

Her Facebook Friend by Ifveen

chapter 36

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"Kindness is crying with someone who is crying and smiling with someone who is smiling. Kindness is being there for the person."

[Jacqueline's Pov]

I felt a hand on my shoulders. My sister. I turned towards her, smiled, and turned back again towards the window. Children were playing hide and seek. Every kid was trying their best to hide themselves and I felt resonated with it. Isn't my life the same as the game of hiding and seeking? I heard my sister saying,

"What's wrong Jacqueline?" My brain replied, "Nothing." I saw her standing numb behind me listening to my reply as if speechless.

"Your eyes are red." She sat beside me uttering those words.

"I accidentally touched it with my hands after eating."

"Okay." This time she didn't utter anything at all. Just sitting in silence.

"Did you have Lunch?"

"No."

"I didn't either. How about I bring it here and we can have lunch together?"

I smiled again at myself. At least I have two people who give a damn about me.

"Okay."

She stood up and left the room. I was thankful that she chose to not talk about it. Sometimes you don't know what you are feeling. Sometimes if you do know, you don't know how to explain it to people. It's gambling though. Everyone would use their insecurities once they are mad at you. Or hate you.

I kept stirring the teacup with the sp***. Looking out the window, the dawn was approaching and the wind from the window was enveloping me as the flowers swayed due to its pressure side by side. Everything was beautiful except for me. Sighing I sipped on the milk tea enjoying the warmth it brought me.

The scene of the school flashed before my eyes. I spent the whole day in one of the stalls of the washroom waiting for the bell to ring. And when it did I left the school for home. I chose to come back in the taxi and not the school bus. I also had sent a text message to Remo after some time in the washroom.

“Thank you, Remo. I was consumed with sadness before I heard this song. But now your beautiful song has consumed me like a virus.”

I told him how his voice had yielded a fabric of love all over me, how his rhythmic flow of voice had managed to calm my heart. How his words had helped me to fade away some sad memories and brought me to a halt. How much I was thankful to him. But there was no response at least not yet. He must have been busy. Maybe he would have been having a bad day too like me.

The sound of footsteps brings me back to my senses and I place the teacup on the side. Looking back, I notice My sister is back with a tray of chapatis and Bean curry with chocolate of Dairy Milk. I loved chocolates as much as I loved anything. I tried to blurt out something to make her believe I was fine but my mouth doesn't support me. I stood up to close the window but she stopped me and brought a small table towards it. Placing the tray of food on it.

I listen to her silently as she jokes about our life and then suddenly says she believes we will be fine one day. But I don't shake either. I tell her I don't believe in whether we will ever be fine.

I chew one bite after another occasionally responding to her words. Fake laughing but trying to make her feel I am laughing in reality. The bean curry burns my tongue but I don't wince. One after another I take small bites. Guilt ties to my soul, settling on me like dust does proudly. I stay silent watching as she furrows her black eyes, then sighs then tries to make me laugh again with a stupid joke.

After she was done eating she realized she wouldn't be able to make me happy so she sighs again. Taking the empty plates out of the room but leaving the chocolate on the table.

I ignore the chocolate and dip my head in the rock bed. I take out my journal and start writing. I like making cartoons of people when I am sad. But I create it only for the people I like. My list is very short though. Of course, my sister comes first and then comes our bus uncle. He had always been kind to me. Then comes Riya and then a few of the people in my neighborhood. I like writing for them too, I write four lines with every cartoon. Like a poem, they are not worth reading but I like doing it. It's like an unopened letter to them in which I have opened my heart. They will never know about it, perhaps Nikki does. She knows about me doodling things on my journal but she doesn't say anything. She lets me do it. It's like my own people's diary. I feel their kindness every time I open one page. Like our bus driver, I had drawn a cap on his head a b***on nose, and red lips because he likes eating Paan. Paan keeps his lips stained with red, it's as if he had applied lipstick on his lips. I have drawn his black round brows and then his black eyes. He has some problems in his eyes he can not focus on one thing. Then comes his little

protruding belly which is wrapped in a brown shirt that is cheap followed by his pants.

