

Chapter Eight

More Trouble at School

I had never been as worried in my life as I was the moment the three of us left the office with Principal Macy and Assistant Principal Mock watching. The three of said nothing as we continued to say nothing until I ran into George again. George, who initially did not see me, smiled as turned to me.

“Well, well, if it is not Detective Wilson Jr,” George mocked.

“Leave her along George,” Adrienne warned.

“Oh, I see this time Abby you have your friends with you. How thoughtful,” George mocked.

“Leave her alone or I will put my fist between your eyes,” Adrienne said.

“No,” I tried calming her down. “Don’t do it.”

“Is that a threat?” George mocked.

“It sure sounded like it,” another boy added.

“I thought so,” George said.

“It’s not a threat but a promise,” Adrienne said.

“Don’t please. He is not worth it,” I again told her.

“What is the matter Abby? Afraid something going to happen to her and that you won’t be around her,” George mocked.

“Yeah just like old man Mills,” the second boy mocked.

“What do you mean?” I asked.

“Of course, you have not heard,” George again taunted. “Despite being a detective girl, you always are one of the last to hear. How sad.”

The second boy began laughing just as hard as he could as George continued to mock three of us.

“Old man Mills is no longer with the school it seems,” George said.

“You’re joking,” Adrienne said.

“Me joke? I hardly think so. The old man got canned this morning,” George said.

“Everyone but him saw it coming. The administration and police all but said he was their prime suspected. First he loses his job then he goes to jail.”

I was getting beyond furious. My face was nearly as red as Adrienne’s blouse and even Lexi was getting upset by George’s taunts. George turned back to the second boy who was laughing as hard as he was by the news.

“From what I heard old man Mills was tearing up pretty bad,” the second boy added.

“You think this is funny,” I shouted.

“Me? Indeed I do,” George began. I did not let him finish his sentence before I quickly punched him between his eyes. For a moment I smiled. It felt good getting even with the biggest bully in school but that moment of joy quickly disappeared as I began to think about what was Mr. Mock, Mr. Macy, my mom and especially my dad going to say once they found out what I did to George.

“Ouch,” George shouted. “You broke my nose.”

“You’re lucky I did not do more than that,” I said.

“Mr. Weller,” George shouted.

“Oh oh. We need to go,” Adrienne said.

“Agreed. I will see you later,” I said as the three of us quickly raced to class.

Despite our best efforts to stay quiet we were quickly called into Assistant Principal Mock's office shortly after the incident with George. I could not stand George and neither could Adrienne, Lexi or any of the other kids, save for his few friends or followers that was always around him, though he did have favor with the school staff and administration. George wasted no time getting hold of Mr. Weller who in turn immediately wrote us up and sent us to the office.

"Back again Ms. Wilson," Assistant Principal Mock said. "Second time in less than a day. A record for you and your motley crew."

"Get to the point sir," I said, without thinking.

"Hitting George Williams is going to cost you," Assistant Principal Mock said.

"He is only the biggest school bully you have sir. Surely you understand that?" I asked.

"Do I? Ms. Wilson, George may be a bully but what you did is clearly inexcusable," Assistant Principal Mock said. "And for that Ms. Wilson, you are being suspended from school for three days."

"Suspended?" I said with disbelief.

"Three days, it will give you time to think about your actions," Assistant Principal Mock said.

"What about them?" I asked.

"Oh they are suspended too," Assistant Principal Mock added.

"No fair," Adrienne complained.

Lexi despite the red that was appearing in her face said nothing for the time being.

"No fair. I would say it was not fair that you made a threat to him despite it was actually Abby doing the punching," Assistant Principal Mock said.

"What about Lexi? She did neither?" I protested.

Assistant Principal Mock thought about the question for a moment before answering.

“She will not be suspended then. George only mentioned you and Adrienne. I am not sure why Mr. Weller sent her here too,” Assistant Principal Mock said. “But let me make something clear. Once you come back you three will be in separate classes and are not to talk to each other anymore at school. Do I make myself clear?”

“That’s not fair,” I protested again.

“Do I make myself clear?” Assistant Principal Mock asked again.

“Ah,” I began but Adrienne pulled my sleeve and signaled that it was not time to argue. I thought about it for a moment and agreed it was best not to argue. “Yes sir.”

“Now, Principal Macy has already let your parents know what happened,” Assistant Principal Mock added. I knew he added that last statement for good measure given the pleased tone that was coming out of his voice.

“Next time you come in here it will be worse,” Assistant Principal Mock said.

“Understand?”

“Yes sir,” I said.

Neither Adrienne nor Lexi said anything as we walked out of the office.

