Seeing Strange Stuff (2)

By : Alien Z

The boy predicts something.

Published on
Booksie

booksie.com/Alien Z

Copyright © Alien Z, 2015
Publish your writing on Booksie.com.

Seeing Strange Stuff (2)

"I'll go and make dinner. You can play on the computer for a few more hours." Mom gets up and kisses me sloppily on the cheek. I move my head away and wipe away at the yucky wet spot.

"Hmm, sure."

She stares at me awkwardly for a while. This is uncomfortable.

"What?" I ask eventually.

She moves her head back and blinks quite rapidly.

"Why are you looking at me like that?" I try again.

"Oh... um, nothing." She smiles at me before leaving my room. Almost immediately, she returns, apologizes, and flattens the creases on my bed. Typical, neat-freak Mom.

I say nothing and watch her leave. I stare into space for a long time, thinking nothing, until my phone rings and pulls me back into reality.

It's Bentley.

"Hey Ben, what's up?"

"Yo," he says. "Seen anymore donkey crap lately?"

"No," I reply with a sigh. "I've never seen any donkey crap in my life, but I have seen a tiger in my bedroom floor a couple of minutes ago."

"Ahhh..." He chuckles. "Where's it now?"

"It woke up and walked away."

"Sure it did," he says, continuing to laugh.

"Mm."

After he stops laughing he says, "Anything else?"

"Not really."

There is a moment of silence on the phone.

"Why did you call?" I question. "Are you after something?"

"What? Can't I call a mate without being accused of wanting something?" He says in a defensive tone.

"Drop the act. What do you want?"

I hear a loud sigh on the other side of the phone. "I'm just concerned for you, dude."

"Oh... okay?"

Weird.

"Soo..." He says lumberingly.

"I'm visiting a therapist soon," I blurt out.

"What? For real?"

"No shit," I answer. "Mom told me just now."

"How you feel, bro?"

"Erm, dunno..." I shrug. "I expected this, so..."

"Is your therapist an old man?" He asks.

"Not sure."

"I'll be damned if you get a hot girl," he laughs.

At that precise moment, a flash of image struck me.

"I know I'm going to get a young woman," I say confidently.

"How are you so sure? You said you weren't sure before," he points out.

"I just know, genius."

Well, I'm actually taking a guess here, but I'm positive with my answer. Mom's wrong. It is possible to see the future. I've predicted too many to count and they always come true.

"Speaking of girls, there's this girl I like and she agreed to go out with me," Bentely says casually.

"Good for you."

"On one condition," he continues. "I have to get a friend for her friend."

I knew it.

Created from Booksie.com

Generated: 2015-09-03 16:26:54