

Her Facebook Friend by Ifveen

chapter 8

-8-Mother's food.

"Our inward Conflicts express themselves in our outward disasters. When we want nothing more than to keep them hidden." [Jacqueline]

"Writer's pov."

"Rohan, I am sorry. It was my fault. I shouldn't have lied to you." Hearing her pleasant and sweet voice made Rohan's heart skip a beat. His lips curved into smugness as he raised a question.

"But what is your real name sweet cheeks,? Do your cla**mates know about your hobby of lying to strangers?"

Fear hit Jacqueline like a cold shower. She was sure he would create trouble for her out of nothing.

"I. I believe you can forgive me, Rohan, so tell me what do I have to do to earn your forgiveness?"

Rohan grinned victoriously, his gorgeous, eyes shone with a gleam of mischief,

"Are you suggesting that you will do whatever I want?"

Her grip on her clothes tightened. She didn't like his words. She was scared. His words felt like they had a different meaning.

Their conversation was cut short by Mrs. Smith's yelling.

"What are you doing Rohan and Jacqueline. Come on take your seats. You are wasting our time."

Muttering a small apology she returned to her seat while Rohan followed her.

In the whole period, she could feel Rohan's stare making her tingle in nervousness. Several times he did try to talk to her but she ignored him making it look like she was immersed in studying. After the cla** came to an end, Mrs. Smith asked her to follow her to the staff room for helping her in the organization of the quiz. And for that she was grateful.

After that, the whole day went like a blur.

[Jacqueline's Pov:]

it was nearly 3 pm when I arrived home. it made me anxious to think about how mom would be doing. Did they fight again? Would mom be injured? Will she identify me? or would I still need to be a neighbor in front of her?

My papa Joel Wilson is a government servant. A recovery officer. He was even given a few servants to help him in the job. Although I don't know what made him bitter about mom. but there was something wrong with the way he treated her. or it might be because he was just a violent man. Anyway, in India, many men tended to hit women without a proper reason. He had been violent with her for as long as I could remember. I was one of those kids who at the age of seven wanted to die by seeing their parents fighting with each other almost every day. Yeah. I have been dealing with suicidal thoughts all my life. There were so many moments in my life when I had cried at the staircases of our home without letting anyone find me asking God to kill me. Trust me it's a horrible feeling. I remember once when papa was running behind a mom with a wooden stick to beat her. At that time when I was six and, was playing a prank with my sister, When she leaped out from the stairs running and shouting with a hoarse voice and behind her, my father in the hallway door, shouting Boom! She screamed, face raked and twisted, then burst into sobs, Clutching her chest as she leaned against the door, gasping. while I stood there, confused, wearing my toy Army helmet tilted on my head. I didn't know what exactly was happening, but I shut the door, locking it.

Yet I never told her I was scared at the time when my father's fist collided with the door, or when he was shouting at us to open it. But seeing her as the bright sun etched her black hair. I shielded her face with My arms trying to protect her.

Though I never knew the future revisits the past. But for her, I no longer saw what was ahead of me.

I went back to the tap on our terrace, filling my water bottle for her to drink. I was shaking to my core hearing papa's angry voice. But I never opened the door. Until he stopped shouting.

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Subsequently, when we went out it was the second time he had slapped me. The first time he hit me, I must have been four. A hand, a flash, a reckoning. My mouth had felt a blaze of touch. I was hurt.

Shooking my negative thoughts away I entered the home.

There was an eerie silence engulfing the whole house. I shouted

"Nikki."

"Nikki. where are you?"

"oh, you are here," Mom responded to me smiling. Her smile dazzled me for a while.

"I. you. Mom."

"Joel told me you will come."

"Pa. oh I mean uncle. is he back?"

"Yes, dear he is back. Come here. I made some extra food today after so many days to thank you. I hope you will like it."

"It wasn't needed, Aunty."

"Of course it was dear. you have helped me so much yesterday. so I wanted to do something for you too. Go and wash your hands first."

Generally, I couldn't understand her, She didn't like cooking for as long as I could remember. There were so many incidents of papa and mom fighting just because she didn't want to cook our food.

