

"To be a spy you have to know 10 languages. French, English, Italian, Chinese, Japanese, Spanish, Arabic, German, Russian, and Korean." She explained

"Are you fluent in all of them?" I wondered out loud.

"Ja!" she exclaimed.

"Excuse me miss languages, I don't speak anything but English" I reminded her using a bit of an attitude.

"Ok little Ms. Have- no- fun, yes, I do." She said mirroring back my bit of attitude. Just then over the hill there was a tremendous buzzing noise. Shaking me a little bit she exclaimed in a worried voice, "Honey, honey wake up! Wake up now! They are coming!" So I did.

Chapter 4

Changes

The next morning I woke up and felt sick. Not sick like the stomach flu but scared sick. I laid in my bed and thought. I thought about my dream. I decided to tell my mom. I went down stairs and saw my mom with her worried face on. When she saw me she took off her worried face off and smiled. "How did you sleep, babe?" she asked with a false smile. "I had a weird dream," I told her.

"Oh yeah? Tell me about it." The fake smile still plastered on her face.

I told her all about it. When I finished, she was wearing her worried face again.

"No. This is not happening," she mumbled under her breath.

"What?" I asked starting to feel panicked.

"He has control of your dreams. He is showing you the future. This is bad. Very, very bad. We have to leave. Get anything that will fit in the car. I will explain later. Go now!" she ordered.

"One thing, who is he?" I asked her, fully panicked.

"Tell you in the car; just get as much as you can and stuff it in the car!" She told me in a voice that ordered me not to protest.

I grabbed a pillow, soap, a lot of food, a few blankets, 4 water bottles, my toothbrush and toothpaste, my stuffed giraffe Georgina, and my laptop.

We drove for about 10 minutes until we arrived at the state records place. It smelled like dust mixed with lemon furniture polish. Let me just say, not my favorite aroma. The walls were covered with old records. The walls that weren't covered with records were a royal blue color.

"Hello, I am Susie Anne Maxwell and my daughter Margret Alexis Jones. We are looking to change our names." My mom told the attendant at the desk. He was dressed in a yellow suit. His name tag read "Jerry". His facial features are sharp.

"Oh, all right. Follow me." Like our request took him by surprise. He started strutting down a long hall. It smelled different from the rest of the building. Instead of the dust and furniture polish combo, it smelled damp and musty like wet, rotting wood. When we stopped we were in a small room filled with old records. Like 1942 old. Also there were some computers, which looked at least 15 years old, so older than me. He sat next to a man who looked like he's a million years old. His body is feeble and frail. His nametag says "Bob".

"All right pops, name changers. Get out the records of Susie Anne Maxwell and Margret Alexis Jones," Jerry requested.

"Mm. Now in how much time. 7 hours or 8?" Bob returned to the computer screen and jumped. "Oh or 5 minutes. They come right up! I'll grab it right away!" He said it with so much enthusiasm I thought he would pass out right there on the spot.

My mom pulled me into a corner and asked, "What do you want your name to be? I'm going to be Kaya Lynn Stewart. How does that sound?"

"Good, I will be Kamden Madison Stewart," I answered her, I practice saying my new name. "Kami Kami Kami." I repeated over and over in my head. Suddenly with a lot of silence, Bob stepped into the room.

"I got it!" he smiled so wide his dentures fell out. "Ow 'at are 'our 'ew 'ames?" He had not even bothered to pick up his dentures.

"Kaya Lynn Stewart," my mom said with so much confidence it sounded like it was all ready her name. Bob quickly typed that into the computer.

"Ours?" he looked at me.

"Kamden Madison Stewart," I mumbled. Click-clack Bob was typing again. For such an old man he is a good listener.

"Ou are goo' o go," Bob announced.

"Thank you, sir," my mom said as she handed him her credit card. Bob put his dentures in a bottle of water and then popped 'em back in.

"No no, changing your name is free. I just need to see your I.D."

"Oh," my mom said handing over her old I.D. surprised.

"Ok go to the Department of Transportation to get your driver's license. Here is your new I.D." He handed mom her new I.D.

