

Light Academy

By Lauren Martens

“Kiel. Ezekiel.” a high voice chants, breaking through my slumber. “Ezekiel! The bus will be here soon. It’s time for you to get ready.” A loud, impatient sigh emits from somewhere above me, and an unknown object prods my back.

I roll over, mashing my face into my white pillow. “Nooooooo... five more minutes...” I mumble. Someone is tapping me. Tapping. Tapping. Tapping. “Go away,” I mutter.

“Kiel! Get up!” the voice bellows in my ear. Who ever it is pokes my back again. Suddenly, the blankets that have been sheltering me from the morning air are flung off of me. “EZEKIEL ABRAHAM GNOTON! GET UP!” the voice shrieks yet again.

My light brown eyes fly open to my 12 year old sister, Emily, glaring at me, her brow furrowed in deep wrinkles. “Took you long enough, you sloth,” she huffs, tossing her blonde hair behind her back. I blink repeatedly, not quite recognizing the bleak room before me, the floor covered with stacks of animes and dirty clothes. Good grief.

“Why are you in my room, Emily?” I snap. “Get out!” I pluck my black-rimmed glasses from my nightstand and shove them on my face as I swing my feet out of my bed, and right into my Nike sneakers. I’ve had them since I was in 7th grade, but they still fit so Mom hasn’t bothered to buy new ones for me.

“You should just be glad I got you up. At least you get to go to a new, fancy school. I’m stuck at Blue Brook,” Emily complains. We would send her to Light Academy as well, my new school, but Mom can’t afford it. We literally decided who would go by drawing straws from Dad’s lucky cup.

Emily and I trudge onto the kitchen, where I make my way to the counter to cut up an apple and make a sandwich. Emily hands me my backpack. “Here, Kiel. Take your backpack. I

made Instant Porridge, want some?" she asks. Without waiting for an answer, Emily hands me a blue bowl filled with a mushy, unappetizing sludge that smells vaguely like glue.

"Wow! You outdid yourself, Emily. It looks like a booger threw up in here," I say, sniffing the porridge suspiciously.

"Just eat your porridge," Emily answers, and proceeds to whip her phone out to start yet another marathon of texting with her friend, Judith. "Judith says the 'inedible substance' looks more edible than that hotdog you tried to make last week."

I sigh, and tune out Emily's seemingly endless jabber. She has that annoying habit to say whatever she's typing out loud.

"Kiel, are you ready for school?" my mom asks as she stumbles into the kitchen, (without her contacts, obviously) and drapes herself over one of the chairs surrounding the wooden table in the center of the kitchen. "Is Emily ready, as well?"

"Yes, Mom," I reply. "We're both ready." I crane my neck and peer up at the old, a bit sad clock over the arch leading to our living room. 8:13. "In fact, I have to go."

I throw open the door to our house, and race down the steps to the paved sidewalk. "No no no I'm going to be laaaaaate," I think, slinging my backpack over a shoulder. I can see a white school bus at the bus stop, so that must be the Light Academy bus. A closer look reveals that the word "LIGHT" is painted on the side of the bus in rainbow colors.

"Hey. You're new, aren't you?" a voice chirps behind me.

I whip around. A tall girl, about 16, is standing right behind me, wearing a red jacket and white sneakers that look brand new. She blows a pink gum-bubble, and pops it to make a loud crack.

"Y-yeah... why do you ask?" I stammer.

"If you'd been here before, you wouldn't be out here, you'd already be on the bus. Everyone knows that. Tardiness is not tolerated at Light Academy," she says with a look of contempt on her face. "Of course, I'm special."

“I see. And you are...?” I question.

She rolls her dark brown eyes as she steps onto the white bus. “None of your business.” I can see her making her way to the back of the bus.

“Are you getting on or what?” the driver inquires, getting ready to pull the bus out onto the road and towards Light Academy.

“Yeah, I’m coming,” I answer, and climb up onto the bus, my head filled with what my new school will be like. “Can I sit next to you?” I ask a boy with light blonde hair and blue eyes. He grunts in reply, which I take as a yes. My cheeks grow red. “Um... hi, I’m Ezekiel Gnoton. Just Kiel, please. I’m new.”

The boy turns his head to face me. “I’m Daniel Cross. Just call me Dan,” he says. Dan immediately goes back to staring out the window as the bus pulls away and onto the road.