He had helped me when I was having trouble reaching school. He used to wait for me for more than 15 minutes without even knowing me despite the complaints from my bus mates. He hugged me once when I was crying. He is a great man. I haven't written a poem for him yet because I know he will help me in the future too. And I don't want to mess up my journal by changing poetry again and again. I would wait till the end.

It has been weeks since I have drawn someone's cartoon. Perhaps I only do it when I am sad and happy at the same time. This time, I want to draw a cartoon for Remo. The name alone brings calmness to me. I start from his head and then his round eyes.

A notification made me jump from my place and I found myself walking. I am excited to see his text today, why I didn't know. But I want to know how he will respond. My fingers fight the urge to unlock the screen, the more I try hard the more I mess up. At last, I opened the message.

"I am glad you liked it, Jacqueline. I am sorry you had to go through something sad. Are you okay now? If you are? Do you want to talk about it? It was not just a song Jacqueline, it was what I compiled to make you realize you can always come to me if you have something that you can not take it in. I am here for you."

My heart flutters in my chest and my fingers press on his text as if believing these words were coming from his mouth and heart, not just his fingers.

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"Close your eyes and think with your heart. How many advantages you forgot just because of few disadvantages." [Remo]

[Third Person's POV]:

Jacqueline's one eye filled with tears and the other leaked with salty lotion.

"I am fine Now. Thank you."

Remo frown at her formal answer, he thought they were past that formal stage. His fingers pressing on the words rapidly as he sends her another text in few seconds.

Despite her puffy eyes, she smiles as another message pops up on the screen.

"Don't you trust me, Jacqueline?"

"I do."

"Then why don't you want to share your pain with me? What could I even make use of it Hon? I just want to know. You know. And I heard that sharing the pain can reduce the effect it has on the mind. Don't you think I deserve to know? Even a little bit about you?"

She takes the tissue from the table blowing her nose, looking more like a terrible honk, a goose.

"A New Student arrived in our school some days ago, he sat beside me on the school bus and asked me what my name was." She types rhythmically as her salty potion seems to have stopped.

"Oh. I think you told me about the incident. But I don't think asking for a name could be that bad?" Remo remembers their old conversation where she had informed him about it. But at that time he shrugged it off.

"Ah, I might have told you about it. But now the situation is out of control. You are right, it's not a bad thing for most people. But for me it is. I usually prefer to stay to myself, and his face screamed trouble. So in haste, I ended up lying about my name."

"Oh yeah, I remember what happened later?"

"He turned out to be my cla**mate, and he is kind of blackmailing me from that day onwards."

"What kind of blackmailing?"

"He had kind of stopped me twice. He is continuously pestering me about it. But today things have escalated a lot."

Reading her texts engulfed Remo in strange feelings.

'Stopped? Did he manhandle her? Is she trying to downplay the whole situation? Or Am I thinking too much?' Though he wanted to ask everything, he didn't. She didn't like when he called her possession. She stopped explaining when he said something so it was better to play safe.

"What happened today?"

"I kind of have fainted in the school today and I think he was the one to take me to the clinical department of the school. He kind of came back to check up on me. Well, he took me to the canteen for treating me to ice cream but I ended up throwing the ice cream on his shoes accidentally."

He shakes his head a little dazed. A guy doing so many things for a girl even if it involves just giving her attention in the wrong way. It still meant the guy was probably interested in her or he was just lusting after her.

'But Can I tell her that?'

The response from his brain was instantaneous.

'Hell. No!'

'Why am I feeling so frustrated over the fact that this girl is getting attention from a guy who seems like a bad boy.'

'Do I like her?'

'But we just started talking. How can I like her?'

'What's wrong with you? Remo Focus on what your friend is saying.'

His brain whispers and he found himself texting her at a speed he never did.

"What happened afterward?"

"He asked me to wipe his shoes clean."

Immediately a frown etched his face and his fingers messed up his already dark-black messy hair.

"And? Did you?" He didn't even want to complete the sentence. It felt awful. He was never a person who pitied others or felt others' pain let alone a girl he never met.

