

Her Facebook Friend by Ifveen

chapter 12

"Waking up every day to make breakfast feels as hard as sowing vegetables in farms." [Jacky]

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The smell of the tea aligned up to my nose. Waking me up from my slumber. As I served it in two large cups. One for me and another one for my sister, I had woken up early today to make breakfast for us while my mom was writhing in pain from the last two hours. She had a stone in her gall bladder. And almost after every two days, she felt pain. And it was also one of the reasons for waking up early. Since I had to call the nearby Uncle from the medical store to give her a shot for controlling it.

He had still advised me to ask daddy for an operation. Since it was the only way to cure it. It has been an hour since she slept and I came back to the kitchen to make something for breakfast. But my thoughts were occupied by the boy of the night.

I was still stuck to him. His words. His thoughts. His life. 'What had he gone through to make him this bitter about love?' I couldn't guess it. I shouldn't too. I mean who am I to make a story in my head about his sufferings. Or judge him for that matter. Then again everyone had their sufferings. No one in the world is truly happy. What matters only is how we are dealing with it. Ah, I was doing it again, starting my philosophy class.

The sweat drops through my forehead entered my eyes. It was one of the reasons I hated working in the kitchen before going to school. Because after working, I will have to take a shower. I would love to skip it, but I knew how much my classmates loved me. They might even show their affection through their actions. I shuddered at the thought. The last time I had gone to school without a shower, Tina had dumped the trash on me. Telling me how my smell was as same as it. I don't want to experience it again.

"Jacky. Jacky."

Nikki's voice brought me out of my head, as I answered back.

"Yes, Nikki. I am here in the kitchen."

"Have you seen my school shirt?"

"Ah. Yes, it's on the third shelf." Nikki, my younger sister was everything I wasn't. A girl everyone wanted. She was the protagonist of her school. A great singer (Head singer of her school team). An amazing sports person (Head girl of the scout's guide and sports club). And more than that she was filled with

extraordinary confidence that I so wished to have. She wasn't fat but she wasn't thin too. She was what you will call a person with a healthy body. And other than anything she was a giver. A girl who loved her family so much that she had left school for family problems at various times. In the times, when she had some great opportunities in front of her. And I admired her for that.

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Her 5'6 inch form loomed over the platform as her beautiful eyes surveyed the items I prepared. Ah yes, did I say she was taller than me? "Oh? Thank you, Jacky. By the way, What have you prepared for breakfast?"

"Ah. I prepared your favorite potato sandwiches."

"That's so sweet. Thank you, sister."

"Aww. I want to capture this moment. You are saying thank you to me."

She jumped back and came around the kitchen platform in a moment. Hitting me on my a**. 'Ah did I explained? She had this weird habit of slapping my b*** every time I teased her. She hated teasing. Also, the people who did that.

While I laughed, knowing too well it will irritate her. Because for her nothing was more irritating than it. And it worked.

"Stop laughing."

"Why?"

"Because you don't have a reason to laugh."

Her words spoiled my mood. As If! it was ever good.

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"Okay. Fine. Go and change. I will set up the table."

Immediately after I noticed her eyes filled with guilt. And I noticed her contemplating to say something. But then she decided against it. Leaving with a nod.

[Thirty minutes later]

I stood in the playground feeling quite refreshed, away from the problems of life. Taking in the pleasant fragrance of soil. As the guard of our school used a pipe of water to make it wet so that it can settle down. It was his daily routine to do that. And since I was early today, I decided to take a stroll in the playground. The fragrance of earth always managed to calm me. My nerves. It provided me the

comfort I never really got from people. I guess I wasn't a people person or Maybe a Homo-sapiens person.

For a moment I felt my problems vanishing. Just for a moment because after the moment pa**ed, I saw my problem of yesterday walking towards the end of the playground where I was standing. I shuddered at the way he looked at me.

Trying to get away from him, I faked a cough. Moving towards the opposite side. I wanted to run but knowing the way I behaved with him last time. It would be obvious that I was ignoring him. And who knew better than me, what happens when teenagers ignore each other. I just wanted to downplay it. To make it seem like, I didn't saw him. 'As if it is possible. He saw you looking at him. You are fooling yourself around Jacky.' My subconscious mocked me. And for times like these, I hated my subconscious voice. It was worst than me.

Just as I felt I was saved, he held my wrist.

"Where are you going, Jacqueline?"

"I."

"Did you forgot what you promised me?"

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"What. No. Hehe. Of course not."

"Then why were you trying to run away?"

"I wasn't. I needed some water to drink. Hehe. I came here to get it."

He frowned in confusion "There were drinking taps in the playground."

I chuckled nervously, trying too hard to make him believe me. "Oh. Yeah. I don't drink School water."

"What? Seriously? Are you kidding me? Why?"

"It's because. Wait. I don't need to tell you that. Just leave my hand."

As if he just noticed it when I said it, he left it.

"Okay, You know you are weird."