I trot through the great white doors of Light Academy hopefully, after getting off the bus. I can see Dan weaving through the crowd of kids with such skill that I’m struck with a pang of jealousy. I can’t travel in crowds without being swept away. As I make my way towards him, bumping into kids and moving the average speed of a slug in winter, I see that girl from the bus, the one who was chewing gum. She’s talking to a very, very short girl with long black hair and brilliant green eyes.

“Please... I’m sorry I lost the other one. I’ll buy you another one later... please!” The tall girl says. She goes as far as to kneel, clasping her hands together.

“Zhofia, stoooooop! I’ll give you one just don’t lose it again! Calm down, ok, Zoe?” the short one says, exasperated. She reaches into her bag to pull out... my view is blocked by thin frame of Dan. Funny how even skinny people can cut off your line of sight.

“Kiel, right? What’s your first class?” he asks, handing me a map. “I remembered you were new, so I got a map for you. I have Pick Pocketing 2 first. What do you have?” he says, suddenly talkative, running his hand through his hair, with the other hand in his pocket.

I flip open my class schedule I'd put in my back pocket. "I have- wait, did you say pick pocket?" I back away from Dan, shocked. "What do you mean?" I bump into a boy with dark skin and black hair. He gives me a scowl, and shoves me hard enough to send me sprawling to the ground, the contents of my bag scattering on the ground.

Dan helps me up. "You mean, you didn't know? This school is for kids who want to learn street smarts... and other things. Well, they don't tell you that until orientation, but still, you should've had a slight idea of what you were getting into when you entered," he exclaims. "Stop joking! Everyone knows how it works around here!"

"Well, I don't. Can you tell me how this school works?" I say in a small voice, looking at my shoes. One of my laces is untied. Inwardly I debate whether or not to tie it, but I'm still waiting for Dan's response, so I decide to wait till later.

"I guess. Do you want to... come to my house after school? I'll fill you in then," he invites, holding out his hands for me to shake. I do so. A wave of relief crashes over me, because I think I made a friend. But there's something off about this school... I can't wait for answers.

"Yeah. Sounds good," I reply. Barely suppressing a smile, I walk off towards my new school... or whatever this place is.

"There are rules here at Light Academy. YOU WILL OBEY THEM!!! All the rules would take me an hour to tell you punks, so just read the student manual. UNDERSTAND?" yells Mrs. Sharpe, our vice-principal. The school is seated in a huge gym, or something. I can't make it out, because the lights are off except two on the stage Mrs. Sharpe is standing, a leather rope coiled into a loop at her side.

"Yes Mrs. Sharpe," the kids in the room intone, their answer clearly practiced.

"And don't forget! Orientation is on Wednesday! IF YOU MISS IT YOU WILL BE AUTOMATICALLY EXPELLED!!!"

Dan is grouped with the older kids, so he must be 17. I'm 16, in the Grade 9 group. Well, actually, they called us the 'Orange' group. I have no idea what that means.

"Hey! You! Glasses and red hair!" someone hisses. I look behind me. The girl Zhofia was talking to is grinning wildly behind me. "What's your name?" she asks. "I'm Adreanna. Can I please borrow a pencil?" she asks.

"I'm Kiel," I say. I find myself reaching into my bag to hand her a pencil without remembering making the decision to give her one. As I hand it to her, she flashes a radiant smile, and snatches it from my hand. I feel like a fog has lifted, and I realize with a jolt that Adreanna has taken my lunch money and is rifling through my backpack, which she somehow removed without me noticing.

"Hey! Give that back!" I shout, and to my embarrassment everyone in the gym turns around to look at me. "Adreanna! Give me my bag!" I whisper, leaning towards her to attempt to swipe my bag back.

Adreanna sticks her tongue at me, and chucks my bag at my face. But I see a flicker of confusion in her eyes. "Here, you baby. You do know it's good practice, right? It's encouraged," she pouts. Adreanna pulls her waist length hair into two tails, and twists them. Her green eyes flash in annoyance at me as she twists around to talk quietly to a boy beside her.

"Thank you, students. Welcome to Light Academy." Mrs. Sharpe finishes.

"Hey Kiel! Wait up!" someone calls behind me. "Waaaaaaait! It's me, Adreanna!"