'Why are her words making me feel caged here. Why do I want to go to her? Why am I so affected? God! What is this Girl doing to me?'

He blinked, controlling his weird irritations.

"I did. But after that, I did something I never thought I would. I ended up rubbing the same tissue on his cheeks."

Remo's bare skin tingled in horror and he fell from the chair he was sitting on laughing like a maniac.

Sitting on the ground he texts back. "You did what?"

"I didn't mean do that though. I swear. It just happened."

“Gosh! For a moment I was pissed. I don’t get pissed easily though.” He stood up sitting on the chair again. And continued to type.

“I love what you did to him. That’s my baby girl♥”

Jacqueline was convinced before that what happened today was the nastiest insult. But now hearing praise from him made her feel like she lost nothing. Like a kick in the gut was worth it. Worth insulting the pig who had insulted her.

All the terrible feelings settle with her amazing story. “What you did to him is the best disrespect you could have bestowed him with. It’s like kicking him in the balls, but it is more than even that. It’s about kicking his ego. Gosh! I am so much liking it. What happened later?”

“Well, I am in trouble now. His one girl best friend ended up kicking me nicely while I ended up screaming in her f***ing face. Which further lead her to apologize to me and well he. He kind of has taken my words as a challenge and he said he is not going to leave me alone.”

“I am not afraid now. I know My Baby Girl can bite him if needed.”

Jacqueline blushes. She walks to her bed, her bare feet feeling the cold of the ground.

Remo mills around the bedroom still laughing. He was pleased with Jacqueline. The Girl can bite if needed and it just made her more attractive to him. He wonders what she would do if he ever did something funny to her.

‘God. Attractive. I should just stop thinking.’

“What are you laughing about?” 5-year-old Nina asks Remo wiggling her black brows. His attention drifts to his sister lounging on his sofa since morning. Because she wanted to play with him.

‘Gosh!’

As if nervous by his eyes she smoothens her pigtails. His attention fell on The Gla** of milk that her mother had placed before an hour ago, but it remained untouched on the gla** table.

“Nothing.”

“Really? You seem to be texting someone Rem. Is she... your girl..friend?”

Remo takes a minute to digest what she said. And suddenly he doesn’t feel repulsing to the idea.

'Jacqueline. My Girlfriend.'

"So you are talking to your girl...friend huh? Ah. Let me tell Mommy?"

"No Ninu. I was reading a funny joke."

Her innocent black eyes frown and her lips formed a pout.

"Aw. But Raghav said you have a girl. Girlfriend."

"He lied."

"Oh. Otay."

"Just finish your milk faster, if you want me to give you a ride."

"I hate it, Rem. Can I throw it away?" Her innocent eyes turned puppyish as she held one of his legs.

"No. You have to drink it if you want to grow tall like me. Your brother."

"Hmph. I don't want to grow up if I did, you will never give me a ride on your back."

A smile stretches his lips and he eventually nods at her.

"Fine don't drink it, just go and sit there for ten minutes."

She stomps her leg on the tiled floor to protest but his one glare thrown in her direction made her follow his command.

"I will drink this for you." He adds looking at her cute face.

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"You can't see people's struggle, Be kind to every mind. So that when they rewind they only find moments of happiness behind them. Don't ever be blind to someone's tortures. Maybe it will also be better for our mankind." [Author]

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[Jacqueline's POV]

I wait with a watchful eye staring at my phone. For some reason, It doesn't ping. Looks like he had other issues to attend to. Of course, he had, it's not like I am paying him to talk to me.

After pacing back and forth across the room. I give up and focus on my diary. I needed to add colors to it. I needed to depict his beautiful smile. I needed to make sure his hair was blowing in the wind. Maybe I can add a little sing-song poem for him too since he is so much into music. Maybe he will love it. Or maybe not. I guess I will find out when I send him the picture.

I try to remember where I had placed my colors last time but can not remember. Maybe I left it on the balcony or maybe I left them on the table. Wherever I left them, going to find their sounds like too much work and I don't have the energy to do that.

