

Pregnant For My Bully Chapter 1 - Tips

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Mondays, for me, were like a restart of my routine, mind-numbing, perpetually dull life. It was an endless cycle of boredom, my life, beginning everyday with the rickety, old and faulty alarm, which sat atop the nightstand beside my bed, waking me up at 6:30, thirty minutes too early.

Then, it was in the bathroom till it clocked seven—not that I spent thirty minutes taking a shower, though. Sometimes, I fall asleep there.

Next, after that, was to pull on a somewhat presentable cloth and brush my blonde hair till it shone, before going down to meet Nana, my grandma, for breakfast, communicating through sign language, because, well, she was deaf, kissing her goodbye and then leaving for school.

School had its own individual cycle, just like waking up had it its. First off was to get off the bus, seeing as, at eighteen, I still trailed along with the freshmen in the school bus because the only car I had, grandma's old, vintage Chevy, decided to give up on me in my sophomore year.

Right after getting to school would be the quacking, shoving and pushing by other students oblivious to my presence, until I got to my locker.

Now, when I got to the said locker, two things could happen. One, I open my locker to a shower of glitter, or to a jack in the box straight to my face, planted by yours truly, Jason Shitface Asshat Davenport.

If that didn't happen, I'd most likely open my locker to just my stuff. The worst I could meet, buried under them, would be a note saying I should stick my head in the toilet, or I should just kill myself. This time planted by Kimberly Bitch That Slut Adams.

Luckily, today, I arrived at school to find my locker just the way I'd left it last Friday. Apparently, both Jason and Kimberly seemed to have forgotten about my existence.

Yeah, right. That could never happen. Not while we were still classmates.

So, after the locker episodes, up next were the classes. Of my nine classes every day, I had Jason in two, which was enough torment as it was, judging

by the fact that he never failed to leave chewed gum both on and under my seat and desk, or shoot spitballs at me as lessons were going on—it was a wonder how the teachers never caught him. Probably, they did, but just didn't care.

Next in the cycle was lunch period, where I got served the regular blob of something that was supposed to be 'food', an apple, which was my only savior, preventing me from dying of starvation, and a milk carton.

The only different day was Tuesday, when the school decided to be so kind as to serve it's exhausted students a helping of pudding, since it couldn't afford tacos. They termed it 'Pudding Tuesday'. Shudders, that was what I felt saying it.

Right after lunch and the rest of the day's lessons would be meeting up with Jason at the sports field, as he instructed me to do everyday after school, to retrieve his homework from him, process, analyze, break it down, decipher, solve, just do whatever and return it to him the next day to be submitted. Note, I used the word 'retrieve' because, according to him, his homework was my possession.

After I'd stashed his homework in my bag, I was to sit and watch him practice football—he was the team's midfielder—until it was over. I was to guard his stuff, hold his water, hand it to him whenever he needed it, while my head remained bowed, by the way, and hold his face towel, even when it was sweaty and dripping.

Occasionally, and very intentionally, while I sat under the sun, watching something I had absolutely no interest in, the ball would fly out of nowhere straight for my face, most times my chest. Then Jason would run along to pick it up, while I remained on the bleachers, wincing at the pain from where the ball had hit me. As he jogged past me, the ball in his hands, he'd yell something like "Sorry, I didn't see no boobs there", or "My ba

d, didn't see you there".

After practice, by then the school bus had already gone, so I was left to walk home by myself. A fifteen minute distance, all alone. Jason said it was essential to help me lose weight. Note, I wasn't more than 40 kg.

Sometimes, his friend, Adrian Goldfield, the football team's defender, would offer me a ride, which I never turned down—the inside of his blue Ford was heaven, I could assure you, with its blue seats and air conditioned interior, not to mention it always smelled like lavender, just like he did.

Once I got home, I was then to do Jason's homework first before I did mine. Next in line was my night shower and dinner with Nana before I put her to bed by eight and then binge Netflix for the rest of the night. Sometimes, I'd get a call, or a FaceTime, from my former best friend, Benson, but even that was rare now, ever since he started dating Katie Henshaw.

So, there you have it, my endless, repetitive cycle of a life.

Get a life, you might say, but here's a little secret. I had one. Before high-school, back when boys worshipped me, literally, and every girl wanted to be my friend. Back when everything was perfect, and I had mom and dad. Until the summer holiday before high-school, when my parents died in a car crash, and I was subjected to living with my grandma, the only relative close enough.

I retreated into my shell, like a snail when touched. Became an entirely different person than I used to be. Lost everything, my friends, although Benson stayed, my popularity, everything. And gained Jason Davenport's attention, a guy I so remember used to crush on me back in fifth grade.

All that was by the way, though. At this point in my life, I was already used to it. As a senior, knowing I'd soon be out of this sh!thole and out of Wayne's County, never to see any of the hateful faces anymore, it didn't bother me much. Not like it used to. All I needed to do was focus on my studies and getting a scholarship. And that I did.

Today, being today Tuesday, our test scores from last week have been returned to us. I made an A+ in pretty much all five of them, as expected.

It was currently lunch time. The queue had shortened considerably by the time I'd gotten to the cafeteria. Without much waste of time, it got to my turn.

I looked away, with a disgusted face, as the lunch lady slapped the gooey stuff onto its corner, looked back with a smile when she placed an apple where it should be, the milk carton and, my personal favorite, a small bowl of chocolate pudding.

Offering her a smile, which of course, she didn't return, I turned away from her and began my journey to the 'losers table'. No, no one termed it that, but everyone that sat at it was regarded as a loser so . . .

It was at the far end of the cafeteria, at the corner where nothing went noticed and you could eat like a pig, rubbing food all over your body, but still no one would care.

Jason's table was kind of far from mine, a safe distance if you asked me, but occasionally, I'd look up from my food to see him staring daggers at me. When I maintained eye contact, he'd look away, a tic present in his jaw.

The only hassle getting to my table was the fact that I had to pass both his and Kimberly's table on the way, hers before his. It wasn't as easy as it sounded, trust me.

I was approaching Jason's table now. As instructed by him, I was to keep my eyes the other way as I passed, lest he made eye contact with me. That I did as I got to the table, averting my gaze to the table beside his.

I was almost past his table, the only thought on my mind being the chocolate pudding my hungry hands were soon to devour, when, all of a sudden, I felt a shoe at the front base of my foot, and next thing I knew, I was falling forward, the tray of food flying out of my hands, an inaudible gasp escaping my wide open mouth.