I didn't want to inform my mum that I was planning on flying back home for the weekend, simply for the reason she would be spared the worry she was likely to inflict upon herself during my flight. I packed the necessary things in one bag the night before and booked a place on the earliest flight I thought I would manage to catch a er classes were over.

I informed Adela and her family I was going away for the weekend, so right a er my classes on Friday I headed for the airport. That particular day was no exception from the normal routine, considering that classes exhausted me, as always. Therefore, when I reached the airport all I could wish for was to finally board the plane and be able to catch some rest.

A er going through the frustratingly dreary procedures, I was glad to be in my seat at last. I was truly hoping I would fall asleep and manage to relax during the arduous two-hour trip. Even though my body was in the a ermath of a hectic week, and exhaustion was overwhelming my already blocked, sleep-deprived mind, closing my eyes didn't bring the sleep any closer.

In fact, instead of managing to settle down from the overpowering week and relax, my mind started racing from one subject to the next, seemingly trying to find the least wanted topic, and thus dragging me in a forbidden zone. It was the thought of him which was not allowing me to have some peace. The thought of him, which had been nested somewhere in the back of my head throughout the entire week and le its hiding place at moments when nothing was

there to distract me. The thought of Bård filled all the blanks in my days during the previous week. All the free time was occupied on recalling events and considering sentiments. And once I was leaning back in my seat, alone on a plane, having nothing to do and nowhere to escape, the very thought didn't fail to reappear. Saying I was confused about what seemed to be drawing me back to Bård would be an understatement. Confusion was only the beginning of how I felt, the start of what I thought.

I couldn't explain my own mess to myself. None of what was happening to me, was something I had experienced before, at least not with the even remotely similar intensity. My thoughts were

captives of a strange prison, one which did not allow me to scan them and arrange them. Prison which was only placing them up for a view, but was not allowing me to further work on them, investigate them. Of one I was sure, I was not only thinking of his apparent breathtaking appearance. The phase when I admired his physique was far behind. It was not only that I thought he was good-looking anymore. It was also the fact that he was the one who treated me better than nearly everyone I have ever known. It was the small details, the tiny things he did to make me smile. It was the way he knew how to surprise me.

And it was definitely the way I felt when he was around me. My heartbeat, which raced whenever he was close to me, the skin burns I felt when our hands would accidently brush in the passing, and as cliché as it had all sounded and as unbelievable as I had considered it before, I was fairly sure I was set on rethinking my own beliefs guided merely by my sentiments. There was also the warmth which filled my senses when he smiled. The smile which would involuntarily appear on my face when he furrowed his eyebrows looking for an answer to a certain question.

He was a friend and he was the best one I had ever had. Maybe even something more than a friend.

I couldn't help but wonder if he thought the same about me. I wanted to know whether he liked me just as much as I liked him, whether he considered me a friend or something beyond one, or even maybe nothing at all. He did say he considered us to be friends, and yet I was dwelling upon the question even more than before, like his words

had been a trigger to the very question which I hadn't known to had been bugging me before. What was the reason, I couldn't have been sure. But, I wanted him to

like me. I found myself unconsciously smiling as the plane landed. I shook of the thought, wondering how I managed to miss the announcements by the sta which were likely to have happened just moments earlier, grabbed my bag once the crowd seemed to deflate and le the plane.

I was grateful that my bag was small enough and could pass along as hand baggage, making it easier for me to quickly exit the airport. The pain shooting through my head made me grateful for my swi ness, when I got the first cab I could manage to catch, before someone else rushed inside before me, and when soon enough I was on my way home to see mum and Fred a er nearly two months.

