

Chapter Four

It was Friday yippee! I had survived the week. Well almost. Also, Mrs D had come back to work and was not looking upset anymore. And I said nothing to her about her wayward, cheating husband.

As I was walking to my first class with Jinn, she told me that she had broken up with Tommie. Apparently, he called it off by throwing pieces of Lego at her. I tried not to laugh as I pictured the scene in my mind. Jinn standing outside Tommie's house while he was so mad while he threw tiny pieces of the iconic plastic at her. When I asked her what happened next, she said she walked off and did nothing. I was shocked. I mean we are talking about the angry Jinn here! My friend who loves poking people and being annoying. What had happened to her? I asked myself.

'I loved him Ivie! He was mine! And then he dumped me! He dumped me! I loved him so much!' I was sure she didn't have a clue what love meant. I couldn't tell her he wasn't in love with her. I didn't have it in me.

'I know, but maybe this is for the best Jinn. Maybe it wasn't meant to be?' I asked hoping she would agree with me.

'Oh yeah! Yeah right! It wasn't meant to be! Do you know I loved him?' I loved it when my friends were going through their life issues. I was so glad I was not dating anyone as I didn't have to worry about it.

'Look. I am sure you will find someone else soon.' I said reassuring her as best I could.

'Maybe, but I *loved him!*' Just as I was listening and trying to help Jinn cope with her breakup, Anastacia came wandering over wanting in on the gossip. Her boyfriend Vance was a pain in the arse and was driving her nuts too! If it wasn't one thing it was another. I was always the listener in our group.

'I wish my boyfriend would break up with me!' said Anastacia trying to make her feel better, but it didn't. Then out of the blue Jinn started crying uncontrollably. She was crying and crying and crying. As we entered our first class for the day, music, she was still crying and crying and crying and our teacher Mr Wills was the coolest about it. He just let her sit there crying and crying throughout the class.

In total I was doing 6 subjects English, Science, History, Maths, Music and a language course in Spanish. All my subjects were crap anyway! I found them boring and so useless to my life.

As an example, I played the piano for music and was okay at it, but I was never going to be good enough to make a living from it. Hell, I didn't want to make a living from it. Therefore, like all my other subjects everything I was taught was about as useful to my career and life as a piece of dirt. NOT USEFUL AT ALL IN OTHER WORDS!

But Mr Wills was a cool teacher compared to some of my other drab ones. He was young in his 20s, had brown curly hair and a strong happy personality. He also had these brown piercing eyes and half of the girls in my class tried to flirt with him all the time. After all we are not that much younger than he is! And he never discloses his relationship status. I love watching the other girls flirt and try their luck. Seriously he is so naïve to their flirting. Or maybe he isn't? Maybe he is just pretending that he doesn't notice for his professional teacher standing. Who knows! But I love watching my friends flirt with him every day and then watch him not react. It's fun. Out of my besties only Jinn and Anastacia are in my music class as the other two don't have any musical talent. At least they claim they don't.

Today, in music we had to play our main piece that we had practiced and practiced and practiced. I played a tune from the movie snow white. I passed; I think! I hope. And Jinn was still as teary even after our class and then through recess. I gave her a big hug.

Then it dawned on me. Our next class was English, and I hadn't finish reading 'the book.' Shit. Darn. Oh no! Panic set in as I grabbed the book out of my bag to try and read some more, but it was too late! The buzzer had sounded, and Mrs Davis-bell-green called us all in the room.

While sitting in class the weather turned for the worse and a big storm came over our school. All I could hear from the warmth of our classroom was the heavy patter of rain and the loud claps of thunder coming from the clouds above. I could see the lighting strikes from the windows. It was getting colder too.

Mrs D was asking us all questions as per usual and it wasn't until the end of class that I managed to grab her attention.

“Mrs Davis-bell-green,” I waved my arm so she could see me as other students left the room and I walked over to her. ‘Um I still haven’t read the book yet, sorry!’ I felt guilty. even more guilty than I felt on Tuesday when I skipped school.

‘That’s okay dear, um, I have been rather preoccupied. Listen. I am going over to Egypt in a month to visit my husband and I have a favour to ask,’ she sounded rather excited. The complete opposite to how she was the other day.

‘A favour?’ What? Was I going to mind her dogs? She didn’t have dogs! Or mind her house maybe? What else could the favour be, I thought to myself.

‘Would you like to come to Egypt with me?’ I stood there in total silence. My feet wouldn’t move. My eyes wouldn’t shift. My heart stopped beating. Egypt? I was being asked to travel to the other side of the world with a woman I barely knew. Why? What for?

‘Um maybe?’ I was not sure what to say. I wanted to go overseas at some point in my life, but with my old and annoying English teacher? I had work to do here. I had to ask my parents. But I was searching for the meaning of life! Maybe this was the meaning of my life to go travelling? Uh! I was in complete and utter shock!

