

I've always walked the along the same route to school. There were always three buildings along the right side of the sidewalk. There was also a massive open space that was bordered by a forest.

Two years ago, however, there was a fourth building put up. Then, sixty new families moved into our town and the surrounding ones. Sixty! My parents told me it was a private science school and that the kids of the new families attended it.

Tonight, I was spending the night at Michael's house with some other friends, and we played truth or dare. I was dared to sneak onto the private school's campus and take a picture of the inside. I snuck up close to the gate and noticed that there were cameras and alarms. I started maneuvering alongside the wall. Eventually, I found a section of the wall that was out of sight from the cameras. I scaled a nearby tree. Once I reached the top, I looked down over the wall, and doubt descended on me. It was going to be a tough jump. There were at least six feet between the sturdy part of the branch I was on and the inside of the wall. I jumped anyway.

It was an unpleasant experience. I stood up, snapped the picture on my phone, and turned to leave. That's when things got bad. Someone tackled me from behind. I was pushed to the ground and flipped over onto my back. I opened my eyes, and they immediately fixated on my attacker. I was shocked. She looked to be about twelve years old.

"What are you doing here?" she hissed while glaring directly into my eyes.

"I... I... I needed to go for a swim!" I stuttered. I only realized how stupid it was after I completed the sentence. First, I clearly wasn't dressed in pool-appropriate clothes. Second, even I could tell from just a glimpse around the campus that there was no pool. Since that she lived there, she probably also knew that.

In fact, considering that she then narrowed her eyes into an even more intense glare, I'd say that she definitely knew that. However, I couldn't manage to conjure a better excuse. Instead, I narrowed my eyes and repeated the question: "What are *you* doing here?"

Although it took her a minute to formulate a response, she eventually stuttered out, "I... I... I go to school here."

"Really?" I asked because I was genuinely confused. "You go to a school where they let you carry guns and knives and teach you how to flatten people twice your size?"

"Yeah," she replied as she pried herself off me, "I do." She stood and I followed suit. She then turned around like she was about to show me something magical. As if they had been summoned, about a hundred kids burst through the doors of the school. All the kids were sprinting, and they were surprisingly fast. My jaw dropped in pure amazement. I looked over at my attacker, hoping for an explanation. Fortunately, she provided one: "Welcome to Spy School."

"This is a school for spies?" I asked incredulously. She nodded.

"You should probably leave before anyone else notices and tackles you," she said, and it sounded like genuine advice.

I didn't want to leave, though. Being inside this place felt like a once-in-a-lifetime experience. "Wait! I still have so many questions!"

She turned back and replied confidently: "I'm sorry. I can't answer any of your questions."

"Oh, goodbye then."

"Goodbye," she said as she turned and walked away.

As much as I wanted to just stand there and watch, I knew I should get out of there. I turned around, climbed the same part of the wall I had originally come over, and hopped down on the other side. I walked back to Michael's.

I had expected everyone to be asleep when I got back. They weren't. They were in the kitchen eating cereal.

"Did you get the picture?" Michael asked the minute I walked through the door.

"Yup," I responded, almost on instinct.

"Can we see?" I had a feeling that he was curious about what lies behind the wall, so I showed him the picture.

"Did you meet anyone?" He asked, but I'm not sure why.

"No, all the students were asleep," I'm not sure why I lied, but I do know that it felt nice to have a tiny secret of my own.