

all in a day

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Being cool doesn't always mean you're popular. But in this case, it does! (:

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1 - Looking on the Bright Side

I looked around uneasily. Even though I was in the school hallway completely alone, I felt like something or someone was looking at me. A chill ran down my spine and I wiggled. My backpack that was on my back jumped up a little when I did that, but I still had the weirdest feeling that someone was watching me.

I turned around, but no one was there. I didn't really expect anyone to be there, since it was completely silent as well. All I could hear was the fast beating of my heart and my uneven breath. That didn't help very much. I reached around to tug on my backpack and I found that on the zipper, there was a note. It read:

if you ever find this I want you to know that I will always love you.

-j

"Now that's weird," I muttered under my breath. I felt those three words echo around me in a strange boxy manner. I felt uneasy. Who could love me? I'm just the nobody that hangs around the hallway during sixth hour for free period, instead of going to Study Hall like everyone else.

I had to look in back of me again. But when I whipped my blond hair around my head, I got a headache and got very dizzy. Then I smelled something very sweet. Almost to the point where I wanted to call out 'whoever is wearing perfume, what kind is it?' But I never got to. I fell to the floor unconscious.

I heard someone calling my name, but they sounded very far away. Very. Far. Away. I tried to open my eyes but I couldn't. I tried to open my mouth to say something like 'I'm fine, where am I?' But I couldn't do that either. So, I tried to move my finger just enough that someone would notice that I wasn't dead or anything.

"Look, look at her finger, Nurse Annie," someone called out from behind me. They seemed closer to me, but still about a football field away.

"Oh thank goodness! She's ok!" it sounded like my mom. I could tell she was crying. I wanted to cry with her, but I couldn't. I still didn't even know why I was here.

"You can be dismissed now, Jake," it sounded like the nurse. She was coming closer to me. Closer, and closer. I just wished I could open my eyes.

Wait--Jake?

Jake, as in the most popular boy in High School, Jake?

"Ok. Thanks Nurse Ann--" Jake said but was cut off by the door slamming. Yes. It was definitely Jake as in the most popular boy in school. Why was he in here? Did he hurt his hand by writing too much?

My eyelids felt very heavy. I tried opening them, and in my eyes, I could see a very faint crack of an opening between my eyelashes. I saw my mom and dad sitting on little stools in the waiting room of somewhere. The hospital? No, it couldn't be that. I think I'd remember if something like that would've happened. Right?

I tried to sit up, but I couldn't. My feet felt good enough to move though so I started swinging my foot side to side.

"Oh thank heavens!" my parents exclaimed. I didn't know what the big deal was.

"Can you hear me?" Nurse Annie asked me, "Swing your foot if you can."

I swung my foot back and forth.

"Well, it looks like she's going to be ok. Just have her stay home from school for about a week, and she'll be fine. Good luck," she said to my parents.

I could open my eyes all the way now, and I was able to sit up a little bit.

"Mom?" I asked. She rushed over to me, "What happened?"

"We'll tell you all about it in the car. Right now we need to get you home."

"Please? Can't you tell me now?" I said wearily.

"No. I think after you sleep a little bit, we can tell you."

"Hey," my dad said, standing up from the stool, "At least she's asking to tell it now." He patted me on the shoulder, and helped me into a wheel chair.

"WHAT?!" I exclaimed, "A wheel chair? Now I *need* to know what happened!"

"Not now sweetie," my mom said and she wheeled me out of the school building.

2 - So...What Happened?

"Ok now seriously. I'm in the car now. Please. Just tell me what happened!" I complained. I was sitting in the back seat of the car. The leather made my skin stick to the seat since it was hot outside. Arizona gets *really* hot!

"Just tell her," my dad said. He was driving us home.

"Here, the nurse typed up a report of what happened," my mom said, "I'll read it to you," She took a piece of paper out of her black purse and started to read. "You have sixth period free, so you were walking to the Study Hall, and no one else was in the hallway with you. There was a note on your backpack, and when you found it, you looked at it. The note was tainted with something like chlorophorm, which smells very sweet." she started explaining what chlorophorm was, even though I already knew what it did. I let her talk about it though, because I was too tired to tell her I already knew what it was. "It makes people get knocked unconscious," she finished explaining, "So, you fell to the floor unconscious, and some nice boy, Jake Laverson, found you when he was walking to his locker to get some books for Study Hall. He picked you up, and took you to the nurse. He stayed here to make sure that you were ok, until you woke up, and he was dismissed back to class."

I was confused. Why would the most popular boy in the whole school want to even look at me? He didn't even know my name! But...oh my goodness! If he did pick me up, I could thank him! And that would give me some reason to talk to him! I perked up at the thought of that.

"So that's what happened?" I asked, still not believing that Jake Laverson picked me up.

"Yeah. Do you not beleive us?" My mom started laughing at that. I didn't get what was funny, but I just slumped against the car door and imagined what it would be like to even get to talk to Jake.

But would I really get to talk to him? I mean seriously, me. All he did was take me to the nurse.

