

A Recognised Story

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This is actually just a compile of thoughts at the begging, which then evolved into this story. Nearly all of the people that have read it and know me personally see parralles...I really like it,just Give it an attempt of reading!

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1 - Just the Begging

I wake up I'm feeling tired, thoughts consistently going through my head; remember.. Don't forget to.. Am I going to.. Talk to the.. Do your.. tell them that... "BLEEP,BLEEP,BLEEP" My alarm clock went of and I knew I had to get up even though I knew that it would just be another day spoiled in the world of reality.

I looked at my self in the mirror hoping that somehow through the night I had lost 3 kilos, but inevitably the harsh truth hit as I slowly let my stomach flop. I looked into the mirror. I saw the skeleton of what once was a happy face, a face all bright in colour. Now covered in the worries of a million thoughts, shadowed by a white sheet. I turned and slowly was doing all my toiletries. Brushing my teeth, washing my face and putting on the every day mask that I hope would hide the world from the unhappiness that was inside.

I looked at the fridge contemplating weather I should eat breakfast that day. I decided that I would pass hoping that the lack of food would maybe fix the dreaded feeling of the mirror in the morning.

The consistent disappointment of failure was jabbing my thoughts as I was remembering what had happened the day before. Whilst remembering the past, the future was making me think. Thinking what I hoped would or wouldn't happen today, weather I would fail again or maybe it would be one of those days that only happen once in a blue moon were the sun will come up to play and I'd have a good day!

When I noticed that there was water falling from the sky, I grabbed my raincoat. I opened the front door and walked out, I got to my letterbox, looked inside, and took out an interesting envelope.

The envelope was lined in black, I looked at it dreading to know what its contents was, what information it had in-store. Any right mind would be a bit worried about black because of the meaning of the colour, but if you were connected to a culture, the black ribbing would mean much more. Death. My hands shook with a worried mind as I slowly opened the letter - It read:

Dear Kali

It is with a heavy heart, and a sad mind, to inform you of the death of our dear Aunt Julia.

She died peacefully in her sleep, it was a sudden and unfortunate event and we all feel sorrow for her passing.

Yours Dear Sister,

Jessica Narand

I read this, and as I did a slight pain in my chest grew heavy and big, as a tear glided gently down my cheek, adding to the already wet paper. Aunt Julia had always helped me in my time of need, she had become like a second mother to Jessica and I, after our real mother and father died in a car crash. We were both always told that they died happy and peaceful, but this coated reality was broken two years after when I found an old newspaper. It described the accident in great depth, that they were caught underneath a truck; they were stuck there with major injuries, for about five hours as rescue teams tried to relief their pain a bit.

I placed the letter into the inside pocket of my coat. I walked in a mournful march as the rain was jabbing on my back like a million swords. I strode on to a London footpath; I was walking down to my local newsagency hoping to fix the disappointment of being fired yesterday.

I was fired from the job that I loved, because I did not suck up to the boss and I refused to sleep with him. I thought that it was a wise move to try and find a fair Job that would pay for the rent and food until I could find something better.

As I was walking down the street, as a car came quickly around a sharp corner, one of its wheels skidded into a puddle, which drenched me from head to toe. I looked into a shop window where people witnessed and laughed at the event that made me look like a drowned rat. I payed no attention to them and strode down to the florescent sign saying "newsagency"

2 - Continuation-Happier

When I got there Bill the shop assistant looked up and stared at my pathetic self “Oh Hi Kali, are you all right this morning?” I just stared at him wondering how on earth he could even suspect that I was okay, with the way that I looked, my mascara had run, I had drenched cloths that were sticking close to my body and my shoes were squelching as I was walking to the newspaper stand, “Yer, I'm fine.”

Amazingly Bill didn't question any more, I don't understand why he didn't, but I was grateful for the understanding that he showed! I placed down the London Times on the bench, all Bill said was “That will be a pound fifty.”

I didn't want to stay in the newsagency but I didn't want to be drowned as I was looking for a new life, so I decided a sensible idea and walked down to my favourite café, Jimmy's café. Jim was my best friend, always has always will. I didn't bother running, nothing could make me as worse as I looked now!

“hey Jim” I then sat down opened the newspaper, as I was flicking thought I saw that there was a considerable amount of jobs that I could choose from, but I really didn't want to do them. Out of the corner of my eye I spotted an intriguing advertisement, a waitress at Jimmy's café!

I looked up and saw Jim walking towards my table “hello mam” I looked up and replied with a Hi and half giggling, knowing that the ‘do I know you?’ joke was going to start! “what are you doing?”

“looking for a Job” I said trying to not show a hint that I had seen his advertisement.

“humm...you might have trouble finding a decent one but I think I can recommend you to some one!”

I looked at him with a half sarcastic face, it could have shot him down in laughter if I tried. “Ohh really!”

“Yes really, if you like I'll talk to him now...”

He then took the liberty of talking to himself, about me, to himself, whilst I was still there!

“Its settled then, I talked to this guy called Jim, He is the one that owns Jimmy's café, He said that you

have a position anytime if you want!" I looked at him and listened to what he had said, just about to bombard him with my laughter. "Well could you say thank you to your friend I think that I would love to work for him... no really thanks Jim I don't know what else I would do." He shot me an endearing smile as he spoke, "you can start on Tuesday if you like!" I gave him a nod as he walked away.

Tuesday came and a few things had changed in my life. I had gotten a new kitten for a new life...The London weather decided that it was going to be nice to me and was sunny for the past three days, and just all around I was feeling a slight bit happier, I still did the usual routine. Mirror, fat, reminding thoughts, my alarm clock disturbing them, the usual toiletries. Wait. I was doing the toiletries when I noticed that my face needed less of the mask to hide the sadness and concerns of my years...I smiled, short and quick, but it was a smile neither the less.

As I was walking to Jims I walked past that shop that laughed when that unfortunate car drove past and made "The world saddest excuse for a human" masterpiece. I walked in, slow and steady, as I walked over to the expensive part of the shop. I looked around and saw a gorgeous dress that I would never had been able to afford. Out of the blue, the sales assistant that was there the day before, must have recognised me. She walked over and said quite abruptly " I think you would find more suitably priced items over there..." She pointed at a huge sign saying 20% of clothing, I looked at her in disgust, but then a plan hatched into my head "suitable, for me," I spread my hand across my chest. "I, was contemplating of purchasing your beautiful dress here... but I'm thinking better of it now! Do you have a staff service form, what's your name? ... OH never mind I'm too busy to do anything of the sort, maybe later" as I was saying this I was watching her face turn from confident to a dog being abused by its master! I gave a doggy smile, then brisk-fully glided to the door and walked past the window.