

Chapter Six

It was none other than Finnie who appeared. She was wearing a pair of jeans and had her hair out flowing. She was a complete nerd I tell you! She wanted to work in a hospital when she got older, so she was quick to advise me on the status of Jinn.

Jinn had received a massive blow to the head from a flying saucepan that did a tiny bit of damage, drawing some blood, giving her minor concussion. She was in hospital resting after receiving some minor stitches.

'It was amazing going to visit her the other day! By the way Jinn is no longer in hospital anymore! She was free this morning. The hospital has a quick turnaround time as you would expect.'

'So, she is doing well then?'

'Yes, the stitches are healing, and she is doing fine!' she replied. I don't know how after finding out the man she loved actually hated her and threw a saucepan at her! I guess that was more emotional scaring than physical. I have been hit in the head with fast moving heavy objects before, including a plate and a ball, and the pain is real. It's just as bad as being winded in the stomach.

'Wow, do you want to come in and have something to drink?' I asked from the front door. Out of all my friends, Finnie was the one who stayed home a lot and didn't go out and about as much as the others did.

'Yes sure,' she shrugged.

As we sat in the living room Finnie pulled something out of her bag to give to me, it was a travel guidebook for Egypt.

'What is this for?' I asked excited.

'I have been there before and thought you might like this when you go over there with Mrs D.'

'Don't you need it?'

‘Nope. I have already been there and don’t think I will be going back over there again, well at least not within the next few years. And by then I will need a new guidebook for sure!’

‘Cool. Did you like it over there?’

‘Yes, we did. I went with mum and my brother and he was a pain, but for the most part it was a great trip. We didn’t have that long over there and the hoards of tourists were not that great.’

‘I bet! I haven’t got permission to go yet and I have put myself in it anyway!’ I declared.

‘What do you mean?’

‘Well yesterday Dad asked for an information booklet about the trip from the school, so I decided to create one. I lied Finn. I told Dad the trip was for our Arabic language learning!’ Finnie was in shock that I would do that.

‘Why wouldn’t you just be honest and say Mrs D asked you and you alone? Why are you going anyway?’

‘Well that’s it. I don’t know! So, I decided to just say it’s a group trip for our Arabic classes. And then I got a bit inventive with the booklet, but I haven’t given it to him yet!’

‘Well that’s good news,’ mumbled Finnie hoping I would just tell dad the truth.

‘Yes, good news kind of I think, maybe? But thanks for the guidebook though I am sure it will be useful.’

‘Yes, it helped me and Mum on our trip. Anyway, I think you should ask Mrs D for more info about the trip first and then ask your parents, that would have been the best option.’

‘Hindsight is grand Finn! But I didn’t think about that last night. I was too excited and well...’ I stared towards the front window to see none other than my Dad and mother having the biggest argument. I could see raised hands and a lot of pointing. They were always in disagreement about something or other.

‘Yes, well its cool. I think I would have done something similar. Actually, on second thought no, I wouldn’t have done anything similar at all! I am too honest, that’s my problem. And anyway, I don’t think I would want to go to Egypt with Mrs D! What do we really know about her?’

‘Well that’s it nothing. I know nothing, and she has begun sharing her personal dilemmas with me lately.’

‘Dilemmas?’ asked Finnie. As she spoke a loud ruckus of noise came from my parents as they came slamming and banging their way through the front door saying ‘I told you Max, I told you! You are one incompetent bastard!’ followed by more slamming and words of anger. Finnie raised her eyebrows.

‘Yes, you know her “personal issues.”’ I couldn’t disclose what those personal issues were as that would be a breach of privacy in my opinion. I was sure she wouldn’t appreciate my friends knowing about her husband living with another woman in Qatar. And that was another thing, why Egypt? And as for ‘the book’ it never mentioned a place name. Hell, that story could be set anywhere if it was a real place at all. As I was reading the book, I was under the strong impression it was a story of pure fiction.

‘Right... Well you know more about her than I then.’

‘Yes, I do, but your right we don’t really know much about her at all. I am torn Finn, I want to go to Egypt, but not with her!’

‘I know. I would feel the same in your shoes.’

‘Yeah and you’re a lucky duck and have already gone there! You are so lucky Finn you’re always going on holidays. My family never take me anywhere! This would be the first big adventure out of Australia for me.’

‘That’s exciting. In that case if I were you, I would go. Me. Now, not to brag or anything, but I have been everywhere, Egypt, Jordan, Morocco and across Europe and Asia,’ she had a big grin on her face.

‘Yeah um that’s gloating!’ I grinned back in envy.

‘I know.’

Mum came storming back into the lounge room where Finnie and I were sitting.

‘What is this I hear about a trip to Egypt?’ she asked rather angrily.

‘Um did Dad talk to you about it?’

‘Yes, he said you have a booklet to give to us?’

‘I have to get it off my teacher on Monday.’

‘Right well I will wait until Monday,’ she had calmed down a bit from her argument with Dad. Phew I didn’t have to worry about the fake booklet, and it’s made-up story being discovered just yet. I trusted Finnie to keep my secret. Mum walked out of the room and Finnie just stared at me in disbelief!

‘The booklet? You were still going through with your lie then?’ I nodded yes. ‘Right,’ said Finnie and silence followed.