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April Fools

by Duygu akmur

He laughed. After she brilliantly performed her "why I have to quit medicine school and start a career as a writer" speech - which she had practiced a hundred times before- in front of him, her father's reply was a short, dry laugh.

"Wasn't that a little bit early? April Fools is two weeks away." he stated and smirked at the lousy pun he made before he reached for his newspaper, carelessly.

"Not exactly the reaction I expected." April thought and waited for a minute to choose the perfect words to say "Dad, this is not a joke. I want to be a writer."

A moment later, her words echoed in the huge living room before the only thing left was an ominous silence. She realized that no word that explained this situation could be perfect for his father. She watched tentatively as his mocking expression from the moment before contorted into Bruce Banner's last expression before he turned into The Incredible Hulk.

Her father decided that she wasn't allowed to leave after an hour long monologue.

"How are you doing April?" Bethany asked carefully while she was watching April's fingers dance on the keyboard. Her own

fingers always seemed so useless and weak whenever she watched April's moving on the keyboard or writing.

Bethany's question may have seemed insignificant to most people but it made April stop writing which was a really rare occasion.

Bethany tried to hide her surprise as April replied, "I don't know anymore Beth."

Her expression reflected her pain so well, Bethany couldn't continue looking her in the eyes.

"I don't even think about myself anymore, I think about my book, I think 'What will happen once I finish it?' After that, I think about my decision, maybe I was so determined to leave and write this book, I could not see the obviously right thing to do. What if my parents were right, Beth? What if I be just as miserable as I was before instead of being happy?" she said and took a deep breath in. Her vision was blurry because of the tears waiting to fall. She didn't let them.

It was true that Bethany always had had her doubts and worries about April leaving and the best thing she was able to do was try to hide them behind the curtain that was her mind although she knew that curtain had become transparent to April after two decades spent together. But in that very moment, as

she hugged her best friend in the whole world, she saw how unfair she was being, how she had backed off when April needed her the most. She felt tears rolling down her face and eventually, it was hard to tell who was crying harder.

"What?" Bethany yelled. "What do you mean you are dropping out?" she continued then she stood up and started walking back and forth around the room, she felt like she couldn't breathe.

"Beth, calm down please. You know I don't enjoy living this life, you know I can't live like this forever. Don't act so shocked!" April tried to defend herself and calm Bethany down. For a brief moment, she thought she succeeded.

Her slight hope got torn into pieces when Bethany shouted even louder at her, saying how reckless, how careless, how irresponsible of a person she was. Didn't she ever think of her parents, Bethany and all of the other people she would be leaving? Couldn't she see she was acting incredibly childish? How dare she upset everyone that loved her for a stupid whim of hers?

April listened to her solemnly without saying a thing, she just stood there, tried to ignore all the cruel things Bethany spat at her face and waited for her to calm down.

Bethany was crying when she finished talking, she murmured "April are you leaving me too?" as April pulled her into a hug. April shook her head, "Never."

It was late at night, sleep wouldn't join April as she rolled on her bed as usual. Nightmares kept haunting her, her dad's voice constantly echoed in her head saying "You'll never be successful, you'll come crawling back." April promised herself again and again until she fell asleep: "Never. I'll never go back to that hell hole."

A normal day had been waking up, washing her face, getting dressed and combing her hair before she had breakfast for April since she was very little. Now, it was just writing. She didn't bother to do any of the things she did before except waking up. Her sense of hygiene had been dead for about a month, she had short showers once in three or four days now instead of her daily showering routine, she couldn't remember the last time she bothered to eat breakfast but it was probably the day before she left home and her body was craving the caring it used to get but she ignored it every time.

Today was no exception, she opened her eyes and stared at the ceiling for a minute or two before jumping out of the bed to get to work. She remembered all the days she woke up with huge reluctance towards the idea of getting out of bed, now she knew that it was not because of her "laziness" as many suggested but in fact her deep loath for everything she had to do that day. These moments of remembrance were the only ones she was completely grateful for her decision to leave her old life.