"Thanks" she called as we walked out of the building. I glanced back once more to see Bob with his arm open, playing with his wires. Wait, rewind. What did I just say? Playing with his wires? My mom seemed scared after I told her about it. As we got in the car she drove away at what must have been 140 miles an hour. Next stop, Department of Transportation. The same thing happened, another dude playing with his wires only this dude was talking into his arm. Finally we were at the airport. I thought we weren't moving for 6 months.

"Why are we here?" I asked my mom.

"We need to leave. Anne should be here by now."

"Anne Porter, Gracie's mom?" I wondered aloud.

"Same one. Gracie's mom is a spy too." As if on cue Gracie and her mom pulled into the parking lot. Gracie was squealing from inside the car.

"That is AWESOME! She is moving to Italy too?" I couldn't help it; this move just got a boat load better. Or so I thought.

Chapter 5

The Airport

"Eeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeek! This rocks!" Gracie squealed; her face was in a broad grin.

"Just think, the two of us will be roaming the streets of Milan!" She is an eternal optimist I believe. She wasn't upset about leaving her house or anything. The time I had the stomach flu, she was happy about that too. She said that it was a good day because I could stay home from school.

"It will definitely be different. Cool but I will miss Tommy and my dad," I told her trying to look excited. I guess it failed because she put her arm around me and looked at me sympathetically and told me that the part about leaving my family was awful.

"Hurry girls we need to board the plane," Ms. Porter told Gracie and me.

"What about our clothes?" Gracie asked to no one in particular.

"We will get new ones. We just need to leave," Gracie's mom yelled as she ran to the airport. I have no problem with that; I love clothes and fashion, and what better place to create a new wardrobe than Milan?

"Why are we leaving now? Mom promised me six months!" I yelled so our parents could hear me. They were so far ahead they might not be able to.

"I know but after seeing those men with wires, we need to get on a plane and leave pronto!" She yelled back.

In literally five minutes, I bought plane tickets over the internet using my mom's phone. They were even first class. They were really cheap because there were open seats that no one had purchased for that very day.

"We are in first class to Milan!" I cried excitedly.

"Yes and how much did this cost?" my mom said, giving me the look of 'if it is over one thousand two hundred dollars you are grounded.'

"Relax, only six hundred bucks not including tax," I bragged with a look of 'no biggie'.

"Really? That is super cheap for flying across the ocean," My mom said.

"Yup, I am amazing," I patted myself on the back.

"A dream comes true," my mom mumbled sarcastically.

When we got into the airport we were greeted by a smiley lady who handed us our tickets and checked us in. Then we go through security. As I walked through the thing that blows air at you, time seemed to stop; I mean the world around us seemed immobile. My mom, Gracie and her mom and I could still move but everything else was frozen. Then the worst thing happened. The people came back but they weren't normal. Their eyes glowed as if they were electric. Then I realized they were electric! I started running but they started to move like rockets. They suddenly started repeating the same line: 'kill the humans. They will hurt us. We hate humans!' I started to gain speed. I guess I was truly scared because I only gain speed when I am really terrified. Then one robot put his arm on my shoulder, but he didn't feel robotic. He steered me into an office and I thought we were done for. His other three conies were steering my acquaintances into the office too. They all looked about thirteen except for one man who looked about forty.

"Are you robotic too?" I accused.

"No. Where are you trying to go?" he asked.

"Italy, where are you going?" Gracie demanded.

"Same. Where in Italy?" he inquired.

"Milan," I answered.

"Wait, what're your names?" The guy who steered me in wondered.

"I am Kami this is Kaya, Anne and Gracie. Yours?"

"I am Greyson. This is Mason, Carter and Bill." Greyson replied pointing at his friends as he said each name. His brown hair falls over his left eye. His eyes are blue. His friends have blonde hair and brown eyes. They all carry a back pack.

"Do you work for the A.S.A.T.?" my mom asked the older dude.

"Yes, first class. Do you?" Bill speculated.

"Yes I do. And I can fly planes so let's get out of here," my mom notified our entire group.