My phone lights up, it seems I have a new notification, another message. My palms immediately find their way to unlock it. I read the first few sentences and flipped the phone over. Petrified. How can Rohan text me at this time? That f***ing pig!

"Be Ready For The New Journey Annie From tomorrow. You are going to wish you never challenged me."

I fidget with the coarse tips of my hair and open my diary jotting down about my day.

"I knew I was in ma**ive trouble when he said what he said in the canteen. But texting me just to threaten me, sounds odd. Does he want to scare me? What could he do to be more horrible to me than the things I have already suffered through? He can not possibly bury me six feet under the ground. Hah. Perhaps I am getting fierce day by day. Even though I know I am no heroic girl, maybe I am a wrecked ruin. But I will not bend backward just because of fear. I will learn to deal with a**holes like him. Perhaps I need to learn. Perhaps God wants me to learn to deal with a**holes like him. I would at least scratch him if he made me bleed. I would be satisfied with his melodramatic dramas.'

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The whole day went like a blur, with Nikki trying to be extra nice to me. Mom and Dad fighting in their room. Thankfully it was just a verbal fight and not physical.

The moment I stepped into the cla**room, my anxiety kicked in. I didn't know why I had a hunch that something would happen if I entered through this gate today. It seemed ridiculous, Rohan won't try something like that. But when I remembered the shoe scene, I was unsure of my own belief. Of course, he could. He had insulted me in front of 100 people yesterday. Why did I even think he wouldn't? Probably because of his bipolar behavior. Footsteps sound in the hallway and my worry get the best of me. It's him. His footsteps are patterned.

I look back abruptly and accidentally my eyes locked with his. His black holes seem to be shining with danger and I didn't want to stay to find out what that danger is. I know I told myself I will be brave and face him, but it doesn't mean I will not run away if I get the chance. My foot connected with the door and it opened. And on second thought, I was surprised why it was closed in the first place? It was weird.

The moment I walked inside a sack of flour mixed with red color came crashing down at me. I shrieked. I didn't want to, but I wasn't able to control myself. It fell with a loud noise and force. I was staggered down by my head. My hair dripped with paint. My hair, God! I was the kind of girl who believed if I started my day by shampooing my hair, there would be no way it would go bad. But now at this time, I realized, how stupid I was to believe in such superstitions. As I looked down I noticed my whole kurta was dyed in red color. The rotten smell made me grimace. I now painted strands floating on my cheeks. I must have looked like a joker because everyone in the room started laughing. Some surrounded me pointing fingers at my face.

"Oh heaven Forbid, you got your first gift."

His demonic voice made me turn around and I found myself glaring at him.

He whistled looking me up and down, his voice turning into a teasing one as he removed one strand of hair from my face.

"You look like a perfect Girlfriend now."

I turned around again, not wanting to give him any attention. Noticing everyone gawking at me. They couldn't believe the person who saved me, who was claiming I am his girlfriend, would do that to me. I stood there numb as the kids laughed at me, some even snapped the pictures on their phones. Then they told me that I looked better this way and walked off to their respective seats with the obvious buzzing of laughter and excitement. Rohan and I shared a glance. That kind of bullying just filled my heart with bitterness. How childish he was to try to do something like that to me.

Unexpectedly, another kind of buzz vibrated in my pocket, and I pulled out my android phone, my smile returned.

"A text from Remo." I read inwardly. Rohan leaned over my shoulder before I could stop him.

"Whoa. Who are you texting at this point?" his left eye twitched at an alarming speed?

He laughs, but it holds something strangled inside.

"None of your business Boyfriend," I say, noticing the ground was getting stained with the red paint that was dripping from me.

Without further ado, I wiped my hands with the weird mixture. Without even giving him a chance I planted my colorful palms on his abdomen. He curses once, twice, and tries to move away from me, but I hug him literally.

'Gosh! What's wrong with me?'