I was glad to be back, even though it was just for two days. As strange as it was bound to seem I had missed everything about London - the weather, the house and above all I had missed my family. So, as I rang the doorbell the all too familiar feeling of happiness spread through every cell of my body without a possible way of being contained. Neither could be contained the shock on my mother's face, as her

gaze landed on me upon opening the door. "Katie?" she exclaimed in utter disbelief, which was more than understandable. At least, the surprise of my appearing on the

doorstep out of the blue, was more than enough to charm a smile on my mother's face. "Hi, mum," I greeted her cheerfully ignoring the pounding in my

temples, as she pulled me into a tight hug, forgetting that we were still standing on the doorstep. I reciprocated, even though I was fully aware of the location. Still, I had missed her so much that it really didn't matter where we were. I tried hard to fight o the tears threatening to escape, already playing a game of overpowering with

my eyelashes, pulling my mum even closer in the process. A er she was satisfied and convinced that it was indeed me that was standing there in front of her, she whispered, "Come on in."

I did as I was told - stepping into the house within moments. "Is Fred at home?" I waited no more than a second to enquire, as I

took o my coat placing it on hanger in the hallway, turning to face mum.

"Yeah, he is upstairs. Studying, I think," she gave me the answer. "Uh, he has grown really serious about that, hasn't he?" I wondered, more to myself than to mum, amazed that my brother actually held on to his wish to study for more than two months. He was extremely studying, thinking that it wouldn't lead into anything useful. Yet, my

smart, but unlike me, he was never willing to put enough e ort into words seemed to finally have a positive e ect on him. "Yeah, he has. All thanks to you."

"Are we going to call him down or should I do upstairs and surprise him?" I half-whispered, not wanting to reveal my being here to my

No reply came from my mum, she was simply shi ing her gaze

brother.

between my face and my hands that were for some reason nervously playing with my scarf. I made the decision on my own, not wanting to think maybe my mother just took notice of an unnamed change in

me. "I will go and knock on his door," I murmured, as I gave my mom a curt nod accompanied with a smile, before heading on the second floor, to my brother's room. I stopped before the door, considering how to proceed. It has been a while since I had seen him, his weirdly messy brown hair and his crocked teasing smile. It was only then I realized just how much I've missed him. My frozen state could in no

way be helped as I stood there, listening to the loud music that was piercing through the door from inside the room reaching my senses, as I fell into a trance.

It was an ordinary, sunny a ernoon that day and I was only sixteen years old. Not the oldest or wisest person at the time, but old enough to know what was happening. Indeed, I was glad that a er years of

beaming smile, as they informed me I was soon going to become a sister. It was, mildly put, an overwhelming information for me, given I had absolutely no idea what being an older sister entailed, and thus had no perception whatsoever as to what to think or how to behave.

The notion of having a younger sibling was something I had

*** trying, my mom and dad finally returned from the doctors with the news was going to have a brother. They were happy, both of them radiating with a case of heightened spirits, and both of them had a

Little did I know, the doubts were unnecessary as it was all going to come later all by itself.

As scared as I was and as excited as I was and as much as I wanted to

considered, and I genuinely believed I even wanted to have one more than anything else, but at that moment just as I heard the news, it struck me I had no way of knowing how I felt until the very moment.

get ready, it felt that absolutely nothing could prepare me for what it was that was coming. As useful as conversations with my parents were, I was still battling with the question if I was going to be a good sister. My mother kept shaking her head at me for thinking silliness, as she put it, and dad went about his way convincing me I would do splendidly.

The day I returned home from school to an empty house, I knew immediately that they were in the hospital and that it was finally happening.

I couldn't find any note addressed to me, so I assumed dad must have gone into a state of panic, which I only then learned was what happened when I was coming in the world, as well. It was a ridiculous story, one which I heard a couple of times during my mum's pregnancy. So, I simply wanted to make sure they were alright. Therefore I dialed my dad's number and within moments he

answered the phone, anxiety and rush the most noticeable tones in his voice, albeit lacing with happiness. The conversation was short and the necessary confirmation was given.

