

# Horrible Starts to End Surprises!



Long  
Stories  
Surprises!



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End Surprises!**  
Long Stories Surprises

*By May Roland*

*This book is dedicated to my  
budgies, my mum, the rest of my  
family, my devices, and my school  
teachers who encouraged the writer  
in me by giving me creative  
assignments*

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# Irritating Something

I sat on the kitchen table and opened the pot of strawberry jam. I spread the jam over with my spoon over my toast. *Nice and tasty*, I thought. I began to take a bite when I just felt a tickling feeling behind my back. I couldn't certainly remove the thing. At first I thought it was a fly. I tried to reach it with my hands but the thing had gone on my hair.

What could a fly do in my hair? I wondered. I went to my elder sister, Dill's bedroom, and asked her to remove whatever it was. When she clearly saw what it was, I couldn't believe it! Dills ended up screaming and wacking my head with a BROOM.

Yes, she picked up a broom with her shaking hands and brought it near my head and flaming hit me with it. Like when you see a farmer doing it to a donkey, whacking him with a stick. But instead of doing it out of disobedience, she did it out of fear.



That's what happens folks, when you have a spider in your hair.

"Bluurgh", I pretended to be sick, "how did you find out if it were a spider?" We were now sitting quietly on her bed as Dills explained to me why she did that.

"So", I said, "it's NOT a joke, right?" At first, I thought it was a joke. I mean, how could you



react if there was a spider discovered in your hair?

"I shooed it away with that broom", she added as if were such a normal thing to do. I didn't know if I should *thank* my sister for hitting my head with a broom and getting rid of a spider.

"Thanks", I mumbled fidgety.

"Oh? No need to thank me", she paused, "because I think you ought to wash your hair". I nodded. I really, *really* had to wash my hair right now.

I went to my own bedroom and as I was passing by, my phone rang.

"Hello?", I picked it up and couldn't hear any voice, "*hello?*"

"Oh hi Mill", my friend Liz, greeted casually, "I was wondering if I could get some help with my homework".

"Alright", I stated, "I'll be there in a moment". I walked to her house. I rang her doorbell and she opened the door.

“Thank heavens you came, Milly! That math problem has been driving me like bubbles”. I laughed slightly at her phrase. “Yep, you don’t need to sweat when I’m here now”. We went to her bedroom and I sat on her desk. “Math requires using logic. But sometimes people who are highly creative don’t like logic or rules. Moreover, math is a bit like how you solve puzzles. It just speaks a different language, that’s all”, I gave out my opinion to her as I opened her homework.

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“Done!”, I exclaimed as I finished explaining all the solutions to Liz, “now you can chill out”.

“Now what should we do?”, she questioned with interest. I grinned, “How about playing a prank on Dills?”

Now I had second thoughts about saying that. My sister just helped me get rid of a spider! Why could I play a prank on her?

"Mill", Liz suddenly said in a hushed voice, "what's that in your hair?" She examined my hair and moved a little closer. OH MY GOSH! I completely forgot about washing my hair. I'm sure she noticed the spider web.

And it didn't end there.

Instead, she grabbed a broom nearby and smacked it on my head. WHACK!

"SPIDER! SOMEBODY DAMN HELP ME!", Liz shouted with all her might as she let go of the broom and it fell on the floor. It was twice I got whacked with a broom on my head.

First, by my sister, and then, by Liz.

Me? I was already having a headache right now. Not just because of the broom, but because of the drama this spider created.

Right now, I would love to find that little spider again and lock it in a jail. But I think I couldn't.

"Liz", I said assuredly, getting up, "Lilza, you just need to calm down. I already had a whacking with a broom from Dills when she found the spider. The spider went away and I

was just about to wash my hair when you called and I forgot about that! I don't have a spider there anymore".

Liz looked at me as if she couldn't believe it. Then she gulped and stutters, "W-What if the spider laid e-eggs into your h-hair?"

I smacked my forehead lightly. It was a bad decision, because I was already having a headache.

"Let's examine my hair then. You do that", I said, turning backwards so my hair faced her instead of my face.

She looked closely. But she kept a good 4 inches away from me still. I sighed. This spider is causing all that mess.

"Done", Liz says, "but I bet it ain't that much accurate. You should just wash your hair".

"Alright", I said turning away and walked towards the door, "bye". I waved.

She waved too and then I went home.

Mum was there on the sofa, drinking a cup of tea. I just went to my room. Later, I heard knocking as I was just about to wash my hair.

This time, I was gonna wash my hair. So I ignored the knocking. However, the knocking got aggressive. I sighed and opened my door just a tad bit.

"Yes?", I demanded turning my head towards the person who was Dills. She had her arms behind her back, which for some reason, interested me.

"You had no idea what happened while you were gone".

"No idea", I said, "what happened?"

"Well, when mum got home, she said to me to broom the floor. And when I went to fetch the *broom*", she paused and I prepared myself for the news, "it was *broken* in two pieces". She flung her arms from behind her back. In her hands were two pieces of the broken broom.

"Who could kill a broom?!", I whined, shedding a fake tear, "a heartless person could! This broom was our friend, Dills. We shall find the verdict very soon!"

Dills frowned suddenly at my drama reaction but she laughed. "You're a great actor".

"Then who broke the broom?", I asked, quitting my acting.

"I did".

I gasped, "How?!"

"Well", she said traveling back to her thoughts and came up with the explanation, "I was just moping around, you know. And that how I discovered the SAME", she widened her eyes for effect, "spider clinging on my shoe".

I wasn't surprised. Because I'd also experienced this spider syndrome just today. "And then, I like, grabbed that same broom and whacked my shoe....".

I nodded.

"And then the spider got away. But I didn't noticed it got away. I thought it was on the floor. And in all my anger, I hit the broom way too hard and it *broke*", she finished, waving the two pieces in her hand.

“The spider owes us something. It owes me the headache and it owes you the broom”, I added for humor.

“Yeah”, Dills slowly agreed with, “we should name him Mr Trouble Web. And his full name could be....”.

“Joniel Dash Trouble Web?”, I offered.

“Yep”, she said. So it was final then, we named the spider Joniel Dash Trouble Web. And we also made a home for him. He lives in Dills’ room in the upper corner.

# A Fun Misunderstanding

*It was right in front of me. The great ol' town of WendsyJoueneys. It wasn't a town, actually. It was a giant mall nearly covering a whole town. That's why it was mostly called "The Great Town of WendsyJourneys" because it covered more than half of the Wendsy Town. The blue-colored building, with halls like wonders was standing right in front of me. It had the best products you could ever find. The soap of the finest quality, the freshest fruits which were newly packed, the best quality snacks with taste-budding flavors and not to forget the free hotel it offered for one day if you buy five products from them. And the hotel's has it's own homey atmosphere, with swimming pool, library, shops it offered. I walked towards the mall, putting one step, when.....*

**"BUZZZ BUZZZZ BUZZ!!!"**



I landed on the floor from my cozy bed. And it was all the *fault* of my stupid alarm clock. I was just having a the most dreamiest dream until my alarm clock, sort of “vanished it”. I glared at the thing of an alarm clock which was sitting on the table. I am not sure even alarm clocks sit. I ignored the rest and got ready for the day.

### **Lilza Tev’s POV (Point of View)**

I checked the time. It was 7:07 in the morning. I pulled out a lacy red dress from my wardrobe and quickly got dressed. Since it was a very important day, I wore my special shoes for the occasion. It was the other city festival. The Great Town of WendsyJourneys. I hoped Mill could come too. And Felly as well. And Dills, of course, Mill’s elder sister. I went downstairs and ate my cereal quickly. I was pretty excited about today, as I was delighted to get a chance to visit WendsyJourneys.

I opened the door to outside and immediately headed to Mill's home. It was like 7: 40 AM. Then I wondered if Mill could be even awake.

I stood by her house's doorway as I reached there. I turned my head up to look at the window to Mill's room.

I couldn't really see that much, but I could see that the the window was surely opened. So I knacked up a piece of crumbled paper that had shopping ingredients written on it (I found it in my shoe). I was planning to write at the backside of it:

*Dear Mill,*

*Wanna go to the "Great Town of WendsyJourneys"? Also bring your sister with you. Thanks. If not, then throw me your reply on a paper. Lilza Tev.*

### **Back to Mill Voron's POV (Point of View)**

When I returned from completing my morning shower, I noticed the utmost strangeness.