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Make sure you know your process of healing. And you love it." [Jacqueline]

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'Gosh! What's wrong with me? Did I just hug him?' The chattering of people made me realize we were having an audience who were now gawking at us or just me. My cheeks turned redder and I glanced up awkwardly to gauge his reaction. He didn't seem angry at all, instead, he just gave me his signature smile. A smile that crept me out. Because hugging a boy was wrong to do so. I backed up. At that instant, I looked him up and down. Noticing his white shirt was now colored in red. Even his grey pants had few red stains on them. The most glaring stain was that my palms had his black snake-like eyes narrowed at me. It seemed that he wasn't happy because I left him.

'F*** what I am thinking? Why would he be sad? I have just ruined his clothes. I must be imagining it.'

His glare made me shudder in fear. I knew I couldn't control the situation. Pushing a few people away, I ran out of the door. Paint dripping from my outfit.

I didn't know why, but I felt funny and at the same time, I was full of weird excitement. The kind I never knew I was capable of feeling. The people looked at me weirdly leaving enough space for me as they do in Korean movies when a bad boy and their gang walk into the school like they are walking on the red carpet but I paid them no attention and just focussed running past them. I felt exhilarated as the wind played with my hair. Laughter bloomed inside me and I laughed hard. It felt so good to feel whatever I was feeling. For me, it felt as if I was a naughty kid who was running after she made a mess. The moment I reached the door of the washroom and kicked it open. Even though I was drenched in paint and was smelling so bad, I didn't feel a shred of sadness.

'Why am I so happy?' I looked in the broken mirror. My lips were stretched upwards and however, I tried to turn it into a scowl. They have stretched into a smile again.

"Gosh! What did he do to me?" I looked at the red paint streaks on my face. I looked like a ghost but my heart was feeling the warmth. I blinked trying to stop the smile that was threatening to widen. My forehead was met with red. My skin which was a little shade lighter than most Asians had traces or streaks of red paint. As if I might have cried red tears. It was ironic that I was feeling the exact opposite of what I looked like. My white kurta was now dyed inside the grey jacket. My Salwar was the cloth that had been the least stained. I washed my mouth with soap still feeling ecstatic. If he wanted to bully me like this, it wouldn't be bullying. The soap glided across the hollow of my neck as I peeled the color off me. the ringing of my phone made me snap my attention towards it and I clicked on the accept b***on to answer the call.

"Hey, Jacqueline." A Man's husky voice entered my eardrums and I found myself dumbfounded at the voice.

"Uhh? Who is this?" I pa**ively closed the tap, but at the moment realized who could be calling me at this time.

"Take a wild guess!" His voice seemed to be thick with mystery.

"Ah. I am sorry, I don't think I know you. So I can't guess." I glanced at my face, it was still unclean but better than before. The streaks seemed to be removed from my face.

"Ah. I am someone who likes you, Jacqueline. Like a lot." The man's voice turned softer at the end as if to express his emotions.

His words made me nervous, but I didn't know how to respond to his strange words. I knew the consequences if I pretty much told him off, and he turned out to be my cla**mate who wanted to embarra** me and later that they could say 'Ugly woman thinks somebody likes her. She thinks too highly of herself.'

"Hey. What happened? Why are you not responding? My little red riding hood." His words made me shudder, but also made me realize he must have been from our school to know that I was now dyed in red paint.

"I was feeling ecstatic seeing you in red. You looked like a painting. So beautiful." As his words ended, he laughed. His laugh seemed to be full of evilness. "But you shouldn't have hugged Rohan, even if you wanted to take your revenge from him. I hated seeing you in his arms."

"You. Who are you?"

"You will know soon, but till then stay away from that guy, if you want yourself to be fine. I don't do anything well when I am jealous."

"You are just bluffing. You can't like me, I am the ugliest girl in the school."

"I like you like that."

"You are trying to bully me like this now, please have some shame and keep the bullying to the real world. Calling someone to bully them is a low blow."

I had completely forgotten I shouldn't have said so many words to him. I should have just cut the call. But I was immersed too much to notice that.

"Hahaha. Think whatever you want to. But remember, my warning. Trust me you won't like what I will do to you or him for that matter if you chose otherwise." He said with a dumb, bored but threatening manner that I exhaled.