When we ended the call, an overwhelming wave rushed through me, as I collapsed onto the sofa in our living room practically gasping for breath. It was at first a realization for me - that I was going to be a

sister, that the next time I would see my parents, they would also be the parents of my brother. A er the shock of it all passed, I felt a new feeling that was beginning to invigorate in my chest. To say it was only gladness would be blunt and hollow.

I felt my heart ponding at the speed of light, as a vivacious laughter escaped my lungs drowning away the silence of the empty house. "I am going to be a sister," I exclaimed, the words rushing out of my

mouth, as I jumped on my feet taking my jacket and locking the house behind, heading for the hospital.

"Hell, if I am staying at home and not being there when my brother is born." I whispered, as I put on my jacket. ***

A er giving my mind a moment to recollect my trembling self from the memory and a er wiping my tears, which had irreversibly started flowing down my cheeks without permission with the back of my hand, I decisively knocked on the door, hoping that the music wasn't going to stop Fred from hearing the knock.

"Come on in," I heard my brother's voice, as he lowered the volume of the music. I turned the doorknob and I peeked in the room, before stepping in, while saying, "Hey, Fred."

The moment Fred heard my voice and saw me standing there, his expression changed. A smile appeared on the corners of his lips, as he ran towards me spreading his arms and pulling me into a hug. No words escaped his lips, as no words were in fact needed. I knew

the extent of his feelings at that exact moment of overwhelmed senses, simply because it was in fact the same way I felt. That hug was all the contact I had shared with my brother in more than two months, it was the only support we had given each other. And we needed that support, we were all to one another. I knew he needed me just as much as I needed him.

He needed me to give him strength, raise his courage, be there for him whenever he felt sad, lonely. I wished to be next to him because he was what I had le, the one that could make me go on without falling apart. It was my savior what I saw in him. Fred was a splitting image of dad, his cheerful personality included. Therefore it was understandable that I would count on my brother's smile in all the gloomy days.

We slowly parted, as I managed to place a kiss on his forehead in the process. When my gaze wandered down to his face, the flushed cheeks and wet eyes welcomed it. Fred was crying, and I was barely holding on to the tears that were building up, while trying to paralyze the sob that was threatening to escape my throat.

"No, I have to be the strong one," I thought, as I locked my brother's gaze in mine, gently saying, "Hey, I am here. Don't cry." Instead of receiving a reply or charming a smile out of my brother, I

only reinforced Fred's crying. Another tear rolled down his cheek, as he let out a loud sob. Without thinking I pulled him in yet another hug, even tighter than the previous one, my hands wrapping around him momentarily.

I held my brother close, my body sti ening to prevent him from noticing the shivering of my frame, my teeth biting on my lip with an intensity so strong that was bringing an alert of sharp pain to my brain; and yet it was not enough to stop the blistering warmth to shape into a tear and roll down my cheek ending up on Fred's shoulder.

"That much of me being the strong one," passed my mind traitorously, while we stood there hugging. We would have stayed there for God knows how long, had not my mother have called us down to join her.

Before I could go down or let Fred do the same, I wanted to make sure that Fred wiped his tears. Having the visit transform into a crying marathon was the last thing I had planned, or was counting on. It was a short time we had to be together for. And it was one of few rare occasions, since I had no idea when I would be able to get back home

again, so I wished to get the best out of it. "Hey, no crying okay? I am here, it is fine," I murmured, as I wiped his tears away, continuing with the words, a slightly stricter tone to my

voice, "Fred, okay?" His gaze locked in mine and he knew what I had to say, without me needing to do so. He knew that it was all going to be fine, that I would be there for him no matter what.

"Okay," he whispered, a smile forming at the corner of his lips. He ran his fingers over his eyes to wipe what was le of the tears, as I said, "Come on, let's go downstairs, before mum drags us down herself."

Albeit unexpected, the light chuckle which erupted in the room, made me feel more relaxed than I've felt recently. I smiled at Fred and since we were all set, we both headed downstairs.

Mum was settled in the living room, taking space at the very edge of the couch, which meant the seat next to her was meant to be for me. It was a silent request, one which I complied with without any hesitation, just as Fred placed himself on the other side of the couch.