I stop, and turn around to see Adreanna pushing her way through the crowd, towards me. When her gaze meets mine, she smiles so wide I can see all her teeth. "Oh. It's you," I scoff, trying to assume an annoyed aura around myself. "What do you want? I need to get to my next class," I say, not wanting to get trapped in that fog or whatever again. Who knows what she'd try to steal from me!

"When I was... well..." Adreanna splutters, considering what to say next.

“Rummaging through my backpack? Pilfering? Robbing me on my first day? Take your pick.” I snap. I don’t want to get messed up with thieves!

“Ok, when I was rummaging through your bag, I noticed that you’re new, and- you may not like this, so don’t faint- we have the same classes! Well, two of them are different, but yeah! We can hang out everyday!”

I feel a sudden wave of nausea crash over me. “Oh no. Oh no. Oh no.” I can’t do this! I can’t hang out with... that robber everyday! Then I remember Dan’s words this morning. *I have Pick Pocketing 2 first. What do you have? I have Pick Pocketing 2 first. What do you have? I have Pick Pocketing 2 first. What do you have?* His voice rings in my ears. My knees buckle, and the last thing I see is Adreanna shaking her head and saying, “I told you not to faint!”

“Emily? Ezekiel? Come here please,” my mom says.

Emily and I creep out of our rooms, wary. Mom always comes into our rooms when she needs to talk. It’s 10 o’clock, and Emily’s in her pajamas, she’s only 7. I am still in my jeans, as I was just getting ready for bed.

“Kiel? Em? There’s been an accident.” Mom’s voice breaks off.

Emily and I look at each other, confused. “What do you mean, Mom?” I ask. My eyes grow wide as I watch a tear run down Mom’s cheek. Mom *never* cries. A shrill beep emits from my mom’s phone. My eyes are drawn to the glowing screen where a text has just appeared. “I’m so sorry,” it says.

“It wasn’t your fault, ok, sweeties?” Mom reassures, but it causes the opposite effect. I don’t think I’ve ever heard Mom say ‘sweeties’ before.

“What’s going on? I’m tired...” Emily whines in her high, squeaky little kid voice. “I want to sleeeeeeep...” Emily rubs her eyes, and hugs her worn stuffed cat, Mrs. Kitty Cat.

Mom’s eyes are swimming in tears. Something is seriously wrong. “Ok, honey. You go to bed. Me and Kiel-“

I interrupt her mid sentence. “It’s Kiel and I, not me and Kiel, mom,” I correct automatically. I can’t help myself. In my grade 5 class at Blue Brook Christian School, of our small town of Little Brook, we’re doing grammar and spelling in our LA unit. My teacher, Mrs. Dyne, considers grammar a very important factor in writing.

Emily stumbles off to her room, and I know in a few minutes loud snores will be heard from her room.

“Kiel, no one blames you. I need to explain this to you so you understand. Dad was just doing simple grocery shopping. Kiel, listen to me. You will not blame yourself. Do you hear me, Kiel? Kiel?”

But I’m not listening anymore. I didn’t hear anything after Mom said, ‘was’. Dad ‘was’ getting groceries. “Mom, don’t you mean to say Dad ‘is’ getting groceries? He’s fine, right? Mom?” I whisper, a thousand scenarios racing through my head at the same time. Dad being held captive in a robot lair. Dad beamed up by aliens, still fighting. Dad lost in the woods, trying to find us. Anything but...

“A big truck didn’t see him while he was going to our car with the groceries. H-he’s not coming back, Kiel,” Mom finishes, no longer with straining the tears flowing down her face, dripping onto the floor. I focus on the tears. If I focus on the tears, I’ll forget what she just told me. That Dad isn’t coming back with the groceries we wanted. Never ever. A hoarse scream is vibrating off the walls. Who’s is it? Who’s screaming? I look towards Mom. Her mouth is closed, but she’s still crying. Is it Emily? Did she hear what Mom was saying? No. I can hear Emily snoring in her room. Who is it?

It’s me. And as I realize this, I wake up. Wake up back into a world with no Dad.

“Ahhhhhhhhhhhhhh!” I yell. Adreanna has dangled the contents of my backpack from the ceiling of the hospital wing, I assume, except my notebook, which she is reading. “Hey! Don’t

read that! Adreanna!” I plead. But it only makes her smirk and flip faster. My notebook! All my thoughts... memories... secrets... Wait, secrets? Oh no.

