

Chapter5

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'I think, sometimes, they forget that they themselves were parents to three hormonal teenagers.'

I wouldn't say that the town I lived in was some kind of booming metropolis. Quite the contrary, actually. The town I have lived in, since I have been born, is a quiet little town situated in the hills. It was not one of those small and remote towns, where everyone knew everybody.

Arada was a moderate sized town that had two high schools, three primary schools, and a number of kindergartens. There was also a small prestigious college on the outskirts of Arada, which didn't accept many applications, and thus had less students compared to any big University.

Arada was surrounded by thick woods on three sides. The forest was shaped like a crescent moon if you were to look from above, high in the sky. The abundance of trees in the area made the town colder than other nearby cities and made it rain quite often.

The nearest city was almost six hours away and was more industrialised with big business, buildings, and a bigger population.

The second nearest city was half a day away and was more of a quiet little town. If you would stay overnight and travel another six hours east of the town, you would come across a budding coastal town which had the most beautiful beaches ever. The coastal town, Mylta, was a favorite spot for us Aradans to vacation.

I drove my car out of the school premises towards my home. My house was a twenty minute drive from my school.

I kept humming the tune of a hit pop song while I parked my BMW in my house's driveway. My car was my baby as I had paid for it all on my own (with a little help from my parents), with the paychecks I got weekly after working at Monique's Bakery. I have worked there since I was legally allowed to work, so yeah, almost three years.

I got out of my car and opened the door to my house. I stepped into the two story , light blue painted house and headed towards the kitchen.

And there behold, I saw my parents full on making out on the kitchen slab. That's a site you don't want to see. Like ever.

Gross. They acted like horny teenagers. I think, sometimes, they forget that they themselves were parents to three hormonal teenagers.

My parents were high school sweethearts and have been going strong since their college years. They loved each other so much that it sometimes made family dinners unbearable. You seriously don't want to watch your parents make googly eyes and seductive gestures when you are sitting with your brother on the same table.

But I guess, I was lucky, since I had two parents who loved each other to the ends of the world. They made me believe in love. As I stood there, I couldn't help but wish to have the same chemistry and love with my husband when I am pushing my forties.

"Hi", I said, in the loudest voice I could muster, which I was sure would get their attention. As soon as I said it, both of them sprung apart from each other with wrinkled clotheshed faces and nervous smiles.

My dad cleared his throat awkwardly and smiled at me nervously. "Uh, I was just, uh, helping, um y-your mom make dinner."

I couldn't help it, my lips stretched on their own accord to a full teasing grin. "Oh I am sure Dad, that's exactly what you were doing."

He scratched the back of his neck nervously and practically ran out of the kitchen while coughing.

I looked at my mom and both of us burst into giggles.

"You need to go easy on your dad, honey."

"Oh my god, but that was so funny."

My mom giggled again. "Yeah, but don't tell your dad I said that."

I mock saluted her. "Call me when it's time for dinner."

She nodded and I began climbing the stairs to my room. On my way, I checked on Cory, my fourteen year old brother, to see how he was doing, only to find him sleeping in his room. That boy sleeps all the damn time.

I shook my head as I smiled. My family was far from normal but we loved each other so much. Sure, we had petty now and again, but nonetheless, I wouldn't trade them for anything else.

The next morning, I woke up late by forty minutes. I am not going to take the blame for it, Nefx is.

My parents leave for work before I leave for school and my little brother, Cory, was the least dependable person ever, so they couldn't have woken me up. And now, I was going to be late and missing class. Absolutely great.

I have had the best two days of my senior year already!

I hurriedly got up from my bed and got fresh within minutes. After I showered and shimmied into my clothes, I raced down the stairs and out of the house.

I got in the car and zoomed out of my driveway. I drove like a madwoman, so I could at least be in the school ten minutes before the second class. In record time, I found myself parking my car into the school's parking lot. Hastily, I got out of my car and ran all the way from the parking lot to the front doors of the school. I barged through the doors and checked the time, while desperately trying to control my breath.