"So, what made you come over Katie?" mum asked, fashionably curious, thus breaking the silence which filled the room. "We were going through the material from the first two months in

classes, so I had nothing new to work on during the weekend. I thought since the weekend is pretty much free, I might as well use it to pay you a visit." "But why not tell us?" Fred continued, his voice an octave higher.

Smirking, I directed my brother a wink, "Well, I wanted it to be a surprise."

"That you managed to achieve," mum commented through a hum, her impeccable timing for throwing a sarcastic remark not failing her. "So, how is Norway? And how is university?"

I clasped my hands over my lap. "Oh, it is amazing. Norway, I mean. The university is pretty much the same as it is here."

"So, have you made any new friends?" Fred impatiently asked, changing places with mum in pitching in a question in the

conversation, which was understandable, since I assumed they both wanted to know as much as it was possible about everything related to me.

"A couple," I whispered, reluctant to say something else. Not that I didn't want to share it with my family, it was more about me trying to avoid the thought. Besides, I was extremely tired, which in itself

shouldn't be considered as an excuse in conversing with my family, but it still didn't make me willing to talk about Bård.

"Well, tell us more about them," mum insisted, her timing again hitting the mark. Unfortunately it only meant there was no way I was avoiding the talk. My lips quirked at the way I directed myself in an interrogation, my hand finding its way to my neck to scratch away the nervousness, as always.

"There isn't much to tell really," I altered the truth once again, hope building up when it took my mum and brother more than per usual, to come up with a reply.

Yet, the entirety of my hopes went crushing into the abyss when mum said, "Okay, we will ask questions if you don't know where to start. What are their names?"

In all honesty, my entire day had passed in thinking about Bård, which made me disinclined to make a conversation in which he was bound to take an enormous part; given it was only him and Adela who were on the new friends list upon which an inquiry was made. Then again, I couldn't simply lie to my family and make up random names just because I was unwilling to start a conversation which

included him. "Adela and Bård," I exhaled a breath, one which I didn't know I was

keeping right until I spoke. "Adela is with the family where you are staying, right?" mum went on.

"Yeah, she is and she has been really nice, so we got close. She has been awfully supportive and I feel that I can talk to her without being judged, which is good," I swi ly replied.

"Well, that is amazing!" mum exclaimed, sharing my enthusiasm. "I am glad you are getting along. I suppose you spend quite a lot of time together."

"No, not really. University is taking quite a lot of our time, so during the week we barely get to see each other. It is mostly during the weekends that we get to talk and go out."

"So, she took you out around Oslo?"

"Not exactly around Oslo. It was mostly around the neighbourhood, just so that she could take the opportunity of showing me the closest shopping center," I explained, at which mum simply commented,

"Oh, well, she is at least taking you out." "Did you get to go to the museum of architecture?" Fred immediately asked, not taking me by surprise, since I had told him it was my wish

to visit the place. "Yeah, I did."

"And what is it like? Did you like it?" Fred hastily wondered.

"It was absolutely brilliant - the building is amazing and the exhibitions were spectacular. I think I might go once again."

It was a moment of silence that spread in the room, before my mother's question interrupted it, "So, did Adela take you there or did you go all by yourself?"

And, that was just the topic I was beginning to think would slip mum's notice.

"Actually, it was Bård who took me there. He is also an architect, so he had some documents to check and took the opportunity to show me around the place," I informed her, hoping that a er that the conversation would die o, but the hope was disrupted when mum asked, "Wait, he is an architect? How did you meet him?"

"He is my professor. He teaches architecture at the University of Oslo."

"So, how is it exactly that the friendship works?" I could detect a dose of sarcasm in my mother's voice, which to be honest I didn't appreciate and yet I could understand her. Or could I?