"OK. Let's move. Boys follow me. Girls follow Kaya. Kaya plan #5734." Bill reported to my mom. I don't like plan #5734. It involves a lot of swerving and karate. My mom seemed to love it. When we got to our plane gate we ran to the plane and sat in first class. In the back there were refreshments: cookies, peanuts and root beer galore. I ate three cookies and drank a root beer then went back up to first class. I was surprised to see Greyson waiting for me.

"Hello. What are you doin' in the seat next to me?" I asked.

"You sit here?" he asked faking being surprised even though I knew he knew I sat there.

"Yup, I do. Do you need something?" I inquired.

"Mason is next to Gracie and Carter is with Anne and Bill is with your mom so this is the last seat in first class so . . ." he lied. I could see many more seats in first class but I don't mention anything because he seemed comfortable.

"Ok, do you want to split the last cookie?" I asked.

"Yes, I have been living off airport food for three days. We don't have enough money to support our family so my dad's friend who runs the airport let us stay in the airport," he verbalized gratefully as he reached for the cookie.

"There is soda out there I can go get some," I suggested.

"Ok, thanks are there any pretzels?" he asked.

"Yes and peanuts. Want a pack of each?" I inquired.

"Yes please!" he called as I walked back. When I got back I felt super tired, so I tried to fall asleep but I couldn't get comfortable.

"Can I lay my head on your shoulder?" I asked Greyson.

"Ok," he responded looking so exhausted that if I weren't still talking to him he would already be asleep.

"I have not slept in three days; I have been living off nasty coffee and other caffeinated drinks," he admitted full of self pity. "It was nasty!" As I started to drift off I thought of my new friend Greyson and how nice it is to have a new friend who doesn't need to talk about gossip every second of the day. I rather like it.

Chapter 6

Italy

When I woke up Greyson was dozing with his head on top of mine. He looked peaceful, his nose slightly scrunched. I fell back asleep with a feeling of comfort.

I woke up to Greyson shaking me lightly.

"Good late after-noon," he told me groggily.

"When did you wake up?" I asked sitting up. I could tell it wasn't long ago when he let out a yawn.

"Did I mention we landed?" he said. I was not paying attention because I was getting a first look at the lush green mountains in the distance.

"Oh wow I can't wait to get out of this plane," I thought out loud. We ran to the back of the plane and gathered the remaining pretzels, peanuts, beverages and cookies.

"This is a good food source for a week," my mother announced even though pretzels and cookies and peanuts are not particularly filling, nor nutritious.

We rented a car and drove to the ASAT base. They gave us four apartments, Gracie and I with our mothers, Greyson with Carter, and Mason with Bill. I was happy about this arrangement although it could have been cool if I was with Gracie. Like a year-long sleepover! The condo was nice, the rooms are fairly large and the kitchen looks modern. My mom told me house in Italian is *casa*.

"Can we go buy clothes? I don't have any fresh ones," I asked my mom.

"I guess we all need some new clothes," my mom answered.

I can tell she was excited. When she is excited she sings songs from the 60s. When she does this I usually say, "Mom you are embarrassing me." I did that again this time although the song was from the 80s not the 60s. But I was excited, too so I did my happy dance which is plenty embarrassing.

The mall was huge and everything was marble. We had to stop at the bank and my mom exchanged most of our American money to Euros. That was like an hour long process. But the mall. Oohhhhhhhhh the mall, it was every girl's dream. The store's clothes were amazing as if a famous designer like Coco Chanel had designed them.

I got all kinds of new clothes. My favorite was a floral sundress and a pair of sunglasses that were navy blue like the dress.

Even though the girls and boys all were there, I did a fashion show with Gracie when we got home and I was even more *fantastique* now in my mom's words. Even Bill complimented me and he doesn't really have a sense of fashion. My mom got a lot of stuff from *Repubblica di Banana*; or as she later translated, Banana Republic. My stuff was from as my mom said *dovunque*; or everywhere. I love shopping. When I was getting my new clothes on I heard my mom getting a message on the phonevision. It is like a giant phone with a screen. As I walked in the room my mom was turning the phonevision off.

"Who was that?" I asked my mom.

"The ASAT. We have a mission," my mom said with a determined face on.