I debated about it for the rest of the car ride, until I was safe in my own bed. The pillows were so comfortable, and so, I fell asleep.

When I woke up, I didn't open my eyes immediately. I could tell my parents were watching me.

Weird...why would they watch me *sleep*? Geez, they must be really worried about me.

I pretended to be asleep still, and I could hear my parents whispering.

"Is she asleep?" came my mom's whisper.

"Duh. She's been asleep for about fourteen hours!" my dad's low voice came. He couldn't whisper, but he could talk low instead. I always thought it was weird that he couldn't whisper. Oh well, I guess everyone has their own weirdness to them somehow.

Wait - FOURTEEN HOURS?

I stirred quietly, stretched, and opened my eyes. My parents were sitting on little folding chairs in front of my bed. They looked very tired.

"Did you guys stay up all night just to watch me sleep or something?" I asked. My voice was raspy. I coughed, and it went back to normal.

"No. Not exactly," my dad said, "We just took turns. Every hour we would switch and the other one would sleep."

"I'm fine! Guys, really. You don't need to watch me sleep."

"Well..."

"But thanks for watching me last night, I guess."

"You're welcome."

My mom disappeared into the kitchen. I heard the toaster go BEEEEPPP!!! And a couple seconds later,

a piece of toast was in front of me on an orange tray.

"Thanks, I was hungry." I smiled and took a bite of toast. I reached over to my night stand and grabbed my Tivo controller. I clicked TV ON, and my TV flashed on. Then, I clicked it to watch The Price Is Right. One of the best shows to watch when you don't feel that great.

"How do you feel?" My mom asked me.

"Ah, well, my head feels kind of funny, but other than that...tired and weak. That's pretty much it." I said, taking another bite of toast.

"Ok. Do you need anything else?" my mom asked me. I had almost finished my toast.

"Ummmmmm, well, I could eat some Cheerios. That's pretty much all I feel like eating, besides some crackers, but not for breakfast." I said. I looked at the clock. It was 8:42. AM, obviously.

The doorbell rang. Who could be at the door? School had started, so it wasn't any of my friends. I reached over to my night stand and grabbed my phone, and texted my friend, Stacy.

hey! hows school 2day? is it boring like usual? lolz (:

About a minute later, I got a response:

hi! every1s talking bout u. ur like POPULAR now! im sooo jealous! jk!

I laughed and sent her back:

omg really??? i cant believe it! im like nooootttt popular at all!

u r now! is it true that jake flaverson picked u up and took u 2 the nurse???

yeah!!!! i know! i didnt believe it! BUT HE DID!

OMG! u r the luckiest person i know right now! (:

haha i guess so! well i g2g. txt u l8r!

oh ok! ttyl!!

I didn't really have to leave but I didn't feel much like texting. So, I laid back on my pillows and relaxed. A couple hours later, my phone rang three times. A new text! But it didn't say from any of my friends. It was just a number I didn't recognize. Should I open the text? I was starting to get a little hesitant...

3 - The Mystery Person...

As I picked up my phone, I got uneasy and looked around me like I was doing something I wasn't supposed to. No one was in the room, thank goodness. I clicked OK to read the message, and it said:

hey! how r u feelin 2day?

I was scared. I didn't know who it was from. I thought maybe it was someone from school that I knew, but I just didn't have their number. So, I slid my full keyboard out from under the touch screen and wrote out:

howd u get this number? who r u?

I was scared, but I tried to type as fast as I could. I hoped the person would reply soon. They did.

ummm im not gonna tell u that just yet. i know itll get on ur nerves. just a little. jk a lot. just know that u know me. k?

I looked at the message and read it over and over again. I didn't fully understand how they would know me, but I wouldn't know exactly who they were. I just didn't get it.

look it. if u dont tell me who u r im not gonna reply to ur messages ever. EVER. and ill put u in my contacts list as 'creep. dont answer no matter what u do'

I slid the keyboard back underneath the touch screen and I waited for them to answer. About thirty seconds later, a reply came.

ok then. i'll tell u the first letter of my middle name. but only if u reply. huh??? whos gonna win now?!

I read the message and clicked END on my phone. I didn't want to talk to that person. They didn't want to tell me their name so I shouldn't want to talk to them right? I figured I'd reply in an hour. As I watched TV, my phone rang, and I looked at it. The number was from the person that I had been texting earlier. I read the message and it said:

hey look. sorry, im jake from school. just wondering how ur doing. im worried bout u.

I couldn't believe it. I HAD JAKE'S PHONE NUMBER! I texted back immediately.

yeah right...but i mean. it could be u cuz u supposedly carried me to the nurse yesterday.

I slid my keyboard back under my phone and I couldn't wait to see when he would reply. I knew it was during school, but the most popular boy in school can get away with anything! His smile would just make the teachers forget that he was ever texting right in front of their faces. He knew his power. I had

Science with him last year. He did everything against the rules like texting, and chewing gum, but the teachers didn't care. Especially the girl teachers, I might add. Weird. I know.

im totally serious. ill even call u if u dont believe me. and yeah. i did carry u to the nurses yesterday. nbd!! everyone thinks i like u now.