"So what if he is my professor?" I abruptly asked her, my gaze flickering to meet hers. I was sure I was radiating anger in the minimum, as I sighed, while continuing with the words, "Does that

mean that shouldn't or couldn't be my friend?" I regretted my words almost immediately a er uttering them, since it was unnecessary to address my mother in such a tone, not to mention be entirely disrespectful; before taking into consideration that the reason behind the sarcasm was most likely a badly timed

joke rather than an insult. I felt a wave of shame wash over me, as I noticed the change in my mother's expression. "No, I didn't mean it like that, Katie," she began, most likely intending

to apologize, but I cut her short, knowing it was me who should do that very thing, "I am really sorry, mum. I didn't mean to burst out, I just... I guess I am just tired."

I shrugged my shoulders, barely meeting her gaze.

"It is okay, Katie," she whispered, and did mean it, though I could see the tears which were springing in my mother's eyes, tears she so unsuccessfully tried to hide. The room began filling up with awkward silence, and even though in normal circumstances I would try to calm mum down and scare away the tears, particularly when I was the one who caused them, it seemed that at that point all I wanted was to withdraw to my room.

Just as an announcement, I said, "I'm gonna go to bed. We can talk in the morning. Good night." I got up, and a er kissing both mum and Fred, I ran up the stairs

heading for my room. I swi ly entered my room, the nook I had missed immensely over the past months. As I closed the door of my room behind me and leaned back on the door to support my weight, I was immediately met with the picture of Bård Ylvisåker on the walls of my closed eyes.

I was alone for not more than few moments and he was the first thing I thought of. It was partially understandable a er the conversation which took place in the living room, only moments ago, but it was not because of it and I knew it. It made me smile, the thought of him smiling at my jokes seemed to chase all the uneasiness away. His pacing up and down the amphitheater, while he was enthusiastically trying to explain a certain part of the lecture, his thoughts wrapped

on the matter in hand as if the rest of the world was inexistent. He managed to drive away the feeling of guilt I felt a er snapping at mum. I knew I would apologize in the morning properly, but as I crawled under the covers in my bed, all I could register was the exhaustion taking over me. In less than few moments I dri ed o to sleep - the fact that I was tired the one reason which prevented me from twisting and turning in bed, whilst trying to fall asleep,

reconsidering my words. ***

During the entire night I was restlessly turning in bed, in a hazy state between sleep and reality, which as a consequence brought a splitting headache in the morning. From the moment I opened my eyes, I felt as if I had been hit with a trunk full of books, so I parted from the bed with hesitation.

I le the room, as quietly as I could manage, not wanting to disturb the dreams of anyone in the house and made my way to the kitchen. I was in a desperate need of a cup of co ee, which hopefully was going to help me with the blunt pain that which frequently appearing in the back of my skull. I grunted as I felt the dull pain once again hit my sensitive nerves, curling in on myself as though it was the help needed to make it go away. I let the water boil, and leaned against the first stable counter.

My thumb and index finger started running circles on my temporal bones, as I was trying to relax the tense muscles on my aching, sore neck with my other hand. I took a deep breath, when I began to feel I was relaxing under the pressure which my fingers where applying to the source of dull thud. I sighed in pleasure, realizing the pain was slightly easing.

When the co ee was ready and I placed the cup on the glass table, I remembered I didn't even glance at my phone to check on the time. For the sole purpose of checking the time, I headed into the living room, only to see it was far too early to be out of bed. It was barely five o'clock.

I sighed, feeling helpless for no reason at all and just as I was about to return to the kitchen, my glance landed on the shelf above the TV. I froze at my father's framed picture, the very one that was used for the funeral. He was smiling on the picture, that nonchalant smile which spoke all would be fine no matter what, making few adorable crinkles around his eyes give familiarity to the face.

