DON'T DARE ME

Graduating school with first class honours had never been a doubt for me, after winning all the academic awards for my class from primary school and up till now in SS3 sciences. At first, I was always shy when I was called out to collect my gifts in front of everyone but as time went by, it turned to disgust, disgusted that no one could even try to tie with me even if they could not beat me. Sone days I thought about the possibility of beating my teachers in a quiz competition. "Juliet!" I heard Tobi scream my name from downstairs, "coming", I hurried to the seating room for breakfast, since mummy employed mama Amaka as our cook, I've not missed a single breakfast, so am guessing the cause of my anorexia in secondary school was my mum's terrible cooking. "Good morning mummy, Good morning Tobi", I hugged mummy first before sitting on the dining, "Juliet I've warned you time and time again not to address your dad by his first name again, the next time you do this no allowance for two months", she sat down next to her husband, "but I did not say it to be disrespectful, I've not just gotten used to calling him dad", I said with a slight ick on my face, "I've said my own and that is final". Eating breakfast together was always so boring especially when tobi will try to act father like and be asking me dumb questions like, "how is school going?" I guess I'm allergic to dumb people.

 I arrived class early again but this time I was not the first in the class, Kelechi the quiet guy was there before me, I was impressed and went to my seat. Few minutes later, he's in front of me, "please could you explain yesterday's literature class to me, I missed classes yesterday because I was not feeling good and I'm having a hard time understanding it from the class notes", he finished, "sure". I was done explaining it to him just right on time, at leat they had not rung the bell for assembly yet, "thank you for being patient with me, I'm actually dyslexic, that's why I stressed you that much", he grabbed his book from my desk and walked back to his seat. I could not stop thinking about that all day, I was irritated that I had to repeat things multiple times for him but I never knew he was dyslexic, "maybe most of the people in the class are dyslexic and that's why they can't beat me", I thought.

 Me and Kelechi became very close friends in a period of two months and it was so heartwarming to have someone that would listen to you life stories and also be fun and give reasonable advise too. "This is so amazing!" I screamed while hugging Kelechi, "what happened?" "So I checked my email this morning and I found out I had received two of the university I applied to in the UK and one other one I didn't apply to are offering me a full university scholarship," I screamed again, "that's mind blowing so which are you picking, "Kelechi replied, "I don't know and I have till the day after tomorrow to make a decision else the offer is off," I said still excited, "okay let me have a look then we'll choose the best out of them all,".

 I and Kelechi already picked one but I was yet to get a reply from the school even one week later and it was becoming quite burdensome, I told mummy about it but she kept on shouting about how I made a decision before even telling her about it. The next day, I saw Kelechi hanging around with weird people in the class, "Kelechi please I want to speak to you," I walked over to him, "what's going on?" I asked, surprised at his sudden change in behaviour recently, "I have someone to tell you Juliet, Norfield College is never going to reply you, it was a fake," he said with a smirk on his face, "what do you mean?" "remember in JSS2, the guy that promised you that he will make you lose in life, I am that guy and I warned you not to dare me, but you thought I was bluffing and then i kept my promise. Me and my friend created a fake school account and pretende to award you a scholarship, the others were true and we made sure you missed it because you are so full of yourself," he finished and walked away leaving me on the floor in tears.