My window was *open*.

But I remembered locking it! I can't be that forgetful, can I? I began fretting as to what could have happened if I didn't come in here in time.

As I walked towards the window sill, something landed right on my face.



Hard. At

first I thought it was one of those toy balls children play with that aren't very heavy. But I was wrong.

As the thing landed right in my face, my hand reached out, grabbing it. Thank goodness I wear glasses or I don't know what could have happened.

My thoughts were already lost when I noticed this was a ball of crumbled paper. Now I thought weather somewhere someone decided it could be funny to play a prank on me. I didn't wait enough and angrily stomped towards my window sill.

But not before I could open the ball of paper and skimmed through it.

- *1 Packet Yogurt*
- *A dozen eggs*
- *1 kg sugar*
- *A dozen apples*

Seriously? You got to be kidding me. Why the heck could someone send me a grocery list in paper when there are something known as "computers" in this world? So old school indeed.

I gave a low sigh and threw the paper in my bin. Then I ducked my head into the open window and it immediately showed me the outside world. I looked downwards, my eyes

landing on a person with black hair that reached her shoulders.

*Only Liz has hair like that*, I thought madly to myself, *wait - what if is this her?*

I gave a full-time whistle which was heard by her. She looked up and noticed me, staring at my face. Well, my fate somehow said to me that it really is Liz. Then I decided to call her: "Liz! Lilza!", I shouted looking towards her again, "is this yours?" I held out my empty hand and my eyes widened. I almost forgot to have the paper in my hand! I quickly rushed inside, digging my bin furiously. I finally found it. Liz must have been confused that I disappeared right out her face. Well, it was only for a minute, not an eternity. So I hopefully think it's not a big deal.

I quickly went back to where I was....well, when I called Lilza and abandoned her.

"Liz!", I shouted again, this time louder, I could tell she was listening as she motioned her head towards me, "I wanted to ask if this

paper is yours?" I drew out the crumbled ball of the paper in my hand.

She gave a slight nod. Thank heavens I understood that because I couldn't if we were very far away. Then I decided that I *must* simply come and open the door for her, or else we will be left trying to communicate with each other forever. I pocketed the note in my jumper's pocket.

And I went downstairs. Dills, my elder sister was at a sleepover while mum left this morning at 5:35 AM. Dills could be back by at least 9:00 AM. Last night she kept telling me how she was simply thrilled to go to her old friend's house. I couldn't sleep until at least 11:00 PM because she was all night discussing what she will do once she reached there. In fact, when she started to leave, she almost forgot to get in the car and mum drove halfway without her and she had to come back.

I reached downstairs and walked towards the door. *My house has never been this quiet*

*before*, I thought as I opened the lock and it opened the door.

The sunshine blinded my eyes as Lilza stood there, her hands behind her back in a straight and professional manner as though she came here to inspect this house for sale.

"Come in", I muttered breathlessly, realizing how tiring was the process as I nudged her to come in. She invited herself at her own pace. That's when I noticed she was all dressed up, as if she wanted to go somewhere important, or event-wild.

I stared in curiosity.

"Liz", I began hesitatingly, "I hate to ask....but why are you all dressed up?" I put up my hands in a questioning manner, shrugging at the last part.

She responded, well, *more* like questioned quietly, "Haven't you received the note I threw at your window?"

I wondered whether a grocery list is a note you should give to your friend. It didn't certainly look like it.

“That wasn’t a note”, I said defensively, “it was a grocery list. Did you wanted me to run your errands? If so, you could have written there you wanted me to run them”.

Liz stared at me astonishingly, and the words slowly came out of her mouth, “But...but! Oh! Where’s the paper? I had written the message on the backside of it. You must have read only one side of it then”.

I stared in confusion. *Seriously?* I took out the crumbled ball of the “grocery list” as I misinterpreted and handed it to the girl in front of my, namely my friend.

“Look!”, she exclaimed, pointing to it as it was a sight to watch, “here”, she finished.

I watched what the paper had in store for me. That’s when I noticed finally that *something* was written on the other side of the paper. I quickly picked the paper out of her hands and read it.

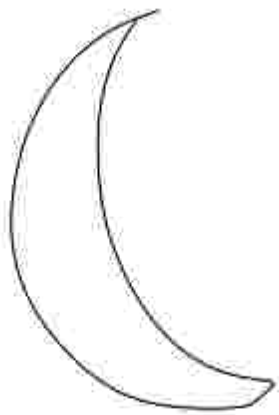
After silently mind-reading it, I formally understood. Liz was all dressed up for that same festival I was dreaming about. When I



finished it, I mindlessly ripped the paper and the bits finished on the floor. Liz watched in horror.

"B-but!", she quivered shakily, " but that was my mum's grocery list on it!"

"Oh", I mouthed, feeling a bit guilty for discarding the paper like that. Although, I am *sure* I remember the ingredients. For at least



five minute, we were standing in silence when Lilza finally spoke up, "Never mind, I could always ask her for it again".

I nodded quietly to show that I agreed. But I did had a clue what was on the list.

"Let's go", I said finally, wanting to forget about all the fiasco.

"Yeah", she agreed, taking my hand and opening the door, "let's go away to the moon".

"It's not a moon we're going to, it's a sort-of-festival".

“Alright, alright”, Liz uttered glumly as we walked through the door.

# Banana Peel Mystery

If I say what an epic adventure we'd yesterday, I'm sure you won't believe it. But if you do, remind yourself *not* to believe in it in order to not come off as crazy or something. I was reading as usual when the bell rang up. I knew it was Dills, my elder sister, of course. Before she left she told me to open the door for her because mum already took the house's keys and accidentally also took the extra one.

So, without further ado, I will present you what exactly happened.

I was climbing downstairs to open the door when my foot slipped off a banana peel on one of the bottom stairs and I landed straight on myself on the floor.

"Ah!", I groaned in pain, trying to get up but my whole body was aching with numbness. I managed to crawl, however. It took me nearly at least a great ten minutes to open

the door because I was slouching on my legs.

"Mill?", Dills said coming inside and helped me get up, "what happened?"

I took a quick look at the banana peel on the stairs and glared at it as if it was it's own fault rather than the person who actually threw it.

"What happened?", she asked again, confused to see me doing that.

"I slipped off a banana peel", I muttered impatiently but deep down inside I was angry that the person threw a banana peel here when *anybody* could have been seriously injured.

"Oh? So just remove it then. I'm sure you could have been a little more careful while coming down the stairs. You know what they say", Dills pointed nowhere indeed,

"impatient is surely ruining our generation".

I just stared shocked-face. But even I could not stop agreeing she *had* a point. I could have been a bit more patient while landing down the stairs. But what about my point?

Didn't it scored any point at all? Surely people should not carelessly throw garbage where it doesn't belongs. If the person didn't threw garbage at all, then this wouldn't had happen.

However I furiously cleared off, stomping up the stairs leaving Dills by herself.

As I was just going up the stairs, I slipped off again landing violently on my back. By the *same, stupid and uh - never mind*, banana peel!

I moaned in pain. Dills saw this and came towards me, helping me up and sitting me down on a chair. I could see her looking doubtful. *Maybe she's thinking that it's serious too*, I thought as she threw the banana peel.

"We'd have no more of that annoying thing", she says as she put the banana peel into the garbage can, back to where it belonged. I sighed in relief. She came over to me and messaged my arms and legs a little.

“Thank heavens that banana peel is gone off now. You’re right; I will be now careful next time”, I said, getting up slowly but Dills interrupted me:

“No it’s *serious*. Whoever threw that peel ought to see what happened because of him”.

I nodded and slowly trotted away, back to my room.

As I opened my bedroom door, I hit my wrist with the handle. Oh dear, I seem to really have bad luck today.

I tried to ignore the pain and went back to my reading. But it was difficult to concentrate when you hurt yourself.

Later some time I felt hungry and wanted to eat something. So I slipped into the kitchen and opened the fridge in order to check out what I had available to eat. There was a plate of two sandwiches which I thought mum must have made for me and Dills while she was away at job. She usually left things like that.

