

## How Death Became My Rebirth by Evelyn Florence ( Cassandra ) Chapter 6

How Death Became My Rebirth by Evelyn Florence ( Cassandra ) Chapter 6

### Chapter 6

Before long, Jeremiah had Springmount Townhouse cleaned up.

The appliances and furniture had been replaced with new ones, and the house's interior had been redone to suit Casandra's preferences.

After Casandra moved in, she realized that a so-called home was merely a place to say.

There was no difference where she stayed.

She now understood that one shouldn't desire things that didn't belong to them, even when it came to family ties.

It was pretty good to be alone, actually.

The world was so big, and Casandra was determined to live a fantastic life, even by herself.

On Monday, she went to school as scheduled. It was then she remembered that the fee for elite schools cost 100 thousand dollars a month.

Ha! To think the Yates family was willing to spend 200 thousand dollars on me too, she sneered inwardly.

There was still a month and a half before the SAT. Casandra told Jeremiah to pay all the remaining fees and also changed her emergency contact to Hugo Gardner.

After all, Jeremiah was only a year older than Casandra, and a 19-year-old boy was not qualified to be the emergency contact of an 18-year-old girl.

He himself would need an emergency contact.

"Jeremiah, get someone to send 200 thousand dollars of these two months of school fees to the Yates residence. I don't want to owe them a penny.

After instructing Jeremiah, Casandra sent him away.

They were in a school, so it wasn't suitable for an outsider like him to stay too long.

In the meantime, Casandra returned to the familiar classroom. Her seat was in the corner near the last window/ a spot that Yulissa had "thoughtfully arranged for her.

She was wearing a plain T-shirt, jacket, and jeans as usual.

But they were all brand new.

When Jeremiah furnished her room, he also filled up the wardrobe.

There were plenty of dresses and skirts, but they were not as convenient to wear as jeans.

Yulissa came to school early in the morning. Yesterday was her 18th birthday celebration, but it ended unhappily.

To save face, she arrived early and prepared gifts and cakes that she had ordered for everyone in the class.

Therefore, everyone forgot what happened yesterday and began blaming Casandra.

“Don’t say that. I’m sure Casandra didn’t mean it. She... just wants to be the Yates family’s child, too. I understand that.” Yulissa’s empathy made more people stand up for her.

Coincidentally, this was the moment Casandra entered the classroom, so she heard what Yulissa said.

Words failed Casandra right then.

She swept her gaze over the crowd, walked straight to her seat, and put her books on the desk.

Then, she took a nap.

Having been completely ignored by Casandra, Yulissa gritted her teeth in fury.

She walked up to Casandra and said tenderly, “Casandra, why did you leave yesterday? You went a little too far. Let’s go home together after school. Once you apologize to Dad, Mom, and our brothers, they won’t be angry with you anymore. Okay?”

‘Look how considerate I am toward you. If you don’t accept it, it’ll display your ingratitude,’ she thought.

However, Casandra remained silent.

“Casandra?” Yulissa tried again.

There remained no response from Casandra.

Feeling rather embarrassed, Yulissa flushed with discomfiture as if she had suffered great humiliation.

Of course, there would always be people falling for her act and standing up perceived injustice.

for

A boy slammed his desk and roared, "Casandra Yates, enough is enough! Yulissa has been so considerate toward you. What's with your attitude?"

Yet, Casandra still remained silent.

At this moment, the class bell rang.

It was time for physics class.

As the physics teacher, Patrick Zepp, entered the classroom, the students ceased hating Casandra and returned to their respective seats.

Meanwhile, Casandra didn't lift her head throughout the entire commotion.

n

"The results of yesterday's mock test have come out. When I read your name, please come forward to collect your paper." Patrick was immensely pleased with the results of this mock test.

'If Yulissa maintains her current grade, she will have a high chance of enrolling at Juset University.

"Casandra, on the other hand, is a hopeless case despite being from the Yates family. too,' he mused.

"Samuel Grayson, 230 marks."

Seemingly having anticipated his grade, Samuel went to the podium to collect his paper.

"Keep it up," Patrick encouraged.

He continued reading out, "Yulissa Yates, 215 marks."

Yulissa walked to the podium elegantly to collect her paper. "Thank you, Mr. Zepp."

Patrick nodded with satisfaction. "Good job. Keep it up."

"Janet Xenos, 213 marks.

"Zachary Linhart, 209 marks.

"Peter Zabel, 203 marks."

The last paper belonged to Casandra. Patrick glanced at the score and frowned with discontent.

He skimmed through the paper and discovered that she had filled in all the blanks but somehow managed to avoid all the correct answers. Most importantly, she scored full marks in the last major question, earning her 32 marks.

Even the top student, Samuel, made a mistake in this question and had marks

Fri, 16 Feb 11 –

Chapter 6

deducted.

“Casandra Yates, 32 marks.”

The whole class burst into laughter.

‘How embarrassing. She only scored 32 marks on the test,’ they thought..

Yulissa was also amused, thinking, ‘Casandra doesn’t let me down.’

Casandra!” Casandra’s deskmate, who was also an academic underachiever, gave her a nudge.

Finally, Casandra woke up after being disturbed.

She immediately saw Patrick staring at her angrily.

“Mr. Zepp. Casandra stood up casually.

“You only scored 32 marks. How dare you still have the nerve to sleep? Don’t you realize how many days are left until the SAT? Are you even taking it seriously?”

Patrick was furious.

He didn’t understand how there could be such a carefree student who didn’t care about studying at all.

However, Patrick forgot that he was teaching in an elite school. The grades of these children, regardless of being good or bad, would lead to a similar outcome. Eventually, they would all go home and inherit their family businesses. Not many would want to go out and work their way up on their own.

This group of people had their parents to rely on for their future, so naturally, they didn’t need to take the SAT seriously.

“I know. The 32 marks are probably from the last question. The rest of the answers were all incorrect,” Casandra said unapologetically.

Patrick was about to scold her for her terrible attitude towards studying when he suddenly realized something was off.

‘Something’s not right.

‘She knows her answers are wrong and is certain about it. Does that mean she knows the correct answers?’

‘No, no way.

'If she knew the correct answers, why didn't she answer the test correctly?

"There's no way she did it on purpose, right?' he pondered.

Patrick suppressed his doubts and didn't say anything, merely asking Casandra to come forward to collect her paper.

Then, he began his lesson.

Since this class was an honors class, at least half of the students could potentially enroll at Juset University. Therefore, the teachers taught with great dedication. At this critical period, they all brought out their sets of practice questions for the students to work on.

Patrick wrote a challenging question on the whiteboard, which instantly caught Samuel's interest.

Samuel began to solve it while others looked at the question in bafflement.

The question seemed unfamiliar to them, and they were completely bewildered about how to solve it.

Yulissa was also a little at a loss. She didn't know how to solve this problem, but she still pretended to understand it and busied herself with writing a solution.

Only Casandra tucked the test paper she collected under her arm and started sleeping again.

Patrick took a deep breath.

'Calm down, calm down. I can't punish these kids,' he reminded himself mentally.

He walked up to Casandra and tapped the table to wake her up. "You, go to the board and solve this problem."

Casandra glanced sleepily at the board and was dumbfounded.

'Is this an elementary school problem or what? He actually wants me to solve it?' she thought incredulously.

Casandra didn't hide her contempt as she walked confidently to the podium.