"Aunty, Did You made it yourself?"

"Yes, dear. I did. come and have some."

"Okay." Smiling I nodded at her and walked out to wash my hands.

When I returned Sunlight dappled the floor beside my mother, shining her pet**e figure as she was busy setting the table smiling and singing a tune I couldn't recall.

The living room felt like a normal joyous place. Making me feel warm. A scene I wanted to live every day since childhood.

"Ah. Dear, you are here. have it before it gets cold."

Seeing her smiling automatically made me smile. I guess it happens when you see your mom, smiling after seeing her cry almost every day.

"Come on Have it, Dear."

"Oh. okay, Ma. I mean Aunty."

"Great." Clapping her hands she served me Whatever she had made. it was Chicken Biryani.

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And Seeing my favorite food made my eyes lit up. I love Chicken Biryani. It is a Mughlai dish famous in India and particularly all over the world. Biryani is prepared from basmati rice mixed with s***es like cardamom, cloves bay leaves, and many more. It is a flavourful dish

I still have the notebook with the original recipe, inked in my childish scrawl. I have written it to learn how to cook it. Though I did try to make it in the same way I have written. But I couldn't do justice to its taste.

But over the years I am learning to make it a little better. I wasn't able to make it on school days since biryani is not something one throws together in 20 minutes after school on a Monday. It's a patient dish, a fragrant ginger-turmeric-cinnamon potpourri. Last year on the last Sunday of December I cooked it too fast, it got out of control before I even knew it.

But The taste was slightly better than the one I cooked before it. You can also try it. Yet even after many trials, I failed to give the same texture and flavor which my mother adds to the food.

Eating mouthful I gasped, It was exactly the way I loved it. it was heavenly. I think the food which is perceived to have been made with love taste more delicious. Love makes everything super special. The key behind the mom's food so the taste is that she makes it with her eternal love.

I am 100 % sure that some magic lies in her magical hands. I wonder how every single time she makes all Biryani with amazing taste and perfection.

"How's it?"

"Ahm. It's so delicious Aunty."

"Oh Thank you, dear."

I smiled at her, Filled with appreciation. But the next words that she uttered made me almost cry in disappointment.

"By the way, if you want I can pack it for your parents too. I cooked in a large quant**y."

"I." I opened my mouth to answer back but no words came out of my mouth. Trying to keep my emotions in I smiled at her. A fake smile.

Chap-9-Mood Changer Text.

"Have you ever made a scene, you saw in a movie or read somewhere in your head and then put yourself in it? Have you ever watched yourself from a different person's view going deeper and deeper into the scene, away from you? I hope you can feel my pain by placing yourself in the scene where your mother asked you to pack some food for your Parents. " [Jacqueline]

My head throbbed, clenching my fist, I sp***ed some rice-eating it. But now it felt tasteless to me. I think just because I always wanted to have food with her in the same way she had served me was the mere reason which made it tastier than it was. But her words had completely ruined my appet**e. Maybe because food may fade away but feelings don't.

"Are you okay dear?"

"Yeah."

"Then you didn't answer me?"

"Thank you for asking, aunty, but my parents are not at home. So it's not required."

"Oh Okay. By the way, Do you know Joel gifted me a necklace today? He said he bought it for my birthday. see. How's it?"

I was in so much daze that I didn't even notice the necklace she was wearing. it was beautiful

It glittered attractively in the light and all her behavior now made some sense to me. she gave a soft tap on the purple diamond and I breathed a sigh in relief when it didn't shatter which it would've done if it was a fake and made of cheap gla**. She ran a thumb over its polished surface and smiled at me. almost grinning. I have never seen her smile so genuinely for months. Her black eyes shined in happiness. While her beautiful pink lips curved though the reason for the smile was a necklace. But to me her smile was the most beautiful jewel I'd ever come across and well, I suppose there is beauty in the simplicity of the word "beautiful" for truly had I thought it to be grand, majestic, glorious, or even royal there is no comparison to when I imagined it as the epitome of the Grace.

