

## 36 | Whq is thisd

### Chapter 36: Whq is thisd

Brothers.

Those are good-looking genes. I could understand the rivalry and the pressure... to be perfect.

"Jake," the teacher called on him.

We were in English Lit. Jake was sitting next to me, writing something in a worn notebook. I'd been replaying yesterday in my mind, from the way he talked about Luke to how patient he was with me.

"Mr Dawson!" the teacher repeated.

The sound of his name was like an itch on my skin. He was a Dawson too. How did I not put two and two together earlier? I wanted to pinch myself for being so oblivious.

The class waited on Jake to respond. I realized how deeply he was concentrating in whatever he was doing and nudged his knee. He looked over at me, and I led his gaze to the teacher standing in front of him.

"Jake, why does Shakespeare introduce comedy within the tragic world of Hamlet?"

Jake lowered his pen and slowly sat back. I glanced at his notepad out of curiosity. What was he doing?

From the format and length of the lines he'd written, it looked like poetry. I guess he's a sensitive soul.

"What are you asking?"

The teacher looked annoyed, "Comedy in tragedy, Jake. What's the purpose?"

"It changes the tempo," he said.

The teacher waited for him to continue. I could see Jake was not paying any attention. So I wrote one word on the page of my playbook and twisted it towards him. He glanced at it.

CONTRAST.

"Come on, Jake. This isn't a hard question. What is the role of comedy in Hamlet's tragedy?" the teacher pushed him.

"Contrast," he read o my page, and looked up, "Comedy in a serious scene intensifies the ultimate tragedy. It changes the tempo."

"And Millie, since you're so willing to pitch in to Jake's response, what do you have to add?"

Guilty, I covered my hand over my handwriting. The teacher had seen me. "Um.. I think there's a fine line between opposites. Laughter and pain, comedy and tragedy. One doesn't exist without the other."

"Can either of you point to a scene where the juxtaposition is most exemplified?"

Jake and I looked at each other. Nope.

The teacher sighed in disappointment and moved on to someone in the front row whose hand was raised this entire time.

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Julia hopped around my bedroom, waving her pink planner, "It's your birthday this week!"

My Hamlet book was discarded on my desk, the contents of my backpack sprawled out in a mess.

Julia skipped over to my window and peered out in hopes of catching Luke at home. He wasn't there. "I know last year you did nothing but this year we have to throw a little party for you."

"No thanks," I declined, very sure that it was a bad idea.

"A dinner then?" she pouted, begging me to be remotely festive.

I sighed, "Who would come?"

Honestly, I might be more of a birthday person if I actually had friends who wanted to celebrate with me. There was only Julia - and that's only when she's not hanging out with the LUCKY girls.

She opened her pink planner and started to count the names on her fingers, "Me, you, your sister -"

I sco ed at that.

"LUCKY," she said, adding five fingers for each of the girls. She was already on her second hand.

"I've never spoken to any of those girls in my life," I argued.

"That doesn't matter. They want to celebrate your birthday. They're already in."

"How?" I narrowed my eyes at her. Was this really her idea or did it come from them?

"It doesn't matter. Anyway, that's eight people already. Who am I missing? Hmm... let's think.... oh I know! Luke. And Jake."

"Oh no no no no," I said, waving my hands in the air, "I've only hung out with Jake once and we've spoken like twice in class. It'd be so weird if I invite him to this. Please don't invite him," I begged.

Imagine having one conversation with someone and being invited to their birthday dinner? What. The. Hell.

"Fine. But Luke is on the invite list, non negotiable."

"Luke and I are going through a rough patch right now..." I tried to explain.

Not to mention that I didn't want to expose how few friends I have. He'll tease me too much for it.

He knows I'm not popular. But popular guys like him don't really understand how unpopular I could be.

"Luke is getting an invite, otherwise what's the point of this?" Julia asked, frustrated.

"Isn't the point of this my birthday? So it should be... me?"

"Right."

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Four days until my birthday. I couldn't believe it was almost the end of September. The month was already gone, and I still haven't started re-watching Game of Thrones.

I'm so behind on my TV schedule.

I've got to start reorganizing my priorities.

I went to sleep with GoT on my mind and, halfway through my dream of life as the abandoned cousin to the mother of dragons, my phone buzzed.

Now I know most people put their phones on silent when they sleep. But when no one ever contacts you, there's just no need.

I cursed and rolled over, reaching out for my phone on my nightstand. I cracked one eye open and read the text...

Courts in 20.

I blinked once. I blinked twice.

The text was still there. This wasn't a dream.

"Um..." I stared at the unknown number. Who was texting me? And why would I obey?

I texted back, Wqo is thisd?

My fingers were clumsy since I was still half asleep. And why didn't autocorrect correct that?

I waited for a response. A er a few seconds of counting the stripes on my duvet, the anonymous texter replied.

How many people do you owe money to?

Oh. I sighed.

Luke.

I waited a moment.

Nailed it, Pikachu. Courts in 20.

I was in the middle of texting back, when he followed up with another message:

And take a shower.

Jackass.

**A/N: Filler chapter!!! Next one is going to be a bit intense. And long. Ish.**

**Any guesses what Luke has planned now? Millie and Jake are starting to get along even more, and Julia is organizing Millie's first ever birthday dinner.**