

When It Matters (re-post)

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Hi! 'When It Matters' is continued (a while ago) and now I'm posting it again.

I would post it in the other When It Matters story, but it won;t let me delete chapter 1a, so I could post chapter 1, so therefor I do it here.

Enjoy.

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<http://www.fanart-central.net/stories/user/Eggplant/33853/When-It-Matters-re-post>

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Chapter 1.

This story isn't about me. This story is about my little brother. This story is about my brother and my mother, about my father, my friends and all the other people around me whether they are alive or dead. But it's not about me, for I'm simply not that important. But I will tell you about all the people around me, so that maybe I'll find a part in that story in which I matter. In which it matters that I was there, that I had opened my mouth or just stood there silently. But I don't think I'm special in any way. I might even be more boring than the average dull person with it's dull life. My brother for example is addicted to videogames, my mother is obsessed with the latest gossips, while my father screams his lounges out in front of the telly when football is on and my friend takes pleasure in hurting herself, and another won't stop adoring himself. But I.. there's nothing you could wake me up for in the middle of the night. Nothing I find pleasure in, and I most definetly do not like the way I look or who I am. I am just not all that. I'm less. Let's start with today. When my mother woke me up from another dreamless night and when she asked what I wanted to have for breakfast, I answered: ``Bread with cheese." Like I did every morning and yet she kept asking me over and over and I'd never came up with another answer. Even when I felt like having cornflakes, or toast, the same response would come out over my lips: bread and cheese. Though it didn't matter, she had already made me something else. It was never bread with cheese. She would make me the breakfast of what some famous star would eat also. Every day I ate the meal of some other moviestar and while I would eat, she would tell me all about this person. Then, every time she made a pause, I would automatically nod my head at the `Isn't that cool?' punchline of my mother (my mouth was stuffed with whatever that moviestar ate, this time buttered toast, which gave me an excuse not to respond). She used the time I used to drink the tasteless water out of the glass in front of me to call my brother for the fourth time, who then came down five minutes later with tired eyes after trying out his new video game the night before. Yet as soon as his eyes caught me sitting there, he would place his flatt butt on the chair next to me and tell me, with no breathpauses, how cool that game was. When it was time to leave, he would have yet to eat his food but mom just put it in a sack and gave it him to eat on the way and then she'd tell us, while she shoved us out of the house, about a famous lazy bum who was just like us, so there

was still hope for us to become famous and make lots of money.

Even though I knew all the gossips and knew about all the latest videogames, but I never had a subject to talk about with my friends. I guess it didn't even matter. Their mouths stood never still anyway, so my silence was misunderstood as being interested.

After thirty minutes of another inforound about Spazz, the coolest bunny on earth who could flap its ears and so gain a zillion points, we arrived at school. My little brother would, as soon as he spotted his friends, give an hyper salute like a comichero whose name I've forgotten and they'd all respond in the same way. They would do the coolest moves copied from either the telly or a videogame and other students would stop and stare at them, while I was still dragging my heavy bag pack out of the bus.

I stepped towards the schoolbuilding and sat down outside with my back against the wall. I watched my feet as students passed me by, paying no attention to me since I've been doing this ever since I had entered school, which was three years ago. I waited and waited untill a little voice informed me that my friends had arrived.

There came the punch line: „I wish to die. I never had such a lousy morning."

„Oh, don't be sad. Look at me! Don't you feel all better now?"

I looked up. This was my cue. „Hey guys."

„Why am I referred to as a guy? I'm looking manly again, aren't I? I must be the ugliest girl in the world, I have no feminity whatsoever.

How cruel of you to remind me." And she let out a sob. I guess I screwed up my one line, like I had been doing for the last three years.

„Oh, don't worry! No one will look at you anyway when I'm walking next to you! I'll capture all their gazes with my perfection and flashy smile! Do not worry, do not worry!" my guyfriend Russ cheered.

They were different and in a way (although sometimes in a negative way) they stood out. I felt like the fifth wheel. There was nothing special about me. I didn't wish to die, although there wasn't much to live for either. And the confidence Russ had, was something I could only desire to have, but never own. He loved himself, Maya hated herself, and I didn't really care about myself. Russ pulled me up by my arm, and let his rest on my shoulders.

„You know, yesterday my uncle came, that one from Spain, and he said I grew very handsome.

Ha ha, I guess I did, didn't I! Don't

you think so too?!" I said nothing, just nodded my head.

„You're handsome and I'm ugly. The world is cruel." Maya complained.

„Sure is! Ha ha ha!"

Maya seemed worse than other days so I tried to care and asked softly: „What has happened this morning then?"

„NOW YOU ASK?! I SAID IT LIKE ALREADY TEN MINUTES AGO AND NOW YOU ASK! NEVER MIND ALREADY!"

I never would dare to scream like that, especially in public. Or to brag like Russ. I just nodded my head from time to time. Maya always looked depressed but once you got to know her, she still was able to smile a lot. I guess

she didn't fully hate herself, more a love-hate relationship with a little more hate than love. But today there was something wrong, but I didn't dare to ask again so I let it drop.

„Oeh oeh oeh! Since we are in such good moods today, can I copy someone's homework?" „Go the hell Russ." Maya said quickly and rushed off to her locker. Russ paid it no attention and turned his face to me.