"It's beautiful Aunty. But more than that Your smile is the epitome of beauty. You should smile more."

Hearing my words, her smile turned more profound than it already was. Her white face blushing a little and I found that cute.

"Aww. Thank you dear for such a compliment. But I don't deserve it."

"No aunty you deserve it. You should see yourself."

"Thank you so much, Dear. Today you made my day."

"Don't thank me, Aunty. I was just telling you what's true. You are truly beautiful."

Smiling She stood up and kissed my forehead. instantly making me feel better.

"Thank you, my dear daughter."

My heart nearly jumped through my throat hearing her words. 'Did she remember me?' I was nearly prepared to embrace her when she spoke again.

"I mean you are just like my daughter I never had."

This was the part of my life where I was disappointed but I couldn't do anything about it. I coughed a little to stop myself from crying and asked her to have her medicines.

"30 minutes later."

I placed my feet on the cold hardwood, I walked to her room. Seeing her sleeping form. I sat outside her room listening to the heavy snores she made in her sleep. it was enough to calm me down. I don't know how long I sat there but after a point, I went back to bed, pulled the covers to my chin until my sadness stopped.

Almost immediately, my phone beeped and I moved to open it Finding his text messages again.

"You are my cruel baby."

My first reaction was a smile. I quickly sit up in my bed realizing how easily he can turn my bad mood into a good one.

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[Writer's POV:]

"Shut up," Jacqueline replied back

"What's wrong Baby?" While Remo Frowned at her answer. What happened to her. She didn't even call him a jerk. Something must have happened.

"Nothing."

Remo asked again. He could almost imagine her vibes. "We are friends Jacky, You can tell me anything dear. Come on. Tell me What's wrong?"

While Jacqueline was confused, She did not want to tell him about her mother. it would do her no good. 'what if he laughs at her and leave her.' She never wanted that. Thinking of a reason. She remembered Rohan. Maybe He can help her with an idea.

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"I lied to a stranger today about my name. But he turned out to be my cla**mate in half an hour. What should I do? I am scared?"

Though he felt it couldn't be the reason for her sadness, he understood even if he forced her, she won't tell him anything.

"Are You shouldn't be scared. It's not a big deal."

Jacky rolled her eyes at his reply, 'What was he. Not a big deal. it must be because he was never bullied before.

"He confronted me in front of everyone in a small voice when the teacher asked me? I think he will make trouble for me. I am scared."

Seeing her answer almost made him a little bit angry. A boy asked for her name. 'But what was wrong with that. why are you getting angry at such a small reason?' he couldn't find an answer to retort to his subconscious voice

"Oh, so the stranger is a he! huh! tell me from the start what exactly happened?"

"I told you already."

He didn't even know why he was getting anxious to know

"I am asking you. How did it happen? Why did you lie to him in the first place?"

"I was traveling on the bus to school when he came into our bus, he was soaked in water and there was no seat so he sat down on the one near me. after that he asked for my name. But I neither wanted to tell him my name nor I wanted to create troubles for myself so I lied. And then when I reached cla** Our teacher introduced us and asked me to help him. And he got to know I lied. So he questioned me when he was returning to my seat."

Chap-10-First Song.

"Real people will always be judged as Rude or arrogant. You can either learn to ignore comments or become fake like the rest of them." [Remo]

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Writer's POV:

Remo frowned at her answer, it wasn't a big deal to lie. Why was she getting so restless on such a small matter? it didn't make sense to him.

"I don't think it's a big deal, Jacky. You are overthinking. he won't be that bad."

Jacqueline's brows furrowed, Ofcourse it wasn't a big deal for him. He would never have been bullied as to say such things. Again why did she even told him about it?

'Ah. stupid woman. Now he will think you're nothing but a dramatic girl.' Her subconscious voice taunted her back and forth and she forgot to reply to him for a few minutes.

Waiting for a response Remo sipped the juice he was having earlier. Disappointed at her behavior he texted again.

“What’s wrong?”

As if noticing his answer, she decided it wasn’t the time to tell him about her bullying sad story since she didn’t want his pity and also they just become friends it wouldn’t be right of her to tell him about her issues so fast. she replied.

