Joel Cruz May 30, 2013

Cathedral Prep English II Honors

***Little Brother* Remix Extra Chapters**

**Chapter 1**

“Marcus Yallow.” That was the prison guard, who was fair to everyone, calling my name for dinner. You might have forgotten who I am, which is okay because it has been a while. I am Marcus Yallow, who has been jailed for trying to ruin the DHS, who took over San Francisco when the terrorist attacks occurred on the Golden Gate Bridge. Throughout the time between my first jail time and this one, my mission was to bring down the DHS. What makes my blood boil was the severe haircut lady getting off even though she was part of the reason why I rebelled against the department. So look, I in jail but she got off.

 Jail life has not been as bad as it could have been. I get three meals a day and many of my fellow inmates respect me as I respect them. The sadness I feel is not seeing any of my friends: Ange, Van, Jolu, and so on. I still, technically, am dating Ange, even though Van pretty much told me that she loves me. I don’t even know they look now, since it has been three years I’ve seen them. My world is crazy right now, not knowing what will happen next. But one thing I know for sure: I’m alive and that is all that really matters. I have grown in stature, age, and maturity. When I am released, which could be awhile, I won’t be out trying to bring down the DHS or rebelling. That part of my life has passed and those mendacious thoughts against my enemies are gone.

 Word on the street is that severe haircut lady actually lives near my old high school. You might be asking yourself why this is important to me in anyway. Frederick Benson, my high school principal, despised me in every way. I mean, I gave him every reason to dislike me since I hacked into the school’s network. He used to call me into his office and scold me, to no avail because I did what I wanted anyway. So, if he and she communicate, they might be trying to bring me down. I could imagine the conversations:

 “You dislike Marcus,” the severe haircut lady would say. “I hate him, too,” Benson would respond.

Their conversations would be boring because she has a superior intellect while he just knows how to tick people off. However, neither one is married, so this could be the start of a love story, if they ever meet. At the end of the day, I’m still here so it doesn’t matter what may happen.

**Chapter 2**

 The jail guard handed me the phone because someone called me. So I answered it, not knowing who would call. “Hello,” I answered. “You are going down,” the person responded. I was confused at who was talking to me. For starters, I had no idea who would want to call me and second, it was not a voice I recognized. So the conversation continued. “I’m sorry, I do not know who it is,” I answered. “You don’t remember who I am, but I am watching you,” the womanly voice responded. “What do you mean you’re watching me?” “Just know that I am.” Then the phone hung up. Now I’m thinking this has to be a hoax because why some random lady would be calling me in jail. So I asked the jail guard, Josh Anderson, where this call was from. So I asked him. “Josh, where was the call I received from?” “Miami. Why?” “ Because some random girl or lady (I was not sure) was calling saying that she’s watching me.” “Marcus, it is just a hoax. How is anyone going to be watching you, in a prison of all places?” When he said that, I was sort of relived but still perplexed at the message. Why is a random lady calling me? She sounded like she could have been in her twenties. My number one thought was the severe haircut lady, but she is not from Miami nor does she live there. But you never know strange things happen all the time.

For a week, I pensively thought who could be calling me. Was it a friend of mine? Ange and Van are both 21 years old and the voice sounded someone in their twenties. But, were they in Miami? It has been three years since I’ve seen or heard from them. Could one have gone to Florida and just wanted to pull a joke on me? Could it have been another classmate of mine or a family member? So many questions and yet no answers can be concluded. Remember, I am theorizing who it could be. It could be a completely strange/deranged lady who wants a prisoner. Who knows? All I know is this: someone knows who I am and they have some sort of beef with me.