Despite the setback and being suspended for three days I was still determined to find out what happened. Why was only the school cafeteria burglarized? I mean sure, I knew the crooked needed to steal money, but there were other sources of money too. Classrooms and even the office I thought to myself and yet none of them were touched. Just a single cash register in the most remote location of the school. Why was that the case I asked myself. With Assistant

Principal Mock and Principal Macy looking on the three of us did not say a word to each other though I could tell it was hurting us not to.

I did not know what was going to be worse not being able to talk with my friends or what my parents were going to do with me knowing I was suspended from school for punching George. Everyone knew George was a bully yet no one did anything about him. I even told my mom and dad about him and all they told me previously was let Principal Macy and Assistant Principal Mock handle it. They handled it alright. See where it got me.

Between my two parents it was my mom who I was worried about more. With my dad I felt I could generally talk with him and reason things however things with me mom were a lot more unpredictable. Sometimes she could listen and understand and then there were other times that she would scream and holler and not listen to a word I would say. I did not know what each would say or do which caused me some concern.

“Honey, we need to talk,” my mom said sternly.

“Yes momma,” I said as I walked in to the living room. My dad was already there too. I was nervous. I knew it was likely to be worse than the other night when I got in trouble for taking my dad’s equipment without permission.

“Have a seat,” my dad said with an equal amount of sternness in his voice.

“Yes daddy,” I said.

“I heard you got suspended from school. Why?” my dad asked.

“I punched George in his face,” I said.

“And why did you do that?” my dad again asked. My mom looked on but said nothing as I prepared to answer.

“Because he was mocking Mr. Mills. Said the old man got fired from school and was going to go to jail,” I said.

“Mr. Mills,” my dad said with disbelief. “Abby, what have I told you about believing everything that is told you?”

“Not to believe everything I hear,” I said.

“That is right. I do not know about the situation with Mr. Mills at the school. He has not told me anything but I can assure you he is under no investigation concerning the local or state police,” my dad said.

“He is not,” I began.

“No, he is not,” my dad replied as the door bell rang.

“I’ll get that,” my mom said.

“Abby, this is not good at all. This does go on your permanent record. Being suspended is never a good thing and as I always say and I mean it, when you are in the right, I will stand by you but this you will definitely not in the right,” my day.

“Hello George,” my mom said. “What a pleasant surprise.”

“May I come in Ellen?” Mr. Mills asked.

“Sure, George. You are always welcome,” my mom said.

Mr. Mills came in. Mr. Mills was as tall as my dad though he did not have any hair on his head. He was somewhat hefty but that did not keep him from moving around as he needed to be often. He had a soft quiet gentle voice and was one of the most personable people a person would meet at the school.

“George,” my dad began. “What’s happening?”

“Mike, I need to talk to you,” Mr. Mills began.

“Sure, you are welcome to sit down here,” my dad began. “Abby, can you go to your room for the time being?”

“Yes sir,” I said. I quickly went to my room which was only a few away from the den where my dad and Mr. Mills were talking.

I shut my door and began reading Peter Pan, the Boy Who Wouldn't Grow Up by J.M Barrie. It was one of my favorite stories when I was a younger kid. My mom would used to read that to me. I sure missed those days. For a short time, I did my best not to listen in onto the conversation as I had been told many times that was rude but after hearing Mr. Mills get upset some time later I began trying to listen to what was being said.

“George, Ellen and I are going to be with you all the way to the end,” my dad said.

“I am sorry to hear that about her,” my mom said.

“And to make it worse Ellen, Michael, there are persistent rumors that,” Mr. Mills began but after a moment his voice became inaudible and I could not hear what was being said.

I suspected I knew what he said or what was saying but I needed proof. True. There had been rumors that his wife and him were getting a divorce but my gut told me the situation was far worse than that. A divorce it seemed was the least of his worries. I continued to try to listen and to make out what was being said. Finally after a few moments of what appeared to be complete silence I heard Mr. Mills again speak.

“By the way Michael did your ever find out-,” Mr. Mills asked.

“We are still awaiting the results of the audit. The sheriff does not want to act until we know for sure what happened,” my dad said.

Audit I said to myself. That certainly brings in a new dynamic to the case. *Who was getting audited? Was it Mr. Mills, was it another individual or was it the school itself?* I sat

there trying to think about each question as they raced through my mind and though I wanted to give Mr. Mills the benefit of the doubt I knew that each question presented a scenario that was as likely as the next.

My friends and I still needed to investigate more and try to narrow down the choices of who was being audited. Finding out who was being audited was now a major key to ultimately solving this case. Perhaps I said to myself finding out who was being audited and why would also provide an insight as to why the school cafeteria was robbed. I could not help but think that there was a connection between the two but for the time being I decided to keep this information to myself. For now my goal was to stay out of further trouble than I knew I was already in and that was quite a tough challenge.