"Are you ready honey?" April's mother Eleanor shouted from the living room, she was wearing an elegant black dress and a pearl necklace with high heels. She had always had a classy-without-even-trying look. Now she had an expression of proudness and excitement on her slightly wrinkled face, although she could never be as proud and excited as her husband.

"Give girls a break El." said her husband, he put his right arm on her shoulders in a comforting way. He had known her for over thirty years and definitely well enough to understand and even feel her sincere excitement for their little girl. He reached for her hand with his other hand and squeezed it tightly. They gave each other a look of understanding and

started to think about the times April was just a little girl with doe eyes, wanting to be held in their arms.

Soon, they heard a noise coming from the stairs. They knew they had heard April's voice but neither of them quite understood what she was saying. When they saw April and Bethany in their dresses they had picked out three months earlier, girls were both dead quiet with frustrated expressions.

They couldn't understand why, how could they? As far as they were concerned, Bethany and April never got in big fights but just "arguments". Eleanor gave her husband a curious look and received one right back.

"Are you okay, sweetheart?" said David carefully, he knew how easy it was to get April mad again after a previous moment of anger. Her forest green eyes had darkened with annoyance but she nodded.

"Let's go." she commanded after a moment of awkward, uncomfortable silence between the four people. Everyone nodded but all of them were lost in their thoughts.

If people were meant to speak every single word they think, three of them would hear Eleanor say "She probably had trouble getting in that dress of hers. I knew she shouldn't have bought it three months beforehand." and her smirk would make sense

while her husband would be heard saying "I should talk with April, her behaviour has been very odd lately. I hope she's not in her rebellious mood again." and seen furrowing his eyebrows.

Bethany would say "I can't believe she said all those things, doesn't she know what my family is like? Doesn't she know what her family is like? Has she gone mad to think we could actually do such thing?" while trying to hold back her tears.

April's voice would echo as she'd state "She won't. We could but she is too much of a coward to do so. I should do it by myself. I should, shouldn't I?" and her eyebrows would be furrowed just like her father's.

"You should stop coming here once every two days Beth, you will either get caught and killed or fail every single class you have and get killed. I will be fine, believe me." April complained before she took another bite of her chicken.

Bethany rolled her eyes, "Do I look like I care?"

April gave her a worried look, she felt guilty now. She didn't regret trying to get Bethany to run away too because she knew she would be much happier but she certainly should have

thought twice before telling her where she would live and saying "she could come visit whenever she wanted"

"I really should have known better." April thought while biting her chicken again. They ate the meals Bethany had brought in complete silence, they were both too busy thinking to talk.

"I don't want to study medicine Beth, I want to write. I don't want to be gloomy, wealthy doctor. I want to enjoy my life and do whatever will make me genuinely happy." April said, her beautiful graduation dress was about to be stained with tears.

Bethany shook her head side to side in disagreement nervously. "We can't do that April. How are you planning on living without your parents supporting you?" she yelled.

"You don't think I did not consider that, do you?" April yelled back at her, being underestimated was her biggest pet peeve. "I have saved some money and we have a whole summer we can spend saving money ahead of us before we have to take any action."

"No, no, no, no." answered Bethany and sat on April's bed. "No, no, no, no." She was feeling like she couldn't say anything else.

April panicked, seeing her friend like that was frightening. "Beth, please hear me out. Please. We can do this, do you hear me? We can do this if we are together." she said and tried to hold her hand.

Bethany stood up and started yelling once again, "No, no, no, no!"

A moment later, she was basically just screaming. April shut her mouth with her hand and tried to relax her. She now understood Beth's panic attacks had come back from dead, she could feel regret boiling in her blood. She would rather go through a zombie apocalypse than witnessing and even worse, causing another one of Bethany's panic attacks.

"It's over, it's over, you are okay, we will go and study medicine, okay? You don't have to be scared, your parents will be very proud of you." April comforted her, she couldn't help but to think "Neither of us will ever be sincerely happy though."

Beth nodded, she was still shaking. "Are you ready to go downstairs?" April asked after a moment. Beth nodded again, her shaking was gone now but her face was full of frustration, disappointment and disbelief.

