

## A Girl Nobody Wanted Chapter 3 - Tips

Next morning I woke up a bit late. So I hurried to the kitchen to make breakfast.

I saw dad coming to the kitchen when I was pouring some pancake mixture to the pan.

“Good morning Dad...” I greeted him as always, though I knew he will never greet me back.

“Mom lost her job,” he said in a dull voice sitting on the kitchen chair.

“What” the spoon which I was holding dropped to the floor. I couldn’t believe what he said. My mom really likes her job and she always feels proud of her work. So losing her job... it should be so hard for her... But she works really hard... so how come she lose her job?

“They fired her day before yesterday,” he said pouring some milk to his mug.

“But why? she works so hard” I know my mom doesn’t love me, she even wanted to kill me when I was just a fetus. Still, she is my mom... I had no one else in the world other than these three people, no matter how evil they treat me, they are my family. My eyes were filled with tears for my mom.

“I am in the process of finding a new job for her. Until that You have to bear whatever the thing she said” did I misheard him or he actually sounds empathetic towards me?

I nodded my head slightly.

“Prepare something for lunch and keep it in the fridge... hunger makes her even angrier...” he said after taking the last sip from his mug.

“Okay... dad”

“finish up your work quickly and go... and don’t return home until I come back from work,” he said leaving the kitchen.

I stared at the direction he left for a few seconds. My dad has never talked to me casually and kindly like this. He may be feeling guilty about what happened yesterday. No matter how harshly one of them beat me or scold

me, the rest of them has never tried to come to my rescue. So it was so unlikely of my dad to stop my mom from beating me.

My mom should be in a totally violent mood right now so that even dad is worried about what she will do next.

Anyway, the last thing I wanted to do was facing my mom alone, so I hurried up finished making breakfast and prepared some pasta for my mom's lunch.

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I missed my usual bus to the university. I woke up late, then had to prepare lunch as well, so no wonder I missed the bus.

I saw Shane was driving his car to the university when I was impatiently waiting for the next bus. He saw me as well, he gave me a crooked smile and drove away. Shane always goes to the university by car, but not even for a single day he gives me a ride.

I had just 15 minutes left for my first lecture. I knew I am not going to make it on time if I wait for the next bus. But I had no other options either, I had only the bus fare with me.

I got into the bus and took a seat praying there will be no traffic so I could go to the university as soon as possible.

It normally takes 10 minutes to reach the university by bus, so I took my phone out to check my emails.

I had one unread message from the same unknown number.

I felt my heart stopped for a second. I opened the message with my shaking fingers.

“Good morning Princess”

So it is not just a one-time kind gesture. Is he really going to text with me? like all other people really do?

Did I just use the word “He”, so am I sure it is a “He”, not a “She”? I think it should be because deep down my heart I felt so...

Believe me, he is the first person in my entire life who text me just for some casual reason.

All the other texts I have got so far is related to some academic stuff or commanding me to do things for them.

It felt really good to be greeted by someone at least from a message.

“Good morning... Can you at least tell me how you know me?” I typed quickly and sent. I was eagerly waiting for the reply, keeping the phone in my hand.

“Why does it take so long to reply?” I was so anxious. I checked the time I received the message, it was at 6.30 am. I felt really disappointed. I should have checked my phone earlier. I replied after 3 hours so no wonder I am not getting an instant reply.

I am not used to checking my phone always because it is rare I get any calls or messages. There are times I don't even check my phone for the whole day.

As the bus reached the university bus stop I put the phone back to my pocket and got down blaming my self for not checking the phone earlier.

I was running all the way from the university entrance to the faculty... I was 5 minutes late already...

I saw Shane and some of his gang were there near the faculty entrance. They seemed to cut today's lecture as well. They seldom go for any lectures, they just waste their time wandering around the university and making troubles.

It was not just me who has become a victim of this gang, everyone at the university is more or less a victim of them.

They were hissing and shouting in my direction but I had no time to paying attention. My first lecture was with Professor Arnold, he hates people who don't come to his lecture on time. If I get late even more that means its better not to go for the lecture than getting criticized in front of everyone.

I just saw someone putting his leg in my way and I didn't have enough time to dodge it. I tripped over his leg. My knee hit the floor so hard, I screamed with unbearable pain. Luckily my head didn't hit the floor, but I felt like my kneecap got broken.

They all were laughing at me. I tried to stand up, but I couldn't even feel my right leg down from the knee. My failing attempts to get up made them laugh more at me.

"Don't you in a hurry... run...get up and run..." it was Shane. He was poking me from his foot.

Helplessness in my heart turned in to warm tears and fallen down from my eyes. Why my own blood is so cruel to me?

"I think she is going to cut the lecture just like us... don't be a bad girl Sarah... you are professor's pet no... get up and go..." it was Mike one of Shane's best buddies.