Not knowing how to respond to that I finally came back to my senses and hung up the phone. The smile was long wiped from my face and my round brows were furrowed with a new worry. Glancing upwards I took a deep breath to calm my nerves and silently asked God.

'Why don't you let me stay happy God? Just a day? Is it too much to ask for? Just let me be happy for a day. Please'

Looking back I noticed the happiness was gone, what remained was a long-ugly face that I still will have to wash. After making sure that I couldn't clean myself more than I did, I stood up. The paint was still stuck to my kurta but it was not smelling anymore. My hair and face were cleaned because I practically washed them with soap.

However, When I went out of the washroom, I saw Rohan and his best friend walking together. She was laughing at him and his hair as if someone had cracked a joke. Or she just found his appearance funny.

At this time as if feeling my stare they looked back. Rohan frowned while his best friend lifted a hand in mid-air smiling brightly at me as she yelled out.

"Hey, Jacqueline." Though I was stunned at her incredible behavior, I still nodded back at her.

After all, Mama always said to never treat people how they treat me.

"You have created such a nice painting." She yelled again and my face contorted into confusion. As if realizing that I had no idea what she was talking about. She pointed at him and placed another palm on her mouth laughing. I finally understood. She meant I did a good job with him. His shirt was drenched in water and one corner that was supposed to be inside his pants was out, the red color still very much visible. He looked like a guy who was either a beggar or a broke gangster. I found myself smiling again at the thought. It seemed he was better for my health.

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“Be your own beautiful, even when others tried to define you by their standards.”
[Jacqueline]

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[Jacqueline’s POV]

I looked back at the crowd who were looking at us and whispering with each other. I heard a girl whose face was covered with thick makeup, say excitedly to her friend, “Does Nina know this fatty?”

“It seems like that.” The other teenager who was standing with her on the oval-shaped girl said to her. I focussed on Rohan again. His cheeks were slightly hot, he looked down and pointed at me and said something to Nina. As soon as she heard him. she scoffed at him and glanced back at me. She walked towards me with a kind smile although he tried to grab her hand she shook him away. She seems to be walking towards me. This seemed odd. I glanced back at Rohan and noticed his cheeks seemed a little red and it wasn’t because of the red paint. He seems blushing.

What do they want to do? Nina is Rohan’s best friend. She even had kicked me in the canteen earlier for him, and now that I have colored her best friend, she might even swallow me. Although she did apologize for her actions, is she the type of person who behaves violently first and then apologizes? Is she going to kick me again?

This time everyone looked at us in silence. She stopped in front of me, looked me up and down, and smiled.

“Do you want to get changed?” I looked up at her admiring her too clean school dress as she towered over me. Her oval face was clean without any makeup, and her pink lips stretched upwards. The two of us looked at each other, she remained smiling.

“What do you mean?” I asked in a dumb voice.

Her brown-black eyes shook slightly and she put forward her palm towards me. I looked down at her palms, noticing she was carrying a plastic bag with her.

“Come with me to the bathroom.” My face changed from calm to disbelief. I cast my eyes to her behind and looked at Rohan who seemed uninterested in our interaction. As if a girl who claimed him as his best friend a few days ago and had beaten me for him was now helping the same person she had hurt. It was hard to

believe. When I didn't respond to her she took my palms in hers and dragged me back to the washroom. Rohan's dark eyes rigged holes in my back until we disappeared into the washroom.

'She wanted to help me? But why would she?' She left my hand and gestured to me to take the bag from her hand.

"Look Jacqueline, I am sorry about that day. I certainly am. And trust me when I say this that I am not the kind of person who likes to lose her face in front of so many people like I did when I apologized for my blunder that day. I was even ready to be laughed at by so many people just because I was having a guilty conscience."

Her brown-black eyes turned a little bright and stopped for a moment. She suddenly laughed and said, "if you think I am playing games with you, please think again. What can I get from playing with you? Even if I want to, the easiest way would be that I directly bully you. Since you don't have any backup friends and all.

My face turned a little pale at her words. It wasn't because she was lying, it was because what she said was true.