„Jenn?" I nodded. It was okay. It had plenty of time to do my homework, while he was busy all day taking care of his looks, so I guess it was only reasonable to let him copy mine with his stuffed schedule. I stared at his right arm (his left was still on my shoulders). He was very muscled. No, not very. Just about right. Since Russ always noticed when people looked at him, he immediately responded to my stare.

„I'm looking good huh! All that work-out really pays off, really does! I've done a bit extra yesterday. The key to all this isn't just training though. The most important factor is food." He talked about his diet all the way to the classroom. And the information load switched from the calory-table to Napoleon. Napoleon, that little guy, seemed so weak, but did such great things. Why couldn't I do something like that?

Was it because I was female? Much history was about males. But some were about females, so it shouldn't be impossible, but I did nothing historical in my seventeen years alive. I started to hope that I might have done something amazing when I was still in my mother uterus. That way no one would have known I had done something great because they couldn't see me. Even though I was worth to be put in history books, I would have stayed unnoticed. But I soon enough came to my senses that that may be a bit farfetched, though not entirely impossible. I could have been a wonderembryo. It could have been so.

Maya poked me in the back (she sat behind me in class). The bell had rung. The lessonbook I had hardly even glanced at was put back in my bag and I got up to follow Maya to the next lesson.

„In India they still burn people alive. More precisely women. I wonder how it feels to be burned like that. I bet I'd get burnt if I lived there."

Maya swore. „I want to try it."

She looked at me, while I was looking straight forward. „You'll help right?"

I nodded. I was just glad she had lightened up a bit.

„Great. But let's not tell Russ. He always freaks out when the skin gets damaged, that stupid overreacting weirdo. Who the hell does he think he is anyway? Miss Universe? Sheesh! And who is he to decide what we do to *our* bodies." We had arrived at the next class, English. I nodded my head again and got to my seat. „That weirdo." She mumbled a last time and the time for me to stare out the window had begun.

English was too easy to mind paying attention. I guess you could call me smart. But since I never studied all I got on my report card were C+'s.

I never felt like studying, though I didn't mind making my homework. I had all classes with Maya, while Russ was in another. If

everything went right we would graduate at the end of this year and each go our separate ways. Russ told us he would always stay our friend

even after we had graduated, putting Maya in a bad mood because his presence really annoyed her.

But I, on the other hand, didn't believe him. He was always so cheerful and even though he was so full of himself, he got along with others pretty well. The only ones who hated him on this school were Maya and the ex-boyfriends of whom their ex-girlfriends had been stolen by the charms of this irresistible gigolo. I guess that makes him hated by quite a lot. And I can't say I blame them for it, since he doesn't mind kissing girls who are already taken (and surely he'll go even further with them than just kissing, but I'm not sure if I want to know so I won't ask).

All by all, as soon as he leaves this school and starts on the next, he'll forget about us as soon as a pretty girl makes her move on him (which, I'm sure, will be before first period has even started). He'll make plenty of friends and never contact the old ones anymore. He'll forget everyone and especially me. I mean, what is there to remember me by? I wish there was something about me that would cling onto his brain, making him remember me. Even if I would just cross his mind only once after we have lost contact, it would mean he noticed me, that I made an impression on him even if it was a tiny one.

He probably only hangs out with me because I'm like the only girl left that doesn't have or had a crush on him and he feels like making me fall for him before he leaves. I'm the last obstacle in the way of his victory. But I know that that's exactly what made Maya hate him. She, too, fell for his trap once and regrets it dearly now. I don't know if she still likes him despite it all, but he really played a dirty trick on her. It was two years ago.

One thing you must know about Maya; when she has something in mind, she'll do or say it right away. You might not think it of her, but as soon as she falls in love (although it doesn't happen that often) she'll confess just as soon, and sudden, as she'll pull out the hairs of the one that insulted her.

She confessed to Russ and they decided to go on a date. I immediately felt something was wrong, but I just smiled when Maya informed me about what had happened because she seemed happy.

When she arrived at the cinema they had agreed to meet that Friday night, Russ already stood there waiting, making out with some ultra-blond bimbo on high heels to 'kill the time'. I'm not kidding. Maya told me, that when she came up to him and demanded an explanation, he simply said he got there too early but then got bored waiting just like that girl who was waiting for *her* date to arrive, and they started making out to kill the time.

„But," he added, „now that you are here, let's enjoy ourselves!" That wasn't too smart of him. She kicked him in the crotch and left.

She came straight to my house and told me everything, without dropping a tear. We watched a movie together instead and she asked if she could spend the night and I, as always, nodded my head. Later she went into the bathroom and called for me to bring her a razor. The blood flew so beautifully that even if I had wanted to say something, I wouldn't have been able to do so. We cleaned up and went to bed like nothing had happened.

The Monday after, Russ came up to us, acting like Friday had never happened (or wasn't

important enough to recall) but the friendship between him and Maya was obviously over. Yet, I was still both of their friends so they bumped into each other a lot. For some unknown reason they refused to give me up in order to avoid one another. So they kept playing their silly cat-and-mouse game and I was stuck between. It didn't bother me. It was their fight, not mine. But I must admit, I found it interesting that one boy could make a girl do such a beautiful thing as showing her friend how human blood flows. It might have been a dirty and mean thing what Russ had done, but the consequences were amazing. I suddenly began to laugh as the teacher was explaining the past forms of irregular verbs. A relief had come over me. There was something I liked, and I only realised it now, staring out the window from classroom 47b.