I left the classroom with my decision about the trip up in the air. I wasn’t sure until I asked my parents. So, even if I decided yes right there on the spot, I still had to get my parents’ consent first anyway. That morning I had never imaged my dull biddy English teacher would invite me to Egypt. So, all my thoughts were of shock. Complete shock. I spent the whole day in shock.

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At home that night when my father Max finally got home from his job. A job I didn’t know about. I got up the courage to ask him if I could go to Egypt with my English teacher. We were sitting in the lounge room watching TV just Dad and I.

‘Um Dad?’

‘Yes?’

‘Can I go to Egypt with my English teacher in a month? It’s for school,’ I added in the hope that because it was for school, he would be more supportive.

'I wish I got a trip to Egypt,' added Trace as she walked past.

'Um why are you going there for school?' Asked Dad. I thought of the best and most obvious lie possible.

'I am learning Arabic and writing up an essay in Arabic Dad!' I declared in the hope it would work.

'Wow I didn't know that! Let me check with your Mum and we can discuss it first. Have you got an information booklet or note about it from the school?'

'Um a note? Nope, um I um....' Gee. I didn't think of all the formalities. Shit.

'Okay, don't I have to pay and sign something? That's usually what happens with school excursions isn't it? Especially international ones.'

'Um, no.....not in this case.'

'And are your friends going too?'

'Nooooooooo not this time Dad!' panic was setting in. The excursion was not really for my Arabic essay and it wasn't even really for school. In fact, I wasn't sure why Mrs D asked me! What was I to say, yes dad here is all the paperwork and its free? And that would go down so well. I am flying to Egypt and you pay nothing and by the way it's just me going out of my class. Then it hit me. I would create a booklet and forge a note from the school. It would go down well. 'I will check with my English teacher on Monday and get back to you Dad!' was all I could say.

'Ok, no worries. I will chat to Mum about it too,' he said hoeing into some chips while watching the TV.

I went into my room, opened my computer and created the most elaborate booklet about Egypt I could muster. It had pictures of the pyramids on it and a few fake words in Arabic. He wouldn't have a clue! I was very creative!

The poster read:

Dear parents

This year for our year 11 English classes we are teaching our students to speak and write in Egyptian Arabic. And as a result, we are taking a selective few over to Egypt to help them with their learnings.

The trip will consist of a trip to the pyramids, museums, and major attractions. The students will practice speaking and writing in the language by communicating with the locals. It will be the best opportunity for them to learn.



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The trip will be something your children will never get again and never forget. It will be the most amazing time for them and teach them great skills.

The cost of all airfare, accommodation and food will be covered by the school. Please complete the attached consent form, and return it at your convenience

I would finish the booklet on Monday. Then I would give it to Dad.

I decided to watch some YouTube and as I was doing so, watching some bloke bounce balls off a cliff into a big gaping hole, my phone started ringing. It was none other than Phesophie.

'Hi Ya,' she said, and I could hear birds chirping in the background. 'Did you hear what happened to Jinn?'

'What happened to Jinn? Nope why? What happened?' I asked rather concerned.

'She was in a rather painful accident. She decided to visit Tommie and well..' I bounced upright in my bed.

'What happened to her?'

'Well it wasn't LEGO he threw this time; it was a massive saucepan from the kitchen and it hit her square in the head! She is hospital in a lot of pain!'

'Oh god! Can I go visit her now?'

'Nope, afraid not. She expressed that we leave her be for now. Her breakup hit her hard and Tommie didn't even like her from the start! She was so blinded,' said Phesophie.

'Yeah blinded alright. I could tell just from watching him near her that time. You remember that time when he came by the gates after school and he almost slapped her? And nearly slapping her and telling her to piss off are really the signs that he loves her!' We all knew he didn't like her and yet she seemed to think he did. We washed away the near misses with him as his bad temperament or by saying he doesn't not how to express true feelings. What a load of shit that really was! He hated her and that was it. 'I know we muck around sometimes and even hit and bitch and stuff. But he really hated her.'

'Yeap I know and now I feel we should have said something,' Phesophie sounded a tad guilty.

'I know. Anyway, keep me updated okay?' we ended our call. Jinn pissed me off sometimes. And although I felt for her ending up in hospital, I didn't feel that guilty for not saying something. I mean she should have noticed he hated her. Surely?

Anyway, I had bigger fish to fry. I had to read 'the book.' But reading 'the book' would have to wait too because I want to watch YouTube! I follow many channels. I love learning how to make things and see the antics of YouTubers. I had this one channel I followed where the lady showed everyone new makeup ideas. She is fantastic. Then another channel where the blokes did silly things, like seeing how long they can stand on their hands, riding through shopping centres in shopping trollies, dress as women and run through the streets to see people's reaction. Things like that made me laugh and took me away from the boring and into the realm of excitement. Those channels had millions of viewers, so obviously they were onto a winner.

After a few hours of fun watching YouTube, I fell asleep thinking of all the possibilities of having my own channel one day.