“Oooooooh! Here’s a funny one!!” Adreanna coos. “You’re obsessed with anime! Is this Sailor Moon!?” she declares, delighted, showing me a sketch of the anime star.

I cover my face with my hands. Now that Adreanna knows, the whole school will know. I’m so, so embarrassed. Unless... I can convince her not to tell. “Listen, Adreanna, no one needs to know that. It’s just a guilty pleasure...”

She cuts me off by holding her finger to her mouth and whispering, “Safe with me.” Smiling, she tosses the notebook at my feet, which I pick up. Looks like I made a friend. It is then that I notice we are not... completely alone. Dan is standing in a corner, watching us.

“Oh, shoot,” I mutter to myself. I prepare to die from humiliation. I don’t know why, but it seems to me like no one in the world but me likes anime, and everyone else thinks it’s hilarious. I watch Tokyo Mew Mew. Every Wednesday.

“Well, didn’t see that coming!” Dan says lightly, smiling a very, very happy smile. “I love anime! It’s the best thing since TV!!! Have you seen Sword Art Online 2???”

I think I might die. I love Sword Art Online! I think Dan’s my soul mate. “Actually, are you ok? You looked like you were having a bad dream or something,” Dan asks, looking at me worriedly. All thoughts of anime are forgotten.

I nod, my face practically a tomato. I can’t tell them about my dream because I hate pity. Of course, if Emily were here everyone would know. Emily loves to gossip, and she revels in pity. I find it disgusting. She’ll tell anyone who’ll listen how we’re living in a tiny, cramped house and our dad died when we were seven and ten. It gets annoying. “I’m fine,” I answer. It’s easier this way.

“Ooookay... but seriously, should I watch Sword Art Online first, or skip to Sword Art Online 2? It looks so much cooler.”

Adreanna claps her hands. "Okay, you anime lovers! We should probably get to class, so..." She takes a silver handled knife from her backpack and severs the strings hanging my belongings from the ceiling. "Here," she says.

I can't breath. I literally can't breath. I just met a fellow anime lover! Ahhhh! I'm so happy I think about hugging Dan. But that might be weird. I'm a little worried about Adreanna, though. She really shouldn't have a knife in school.

"Hey Dan, we should bring Kiel to our hangout after school. Can we bring him?" Adreanna invites, still holding her knife. I really don't like knives. She puts a strand of her black hair in her mouth and sucks on it thoughtfully.

"Um... well, I was going to catch him up on stuff after class..." Dan says. "So..."

"It's cool. Let's go with Adreanna, Dan," I conclude, shooting a questioning glance at Adreanna. She gets the hint, and hands Dan and I both a piece of paper. It says: "Meet us at the top of the stairs behind the gym at 2:00. DON'T TELL ANYONE! Hide these papers in your lunchbox. YOU ARE BEING WATCHED BY SURVEILLANCE AND WE ARN'T ALLOWED BY THE STAIRS!"

I raise my eyebrows at Adreanna. I can think of at least 20 ways she could've made that note shorter. No, more. "Okay, so this is your address, right?" I say, hoping to give the 'surveillance' a reason for the papers. Dan shakes his head wildly, his eyes wide with terror.

"Are you trying to get us all- oops, I mean, we aren't supposed to go to other's houses, Kiel," Dan explains, but almost screams. He lets a big breath out while tugging a strand of hair nervously. Adreanna sits on the bed, watching the door intently. A few minutes pass, and nothing happens. She relaxes, and leans against a wall. Suddenly, the doors burst open wide. A black robed man stands in the doorway of the room, his face covered. He is immense, his head almost brushing the top of the doorway. He pauses for a moment, as if assessing the situation. Dan steps in front of me, and Adreanna jumps in front of Dan just as the robed man leaps forward, towards us.

“No! He didn’t know! He’s new!” Adreanna screams. “Listen, Kiel! This school isn’t what you think it is! We’re forced to steal for the principal, and if we don’t-“ Her words are stopped short by the man in black.

The man grabs Adreanna by the neck and squeezes, lifting her into the air. Adreanna is struggling, clutching her throat, her lips moving. I can’t tell what she’s trying to say. She manages to choke out one word- “Run!”

And we do. Dan and I race as fast as we can down the hallway, past the man who is still strangling Adreanna. I think I did something else, but I can’t remember.

