

## DEAR PRISCHELLE

### Chapter 11 No.11

Dear Prischelle,

I want to go home and escape our Accounting class, but I cannot. I have to attend and analyze a freaking problem. Our Professor gave us a lot of time for it and even allowed us to get out and breathe some fresh air so we can think properly.

I decided to stay at the quadrangle. My eyebrows would clash understanding it. There's time that it's easy, but why is it so hard now? Dang it. The capital is too big and I still have to balance it.

I was still trying to figure out what shall I write. It's hard but I have to bear with it. It's gonna be my future work so I have to be patient.

I was about to write when a chuckie blocked my view.

I don't know what should I react after seeing you in front of me, holding it while smiling. I tried myself to stop but I can't help it anymore. So I smiled.

"My way of saying thank you."

That's what you said.

I didn't hesitate to accept the drink and say, "Thanks."

I thought you will sit beside me, embarrassing as it is but I was waiting for you to do it. I'm actually planning already of passing my seat work tomorrow so we could talk but my classmates called me.

I shouldn't be pissed at the situation but I still stand and went to them. I cussed inside my head many times. I thought the Professor called us to pass it. But it was the opposite. She wants us to pass it the next

day which made me more pissed.

There's no special in that announcement so I don't know why she called us back just to say that. Fuck it. I really thought it was important. I should've talked to you instead!

Until I got home, I'm still grumpy. I just lost the chance. Damn.

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