April remembered Bethany confessing how much she hated panic attacks when they were nine and she experienced attacks regularly, she had said that it was because they made her feel weak.

She made a move towards Beth, maybe she was going to hold her hand maybe she was going to hug her. Whatever she was going to do, Beth didn't let her. She backed a little bit and said "Leave me alone, give me some time April." before leaving the room.

April ran after and caught up with her. "I get that you're angry and shocked and you have all the rights to be all of those right now but you can not act like this in front of them. If they learn, there is no going back, okay?" she said quickly.

Beth ignored her. "Does she really think I'm that stupid?" She got even angrier.

"Okay?" April yelled again, she was being completely selfish. Bethany nodded aggressively before quickly going downstairs.

April sighed and shook her head side by side, "God help me."

"She will come crawling back, you'll see." David said but he was not as sure anymore. Eleanor's tiny hand was between his two large ones, he squeezed it in a passionate but soft way.

"I will get her back to you." he promised before leaning in kissing her forehead.

He couldn't believe how much his life had changed in two short months. His daughter had left them for some stupid dream of hers, didn't she have any manners? How could she do such a selfish thing to them, who never wanted anything but her well-being?

And as if it was not enough, his dear wife's constant exhaustion and loss of appetite had been diagnosed as pancreatic cancer symptoms. She was not even conscious anymore, there was very little hope for her now.

He was not aware of crying before he felt tears on his cheeks. He quickly got himself together, he wasn't the type of boss that would cry in front of his workers.

April leaving was one thing --he was sure she would come back once she understood the difficulty of living without her parents providing her. But Eleanor could be gone forever.

"Sir?" he heard one of his employees say. What was his name again? Tom? Tim? Jim?

"Yes..?" he asked, pausing on purpose for him to introduce himself once again. He had become very forgetful lately.

"Aiden, sir. You wanted me to track down your daughter?" he reminded him, his tone was nothing but patient.

"Oh, yeah, yeah I remember." David said, he was full of hope now. "Did you find her?"

Aiden nodded, it was clear that he was very proud of himself. "We have her exact address now."

David smiled and looked at his lovely wife, "Everything will be alright honey, don't you worry."

April packed steadily, she knew she didn't have even the littlest time to waste. Her hands were moving almost automatically, putting whatever comes to her hands to her suitcase.

Five minutes later, she had a suitcase full of random pieces of clothing and three letters which all had tear stains on. Her only source of light was the moon, she could not risk being seen.

She was walking barefoot, trying to make as little noise as possible. She went towards her father's big, locked safe. She

knew this was the only day she could possibly take anything from there.

Her plan actually was staying here until the summer was over to save enough money before running away but a life changing incident had happened earlier that day.

While April and her father were playing chess in the living room, Paul had come in with a worried look on his face. "My brother had an accident," he had said. "His life's in danger. I have to go see him, sir. Maybe for the last time..."

Mr. Moore hadn't hesitated for a second before saying "I'm so sorry Paul. What are you waiting for? Go and bring us some good news with you when you come back!" after seeing the tears falling down his cheeks.

Paul had run out of the room after nodding and agreeing, "Yes, sir."

There had been moment of silence between the father and daughter after he left, they were both staring thoughtfully at the chessboard.

"I hope he'll be okay." April had finally said, everyone loved Paul. He was the cheerful guard of Mr. Moore's safe.

"I really do hope so, too." Mr. Moore had agreed. Neither of them made an effort to continue the game. Mr. Moore was now

worrying about the safe and who would guard it while his own daughter was feeling guilty and disappointed at herself because she had known that if it meant leaving that house where her dreams and hopes suffocated a good four months earlier, she wouldn't be able to control herself.

She had known, she would be opening that safe and taking all the money she could with her while she was leaving without hesitation.

And on that April night, that was exactly what she did. The only witness was the moon.

"How is the book going?" Bethany asked and watched as April's anxious looking face brightened up a little bit.

"It's going really well. I think I'll be done by a week or so." April said proudly. Both of them were glad to see that all this misery was paying off.

Bethany smiled, "I'm incredibly happy for you April. But..." She couldn't complete her sentence.

