

Her Facebook Friend by Ifveen

chapter 1

-1-Nightmare.

"Hello, readers,

Just for some extra knowledge let's read about the most important topic; Bullying.

I have seen that The common mistake that bullies make is a**uming that because someone is nice that he or she is weak. Those traits have nothing to do with each other. It takes considerable strength and character to be a good person.

Bullying is never fun, it's a cruel and horrible thing to do to someone. If you are being bullied, it is not your fault. And, You are worthy. And if any bully is reading me right now, I want to tell you it's not only a bump in anyone's life but it's an epidemic with long-lasting consequences such as depression and in some cases suicide too. So please be kind to everyone you get to know."

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Jacky's POV :

"Ugly, Ugly, Jacky is ugly, They sing while kicking and screaming in the washroom stall I was in.

I couldn't help but sit on the toilet seat to stop myself from crying out loud. However, The voices never even once stopped, " Ugly duckling comes out, We were having fun." I heard one of the mean girl's voices.

'Fun! Hah, if cutting someone's hair and Knocking them to the ground, again and again, is fun. I would never want to feel that kind of fun again. I kept my mouth shut. I didn't want to give them one more reason to bully me as they please.

"Ugly Jacky, if you come out now we will go easy on you." The pretty girl from my cla** shouts, yet I know. She's lying. The last time she said this was when I stole her favorite pencil because that was mine and she had forced me to give it to her. And that time she had kicked me thrice along with her minions. I'm not proud of myself but I have heard from my cla**mates that taking your stuff back is not theft.

"I'm not ugly," I yell knocking my tiny fist on the wall of the restroom. I don't understand Why they only bully me, I have never caused any of them any trouble. I have never lied to my parents. I have never even laughed at Anyone.

and I always thought I'm a good girl.

They start to yell more loudly and that only made me more nervous. They even started singing in chorus "Jacky plus ugly is equal to July, Jacky plus tacky is equal to jacky".

I Continued to cry, a loud wailing one, and inhaled through my stuffy nose. I cover my ears, rocking myself back and forth, "Plews Go Away!"

"Jacqueline."

"Jacqueline,"

a voice shouts and suddenly everything turned into a blur. I open my tear-filled eyes to see my little sister standing beside my bed with a bottle full of water. Her face is red and full of impatience.

I frowned, 'Oh. Thank God. So it was a nightmare again!'

I release a deep breath and then grab the bottle from her hands. 'Nikki behaves like a mom, sometimes; I mean which younger sister will wake up early in the morning just to wake everyone up?'

I put the bottle down and sit up. Seeing my tears-filled eyes Her face softens, "Are you alright Jacky?"

I smile and nod "I'm fine. Just the nightmare."

She shakes her head at me and smiles, "It's 7'O clock in the morning, So you better hurry up."

I nod my head and ruffle her black hair. while she swats my hand away and laughs walking towards the door.

The moment she left, I rush to the bathroom. My eyes wander towards my reflection in the large mirror. My b***** doe eyes were filled with tears while my large nose feels stuffy. I still feel ugly.

But The most bearable thing about my face that I like would be my heart-shaped pink lips. However even they have a flaw, I have spacing between my front two teeth. My body is still large according to my height which is 5'3.

'I'm fat and ugly.' I sighed helplessly and get dressed in ten minutes. 'I guess I don't need make-up. after all, what's the use of all makeup If I will be still ugly.'

My thoughts were interrupted by the ping of my phone. Shaking my head I browsed through my Facebook account and found a new text message from my

new FB friend. I remember his name was Remo or something, I have accepted his friend request in February, yet we never chatted. Back in January 2012, I have commented on a post that had his image posted because of some compet**ion. and I found him cute. His eyes were beautiful, it almost felt like his eyes were saying several tales to me without even saying a word. and I admire that kind of intimacy when someone can make me feel intimate by keeping their mouth shut. Moreover, He was supermodel handsome, even tall and there wasn't an ounce of unwanted muscle in him. But it was almost a month Why would he suddenly text me? I mean me of all people! Sometimes I wonder how many times someone made an effort to know me? I guess it was much lesser than my age. Hah, less than 17!

"Hey, Beautiful !"

My eyes sharpened as I stared at the text.

Beautiful? I am not beautiful. it must be because I haven't put out a picture of my face on FB. And he hadn't seen me. But still, it felt good!

"Hey, Handsome," I answered back. I wasn't foolish enough to confess about my appearance. If he thinks I'm beautiful then so be it.

I waited for five minutes, but then there was still no response from him.

'You are not beautiful stupid, just let him be.' My subconscious taunted me.

I sighed inwardly and glanced at the clock "f***! I am going to be late for school."

It's not like I enjoy school, but then at least it was better than the environment we have at home.

I love my country However In India women are always suppressed by their husbands and it was the same in my case too. My Mommy was suppressed by Her inlaws and her husband. Gender discrimination is at its peak here. It is patriarchy that provides the family life force to unfavorable environments that girls and women of all ages face in India. Despite the principles of gender equality being embedded in our Indian Const**ution's preamble Gender discrimination goes on.

So whatever the causes are, it has affected my family. My mother is depressed and My father is abusive. Now the situation is turning to be a little better in the past. My life has been a mess.

Shaking my head I left the room with my backpack, it wasn't time for going back down memory lane.