I went to sit at the kitchen table to eat the sandwich. I liked it. *Maybe I don't have so much bad luck after all*, I thought slowly as I took a bite of the chicken sandwich. It tasted delicious.

I finished eating one and looked at the other. Shall I inform Dills about her sandwich?

Okay.

I picked up the plate and went upstairs very slowly to give it to Dills.

I reached the top step and wasted no time to go to her. I knocked her bedroom's door twice.

I waited.

I waited again.

I waited for a good five minutes.

"Dills!", I called, hoping she might not have heard my knocking.

"Mill? What's the matter? Did you slipped off another banana peel or something?", she enquired, opening her door.

"You see I have this sandwich for you. Mum had left it in the fridge", I answered, handing

the plate to Dills as she took it and immediately closed the door.

I walked to my own bedroom. As I was opening the door, I slipped on another banana peel!

And I fell hard. It was like a puzzle. Why is there another banana peel?!

I tried to get up, but somehow couldn't. I shouted tremendously, "DILLS!"

She hurriedly came towards me and an astonished look occupied on her face as she saw another banana peel next to my bedroom's door.

"Gosh Mill! Sure once is okay. But *twice*? Surely it's not on purpose? And *whoever* is doing this anyway, that is my question!", she kept saying, helping me to get up. I was confused too just as much she was.

Someone was leaving banana peels here and I slipped twice. Once didn't matter. But two times did sure caused suspicion.

"Let's find the culprit", she said taking my hand, me following behind her, "let's look for



any clues". I shook my head, showing that I agreed. We'd need to find something. I couldn't want to slip off any more banana peels.

"Let's look in the fridge. Usually bananas are kept there so we might find something". She took me downstairs and into the kitchen. She opened the fridge. I tried to look for any clues, but there were none to be found.

"They eat bananas", Dills said to me impatiently, thinking aloud, "they must be eating bananas for a reason too. Is it a monkey?"

Somehow I couldn't help but burst out laughing. Monkeys! Imagine a hidden monkey in our house that is eating those bananas and leaving the peels carelessly there and then. How wild.

Dills looked at me but even she couldn't help chuckling a little. So I suppose she thought the idea a bit funny.

"So let's start exploring for any monkeys!", Dills announces full-time. I didn't however

agreed. I did half-agreed though. But there was just a little chance in having monkeys in our house that I almost thought it was the most peculiar thing to happen here.

“No monkeys thank you”, I said back, “let’s examine the banana peels instead. We might be able to track something from there”. Now this was a good enough idea. Tracking in the manner of the banana was eaten and thrown. Clever enough.

“Good”, Dills agreed.

We both went upstairs. We certainly were running through the stairs a lot!

Dills had, of course, thrown the previous banana peel, leaving the new one next to my room. So we decided to test that one. I scarcely picked up the banana peel in my hands, observing it soundly.

It looked alright to me. By the looks of it’s angle, it really looked as if it wasn’t thrown by somebody actually. Rather, it accidentally fell. How did I knew this? That’s because the

banana peel was all stuffed. I mean, it was closed as if it been let out of small place where it was kept. It also looked a little wrinkly.

"I think Dills that somehow it fell down accidentally. Which gives us a clue that the person didn't meant to harm another person", I said, looking closely at the banana peel laid on the floor. It's certainly looked as if it has been stuffed into something before it fell on the floor; like a pocket or something.

"So when will be able to find out? There's no one in the house expect you and me", Dills says, turning the handle slightly of my room. Before she could comprehend further, she slipped suddenly. I was just there to have caught her on time. She fell into my arms and all I could do was a huff, uttering a "Seriously?" as I stared at another banana peel.

I examined this one; again it was in the same condition. Then where the heck were these coming from?!



Dills looked at me in horror as if to tell me: *Suppose there's an invisible thief in our house? Better yet, an invisible being?* I, for one second, didn't believe it was the work of a thief. Not even an invisible one. I was not

this stupid to have a belief in ghosts and stuff.

I calmly moved a little, but feeling a little anxious now because of Dill's thought. Suppose this house is hunted? Because we just moved here about four weeks ago. So there was a possible chance in that.

I looked up at Dills who was watching me very carefully.

"Mill?", she suddenly asked out of the blue, wryly eyeing me, "what have you got in your pocket?"

"My pocket?", I blurted out, "Surely I'd nothing there. Now you said that, I *do* feel a weight on it somehow".

I put my hands in my pockets, surprised to find them full. I took out the first thing I could find. I held it out for Dills to see.

A banana peel.

A stupid banana peel.

And I didn't even how in the world it ended up here.

I took some more out of my pocket. "How?!", I muttered in confusion when all of it was out, "who put them there?!"

"Well", Dills begin, "look at the bright side. At least there's not some invisible being or invisible thief in our house and our house's not hunted!"

"Nooooo", I said stretching my word, "that's NOT okay. Banana peels slipping from my pocket when I didn't even know they were there in the first place? No!"

Dills stared at me. But she was too lazy to do for long, for she said later as she stepped, "Well, mystery solved or not, at least I won't have to worry about this!"

And she went to her bedroom, closing the door behind her.

I looked up again at the banana peel.

*Okay Mill, I calmly said to myself, find out the reason why could there be banana peels in your pockets. Somehow they must've gotten in a way or another. I think this has something to do with Liz. Maybe I remember her giving*

*something exactly related to banana peels, however. So why don't I ask her?*

I thought about it and I thought about it again. Shouldn't I'd asked my friend Liz? Liz or Lilza Tev for short was sort of my casual friend. So I went to my room and phoned her.

The call was coming....

"Hello Mill", she said in a clear and cut voice sounding too crystal clear. She could have earned 1st place as a voice actor.

"Hey Liz", I said, wanting to finish off this drama, "can I ask you something?"

"Sure", she allowed, "go ahead".

"I wanna say that did you actually said to me something related to banana peels some time ago? What was it?", I spoke too quickly.

"Ummm", she hesitated, "I think I did said something about banana peels. I said that I wanted to make a fertilizer for some plant growth. And I asked you if you had any fruit peels available or any sort of compost. I think you said something about banana peels, was

it? I don't remember because it was a week ago".

"Oh", said I, putting off the receiver at once.

All this trouble.

Only for some banana peels.

How silly I was!



# Felly's Day

"Felts!", I said, almost too loudly, "you mean that girl from GES who was assigned as a welcome monitor there?"

I could hardly believe my ears as I heard the news. Liz just invited Fellistune, mostly Felly for short to spend a whole day with her!

"It's Felly, not *Felts*", Liz said scornfully, defending Felly of the nickname I gave her: Felts.

"Why she's too timid. I couldn't be more surprised if there was lion charging at her and she couldn't even ask anyone for help", I said. I never liked shy people. I never liked to be patient for them. Even though I may look shy to you, but I have blazing fire inside of me that never seems to run out. I am neither less confident nor so much overconfident. I am just at the right place. I can stand and argue very easily. So it's not surprising for me to shoo away shy people. We could have

made a big team because she was quiet too, a bit like me. But there's nothing that can change my mind from not liking her.

"So we are giving her a welcome party?", I said as Liz took me to the mall, "but for world's sakes for what?"

She just took me quietly to a nearby departmental store.

"Here's my list. We can divide it into two if you'd like", and with saying this, she presented a *long* grocery list. It was so long that it nearly reached my knees. I stared at it open-mouthed. Surely she wasn't going to spend a total \$270 for this party?

"Yes! I am gonna spend half of all my savings for her", Liz added truthfully without any hint of suspense. She pulled me towards the opening of the store.

"Now go on. Get those things before I go to another store to get them. We don't have so much time to waste", she says as she nudges me to go in.

“Wait a minute!”, I paused before going on,  
“aren’t you going too?”

She looked at me if I said something, like her embarrassing childhood memory or something.

“No”, she answers straightly as if it was simple enough. As much it was simply enough, I’d wonder why couldn’t *she* go in?

“Why can’t you? I mean, there isn’t something like a bomb in there that is preventing you to go there”, I said slowly.

