

Her Facebook Friend by Ifveen

chapter 15

"Some days, the things you do; don't make you bad. While some days it doesn't!"
[Author]

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I held my head as I gazed at the mirror in my bathroom. It had been two hours since I came back home after practically killing Rohan with a pen. I felt goosebumps as I recalled how the pen got stuck in his chest. Though I was tempted to go back to him and help him remove it. But I knew it was a bad idea. So I ran and ran till I reached the entrance of the school without looking back. The guards were surprised seeing me, as they yelled at me to leave the premises.

"What the hell were you doing in the school this late girl? Get out."

My breathing was a little faster because of all the running, so it came in short pants as I waited for my heart to calm down keeping my hands on my knees.

After calming down, I explained hastily, knowing they will not be able to reconfirm my lie with her. Because she was the most strict teacher, and the rude one with the staff.

"I was with Miss Leila for an important project."

"Oh. Okay okay. Now get going bitiya. Your parents must be worried about you" The tone of the security guard's uncle changed too quickly as he smiled at me. Patting on my forehead.

Did I want to scoff at his words, worried? 'Mummy doesn't even know she has a daughter. And Daddy might be on duty. They don't have the time to know where I am?'

I waved him goodbye with guilt creeping up to my bones. Lying is bad. 'See what you just made me do Rohan?'

After that, I had to search for an auto to return home because my bus was nowhere to be seen.

So I walked outside of the school. On the right side of our school was an Auto station and the lane was broad to enter. So I walked there in search of it. Auto rickshaws are a quintessential part of our country's landscape. They often provide first and last meal connectivity in the city.

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You might be wondering what Auto is? It is a small car with three wheels, one in front while two in the back. Usually in India, it is the cheapest way of transportation. And it can seat one too many people depending on the drivers. Which is dangerous sometimes too. Also, it is very vital for Us Delhians. Since Delhi is am*** the top ten cities worldwide in terms of traffic congestion. It can be because of the vehicle population reaching 6 million. Which is pretty high for a city. Which results in inconvenience to us. So to deal with traffic Congestion, Auto is the most valuable vehicle. It can make you reach your destination very fast. More than that the best thing about it is the drivers charge a very little amount of money. Which is affordable and allows common people like us to use it.

I chose the first one, whose driver's half-face was covered with his big mustache. He looked a like south hero. 'Tall-dark, with a big protruding belly and a black mustache.:

As I sat inside along with five people, who seemed too tired to be there he played a song. A beautiful ghazal sang by Jagjit Singh. My favorite track.

"Tumko Dekha to y Ayala aya, Zindagi dhoop tum ghana saya (When I saw you, this thought came to me, Life is a strong sun and you're soothing shade.)

The strong breeze along with the verses of the song overpowered my senses.

"Today, once again my heart wished for something

Today once again I pacified my heart.

When you leave, I'll think.

What I lost, and what I gained.

One, that I cannot hum,

Why did fate sing such a song?"

It was special to me. Because who can relate to the lyrics of it more than me. Don't we always want to share our insecurities with someone, but I couldn't even do that? Why was fate so cruel to me? A feeling of hollowness surrounded me.

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The driver screamed and a female pa**enger who was sitting near me. nudged me in the shoulder to make me aware he was talking to me

"We are here bitiya. Get off."

Placing the backpack on my shoulder, I got off the auto. And handed him the money.

A tired sigh escaped my lips as I walked forward towards the street where my home was situated.

On my way to the house, I met Mrs. Swati and she greeted me first. With a smile. A smile that was filled with pity. That I never wanted.

"Hello beta."

"Hello, Aunty."

"Your lunch is placed in the first cabinet of the kitchen and here is the key. Also, your Mama said that they might return later in the night. So you don't have to worry about their dinner."

"Oh. Okay, Aunty. Thank you for informing me."

"Glad to help beta. You must be hungry, I won't keep you long. Bye. And do tell me if you need any kind of help."

Though I wasn't I still nodded. Telling her I am not hungry will lead to another long conversation that I didn't want to have.

"Yes. Aunty, I am. Yeah, sure I will Aunty. Bye."

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After reaching home the first thing I checked was my phone. There was no text message from him. And I felt bad for even depending on someone. It was wrong of me to associate my happiness with someone else. Sighing I cleaned home first and rinsed the dishes.

And two hours later here I was in the bathroom, thinking about what I did to Rohan earlier. Deeming how I was the one who was responsible for his situation. It was a humorous yet depressing scene. As his eyes and my eyes turned as big as saucers when I and he both saw the pen stuck in his chest. First, he was just watching me, and then when the pen gets stuck in his chest, he looked down at the shirt. For a moment I thought I got some magical power that I was able to stick a pin penetrating his chest. 'Oh God, please don't let him die on me. I promise I will come to your church twice a day. I promise I will donate 100 rupees to beggars tomorrow.'

I googled on the internet 'can a person die if a pen gets stuck in his chest?' And the result horrified me. The result was this.

'Problems may arise when objects are stuck for a long time, are sharp, are magnetic, or contain corrosive materials. Complications can include tears in the esophagus (the tube that connects the mouth and stomach), movement of the object into the tissue of the esophagus, and infection. Small magnets can pose a special problem.'

The result horrified me, 'Oh God I didn't want him to die. I just attacked him with a pen because I thought it won't do a lot of damage to him. How would I possibly can think of him dying because of a pen?'

My attention drifted to my phone as I received a new text message.

"You are going to be as good as dead. When I will catch you, Annie."

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Dear Readers,

I hope you can relate to Jacqueline. And even if you don't I hope you can find a thread that connects you to her world.

So, The word Bitiya here means Daughter. While beta refers to son. In the Hindi language, people use both words to refer to daughters. Which I feel is beautiful. I have written the first two lines of the song in the language in which it was written. But then I had just directly translated the verses into the English language. So please don't think it's a mere translation of two lines. It's a whole song.