

PART - 25

Hi lovelies this chapter is dedicated to a sweetheart who keeps saying me to smile i hope you smile too .AND IF YOU HAVE TIME AND ARE LOOKING FOR A TRUE STORY PLEASE READ THE OTHER STORY I POSTED ' THE GIRL WHO LOVED ' BECAUSE IT'S A TRUE STORY WHO'S READ IT KNOW IT . LOVE YA

i smiled at my reflection on the steel bottle as i waited for navya to arrive as today is Thursday she went to temple to pray i must suggest her to ask gods to give me some piece of mind . the only thing i want now is piece of mind and some god dam chocolates it feels like if anyone would say jump from the cliff and i would give you chocolate then i would literally jump but i refrained from my thoughts of eating a chocolate because men like skinny girls not fat almost looking girls like me i mustn't eat chocolate i must get thin and sexy for my man i was bored standing for my overly religious best friend i left to cafe and sipped some strong coffee oh i feel like am living . all of a sudden i feel so overwhelmed by coffee that i wish to drink so much coffee that one day my blood would be replaced with caffeine. The first bell rang indicating that it was time to first hour i gulped coffee down my throat and ran to fifth floor for my classroom . I couldn't take steps and climbing five floors while bleeding was like a motherfucking task to me . i took 8 minutes to reach the floor and two minutes to hop to my class and sat in the first bench waiting for the boring professor to come .

I ran my hands through my already messed up hair in order to make it look presentable while thinking about the stupid fight i had with manik , he is such an ass or am thinking so because of my hunger . Diya madam came a few two minutes i know she was late because she was fixing her make up or trying to dress as slutty as possible i cringed at her appearance she wore a white saree that looked transparent for the upper part of her body, she wore a pink bra that was clearly seen is she stupid ? i don't even call that a blouse it's motherfucking backless with only a string to catch and it felt like those strings were her boobs from our looks that's it she is so irritating . Few people dress so dirtily that other guys keep looking at them and us i want to shout and ask are you comparing us or our boobs ? but i shut my mind and looked at my book . English was my favorite subject and it gave me peace of mind at times because words are like hugs in times of need . Mrs. I -Have -Boobs-Watch -them started taking attendance still navya didn't come oh no i was going to face all these ocean of fake friends without my best friend . oh no these people made me feel lonely only she makes me feel better .

Diya madam opened her textbook and we all followed her opening to page 369 and it had a poem written by Anne.M.Snell

She longs to be pretty,
Because all she sees are her flaws.
She doesn't see that those "flaws"
Are really her perfection.

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She longs to be free
From all the chains she's bound herself in.
She doesn't see that those chains
Fell months ago.

She longs to be someone else
Who hasn't seen all she has.
She doesn't see that those miles
On her soul just make her more beautiful.

She longs to be loved,
But doesn't think she can be.
She doesn't see that no one
Could ever love her more than I do.

She longs to be whole again,
But doesn't know if she ever will be.
She doesn't see that her brokenness
Makes her even more amazing.

She longs to be wanted,
But she thinks she's a pest.
She doesn't see that when she's not with me,
I ache and long for her.

I long to tell her these things,
But I know I can't.
I can't give her the one thing
That she needs the most.

I long to show her all that she is,
But I know she won't believe me.
I can't show her because
It's not mine to show.

I long to give her the one thing
That I can't.
I can't give it to her because
She has to discover these things for herself.

I long for the day that she sees what I see.
I can't wait for the day
She receives clear vision.

oh what a poem it bought my heart to tears i thought this poem was for every insecure girl in the world Madam started explaining the meaning . she was really good at her job she explained it too well may be that's why HOD didn't remove her job after trying to seduce students. She sat and spoke about poetry that difference between classical poetry and romantic poetry she blushed when she said romance gosh i already know that guys in my class are smirking and i hear few girls giggling or few making eye contact with their best friend's oh i miss my best friend too much today. i prayed silently to god that this period would be over soon without her stupid drama next period was ECONOMICS and my stupid yet too hot Mr. hot pants was coming to teach and therefore i smiled at myself quickly navya about her whereabouts.

He walked in class calmly i frowned as the girl behind me said ' he is so hot i heard he is single , can't i marry him ?' . bitch he is mine i wanted to shout on her face but i kept quite and revised the last economics lecture notes about duopoly market . He tired to catch my eye but i ignored him searching for my text book i opened to page 118 and sat . He took attendance i didn't answer mine i think he kept absent because i was being rude to a professor but who cares now .

"Dear class i expect you to keep your phones in your bags and not in your desks or between books because we are going to cover a very important topic called kinky demand " , he looked at me while spelling kinky and i felt something just crack inside me and my nerves were pumping blood faster i hid my face in my book to cover my red colored flustered face .

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oops this story is just going on it's wheels wait and watch am giving late updates because i have a lot to think about . thanks for reading

VOTE

SMILE

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IF YOU LIKED THIS STORY

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