“No, Mill. Just go! We don’t have time!”, she says hurriedly and pushes me gently in through the doors.

“Ok, ok”, I added, “no need to be so, um, what’s the word? Over the world. Yes, over the world”.

I found my way through the store. And in just about twenty minutes, I was done with the shopping. Now I just had to get them billed. I went near the counter and found someone there....

It was Felts - *Felly*. I didn't, however went near her.

She looked up and noticed me. I pretended to look away, and get my things checked out quickly. I put them out on the counter. It was hard work because it was such a heavy bunch of stuff. I couldn't be more surprised that if they were eating things, it could have last about three months. I checked my things out. As I was doing so, *Felly* came near me. I didn't knew what exactly she *wanted*. Maybe it was Liz.

Then it suddenly hit me.

Lilza wasn't going in because *Felly* was here. But why? Did she expect that *Felly* might get about Liz throwing her a welcome party? Maybe?

I was confused, however. The fact that Liz was afraid. She wasn't usually afraid of anything. If I showed her a spider, she will just act like her normal self. And if I showed her a horror movie, she will act sane throughout the whole thing.

And, oh, of course, if there was an emergency, she will act calm, So why she was afraid of *this*? I couldn't get it.

"Mill!", she says quietly coming over to me, "do you know where is Lilza?"

I had many answers for this. Like, for example, Liz was in the bathroom. Or she was away on a visit. Or something happened to her. However, I didn't wanted to give the last answer. For some reason, I didn't wanted to give the real answer because I think I could be giving away Liz if I'd.

So I just stood there, dumbfounded. As if I couldn't hear. Though, I couldn't just stand there and pretend all along because she said this:

"Please", Felly said softly with her hands behind her back as though I'd have rejected her the first time I saw her. As much I didn't wanted to give the answer, I felt a bit sorry for her.

"She's in the bathroom", I said suddenly. Now I regret it. If Liz was in the bathroom, couldn't Felly go there to search for her? Sometimes I can be so over quick.

"Oh", was all she was able to say. She looked as if she'd been deflated. Of what? Of hope. I looked at her again, then took a quick glance at my shopping. It was nearly done. However if it hadn't been for Felly, I believe I could have gotten out more quickly.

I wasn't sure.

I grabbed my shopping and made a headstaid run for the exit. It looked as if I was trying to escape police. But I seriously wanted to get out of the situation. Fast.

I got through the door and didn't find Liz there. *Where was she when you terribly*

*needed her at the moment?* I finally

managed to find her. And where you ask?

Behind the trash can, of course. I think it must've been a tough part on hiding behind a trash can specially.



Maybe I also lectured her a bit, like how cleanliness was very important. Now what was really important that at least we were done with the shopping and all that. And I also escaped Felly! Gee, I am speaking of her like she is some policewoman after me. But never mind.

“Let’s go home”, I said taking her by the hand, “before Felly sees us!”

I think she got it that I had made a great escape. So she knew how fast we ran all the way to home. I'm sure we could have been deemed off as "crazy crazies". But we didn't mind the least, as we really had to quickly set up the welcome party up. In a few minutes or so, we reached Liz's house. Dills was inside. Dills was my elder sister by one year and she often came up with us. But now she was all inside Liz's home, probably setting up for things.

"I say!", she said as we came in, "where were you all?"

"We were at the grocery store. Well, technically, I was at the store. Liz spend the rest of the time hidi-", I was cut off by Lilza saying:

"And we're back safe and sound", she said in a hopeful voice, "let's get the things ready before we get awfully late. I'm sure we don't want Felly here to come and see us all just setting up the feast. What a shame would that be!"



I nodded eagerly to show that I also expected it. And we really needed to save ourselves from embarrassment before it really happens. So I was charge of the decorations because Liz said I was a very “crudely” designer. And that I couldn’t know how to set up eatables on the dining table. Well, crudely or not, doesn’t decorating involves designing too? After all, it was her party too. So I couldn’t blame her for leading all of us into action.

“Lilza, you should have called some high-level designers or party planners to handle this stuff”, Dills added while she carried a big pile of plates, all toppling on each other, “because the way you want it so perfect, it sounds like you’re talking to experienced ones in this field!”

“Yeah sure”, Lilza added back, “We are gonna waste a load of money on that!” She was making sure all things were put in the right way. She cleaned every bit of mess. And she looked exactly what Dills said:

frantically making sure everything was perfect.

“Don’t let’s be much of a perfectionist”, I slowly advised Liz as I finished blowing the balloons and attaching them to the wall.

Now all I had to do was this:

1. Attach the “Welcome!” banner across the two wall from the dining table on either of their sides.
2. Set up the party music.
3. Set up the party hats on a near table that was next to the house door.
4. Help Dills a little with opening all the eatables.
5. Help Lilza a little with the things that were put away to put them back into their place.
6. After doing a little help, stay on guard outside of the house to see if Felly is coming. If she comes, I am to give a little whistle. If I cannot whistle, I must play a whistle ringtone on my phone.

These may seem like crazy rules. But first of all, I seem to have a multi role in this party. Like a backup planner or something that does everything in exchange if Dills and Liz aren't present here.

"You cruel beasts", I said jokingly, as they ushered me outside after helping them, "you literally assigned me so much when I like, fetched all the shopping for you!"

Although, I was a little mad, I was actually enjoying it a bit. To think like assigning me a guard responsibility was beyond something great. I could relax not only myself, but watch things going outside.

Liz made a small gesture in a direction to show where to stand. "Stand here", she said. I stood on the place.

"And wait for Felly to come. Whistle us before she even reaches. I mean, if you notice her coming faraway, you will give us a whistle. And if you can't whistle, pretend to play a whistle ringtone on your phone".

I nodded. I couldn't whistle, of course. If I tried, I could get to whistle with some luck. But I was doubtful about that. So I stuck through the ringtone way instead.

Dills and Liz both returned inside the house. I was left standing out here, looking for Felts. (Hint: I only pronounce the name in my head when I am alone).

I stood there for ages. I don't even know how for long because I lost track of time. So I set up a little "signal" if Felts comes and I didn't see her in case.

I gathered up some leaves fallen from trees because it was Autumn. It was a very small pile. Then I went towards the opening of Liz's garden (where you enter the house from) and just went at least 50 centimeters far from it. Then I bundled up the pile of leaves on the ground. It sounded like the perfect plan; if I dared to miss Felts coming, and if she comes, she might crush the leaves which will produce a sound I might hear. And then, I can warn Dills and Liz on time. Ain't I clever?

However, I needn't to be so proud. I had to wait. I went back to the garden just in time to spot a figure coming down from the street. I thought it must be Felts. So I played the whistle ringtone.

And Liz and Dills hurriedly, I could hear, get ready. I could hear the noise right from inside. Then I noticed the supposed-to-be silhouette of Felts was passing by and she went along the way. Without going in!

I worriedly glanced again. It wasn't Felts! It was someone else! How can I be so dumb?! I went inside the house, "Dills, Lilza!", I called frantically, "it wasn't Felly passing by just as I thought, it was someone else!"

They gaped their mouths as if they couldn't believe the truth.

"B-but", started Liz, "we just ran mad rush just because you told us Felly was coming. What crud luck!"

Even Dills looked aghasted. She breathlessly muttered something I couldn't exactly hear to.

"Look; next time, turn on your phone's flashlight, so that you can least see her face to check if it really her or not", Liz explained to me and ushered me outside, "now go!" I went outside again.

And I turned on my flashlight as she said. I couldn't hear any footsteps, whatsoever. But wait...

I could hear crunching of leaves!

I quickly, without thinking, made a whistle sound. I thought it *must* be Felts, because the leaves were laid near the opening of the garden, so the person who stepped on the leaves was definitely entering the house and I am hundred percent sure it could be Felts. I went inside quickly.

"Are ya'll ready?", I questioned as I came into the living room. They eagerly nodded, sitting on the sofa.

"Then let's start this thing!" The doorbell rung. "That must be her", Liz says, getting up from the sofa. I just sat still on the sofa. But now I'd begin to doubt myself a little. *What if*

*it wasn't Felly? Or maybe someone from the neighbor just came to play a low-key prank? I did a quick guess if it could be Felly or someone else.*

Liz returned, entering into the room with the most droopy look on her face, as if suddenly a needle pricked her and deflated all the air that was stored in her. Then....