"What? We?"

"They want to recruit you and everyone else. You already have martial arts skills and are learning another language so you already know what most 19 year olds are just starting. You are the youngest spy the ASAT has ever recruited. As well as Greyson, Gracie, Carter and Mason." My mom explained. I started to feel worried. Will we succeed? Will any of us die? I have grown close with everyone; if one of us doesn't succeed and dies I will be crushed.

"What is the mission?"

"Do you remember when I was all freaked out about the dream you had?" Oh I had completely forgotten about that dream. "Well he, his name is Gargasonin, and he has the power to show you the future but usually muddles and twists it. Perhaps that only the two of us were in your dream was due to the fact that you hadn't yet met the others. It means that dream is probably about to come true. Anyway our mission is to put a stop to him once and for all. Now this should be difficult to do, because he lives in Rome, the most populated city in Italy. So we need some help. That is why we all were assigned to the mission," she concluded.

"Uh, ok can I tell the other guys? You know, because they are coming too," I suggested quickly. She said it was alright.

I told Gracie about the mission and she let out a joyous shriek. She was not worried at all with her optimist glory. My other peers were more like me, scared so much that we can't think straight, but a little excited too.

"Oh my goodness!" Bill gasped with elation when he heard the news. "Another mission. It has been almost 10 years since my last." Wow that's a long time.

"Ok, well we leave in the morning so get ready," I informed everyone.

At dinner (if you could call a nasty meal of pretzels and peanuts that - awful!) there was a buzz of excitement. We were anxious and super wound up. My mom was the only one who was playing it cool but after living with her all my life I knew it was an act and she actually was energized and ready.

At around 10:00 the president of the U.S. called us. After greetings and pleasantries we got down to business. "I trust you know your mission," the president stated.

"Yes sir," we pronounced in harmony.

"Then get ready to go," With that he bleeped off and was out of our sight.

We took off in a stylish 80s Honda Odyssey, listening to mom's 80s music, with her at the wheel.

"Watch out!!" Bill yelled to my mom. I was snapped back to reality as we spun into another car and as soon as I realize what's happening it was over. My vision became blurry . . . then black . . .

Chapter 7

Another try

I woke up in a hospital room. Blurry figures swirled over me like clouds.

"Kami are you OK?!" my mom screamed.

"Um yeah fine. What happened?" I inquired.

"I lost control of the car," she answered.

"Yup that's true," everyone agreed.

"Well, since you are just bruised we can continue with our you-know-what." Now that's good news. I am glad we can continue.

"What city are we in?"

"Rome. We have located Gargasonin. He is in a secret lair in the Coliseum." Ok that's also good news. That saves me a lot of work.

"We can check out of here now that you're conscious again," Bill said like it was the best thing since microwave popcorn.

"OK," I agreed.

We checked out and headed to the Coliseum. It took a long time of yelling and looking until I stumbled into a room that was secret and hidden. Inside was a man that looked no older than 20. "What do you want with Gargasonin? I am busy!" Gargasonin yelled with a thick, syrupy accent.

"I'm Kami and I need to stop you," I said meekly.

"You! Stop ME! HA! Don't make me laugh!" Gargasonin said rudely. Just then my mom and Bill stepped in, followed by everyone else.

"Not just me," I explained.

"Oh you want to play that way? Ok!" he screamed. Then purple flames shot out of his hands to form a portal. We were sucked in.

Chapter 8

Back again

This was weird. I had a feeling as if I had been here before. Oh yeah! The dream. The same thing happened but since our whole ASAT team was there the masked guys went away faster. The squirrels showed up. The one part that happened for the first time was the big bad bees that were actually Gargasonin in disguise. Our troop had trouble but succeeded. Here is what happened:

My mom yelled the 'watch out bee' warning. The bees looked like yellow blurs. They were fast and painful everyone got six or seven stings. Eventually with the squirrels' help we brought down the bees.

We were transported back to the Coliseum. The world around us was silent. Suddenly the ground was shaking. I thought the bees were back but a lot of feet appeared. Shouts of happy congrats filled the air. We had restored peace in Italy.