

A Human's Guide to Surviving Magical Mishaps by Kit Bryan Chapter 12

Rule 12- You think you hate your alarm, but if you were going anywhere other than work you'd love it.

The light chiming sound of my alarm is enough to wake me up, however if the light is airy, **sound** is meant to make **me** feel cheerful or enjoy being awake in any way then it is failing MISERABLY. Then again, I secretly suspect that the people who make tones for alarms actually make peppy cheerful tunes as a way to make people suffer because I can't imagine that anyone actually enjoys them. They're annoying in the same way a chirpy happy person is annoying when you're grumpy and in a bad mood. You, KNOW that there's nothing wrong with them being happy, but somehow you just resent them anyway. Misery loves company I guess. It feels wrong for my alarm to be so bright when I'm not feeling that way. I turn it off and roll out of bed, half falling to the floor with a thump. It's six am. I could wake Ashton, but he probably doesn't need an hour and a half to get ready. I'm only up this early because I'll probably have to call a taxi to get to work, or hope dad is home to drop us off. Nah, I'll shower first and wake up a bit before waking him. I think I'd rather be a little more presentable and have a bit less bed head than I do now first anyway.

After I shower and towel dry my hair, I slip on my horrible work pants and a black tank top.

I shove my bright red work top by my handbag so I'll remember to take it to work. I could technically put it on now, but I just really really don't want to. The colour looks awful with my blue hair plus it's going to be warm today. I'll just put it on right before I go in. There's no need to wear it while I'm having breakfast. Now that it's closer to six thirty, it's probably time to wake Ashton. I hesitate by his door. What's the right way to wake someone up?

The only person I've ever woken is my dad, and usually that involves me slamming his door open and yelling that his phone is ringing and that he needs to get up and answer it already. I don't usually have to worry about being nice. I knock softly on the door, then realise the point IS to wake him up, and knock a little louder.

"Ashton? Sorry to wake you but it's probably time to get up if you want to come to work with me. I'm about to sort out some breakfast." I call through the door awkwardly. I listen for a response but don't hear anything. I

s he awake? Should I knock again? I could go in and check, that's what I would do for dad, but that feels like a definite invasion of privacy so I had better not. I'm about to knock again when I hear him call out a response.

"I will be out in a minute." His voice is groggy and he sounds half asleep. I'm suddenly tempted to open the door and find out if he looks so perfect in the morning when he's just woken up. Sure, he will still be hot, but maybe he gets really bad bed head or something.

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Something about how perfect and put together he is makes me want to find **all** his flaws. What I would do with that information I have no idea, but I'm looking forward to spending more **time** with **him**.

I make my way to the kitchen and I'm surprised to find my dad awake and sitting at the table drinking coffee. He works weird hours but he isn't usually up in the morning before me, unless...

"Dad, have you been to bed at all?" I take in the shadows under his eyes, his messy hair and the shadow of stubble on his chin. He certainly looks like someone who has been up all night.

"Not yet. I'll nap for a few hours once you head off to work. I wanted to have breakfast with

you and catch up first. Uh... where is your... guest?" He asks awkwardly. I crack a smile.

"I just knocked **on** his door to wake him. He should be out in a minute." I tell him with a pointed look that clearly says 'be nice, or else.' He gives me his best innocent smile and I roll my eyes at him. That tells me that he plans to be polite but nice might be asking a little much. Then again, my dad is pretty much only nice to me. He's a good person, but he's not exactly friendly. He isn't the type to win any popularity contests. I set the kettle to

boil so I can make myself a cup of tea and I start making some toast. We have a few spreads so Ashton. can decide between those and hopefully it'll be an acceptable breakfast. I know I should put in a little more effort, but Ashton hired me as a guide not a chef. If he wants fancy meals he's

going to have to get them somewhere else. Dad clears his throat to get my attention.

"Hmm?" I turn to face him.

● "Your car is out front. The tyres have been replaced." He grumbles. My eyebrows shoot up.

'What? How on earth did you manage to get my tyres changed over in the middle of the night? I only had one spare!' I ask incredulously. Dad shrugs. SHRUGS.

"Oh no, that's not gonna cut it. I want an actual answer. What magic do you have to make that happen so fast? You didn't mug someone and steal their tyres did you? You're a cop, stealing is frowned on." I joke. Dad scoffs at my joke. I can tell he's tired but I want to know. If he spent a stupid amount of money on it I fully intend to pay him back.

"Don't look at me like that. I called in a favour from a buddy at work whose brother owns an

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auto shop. He got me the tyre and I changed them myself this morning. I figured I'd already pulled an all nighter and will be asleep half the day so I might as well commit to it and stay up through breakfast." He answers. Awww. Maybe my dad is nice, to me at the very least. I abandon the toast for a moment to give him a hug.

"Thanks dad." I tell him. I'm so happy. I was not looking forward to taking a taxi. Sure it'll get me from A to B but it costs so much more and there's just something comforting about being independent and having my own vehicle.

“Well, you’ll need it to show that fae around.” he grumbles. I give him a smile and return to making toast. It’s sweet of him to worry and get my car fixed for me, even though he doesn’t approve of me taking on this job.

Footsteps from the hall draw my attention and I turn to see Ashton hovering in the doorway. He looks a little uncomfortable, probably because my dad is here. He had no **issues** talking to me last night. He’s in his glamour again and to my surprise, he’s fully dressed. Where did he get that shirt? Maybe my dad left it out for him. Although it doesn’t look familiar. Well, whatever. At least my dad doesn’t have his clothing to complain about.

“Good morning.” he greets us.

“Morning. Take a seat, I made us toast. What do you want on it?” I go ahead and list the options, then show him the drink options.

“Thank you for the meal.” he thanks me as I sit at the table. Our table seats four. Ashton is on one side, my dad on the other and I’m in the middle.

“You’re welcome. But don’t expect me to do this all the time. I’ll show you where things are and you can help yourself if you want anything.” I tell him cheerfully and Ashton grins at me.

“Of course.” He agrees easily. We all fall silent. My dad keeps glancing up at Ashton over his coffee and while Ashton isn’t reacting, there is no way he hasn’t noticed. I repress a sigh. I just know that this is going to be a very uncomfortable meal.