I lowered my look onto my feet and bit my lip, when heading for the kitchen. Oddly enough, I found the thought of dad watching over us had never ceased to live inside of me. It was maybe a nonsensical, childish belief and yet it couldn't be helped. Knowing that he might be there, somewhere - anywhere for that matter, watching over us all,

made me think that a er all Fred might have his guardian angel watching over him while I was away. I almost jumped at my mother's presence. It was that I was far too enraptured in my thoughts, to notice I had remained staring at my father's picture for the amount of time which it must have taken my

mother to get from her room and enter the kitchen undetected. She was in no better condition than myself, since the first thing I noticed about her were the red eyes. A painful sting to my chest le me breathless for a second, as I was trying to fight o the intruding presence of a settling lump in my throat.

From the anger that arose from the consequences of my own sloppy action, I clenched my fists into a ball; so much so that I felt the nails beginning to dig into my skin. It was no deliberate action to be sure,

but it had hurt my mother even more than I had expected. Hurting her was something that both stung like a bite from a bee and disappointed me beyond explanation. How could I have been so recklessly incomprehensive for a tiny joke, as to burst out so and

cause such an a ermath?

I began approaching mum slowly, yet not silently. It was not my intention to scare her, it was to repent for my actions. Knowing mum, she had already forgiven me; but I wasn't going to escape the apologizing because of the pureness of her heart.

When she spotted me, the change in her was obvious. She was doing her best not to break into a cry, and her best was nowhere near good enough to prevent me from noticing.

"It is you - I thought it was Fred," she spoke first, quietly. No ceremonies, no good morning - that was mum. She considered greetings in the morning or saying 'bless you' each time anyone sneezed to be an omissible, inconsequential fashion and never got around to practicing it. Fred was taking a er her in that belief, but to my dad's great relief his little girl considered it to be a polite way to converse with people - just as he did.

"Fred?" I whispered. "Yeah, he usually wakes up before me lately. To study."

I nearly squealed. "At five? I didn't even wake up that early to study." It was not long before my mum replied. "No, you stayed up until five and entered, or rather sneaked into the bedroom to wake me up so

you would tell me to make you get up at twelve." "That I did, guilty as charged." I smiled, the smile barely reaching its

potential before dying out. I knew I would have to proceed sooner or later, wishing it to be later rather than sooner. One simple reason for that was that I didn't want to bring up something that was painful for both of us, but also not wanting to prolong what was necessary to be done - not being a wish to get is over with, it was a necessity to express the sorry I was feeling.

My mother's smile didn't even appear. I could notice that, since I was intensely staring at her trying to pick my words and begin. The newly set awkwardness into the room was further pressuring me into no longer avoiding the inevitable conversation. Not that I was planning

She only looked up at me, as I sat down on the table where I had previously placed my cup, and reached for my mum's hand. When the warm skin was under my touch, and once I could gather up the

breath I needed, I continued. "I am so sorry about last night mum." I paused. "I don't know why I said what I said or the way I said it," I whispered. I looked directly at my mother's eyes, catching her gaze, and I could see what I knew would be there. It was forgiveness - I was already forgiven. Still, it felt good to word it out. behavior." I uttered those words, without knowing they were already present somewhere in the back of my head. Once I did, I realized and understood what made me react the way I did. That was what laid

"No, mum it is not," I cut in so ly. "You were right and that question was right on the point, which I think is one of the reasons for my

behind the outburst - not knowing what we were, how we worked. Why I was so worried and uncertain in relation to that, I didn't know.

I knew finding answers for all the questions I had captivating my thoughts, would be easier if I went on with the conversation with my mother. It was always like that. When I spoke with her, she only needed to hear me out - listen without any word, and I would reach the conclusion I needed. "I don't know how the friendship really works and that got to me. But there was no reason for me to be so

"Oh, Katie. It is fine. I was never angry at you because of it. I won't

"Well, forget that. So, are you gonna tell me about Bård now?"