She placed the bag in my palms,

"This is not my school dress, it's casual jeans and a t-shirt I had taken because I had to show the teacher for a dance performance. This was one size larger than what I wear anyways, please take it and change. I don't want a girl to be insulted by boys just because of my friend's fault. Please wear it, if you do I will think you have forgiven me." Her expression was demonstrative.

"I have forgiven you. But I can not wear...." I tried to reason with her because I wanted to get rid of this dangerous girl completely without any trouble. The last time's lesson was still fresh in my mind and I had decided to never be on her bad side. I won't be able to fight her anyway.

"You have to if you want to make me feel happy." I looked at her with a slightly open mouth. Though what she said was harmless, I caught the threat in her voice, or perhaps I was overthinking it. Her expression, however, started to turn fierce and I immediately nodded at her.

"Than. Thank you for this. Then I will change."

"Good girl." She patted my hair laughing weirdly.

I had already an idea that she was a mad girl, but her impulsive behavior today proved what I was thinking about her was TRUE.

I walked towards the bathroom to get changed. As I opened the bag, I noticed it was too different from what I wear. I rarely wore Jeans. My outfits were Limited to basic Indian outfits. Or some Middies, long tops, trousers like jeans. Her top seemed to fill with fashion, the top had a lovely print all over. A chic tie-up neck and cuffed long sleeves. It seemed cla**y and stylish. The material on the top was polyester. The jeans were slim denim. I exhaled wishing to get some magical confidence in myself that could help me in possibly going out and tell her that I didn't give a f*** about her apology or dress. But I wasn't that courageous, at least now.

I clipped the top and jeans on the alloy hook of the bathroom door. The bathroom was small but fine too. Not wasting a minute I changed into her clothes. The top fit on me as if it was purchased to keep in mind my size but the jeans were a little tight and I had to practically take breaths to keep my two-tired stomach fit in.

"Yeah, I have done what you said. Now it's your chance. Don't disappoint me." I heard her voice as I came out of the bathroom. Nina seemed to be talking to someone on the phone. Hearing footsteps she paused and looked back at me. Her eyes swayed for a minute and then turned wide. She gasped. And then, smiled.

"Woah. You look cute." She exclaimed, but I felt she was trying to know if I heard anything or not.

"Thank you." I smiled at her, a shy one. At least what I thought if I looked shy. She exhaled as if relieved by my answer. So she didn't want me to hear what she was talking about.

"Well, let's go to the cla**room."

"I am not sure how teachers will react to seeing me this way," I said uncomfortably shifting from one foot to another. She rolled her eyes at me and turned me around to face the mirror. Our eyes locked in the mirror.

"Look at yourself, Jacqueline." I noticed myself in the mirror. Somehow I liked what I saw in the mirror and I might have gasped if Nina wasn't behind me. I looked nothing like me. My black hair was still wet but we're hanging down on my shoulders. The pink top lightened my features. My cheeks were red because of all the rubbing before and the light color enhanced it more. Lips were blood red, while eyes filled with moisture. The tie-up neck looked like formal wear. Since the sleeves were long and kind of ruffled it didn't outline my heavy arms. Instead, it gave the illusion of thin arms. The top wasn't body-hugging, instead, it fell all over the body. Overall I did look cute as described by Nina. My only concern was the length of the top, its length was just till the belt of the jeans, and I was uncomfortable wearing it. She, however, did not give me a chance to object and dragged me out again holding my bag from the little stool. The hallway was filled with some students, not overly crowded, just a few kids here and there as if they were wasting their cla**es purposely. As the soles of our feet clanked against the ground and sunlight fell upon our forms. Everyone took a double look over us.

Some of the school mates eyes even turned wide as saucers while some of the girl's mouths hung open. I never appreciated the attention and their stares made me uncomfortable. I tried to remove her grip from my arm but she only tightened it. I felt like screaming at her face. She dragged me till the moment we reached the cla**. As we entered the gate, her grip immediately loosened, I looked at the soles of my shoes quietly as she led me with her gently. I heard the voice of students gasping.