"SURRRRRPRIISSEE!", she yelled all in of a sudden, holding her arms high above her head and waving them crazily.

As she sat on a near chair, Felly came through the doorway looking nervous. Very nervous if you ask me. She sat next to me.

Wait....

ME?!

I looked at her crazily as if she had made a bad, bad, bad choice. Probably the worst one ever existed.

She glanced at me wryly, however, as if she didn't minded sitting next to me. But I did.

Finally, in the end I found out some excuse to drink water.

I got up from the sofa and into the kitchen. You'd looked at the feast that was all laid out and open.

It was....

BAD. Very bad. Very disastrous. I could go on adding more words. But what was supposed to help with that?!

The food was mostly in a pile and occupying at least 160% of the table. The table had 100% of space only.

"Great arranging", Felly commented and I stared her in astonishment. At first I thought it might be because she didn't want to hurt Liz and Dills's feelings. But how was that supposed to help in getting this mess right? Liz chuckled nervously going "he he he he" and putting her arms behind her back as though she was tied by chains.

"Yep", Dills was all able to say. Even though, she only helped Liz a little. Why could my sister agree?

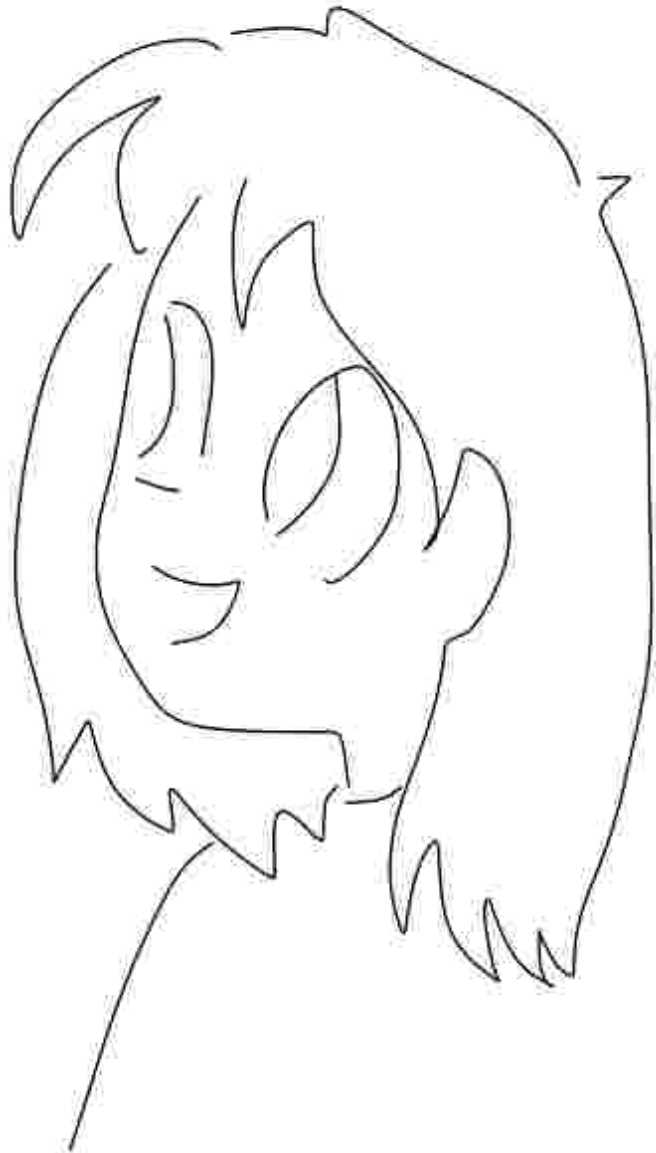
They sat down on the chairs that were spread out by each side of the table.



“We will now begin your welcome party”, she replied like a queen in the court about to allow her subjects to dine.

Felly started by eating the candies. I wonder why Liz had added that to her list. I thought they were for eating when they were

preparing the party. Now I’d see why she makes me think of other things that things are for, not the original reason they are used for.



I attacked the chocolate buns. I ate about three before I wanted to snack on another but they were already finished.

I could see Dills quietly eating random things. She was gracefully choosing very little of this and that.

But Liz. Liz! She was going on and on without, I guess, *breathing*. She seemed to be eating all the stuff. I hadn't known she has this much appetite.

When we were finishing munching, all there left was this great jug of mango juice. I didn't exactly like juice, but I enjoy it once in a while. So I poured myself a glass and drank it in two intervals.

"Finished", Lilza announced and we were finished too.

"What do we do now?", Dills asked in interest. She loved questioning things whose answers were hard to find.

"We will watch my fish", pronounced Liz and she moved backwards, her hand on some cloth hanging on some stuff and pulled it off.

It presented a very small tank with two fish inside.

"Seriously?", I interrogated putting my hand on my hand, my arm resting on the table, "what's so interesting about fish?"

"Well", Dills also complained, "all they do is move around until you're bored out of your mind for ages".

"No", Liz protested.

Felly got up from the chair and headed towards Liz.

"Yes", she says, "they're *beautiful*". I could see very well that she was very interested in fish.

"What's that one?", Liz quizzed, happy to know someone shared her interest. She was pointing to the left fish in the tank.

"Cory Catfish", answered Felly, examining the fish.

"I feel bored", Dills says to me as if she expected me to do something.

"Then work out to not feeling bored", I replied.

"No", she denied, "let's play Rock Paper Scissors, shall we?"

I nodded.

"ROCK PAPER SCISSORS!"

I pulled a rock and she pulled a scissors. I smashed it by punching her hand lightly.

"ROCK PAPER SCISSORS!"

I shoot a paper and she pulled a scissors. She pretended to cut my flat hand. *Snap! Snap! Snap!* I pulled it away immediately.

"Naw!", she huffed like Tom does in *Talking Tom 2* game when you tap the cat on the tail. I chuckled a little, resembling her response as that.

"Mph", Dills added. I got up from my chair and examine Liz and Felly.

"Let's leave them together in peace", I suggested and Dills nodded, getting up from the chair. We tiptoed towards the door and came into the living room. I took one last peel at Lilza Tev, and I closed the door.

# Memory Time

“Ok, chop chop”, Lilza said to me and my elder sister Dills, “who can remember their most happy memories?”

I raised my hand, “I do”. Liz pointed to me.

“Ok, so I remember perfectly when I was like, ten and I saw you cross by through my garden....”, I trailed off, “and then you went away. It was the first time I saw you”.

Liz smiled compassionately, “Alright. Dills?”

“Well the only time I had a happy memory was today. Now”, she replied in this fast and full voice as though she weren’t interested in Liz’s question.

“Yeah, up till now. Today seems like a normal day”, I added, “why?”

I had this nagging urge to know why was today such a simple day. Usually things happen, but lately, today, nothing has happened so far. Why?

“Because we’re looking back, I guess”, Lilza suggested quickly, crossing her arms to her chest.

“Liz”, I begin, “have you got any happy memory?”

Lilza hesitated, as though I asked her the answer of a complicated equation then actually the question.

“Uh....hmmmm...”.

I waited.

“Haaaamm.....”.

I shuffled my feet awkwardly. Dills was beginning to look like that much too. I looked at Liz again as she hesitated. She was *stuck*. I quickly moved my mouth in time:

“It’s okay if you can’t remember any”, I assured.

“B-but”, she paused, “I DO remember one. It’s just that I have a hard time remembering it right now. I am going to get back at you later. Just leave me alone for a moment till I

remember it. And I'm *sure* I remember it", she looked pleadingly at me.

What could I say?

"Its okay Liz. You don't have to remember if you don't want to". Dills joined too.

"Yep, you really don't need to remember just for us".

"But I *do* need to remember it. It's important. I want to remember my happy memory. Please leave me alone for some time", she looked pleasingly at me again and then to Dills.

"Uh, ok", Dills muttered, disturbed by the awkward scene.

"Yeah, you do, you know", I paused, "as you wish".

"Yep", Dills agreed for the second time getting up towards the door to go away and I followed her.

