

## CRAZY THINGS

Now, to this day, I am PREVENTING Lilza out as much I can. Because lately, we two have been have merrily doing crazy things. Now, guess what? I just saw Lilza throwing away her purse in the garbage can. And then, I had to talk to her to why she dumped a \$100 purse? She gave me a VERY close up reason about it. She only whispered it around and when I found out, I was a bit astonished. Apparently, Lilza Tev, replies that she FOUND a cockroach in her purse and that's the reason she immediately closed it and threw the poor purse away.



And then I asked her why could she waste \$100? Well, she said that a cockroach crawling in her hair is WAY important to get rid of then saving \$100.

"Then why don't you sell the purse?", I questioned her. We were sitting in a cafe.

"Anyone could find a dead cockroach in there", she said without thinking.

"So, you can give an excuse that cockroach might have gotten in from *somewhere*", I said while slurping my smoothie.

"What if in the area they live, is suspected to be hygienic?", Lilza asked.

"Um.....Liz.....", I started, hesitating.

"What?"

"You have already thrown it away", I said in a dull tone.

"Then why don't fish it out of that bin?", causally states Lilza.

"What?!", I exclaimed as though she were crazy, "you think it's that easy, huh?"

Liz nodded simply.

"I can't just pick up that big bin and tilt it upwards taking out all the trash and picking up that thing of a bag in my hands. Come to think of it..", I pondered, "there will be even more cockroaches in there".

"Cockroaches or not, we are gonna find that purse and it's final", Lilza stayed in a determining tone.

*She's mad*, I thought while finishing the rest of my smoothie quickly and getting up from my seat. I plunged towards her like a fast cheetah, and reached the bin where Liz was kneeling. Actually, she wasn't exactly fully bending.

Maybe that was because she was afraid a cockroach could land on her. I huffed. *How could a cockroach land on her when it is locked inside the purse?* She was also at least five centimetres away from the bin. I sighed, getting closer.

"Liz....", I began slowly and quietly, "The cockroach's inside your purse. It can't jump o-". Before I could complete,

Lilza had me by the hand, letting out a full-time shriek making us both jump (I was jumping because *she* startled me with her shrieking). She dragged me at least a minimum length away from the bin, until it was out of sight.

I tried to snatch away my hand as if I was a teenager, trying to take it away from her overprotective mother. Finally, I managed to get it away.

"Miss Tev", I began sarcastically, turning to Lilza, "you showed me a great surprise there".

I continued, "And may I ask why did you dragged me away here when it's impossible for a cockroach to get out of a purse which is actually locked?"

Lilza turned to look at me with an emotionless expression, titling her face to one side, "What?"

"I said: WHY COULD THERE BE A COCKROACH COMING ON YOU WHEN IT IS LOCKED IN A PURSE?", I repeated loudly.

"I don't understand", Liz returned as I gave my forehead a light punch, "I didn't knew I locked my purse when throwing it in the bin. I thought I saw a cockroach because I saw something black and it sort of looked like a cockroach and, and..."

I thought for a second; if it was a thing Lilza saw made her think of was a cockroach then what *was* it? A cockroach can't get out of a closed purse, could it?

As Lilza continued to think about her next words, I left without notice to inspect the bin.

I reached the familiar table we were sitting on earlier.

I found the bin where Liz threw her purse in. I examined it carefully and looked inside it. I stared at the garbage.

Let's see....

There was this old plastic duck toy that didn't had it's beak and one slipper, along with some thrown fries. I could also see a some thin copper wire which was very long, and finally, I think I spotted what looked like a cockroach... I looked more closely at the cockroach. It had eight legs, yes. And it looked like one too. I bend down more, until I was sure this was it and not something else.

I couldn't control myself and my curiosity took in charge of me. I impatiently dug my hand through and tried to touch it.

Nothing. It didn't even crawl a micrometer. I looked at it again with interest and now fully picked it in my hands. As I felt it, I suddenly could now tell this was not a *real* cockroach. I opened my closed palm and touched it slightly with my finger.

It was fake. A toy! So the real cockroach was still inside Lilza's purse. I took one look at the item in my hand and went off to find Liz.

I spotted her standing there, lost in her thoughts. I came near her and called out:

"Liz! Look!" I opened up my closed hand to present the toy cockroach in front of her.

She screamed, backing away. And within a second she fastened her legs and began to run away.

"Liz! It's a toy cockroach!", I called out to Lilza from a great distance.

"A-a t-toy?", she inquired shakily, now stopping.

"Yes", I answered, "a toy". I slowly approached her, carrying the toy cockroach with my fingers and asking it to touch it for a solid proof.

"No!", she stammered but later froze. I think she actually noticed it wasn't moving.

She slowly touched it.

"It is!", she exclaimed but turned a little serious, "so, what are we gonna do to bring my purse back?"

That's when I forgot the *real* cockroach was still inside Lilza's purse. Literally. I mentally smacked my hand against my forehead for my stupidity.

"Let's just end this. I am fed up with this story", I added, trying to leave.

"Okie, no problem", answered Liz surprisingly agreeing that I was going, "I am just gonna do it, you know, myself".

I just nodded my head and left the cafe. I didn't wanted to be meddled in some silly cockroach story where you are driven crazy. I didn't certainly wanted that.

As I was about to step onto the green grass outside, I heard Liz's voice suddenly:

"Mill! I think I found it!"

I turned myself around to face her and immediately spotted her standing next to the cafe with the purse in her hand, I assume. She paced up with me and showed me a big grin.

"Guess what?", she said cheerfully, presenting her purse in her hand. It was the same purse we had to get out from the bin. *How did she got it out of that thing?* I wondered.

"Yes?", I inquired, stepping a bit forward.

"Well, when I tried to take out the purse from the bin, I sort of borrowed someone's insect spray and then I closed my eyes", she continued, "then I carefully but quickly held the purse in my hands. I opened the lock very fast enough and quickly sprayed the insect spray into my purse and well, it sort of, killed the cockroach afterwards". I listened intently to her ranting and sighed a breath of relief, "Thank goodness we got out of the cockroach situation".

"Well, let's go then", Liz suddenly spoke up. I held my head in confusion. *Go? But Liz never mentioned to go somewhere!*

"Where?", I asked in confusion.

"To our homes, silly!", she said in a "duh" tone.

"Oh", I mouthed, "okay, then".