

A TEENAGER'S DIARY



BESTIE BITES

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A TEENAGER'S DAIRY

Dear reader,

I'm sure you will enjoy reading this little novel, because you may identify yourself in one of these characters. I have written this after observing many students over the years! This novel was written in the year 2013 but due to my busy life, I kept it safe on my computer and forgot about it completely.

I'm sure you are going to read it line by line with curiosity and eagerness.

I'm certain that, some of you may be influenced and want to imitate the good that's prevailing over the novel. It's a bond between real friendship between three teenagers. It's all about facing the challenges as it comes without any mess or murmuring. It's a tale of drugs, pleasure, sickness, and a strong bond of friendship. It tells about the bond of friendship even in the compromising time of the day or when you see everything bleak in front of you. I'm certain you find this interesting and intriguing as you go from one page to the next.

It's your choice to choose the best! Thank you for choosing to read this book. I'm sure it won't disappoint you.

Happy and Pleasant reading!

Bestie Bites

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1. All about us

It was quarter past nine in the morning and I was on my way to school. Though every day I am late to reach school I could not make up my mind to start a little bit early and be on time. I knew today also I had to be out for a period or two.

I was daydreaming on the way to school. Suddenly I saw Jack coming cycling on his way to school.

‘Hey, chap! Why you are late today?’ I asked him but without answering me he pedaled away. I could not guess what the matter might have been. I would find out from him afterward. I thought and hurried to school. When I reached my class Mrs. Susan my class teacher was already in the class. I was in the XII D section and was fond of my teacher.

She asked me in a most irritated tune if I was late that day too.

I just smiled as usual and was about to stand out. I do not know what made her change her mind she told me to get inside the class. I entered in a little hesitatingly.

As I sat, I looked towards the girl’s side and realized with a little shock that Natasha was missing. I wondered what made her absent. Even when she was down with a fever, she never used to miss the class. I used to make fun of her saying she was rather an old-fashioned freak in studies. She was an over-ambitious girl according to me.

Before I introduce myself, I wish to give you a profile. I always consider myself an adult, unlike my classmates and friends. Though there were almost 250 students

in class in Plus Two, I was a little too close with Natasha and Jack. We were neighbors as well as friends.

I always consider myself a self-developed adult. Though my name on the certificate is Madhusudan I was fondly called Honey, because in our regional language “Madhu” means ‘honey’. I am tall and thin and a little bit shy.

My father is a practicing lawyer at High Court Hyderabad, and my mother is a bank employee at the State Bank of India. I’m a proud Telanganite.

Jack’s father is a chief executive in the Steel Plant in Kolkata Jack hails from Bihar. Jack Somani is his full name, and his mother Radhika is a housewife.

Jack is a tall and handsome guy; he has a charming look and a pleasant appearance. Anyone would easily fall in love with him even at first sight.

Natasha’s family hails from U.P. and her parents are bank managers. Ours was a friendship that explained our country’s motto unity in diversity. Though we were three different personalities somehow our chemistry clicked each other perfectly well.

I sat in the class wondering what might have happened to Natasha. Since Jack is in another section I have to wait until the interval to meet him. I was trying to listen to what the teacher was explaining but I was not able to concentrate. Suddenly, I was asked a question by Mrs. Susan.

“Madhu.... what are you dreaming about, can you explain the formula of Pythagoras?”

In my disillusionment, I could not dig out from my brain what that meant. I looked at her as if I had heard a Himalayan blunder. The whole class burst out into a roar of laughter. I looked blankly at the teacher. As if, for my rescue the recess bell was rung and I got up to meet Jack but my class teacher asked me to come to the staff room.

My heart was pummeling rather fast as I had no clue what on earth the teacher had called me. There in a corner of the staff room, she took me aside and asked me what happened to Natasha the previous day evening.

She was very much aware of our family backgrounds and our close friendship circle.

I had least expected this question from her and I had no answer to give. But she insisted me to tell her something. I promised her that I would find out and tell her later on and I ran back to Jack's class but he was nowhere to be seen, and I rushed to my class as the bell was already out.

The next period was Chemistry, the most boring subject for me on earth. I cursed for being made it to study Chemistry. But my thoughts were stranded along with the query of my class teacher. I was sure she would call me again. I was restless and clueless about the absence of my friends.

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