"Okay," I whispered, not knowing exactly how to proceed. I didn't know what to say about Bård and yet there was so much about him I could talk about. "Well, actually he is the best professor I have in Norway. He is funny and knows how to joke on his account too, which is a bonus. Not conceited as others and even o ered to help out with

"You didn't mention that over the phone," she mused. "So, what's he

I was about to answer her question, when Fred flew into the room, interrupting us. He was for a certain, peculiar reason completely thrilled and ran towards me, pulling me into a hug without so much as a word. My mother's smile at the sight only caused me to smile as well, as I reciprocated my brother's strength in returning the hug.

Once he raised his head, which he had so comfortably set on my shoulder, he took my hand and pulled me up from my chair.

"I need you in my room," he declared, and I managed to pick up my co ee and send my mum one short apologetic smile, before I was

To predict what my brother had in mind wasn't di icult at all. It was an interrogation so detailed, that made me wonder whether my brother would make a good detective. A er covering every angle he needed explained, and making me retrace my steps since the plane landed in Norway, he was finally satisfied and I was once again

That very evening, once Fred had excused himself as tired and in need of proper rest, mum and I remained alone in the room for the first time during the day. As if the subject was not ever closed, my mother resumed the conversation the moment my brother stepped out of the room. I was rather hoping it would had been forgotten by then, but I was fully aware that the talk with mum wasn't slipping by

I silently smiled, as I gently asked, "What about him?"

hear was coming in the conversation. "So, is he cute?"

indeed I could feel the fire burning under my skin.

"Mum, that is so not fair."

up. "Seriously mum?"

picture of him on your phone?"

"No, it is from the Internet. See?"

"Watch it, Katie. He is just your type."

tired and it is late."

always right."

only.

Because, he really was.

gEKAUS ???

yourself."

"Mum," I exclaimed, playfully. "I am not answering that."

"Oh, you don't need you. Your cheeks are speaking for you."

I gasped, my palms flying to cover my cheeks, which had my mum chuckling. I wished so much to be able to contradict her on that, but

She wasn't ba led, and she didn't relent. "So, is he handsome?"

out. I grabbed my phone from the table and before mum could protest at what surely appeared a way of escaping, I already had a random picture of him open and said, "Actually, you can see for

I was beginning to get embarrassed, but my mother was not giving

Her persistent gaze was urging me to continue, but luckily I had a way

The phone soon was in front of my mother's face and she took it from my hand looking at the screen only to end up saying, "You have a

I playfully rolled my eyes, and she shrugged, merely explaining, "I am

There was more in her voice though, she was hinting, and I sure as hell didn't like it. A er a few brief moments of silence, she whispered,

"Mum!" I exclaimed once again, scolding. "Stop it. He is my professor and a friend. And there is all there is to it." This time however I wasn't rudely cutting my mother o, I was saying it through a smile. She was

"Now, once you stop imprinting on my professor's picture and you let go of my phone, I will go to bed," I mumbled and my wish was right away fulfilled, my mother having placed the phone in my palm before

I could add anything else. I kissed her good night, and as I was leaving the living room, she said, "Think about it. You know I am

Ignoring how her words made me feel, I retired to my room. Once behind the closed door, I couldn't but think of what my mother pointed out. "He really is my type," I sighed, whispering the

realization to the empty room, for my ears and the light of the moon

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"Oh, yeah, right. Missed that," she noted, sarcastically.

teasing, but her voice also had a ring of seriousness.

Mum was quick to reply. "Well, I have been waiting all day to hear about Bård, and I am not letting you go to sleep until I do." She glanced at me with a smile, and I knew something I wasn't ready to

being unceremoniously dragged up on the second floor.

allowed to resume my planned activities.

to. "Mum," I hesitantly began.

"It is fine, Katie."

blunt. You were right and I am so sorry."

"Thanks mum. I just wish I hadn't done it."

Norwegian lessons, being hard as it was."

Mum looked at me right away. "He did?"

"Yeah, came as a shock to me too," I mumbled.

"I always want to know what is going on with you."

I nodded. "If you want me to."

tease you either."

like?"

at all.

"So, Bård?"