"Yes. If you want to remember, remember. It's your choice, after all". We both followed out of doors.

We were in the hallway.

"Liz can't remember her happy memory!", I whispered in this-low cut voice to Dills.

"Yeah".

"How about we help her remember *it*?", I suggested. It seemed like a good idea, "though, we could need some clue to remind her. This makes me question: how do you remember memories?"

"I have no clue". Then, suddenly as though by magic, I jumped. And then I shouted, "I've got it!"

"What?"

"Music!", I exclaimed blissfully, "music sometimes helps you to remember even the hidden memories! Why don't we sneak into her phone and and play some of her music?"



Dills pretended to bash her eyebrows at me and held both of her hands together close to her chin, "Hmmm, that's a great idea, I guess".

"Ah, the real question is...", I pretended to stroke my pretend beard like a detective, "how do we have access to her phone?"

"No worries", states Dills, "I have got it under control."



"How?"

"Just wait and see".

We were now both walking towards her room. Dills his behind the wall while I was just standing there dumbfounded. Dills took out her phone and gave a call. To whom? To Liz.

"Why could you give a call to Lilza?", I hissed quickly.

"Don't worry, Milly, I know what I'm doing".

I gave a light punch to my forehead. Why do I keep punching my forehead when something like this...happens?

"Now you gotta go in her room with this", Dills says whipping out something from her pocket.

"A marshmallow?!", I asked in confusion.

I picked the squishy thing from her hands. Then I asked what will I do next once I was in her room.

"Simple. You eat the marshmallow".

I had to refrain myself from screaming like a mad woman. Why could I eat a marshmallow in front of Liz? Has my sister gone sprilly-mad?

“Easy there, sis. You may think I am doing the unexpected, but I am certainly in know-how as to what I am doing”, my sister told me.

“Oh, alright...if you say so”, I compiled myself and went through the doorway. Liz was there, sitting on the sofa, zoned out. I guess she was thinking something. I decided to not disturb her. But I had to follow Dills’ plan. So I got a little near her, but stayed a good twenty centimeters away from her. I held the marshmallow out in the open and put it in my mouth.

“Mmmm”, I muttered, enjoying eating it. Then I finally came to my senses Lilza was here and I had to be quiet. Nothing happened.

Was Dills’ plan even working?

Dills burst into the room suddenly that I was startled and ended up stumbling over the floor. Luckily I caught hold of something.

Wait....Liz's phone! Why did I held it? I think this was one of Dills' ideas.

Then Dills winks at me, and we both come outside.

"I mean, how did it work in such a way that Liz didn't noticed us?", I interrogated.

She held one finger in the air.

"We needed a distraction, okay? When I came inside the room Liz thought we were just causing some fun, or I accidentally came into the room. You stumbled, which was part of the plan. And you did it accidentally so Liz didn't noticed that either. You caught hold of her phone while she was distracted by me. Basically, it was a distraction. But it was a distraction that also caused you to take a little step without seeking suspicious! And the reason I didn't told the plan fully was because

I already thought you would know I could come in and you couldn't stumble!"

I widened my eyes. I never knew my sister was so smart.

"Wow Dills", I said breathlessly, "that was pretty a great plan. However did you come up with it, anyway?"

"Easy. I just felt the marshmallow in my pocket. That was for timing, actually".

"So...wow...".

"We mustn't waste our time anyways. Let's get this thing going". I regained myself, stood straight and nodded sheepishly.

"Let's search her playlist first", I held out my hand and Dills handed it to me. I typed in the password and went to the spotlight search area and typed in "Music". I tapped on the Music app and searched through the tracks.

"Dills....", I said hesitantly showing her the phone, "it's containing only a few tracks. I

recognize only four of them. What do we do?"

"We just play random. Here, let me have it". I handed her the phone. She took it and went towards Liz's room. She clicked on a random track and the full voice of music filled the air.

"I REMEMBER IT!", Lilza shouted suddenly, "oh, I do REMEMBER it!"

I backed out of the way, so did Dills as Liz burst towards us.

"Mission accomplished!", I winked secretly to Dills and she winked back. Liz hugged me and there we stood, still and hugging each other.

"So what's the memory, anyway?", Dills asked out of the blue.

"Well, that song's name's reminded me about cookies. And then I remember, I didn't used to like cookies when I was younger. And then, I remembered back when I was younger. I remember that time I went to the amusement

park, and I remember very vividly when I got the first prize in the eating contest!”

I shrugged but smiled whisfully as Liz stood there in that awe moment.

What can I say?

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# Mad Artist

"Well, Mill, I think you're some kind of mad artist", announced Lilza.

I didn't know whether to take that as an insult or compliment. Thinking that my friend could never ever insult me, I took it as a compliment.

"Yeah...I think so", I played along.

"No", Liz paused and threw her arms in the air for dramatic effect, "I think you really are one. You barely comb your hair and you're always caught on wearing plain clothes and the most of all, you're always doing crazy artistic and creative things".

"Umm...", I wasn't sure what to say, "what do you mean?"

"What do *you* mean?", Liz added back, lowering down her arms.

"I mean nothing...", I replied without thinking, "oh, I mean, what do I mean?"



"You said you meant nothing", Liz corrected.

"Nooo, I said, I meant....", I clutched my hair in frustration, "oh! Forget it! I don't mean anything!"

"But you just said it".

"What?!"

"You don't mean anything".

"I said what I meant was that I meant nothing", I said back.

"Why not just say, 'I meant nothing'. Isn't it much better?"

"It's in past. You can't change that now", I stated.

"But you can do that in future. Why not say it now? 'I meant nothing'?"

I punched my forehead lightly with my thumb. Why do I keep doing that?

"Mill", added Liz, "why do you always seem to punch your forehead? Are you blaming

your brain in there". She pointed to her forehead.

"Ahum", I started, "I couldn't do that, as my brain can't exactly process the situation, I blame that on my logical instincts". I adjusted my glasses as smart people often do. I'm not exactly sure why they do that, though.

I think it's because it's inflicted with wearing glasses.

Lilza looked glanced at me as if I were a clown or witch casted off away here.

"Yeah right. You blame it on logic. I don't exactly believe in logic".

"You have to believe in it if you want to solve things", I said smartly again.

"Logic made you say that....".

"No it didn't. I am not dumb for logic".

"Well, then logic is dumb for you".

"No it *isn't*. I was just born that way".

"Logic will kill you some day".

"Then no logic will also kill you".

"Then we will both die", Liz suggested. But I shook my head, "Our children could carry on".

"Carry on what?", Liz asked.

"Carry our name, money, status, wealth, you know...that stuff", I replied in a dull tone.

"You said money two times", she stated.

"How?"

"You said money and wealth. They're the same thing".

"You can include synonyms into adjectives, alright".

"Then it will confuse people".

"How will it exactly confuse people?", I asked in confusion.

"By repeating it again, of course. I just don't see the point".

I was fed up. If we keep arguing like this, we won't reach *anywhere*. So I kicked the table in

response. Of course, that was a silly thing to do.

"Ow!", I cried rubbing my toe, "why did you do that?" I'm not sure why I was putting the blame on her.

"I didn't did anything".

"You did", I paused, "if you haven't exactly disagreed, I couldn't kick the table".

"Sure it's my fault Mill, but that's your responsibility".

"Who are you quoting, Liz?", I questioned in confusion. I felt as if I heard this quote somewhere. I don't know who said it.

"Nobody...or if anybody, no idea who is it", she answered obviously.

I punched my forehead lightly again. Now I was really angry, so I punched my forehead again in anger this time.

"Mill. Seriously, why do you keep doing that? You should stop! Or I will take you to the mental hospital or something", Lilza

threatened but she could see the joke in her words.

“Yep....You cannot exactly take me there no matter how much you try”.

“Let’s just leave this topic. I am getting sort of bored, anyway. What could you like to do?”, Liz said.

“I....”, I hesitated, “I could rather go for some board game or yes! Maybe a writing test”.

Liz groaned as if I said that her boots were muddy.

“No...only one test. I just wanna see your writing, Liz”, I said again.

She sat up straight as if to say that she had no choice. She fetched two pages and two pencils.

