

You're My Miracle

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When detention is actually fun to go to.

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At the end of the day, exactly the last hour around 4 o'clock, the teacher had decided we needed an extra hour of Biology. This is both our last year and we're the only two who have problems with that major. It sucks. Why couldn't my friends just explain it to me? This entire DNA stuff; it kills me. Actually, it's not true. Because of it I kind of exist [I do understand it, I just explain it wrong].

And you, I never got why you didn't understand it. I thought I was the only dumb-ass in class, but it's not. Maybe I shouldn't call you dumb-ass, but it makes me feel not alone, you know. So there we were, both with the heads in the books and trying not to laugh about the pictures of the naked people. It wasn't the chapter we needed to study, but you had to do something on this bloody last period, right? Giggling as softly as possible, you hold your hand up, meaning page 50, to show me that picture where they show how to make babies. Very nice, Harry, you're really full of humour.

Out of nothing the teacher pipes up and threatens if we don't start with the right chapter, we have to stay another hour. And suddenly I get it; we're not here for our dumb-ass-ness, but for our sense of humour.

Sighing extremely loud you tell the teacher you forgot your book with the right chapter and if it's okay you can study from my book. You kind of make it sound like I don't need it because I already know this stuff. You are so sweet.

The teacher won't accept your behaviour and sighing just like you did before she tries to find her own book- no luck. It's like this was all planned. You walk up to me with that mischief smile you always have and never seem to lose, and I can't help but wonder what you're up to. How is it possible you don't have the book and the teacher lost hers? How come you manage to sit next to me and place your hand on my knee and make me shudder like that?

You grab the pencil that was lying on my desk and start writing in my book. Well, more drawing that it is. Harry & Christina. And next to that you put that hideous smiley you always have to draw. It kind of ruins it all, but I take it for granted. That is because I love you.

Again the teacher starts shouting that I need to take the right page in front of me. It's like she can see it. Now we both sigh extremely loud and giggling at the same time. You could say we're made for each other. That's what you whisper in my ear like all the time. I didn't come up with that myself.

I decided that it's better if I do what the teacher says, because I rather spend the rest of the day on my sofa in your arms than sitting here, reading about DNA. God, this stuff is so boring. As I try to read the first few words of the chapter, you already skip that page to go to the next, wanting me to think you know it all and that you read it about a hundred times. Okay, that is what I try to think, but I know you mean something else. You just want my attention and this is how you can get it.

I swat your arm softly and gently, but still trying to show that it is not correct. You make a soundless laugh at me and form with your lips a kiss. Just for a second, because the teacher is watching again. She knows it's hopeless to put us together, but it's not like she has a choice. It makes me laugh.

Really, I should read that page. It's just one page, and then I'm satisfied. As far as I'm concerned I'm done.

You might think this is an everyday business, but look around you. Next to you sits a miracle.

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I look next to me and see a smiling Harry. Seconds later you look as I did when my gaze rested on you. You read the same thing. Again you grab that pen and make an arrow next to the word miracle pointing in my direction. But before I can take the pen back to make the arrow point in your direction you take my hand in your free one, squeeze it and then write on the top of my hand.

â Youâ re my Miracle.â

I tell you Harry: youâ re mine.

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