“What’s happening? Why aren’t we allowed to go to our friends houses?” I yell at Dan, burning for answers. I think I might wet myself. Seriously, I think I’m going to wet myself. I slap myself on the forehead. Why am I thinking about wetting myself when Adreanna is being strangled?

“We can’t because we aren’t allowed to leave school!” Dan explains, panting. “We have to make it to Zoe! She’ll make a key! We’ll be able to get into the Lab, where the Principal gives the Medicine to brainwash us and make us steal for him. The sauce in the cafeteria, that looks disgusting but tastes like cotton candy? It dulls memory, and most kids don’t remember their families or anything but their training and who they are. But Kiel, we aren’t allowed to go home. I haven’t seen my family for 5 years. Adreanna... she’s different. She hasn’t seen her family in 12 years. She’s part of the Day Care Alumni.” He slowed to a jog. It seems like we’ve only been running for a few seconds.

I slow down to, and realize we’ve made it to the stairs, where we were going to meet Zhofia. Zoe’s standing on the railing, balancing so perfectly she looks like she could do a flip.

“Where’s Adreanna? Dan, why did you bring him?” Zhofia asks, arms crossed. She looks extremely ticked off.

“We need him. I think he’s one of us,” Dan replies, staring Zhofia straight in the eye. “Adreanna’s been taken. I suggest we let Kiel in. He snapped out of Adreanna’s Daze, and I think he’s an Enhanced.”

At this, Zoe’s eyebrows lift up to the top of her forehead. “Really? How do you know?” she inquires.

“He didn’t see it, but he ran up the wall and summersaulted through the guard’s legs. It was awesome, and he could almost keep up with me,” Dan explains.

I step back. “EVRYBODY STOP. I want answers. What’s an Enhanced? Where the heck are we going?” I demand.

Zoe sighs. “Has Dan explained the Medicine?”

“Yes.”

“Some of us are immune to it. Dan, Me, Adreanna, and maybe you. There have been more. Zach, Adreanna’s twin brother, was one. It’s a gene. It gives us complete immunity to the Medicine, and also gives us... certain gifts. I can turn invisible and unlock anything. You’re probably an Enhanced, someone with super abilities such as speed, strength, and agility. Dan can run super fast, and he also has healing powers. Adreanna has shape shifting and persuasion. Zach... he could fly and levitate things. He was killed on one of our missions. Stop thinking what you’re thinking! I’ll tell you what missions are!” Zoe exclaims.

I scowl at her. Does she have mind reading as well?

“We try to free the hostages in the Lab. My mother and father, Dan’s little sister, and Adreanna and Zach’s father. Now that the guard saw your abilities, one of your family members is probably down there. Hostages are used so we don’t escape. Anyway, does that explain it to you?”

I nod. Confusing... but everything about this day has been.

“Good. You’re just in time for another mission,” Zoe announces, and touches a concealed door in the wall I hadn’t noticed. It swings open, and Zoe moves out of the way.

“Let’s go,” Dan says grimly.

Biting back regret, I step into the doorway.

The hallway seems to go on forever. I find myself not knowing if I’m moving forward, or stopped completely. I can’t concentrate on what’s happening. Everything looks the same. Everything looks the same. Everything looks the same.

“Almost there,” Dan mutters.

Zoe had made herself invisible, and I hear her stop. She whispers in our ears: “Someone’s coming.” I hear her footsteps slowly walk backwards, and she reappears.

I tense, ready for a fight. The hallway’s drab grey walls seem to close in on me, trapping me. A slight figure approaches us. I relax, and run forward towards the figure. “Adreanna!” I shout.

“No!” Dan roars. But it’s too late. I attempt to skid to a stop as Adreanna draws her silver knife from her pocket. Her eyes are vacant, empty, and she displays no signs of regret as she plunges the knife into my stomach.

At first, I don’t feel anything. Then Adreanna twists the knife, and a pain like I’ve never felt before floods my body. I feel as if I’m on fire, and with a sickening lurch I realize my once blue shirt is being stained a dark red. Dan is a blur, racing around looking for an opening to get me out.