Enduring the killing pain on my right knee, I managed to stand up holding to the wall. I just walked away putting all my body weight to my left foot and holding the wall. I wanted to go as far as I can from them.

They always call me Professor's pet or professor's w\*\*\*e. They find it really entertaining to ask me how many nights I sleep with a professor to get an A for a subject. They are not willing to accept all my good grades are entire because of my knowledge and hard work, even though they know it. They always want to say that I sleep with our professors to get good grades.

I walked miserably towards the lecture hall. I was 15 minutes late for the lecture, and I was not in a position to go for the lecture as well. My leg was hurting unbearably.

But if I go somewhere else, I was pretty sure I will cry my eyes out for God Know how long. I had cried enough yesterday, I had no heart to cry even... So I entered the lecture hall, this way I could at least keep my mind engage with something else than my pathetic, worthless life.

"Oh, My!!! see who has remembered to attend the lecture" Professor Arnold said sarcastically when he saw me.

Everyone laughed at me.

"I am sorry Professor..." I said in a low voice.

“Oh really... you are sorry... then you should have come on time without wasting other people’s time... you may have no value for your time, but there are other people who value their time than anything else...”

I didn’t say anything just lowered my head and listened to him.

“Since this is your first time I will let you come... Ms. Anderson... go sit without wasting our time further”

“Thank you, Professor”

Everyone was staring at the way I walked, I felt really awkward. I walked to the nearest vacant chair as fast as I could pulling my hurting right leg with me.

“Ms. Anderson what happened to your leg” Professor Arnold asked curiously.

In our university, they don’t tolerate bullying at any cost. So If I tell him what has happened to me Shane and his gang will surely get a few week suspension. And I didn’t want it to happen, because after their suspension when they come back, I am pretty sure they won’t leave me to speak again for the rest of my life. On the other hand, if Shane got into trouble because I complained that means I will have to find another place to stay for the rest of my life.

You may think I am a coward, but if you live my life even for a single day, you will realize it is not easy to be bold and speak up for your self. Even all you have is not enough to build up that courage.

“I have fallen down while I was running to come for the lecture,” I said in a lower voice.

“I hope no one intentionally makes you fell down”

“No, sir... I just fell down”

“Okay if you say so... let’s continue the lecture...”

Professor Arnold continued to explain the theory he was explaining when I entered the lecture hall.

I tried my best to focus fully on the lecture despite the growing pain in my knee. I massaged my knee restlessly. The pain was totally unbearable and I couldn’t stop tears coming down from my eyes.

I took a really bad decision to come for the lecture, now no way I can get out until the lecture is finished.

I gave up my determination to focus on the lecture since it was impossible with the killing pain.

I tried to think of something else, something that makes me happy.

As I told you before I have only two things in my life that make me happy. One of them failed to make me forget my pain, so I looked around for my next source of happiness.

I saw him sitting on the row in front of me. Paying his full attention to the lecture and taking notes

He looked handsome as ever. How can a guy be this perfect, God has given him everything when he was creating Jake without any greediness. He was wearing a dark blue shirt, which matched him flawlessly.

I felt really sad as I couldn't watch him playing yesterday. Watching Jake in the football court, playing aggressively is the hottest thing I have ever seen in my entire life. Everyone loves his sportsmanship because no matter how aggressive he plays he always follows the rules, he is called the most genuine university football player. It is quite normal to see students from other universities also cheer for him.

His marvelous talent, wrapped with his extraordinary handsome look and genuine qualities drive everyone, especially girls crazy about him. His arrogant way of keeping a distance from everyone drives them even crazier about him.

I didn't notice the lecture is finished until Jake collected his things from his desk and put in his bag. I was so deeply attached in my thoughts about him, so I have forgotten my pain for this whole time.

I sighed... If just looking at him could make me forget all my pains, what would happen to me if I get a chance to hug him tightly and bury my face in his strong chest just for a few seconds ... I would die with unbearable happiness...

I wait for everyone to leave the lecture hall first because I didn't want to get embarrassed again by walking like a cripple.

I felt my phone vibrated inside my pocket, I took it out as soon as possible.

One message received.

“please go to the medical center before anything princess... it kllls me seeing you walking like that”

I read the message over and over again, a letter by letter... so he knows that I have hurt my leg, that means it must be someone from my batch who were with me in this lecture hall or someone who is in Shane’s gang...

They are the only people who saw me walk like a cripple with so much pain.

Anyway... that single message felt so dearly to my heart... having someone who cares about me is totally new and exciting feeling for me...

I always used to work so hard on my academics to get my happiness. Sometimes I sought happiness from having fantasies that I will never be going to make a reality. Like I just had at the lecture. No matter how long I looked at him having all the lovely thoughts in my mind he doesn’t even know I exist. Even one day he gets to know me, I will be just another girl drooling over him.

But having someone who cares about me... who says that it is kllling him to see me walking like this... it is so much different... it makes me happy in reality...

I think now I have not just two, but three sources of happiness.