My heart started beating faster. I slid the keyboard out of my phone and texted him:

wow. how could they think that from that? just wondering. do u like me?

My heart was beating faster and I was blushing. Luckily, no one was in my room with me or they would've asked me who I was talking to. And what I was talking about. The message came in from him. I was scared. I couldn't look. But I had to. I had to know if he liked me or not. Quite frankly, I liked him. Whoever is nice enough to pick up someone they don't know if they were unconscious and on the floor, is nice enough to be my boyfriend. I clicked ok, and read the message.

4 - And When Will I Ever Know?

As I clicked OK to read the new message from Jake, my mom walked in my room. I quickly clicked END to hide the message, and slid my phone under my pillow. She didn't notice. Phew.

My mom sat down on one of the little stools and said, "I'm going to be taking an hourly 'interview' of questions and things just so I can analyze the data and tell you if you are ok, or if you're terrible, doing worse...stuff like that."

"Ummm...ok. I don't see why it's necessary, but whatever," I sat up, but then laid back down on my pillow, afraid that my phone might show.

"First," my mom said, "How do you feel?"

"Tired, weak, a little thirsty, and my head throbs," I said. I reached over to my nightstand and grabbed the little cup of water that my parents had given me. It had a bendy straw so I didn't spill all over myself. I'm usually clumsy when it comes to water and most things. Some people think it's hilarious, and others just find it embarrassing to watch me trip and fall in department stores, where I ruin their display racks because I had high heels on or something.

My mom was writing on a little notepad. Then she continued, "Throat?"

"Fine."

"Neck?"

"Uhhh...neck???"

"Yes. I called the night nurse and she said that if your head and your neck hurt at the same time, that could be fatal."

"Wow...no. It doesn't hurt. Feels fine."

"Completely normal?"

"YES Mom!"

"Okay, just checking."

"Next??"

"Feet?"

"Fine. My left one itches though. Does that help?"

"No, I think you're just trying to be funny now."

"No I'm not."

"Well..." Mom said and she went up to get some lotion for my itchy foot. I put some on and it tickled for a while when I first put it on. Then it helped.

"Okay...next???" I asked questioningly.

"Tummy?"

"Fine. It's never hurt. I don't think it would hurt now."

I saw her pen scratching on the notepad. I didn't know how she could take SO many notes from just me saying so little.

"How exactly does your head hurt?"

"Umm well around my eye, theres this little patch, like right by my eyebrow," I pointed to the area, "It hurts right there."

"On a scale of one to ten, how much does it hurt?"

"About a...four."

"How many fingers am I holding up?" My mom said and gave me a thumbs up.

I laughed, and she left my room. Finally! I could look at Jake's text!

But then I heard my dad walking in the room, and I slid my phone back under the pillow.

"Hi," I said.

"Hello. You don't see me..." he said and disappeared for two seconds. Not enough time to look at Jake's text, unfortunately.

A paw came around the corner and my dad said, "Guess who I am!"

"HMMMMMMMM well...you didn't grow fur, so I'm guessing...Thunder?" Thunder is my cat. He is gray and white. I have another cat, Leo, who is brown and he has a long tail. He must have been laying somewhere where he didn't want to be disturbed. Thunder was our first cat, so I think my dad has a secret favorite to Thunder. But he would never admit that.

My dad put Thunder down and he said, "How'd you know? You're getting to be too smart."

I sighed. Was I ever going to read Jake's text?

"What's wrong?" my Dad said.

"Oh, nothing. Just wondering when TV is ever going to put more game shows on for people who are sick! You only have the Price is Right on in the morning. Frasier's on after that. But then its just soap opera's and boring judge shows."

"I know what you mean!" my Dad agreed, "Next they're going to get rid of all the good shows and replace them with bad shows."

"Or, they're going to move all the good shows to one o'clock in the morning."

"Oh that'd be fun!" He sounded like he really meant it.

"Do you really mean it?"

"You really can't tell when I'm being sarcastic, can you?"

"Well...no. It's not very obvious."

"I need to go to the school of sarcasim."

"Yes you do."

"Will you teach me?"

"I guess."

"Now?" He was starting to act like a little kid. I was their favorite aunt or something. Or an old grandparent who was going to tell a fun story.

"Sure. Why not?" I tried to not sound sarcastic.

"Okay!!"

"Well, this is what you sound like when you're sarcastic," I changed my voice to as low as it could get and as boring and monotone it could get, "I'm not teaching you about sarcasim."

"I really sound that bad?"

"I'm a girl, remember? I can't exactly imitate your voice."

"Right, Rachel. Right. I totally forgot about that."

"You're still not good at it, but it takes practise. You have to make it sound more like the word or words that you are saying for the sarcasim are in italics. Now, say something in italics. Almost so that you see the italics. Okay?"

For the next about hour, I was teaching my dad about sarcasim. I was trying to be as brief as possible. Then my mom came in and she checked on me again.

I had a feeling that I wouldn't be able to read the text from Jake anytime soon, and I was getting a little anxious to read what he said.