“Liz...”, I said taking out my “Writor”. It was a bit like a calculator. But instead of typing numbers, it typed letters instead. It had a slightly bigger screen than a calculator, was what you could say disposable and it could

save the write-up which can be saved later into a computer to print out. It was sort of a portable psychical text editor. I invented it myself.

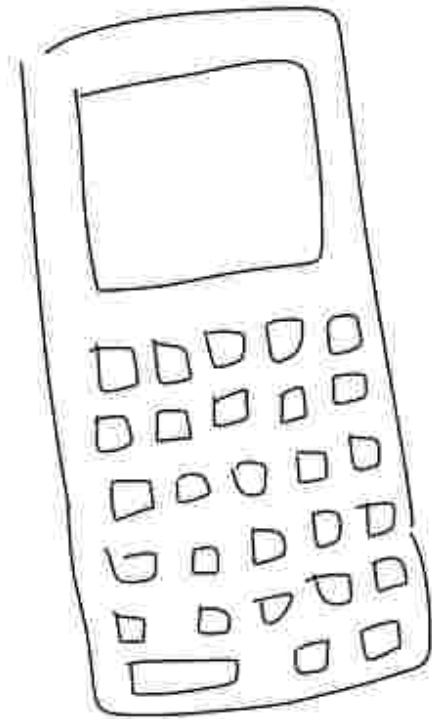
“What’s that?”, Liz enquired pointing to the artifice in my hand.

“Oh, this is a ‘Writor’”.  
Then I explained her what did it does.

“What do you mean?  
How did you invented it?”

“I just reprogram the circuit board and paste tiny pieces of white paper with letters on it on the number keys.  
That’s it...”, I explained.

“So you are gonna write with *that?*”. I nodded in response.



“So let’s start with a short poem. Only two rounds...” , I stared.

Lila’s began scribbling on her page while I tapped madly away on my Writor. You could say it was sort of like a typewriter, only it was the form of a calculator.

After ten minutes, I was finished. Liz was finished the next minute. She read out her poem first:

*I see the room in which I am in  
Following one own’s and my kin  
We are sitting on the sofa having a bliss  
While I repeatedly tell you to not miss  
The beauty of our present moment  
While I tell you that you build a large  
monument  
You keep going on and on, we go  
And the next thing the two of us know  
We are just back  
High-giving each other with a smack*

I stared. Then I stared again. This was clearly unexpected!

"What kind of poem have you written, Lilza?", I asked with narrow interest. I could really tell that something had obviously inspired her.

"About...well", she whispered nervously, "that's kind of a secret".

I nodded to show I understood. Though I had this suspecting feeling that the poem was about *us* two.

"Show me your poem then", Liz said breaking me out of my thoughts. I picked up the "Writor" and told her to navigate through sentences with the forward and backward key.

"Alright", she said, "here goes".

*Looking out of that big window I see  
Nothing but just side of the plain site  
And now I am getting bored sitting here*



*Why not just shun up some bright light?*

*On a topic, something mysterious*

*I never got to know about, let's sit and think*

*Maybe there's a monster currently in a cave*

*Maybe a person is giving a quick wink*

*Who knows that there is going to be a storm*

*It could be so windy we could fly off to  
somewhere strange*

*We sit here and think all about that stuff*

*Now I know the number of possibilities and  
they could change*

*But we just sit here and wait for nothing*

*Indeed, alas, we gotta go have some of the  
juicy imagination*

*It may be poisonous, but we thinkers love it  
so*

*And we sit here and think about the rest of  
the nation*

*"It's so long!", exclaimed Liz in surprise.*

“Yeah”, I say, “I know”.

“See?”, she said turning the Writor to face with me, “that’s the sign to your mad inner artist. The way you said the line of imagination got me thinking that maybe I was correct about you”.

“Yes”, I said pretending along, “now we will move along round two”.

“This one involves creativity. Just invent a simple joke. It should be made up, not copied. And you have to write, okay?”, I clarified, leaning my head in, “okay?”

Liz wasn’t listening. She was looking out of the window.

“Okay?”, I asked, raising my voice slightly. She didn’t responded.

“OKAY?!” This time I shouted.

She came back, looking real calm as if she never heard me. “Ok”, she quietly responded.

We were both writing the very next minute. As we were finished, Liz said to me she could want to hear mine first.

I agreed and read out mine.

“What’s the difference between glossary and gossip?”

Liz looked confused so I gave the answer.

“Easy! Glossary is about definitions, truths, as you can say. While gossip are rumors and may not be true”.

“What kind of joke is that?”, Liz said cracking up slightly.

“Glossary and gossip seem to sound the same. That’s why I thought it was joke. Will you say yours, please?”, I said.

“Alright”, Liz said as she read from her page.

“Why did the toddler exclaimed excitedly, ‘Mum!’, ‘Mum!’ when he saw his dad?”

"Why could he see his dad and yell mum?", I directed the same question back without even noticing.

"Oh, really. It's easy".

"What, then?", I asked eagerly.

"He said it because he had heard this sort of thing in his favorite show where a character calls his dad his mum. Duh!"

"That wasn't very funny, Liz", I replied honestly.

"Come on! What's the reason kids do things they do? They are influenced! By TV and real life! Think a bit logically Mill", she says.

"Uh...but I think jokes aren't logical".

"What? Again about this logic fight?", she said.

"Of course not. Maybe we all have our preferences, I guess".

"Say that again".

"No".

"Yes".

We both held a staring contest and then laughed at each other.

"Really", she said, "how ever did I got a friend like you?"

"Wait!", I said, "I got another joke. Why is funny called funny?"

"Because it's derived from the word 'fun'!", Liz announces playfully.

# Neutral Luck

Me and my elder sister Dills were walking down the alley. It was getting pretty late and we had to be home back by 7:00. It was 6:47.

"Why don't we run instead of walk?", I suggested.

"No...that could be too dangerous. We could bump into something", Dills said in a very low voice to indicate her fear.

"So why don't we fly?", I suggested again. I knew I was just being crazy, but I was just testing to see how my sister could react.

"Fly? You must be mad. We can't fly".

"Then we should speed-walk".

"Speed-walk?", she questioned in confusion.

"Yeah, you know, sort of like a combination of running and walking", I tried to explain but failed.

"No thanks. Just walk".

After some while, I asked again.

"How about we take a lift from Liz's home. It's coming quite near?"

"No thanks", she said in that dull tone again.

"Then why don't only I run? You can catch up later", I questioned.



"Milly I said to walk! Don't you know the meaning of walk? Just steps, plain simple!", she snapped, growing tired of my questioning.

A car neared my sight. It looked quite familiar....

“Look!”, I clutched Dills’ shoulder in alarm, “that’s Liz’s car! Now we can get a ride home!”

Dills grunted, “It better be”.

We both walked slowly towards the car. We waved a hand and it stopped. I knocked on the window.

It was Mum! But gracious, what was she doing in another car?!

“Mum!”, I exclaimed in astonishment and Dills’ eyes widened too, “what are you doing here?”

She lowered the window further.

“I was just going to pick up something from the grocery store. Say, what made you come to this car?”

Dills filled in for her.

“She kept suggesting me things that were out of the world. As she spotted the car, she recognized it be Liz’s car. So we followed you and ended up here”.



“Great!”, she said, “now you can come with me”.

We both got inside. As she was driving, I talked with Dills.

“What kind of luck is this? Bad or good?”, I asked her. I wasn’t sure we could call it bad because it wasn’t all bad, and if we called it good, then it could be too good.

“Wait...”, she said, “maybe we will come with a name later”.

As we got to the grocery store, we got out of the car. We went towards the gates.

“Closed?”, I heard my mum’s sudden disappointed voice, “But wasn’t it open just a few hours ago?”

“Oh no Ma’am”, replied a nearby guard, “it has been closed due to some security reasons”.

Mum sighed and we all three went back to the car. As mum drove around the first corner, I glanced and saw Liz walking on the pathway.

“Mum!”, I shrieked and she put an immediate stop to the breaks, “Liz’s outside there. Why don’t we let her join in?”

She sighed.