Then Adreanna yanks the knife from my stomach, which causes such searing pain I fall to the ground, watching numbly as my blood seeps across the floor. But Adreanna has changed, her eyes less emotionless, and her skin less pale. “What...?” she murmurs, and suddenly she seems completely aware of what’s happening around her. “Oh my God! Dan, get in here!” she cries, plunking the knife to the ground and dropping to her knees beside me. “Kiel, I’m so sorry! Can you hear me?”

I nod, and my face contorts in pain as the simple movement causes a surge of agony. “Dan...can...heal...me...right...?” I stammer. I really hope I’m not about to die. That would suck. And on my first day, to...

“I hope so. He’s never had to heal and injury that’s been as serious as yours. Oh, Kiel, I’m so sorry! I don’t know what got into me!” Adreanna sobs.

“We’re just glad you snapped out of it before you killed all of us,” Zoe reasons to Adreanna, who is silently crying on the floor beside me.

I crack a weak smile. “Hey, I’m not dead yet!” I joke, trying to lighten things up. I watch as Dan kneels beside me, conjuring a glowing white sphere from seemingly nowhere. “Wow,” I breathe. “That did the trick! You’re awesome, Dan!” I say, a little lightheaded, and giddy with relief. I, Ezekiel Gnoton, will live to see another day! I hope.

Like my thoughts summoned a bad guy, one of those black robed guards appears, sprinting down the hallway towards us. I try to stand up, but a wave of nausea puts me back on the floor again.

“Zoe, protect Kiel until he can stand. Adreanna, you... do your thing. I’ll help you fight and heal anyone if something goes wrong,” Dan orders, suddenly in charge. “Kiel, as soon as you can stand up, we’re going to need all the help we can get.”

Right on cue, two more guards round the corner at the end of the grey hallway. Zoe springs into action, going right to me and promptly turning invisible. With hope, the guards haven’t noticed her and think I’m unguarded. Just poor, weak Kiel who’s so dizzy he can’t stand up for the life of him.

We make short work of the guards. Adreanna has become a huge tiger, and singlehandedly takes down two of the three guards with a few swipes of her immense, orange paws. Dan whirls around the hallway, and kills the last one swiftly with a well placed, super speed kick to the temple. The three bodies fall the ground around us. I can stand now, and I’m not dizzy anymore. We walk on to a doorway.

“This is the Lab. Save anyone critical to you, then get out!” Dan tells me. He takes a deep breath before opening the door, and becomes a shadow speeding around the room. Zoe quickly reappears to give me a sharp black dagger, which I take, but not without a coil of disgust.

Seriously, I hate knives.

“Let’s go,” Adreanna says before she turns into a beetle and scurries into the room,

Zoe and I follow, Zoe invisible and me 100% not sure what to do next. Which is when the lasers start, of course. The bright red lasers shoot across the room, leaving scorch marks wherever they hit.

“Ahhhhh!” Zoe screams. A bloody line seeps across what I believe is her neck, and a thud echoes around the room. Zoe’s still body reappears, which I race towards.

I feel her pulse. Nothing. She’s dead. When I signed up for this, I didn’t think I’d be seeing a girl murdered in front of me! Wait, why did I think... murdered?

“Too bad about her. Nice girl. Honestly, I was aiming for Kiel,” a voice drawls. I turn to see a man standing in the shadows.

Without thinking, I hurl the black dagger Zoe gave me at the man. It strikes his right leg, and the man cries out in agony.

“Kiel! Grab her, and let’s go while he’s distracted,” Adreanna screeches. I look at her to see whom she means. Emily is tied up on the wall, unconscious. I leap towards her, and literally tear through the ropes binding her. This man has the nerve to kill Zoe, my friend, and kidnap my sister? A stream of rage flows over me, and I take Emily and race for the exit. Dan is in front of me, carrying a toddler girl and whom I assume is Adreanna’s father. Adreanna is a rhino, and is transporting Zoe’s parents away from here.

We reach the end of the hallway, and set our family down on the grass beside the stairs.

As the implications of what has happened to Zoe sink in, we all cry a little. But we are alive. Our family is alive. And we can go home, some of us for the first time in twelve years.

EPILOGUE

I sit down next to Emily at the dinner table, staring at my phone on the top of the bookshelf. Mom took it since I was “expelled” from Light Academy. (Dan and I had to fabricate a story.) I’ll get it back next year. But I don’t care, because I’m alive, Emily’s alive, and I don’t have to go to Light Academy ever again. Ever again.