“Yeah. I think you are right. I am just overthinking.”

Rolling his eyes he chuckled texting back “Yeah. I am always Right Baby.” While seeing him his friend’s eyes narrowed as he tried to glance at Remo’s phone. However, Remo dodged his eyesight.

Raghav was his next-door buddy. They had been friends for as long as he could remember. They were even such great friends that he even let him use his phone to talk to various FB girlfriends like him. But He didn’t want to tell him about Jacqueline just yet.

“Who are you talking to buddy?” Raghav asked.

“A friend.” He said trying to usher him out of his room.

“Let me see. who is this friend?” he asked again, trying to take his phone?

“No Bro, Not yet. I will show you tomorrow. But For now, Please Go home I am going to sleep.”

“But it’s not even the time Remo.”

“I know. But I want to sleep.” Just then his phone pinged making him aware he received the next text from her. he was excited to read it but he understood he needed the patience to deal with Raghav.

“Okay.” Huffing and puffing in anger Raghav left him and sworn in his heart to discover what Remo was hiding from him.

“Jerk. I told you Don’t call me Baby.”

Smiling he shook his head,

“Baby.”

“Baby.”

“Baby.”

“Jerk. I am not a baby. You are a baby.”

“Aww. it’s a compliment for me, sweetcheeks. Come on say it again.”

Jacqueline blushed at his response, she forgot people use it as an endearing term.

“Stupid boy.”

Smiling he asked Jacqueline, the thing he wanted to ask. He wanted to see her opinion. Since she had come across him as an honest person.

“Okay Jokes apart. I want your feedback on something? could you help me with it My little Jacky?”

“Yeah sure. What is it?”

Excited yet nervous, he hit the send b***on on the recording. It was his special song that he had written. He had practiced it more than a hundred times. But he wasn't still sure of it. he had heard praises from some friends but sometimes it felt like they were just complimenting him nothing else. Taking a deep breath he pressed the send b***on.

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“Loving you was like an illusion

in my desperation, I compromised myself.

Leaving Me is our reality.

Your love altered me

My wounds stayed with me.

Yeah Yeah.

Oh

Though I did fill you with my colors.

Yet in a spin, Your betrayal turned me darker.

What if I tell you you were my first.

You were my thrill but you just wanted the puppet to rust.

Doesn't matter how much you want

Nobody will love you more than I did.

Please Rewind.

I was a state of your soul.

To keep you all.

When Your spell ended, it was a bell to my darkness that swept me off like a mist extinguishing my shell.

Yeah, do tell them all your lies.

Just say I was a dust particle in your life.

I know I was your monotony

But you were a road that ended with my illusion of love.

My love for you had turned a Darker baby.

Loving you was an illusion, in my desperation, I compromised.

I gifted you my heart

Not for you to craft

Whatever you want

I will always be your part

And

Baby, you turned me into art.

Loving you was like an illusion.

You turned my pa**ion into a session."

it was a small part of the song he had prepared for an upcoming singing compet**ion.

Waiting for some time. He finally asked her.

"How's it?"

"it was amazing . You are too good at it."

"Thank you ."

Jacky felt His voice was melodious. But there was something in his voice that made her shudder in goosebumps. it was filled with something she couldn't point to It felt like he was singing something he had experienced.

"When did you started singing?" Initially, though he felt she was just like other people. 'You are quite good at it.' But seeing she genuinely wanted to ask him about his singing hobby. His face instantly bloomed with a smile.

"I was four."

"Wow. That's awesome. And when did you wrote your first song?"

"I must have been 9. I composed it for my Mumma's birthday."

"I don't know why but I just feel like You are going to be a star one day Remo." His smile widened reading her text. A feeling of warmth spread across his chest making him like he was touched. However, he didn't just want to say thank you again and again. Since teasing her made him feel good. He texted back

"Ah. Then one day I will be your star baby. But you have to be my number fan? will you be my number one fan?"

"Of course I will Jerk. I will be your first-ever fan. And yeah it is starting from today. By the way, You have written it for your first love hmm?"