“Mill, shriek a bit lightly. It isn’t an emergency that you shriek for. Dills, stop mooching around and open the door to get her. And Mill, help your sister too”, she replied in a stern voice to make it clear.

“Okay...”, I obeyed and we both went out of the car to fetch Lilza. She looked quite astonished when she saw us suddenly turn up. It must have look like we were stalking her or something.

“Liz!”, I said, “you can come with us. The car’s waiting for you”. I pointed towards our car.

“Um...I cannot exactly come there. I need to go somewhere else”.

“Why not?”, I asked.

“Bye Bye!” And the next second I knew it, she flew off to nowhere.

“Uh, waste of time”, Dills added and we both got into the car. I explained to Mum what happened.

Finally, we got home after all that drama. It was 7:25. I think we just wasted a lot of time.

As we ate dinner mum said from the kitchen.

“I’ve got a surprise for you two!”, she said cheerfully, walking out of the kitchen. On her hands rested a big white plate. And on the plate rested a big bowl upside down, “can you guess what it is?”

Dills looked merely interested.

“Is it cake?”

“No”, mum said, “try again”.

“Is it a pizza? Cupcakes?” Mum shook her head.

“A jack-in-the-box, perhaps?”, Dills asked.

“Dills!”, I defended, “why could there be a jack-in-the-box as a surprise?”

I looked wonderingly again at the thing. What could it be?

"I know!", suddenly exclaimed my sister, "is it money?"

Why could there be money? I wondered.

"A little closer...", mum said. If there was a competition between me and Dills, I think she'd made the most guesses overall.

"Ah....", Dills says finally, as if she realized what it is, "is it some sort of job promotion?"

"Yes! How did you knew it?"

"You said it was closer to money".

"But what's the surprise? Just a few minutes ago when we were driving you were fed up because the grocery store was closed", I added thoughtlessly.

"You see", she begin, "I needed to celebrate this special occasion by baking something. I wanted a few ingredients from the store and it was closed. And when I got home, I though, 'why not hold a vegetable party?' So

I made this big cake-sort-of-thing from vegetables and fruits”.

“You mean...”, Dills started, “there are *vegetables* and *fruits* in that thing?!”

Mum nodded eagerly.

“Umm....”, I hesitated and pretended, “so you made a healthy treat...very nice...yeah...great?”

She lifted the bowl to reveal a beautifully decorated vegetable and fruit salad. Turned out was really yummy.

“What kind of neutral luck is this! It’s really between bad and good!”, I said to Dills after finishing up the salad.

“Yeah. And we thought of a name too. Neutral luck”, Dills added back.

“It really was neutral luck”.

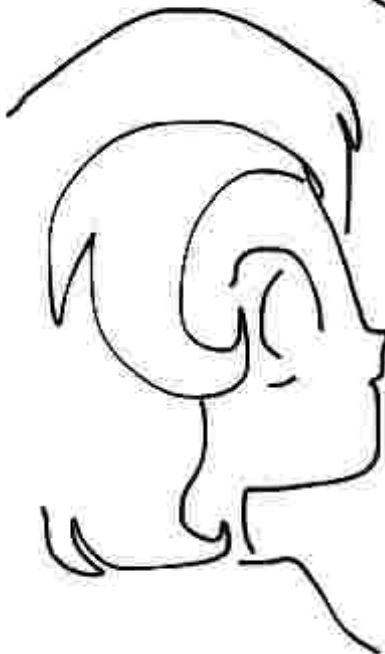


# Bonus Short Comic

## A Giggly Response



And the door's locked...I'm stuck....Liz might be outside there I think.....



Liz? Liz! Can you open the door?

Liz is laughing crazily like a mad person

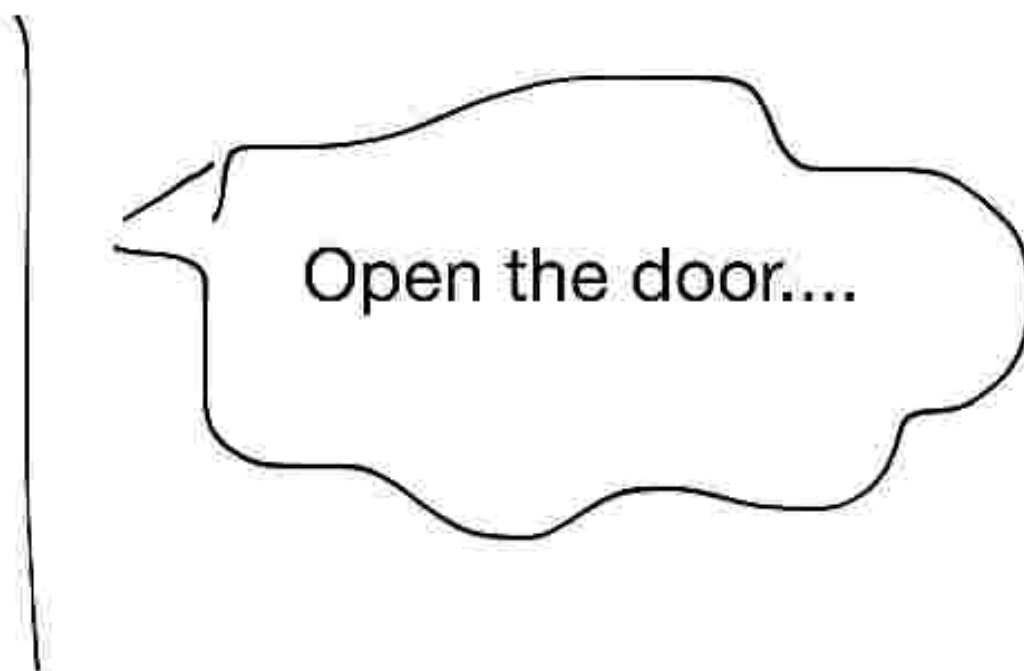


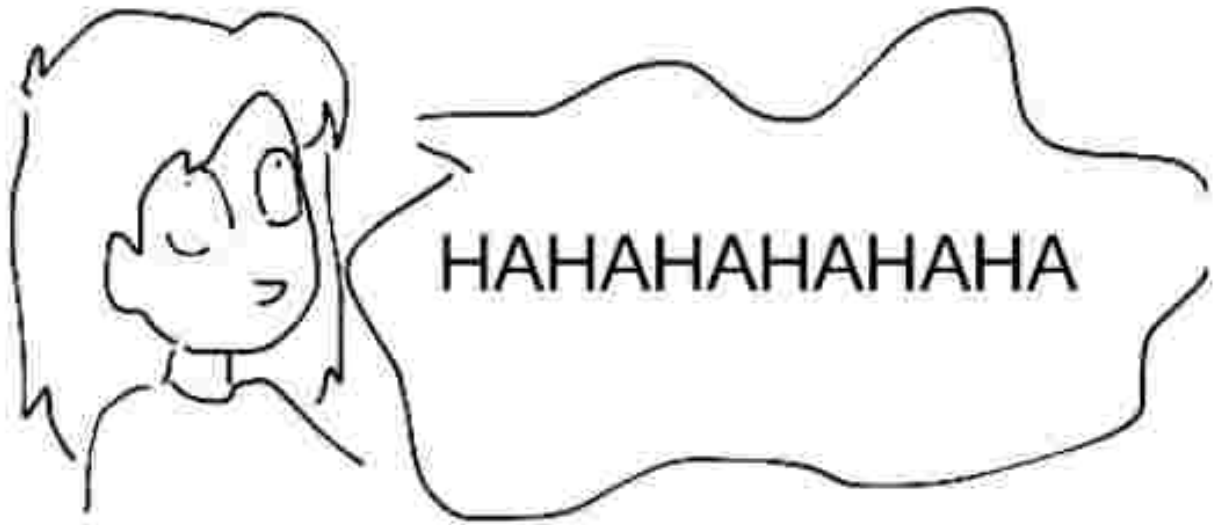
HAHAHAHAHAHAHA

Liz, *please* open the door....



Again Lilza was laughing like a manic....







Follow Mill Vorons, her elder sister Dills Vorons and Mill's friend Lilza Tev in beautiful adventures and puzzles. The warmth-heartedness of the friendship between Mill and Liz will capture your interests about them.

Cover designed by May Roland