April frowned, "But what?"

Bethany avoided answering.

"What's the matter Beth, do you have something to tell me?"

Bethany thought about all of the crazy things happening back at home before sighing with guilt, she knew she was not the one to tell her.

"I'm okay. The matter is... What will you do after finishing this book April? I know you are caught up in the moment or something right now and I know that you only want to complete this novel but then what?" She finally answered.

April was startled by all the questions she had no answers for. The truth was scary, she had never planned what would happen *after* writing.

All she truly cared about was the writing part and now she realized for the first time that it was not enough.

She felt dizzy, what would she do? Was she going to try to get it published? She knew, if she were to dare going to a publisher, her father would find her in a heartbeat.

Now she could hear Beth's regretful voice by her side, "It's okay, I was just being silly April, I do that sometimes!" she was saying. It was not believable.

April closed her eyes.

"How did you say she bought that house?" Mr. Moore asked Aiden, he had one hand on his forehead and with the other one, he was holding on to the chair.

"She used the money she stole from your safe, sir." Aiden said, he was worried about the middle-aged man. He had been too late to notice that this was too much for Mr. Moore to take.

"Maybe we should continue tomorrow, sir."

David looked at him with burning eyes, couldn't he see? The sooner this ended, the sooner his daughter would be home.

"Continue please, Aiden. You said our men had discovered something while watching her, right?" His words were kind but his voice was not. Aiden nodded and continued.

Bethany woke up to the sound of her phone ringing. She was still sleepy when she answered the phone, "Hello?" she said.

The voice, however, was everything but sleepy. "Beth?" it said. "It's me April."

"April!?" Bethany yelled, then lowered her voice in panic. "What-- How-- Why are you calling me from an unknown number?"

"Calm down. There is a letter by your front door. Read it and just be at the address I wrote, tomorrow at 12 PM sharp. Thank you, love you." and she hung up.

Bethany stared at her phone briefly before running to the front door, finding the letter and running back to her bedroom. She read the letter faster than anything she had ever read.

"Oh boy, April, what have you done?" she sighed before tearing the letter into pieces until every letter was illegible.

She woke up feeling more anxious than ever, her heart was beating so loudly that it made her even more anxious about being caught.

After making a basic excuse to go out - "I have to go shopping." - she hurried out and started driving. She soon realised that the addressed place was literally in the middle of nowhere.

After two hours of driving, she found the little cottage-like place she was supposed to meet April with. She got out of the car quickly and rushed to cottage's door. Her knocking was more like punching and she could feel her hands hurt.

"Calm down Beth, I'm coming!" April yelled, she had just got out of bed. She opened the door with sleepy moves.

"Calm down?! CALM DOWN?!" Beth shouted, April had never seen her this angry before. Her anger was so palpable that April did not dare to speak.

"You spontaneously decide to run away in the middle of the night without any warning whatsoever and I HAVE TO CALM DOWN!?" April could sense one of the infamous panic attacks coming.

"You are right, I should have warned you but I was not able to. You know my dad's big safe and its guard, right?" April asked.

Beth nodded, "Paul?"

"Exactly, him. Apparently his brother had an accident so he had to visit him and it was already evening and we were all at home so dad didn't bother to find another guard. It was the perfect opportunity Beth, I couldn't have risked it. Think of how much time I saved by doing this!" she cried excitedly, waiting for her friend to share her enthusiasm.

Beth shook her head in disappointment. "April, do you need me for anything right now?" she asked in a nervous but solemn way.

"No, I thought I would while unpacking but I couldn't sleep so I had a lot of time to take care of that by myself. I had just fallen asleep when you came." April explained.

"Then if you don't mind, I will take off. I need time to think, I was not ready for this. I'll see you within a week. Okay?"

April nodded quietly, what could she say?

"So you've known where she was all along and didn't tell us? You just watched and laughed internally at us while we were all worrying for her and searching the tiniest clue that could lead us to her?!" Mr. Moore yelled, poor Beth was shaking.

"It's not like that, sir. She didn't want me to tell you, I couldn't betray her like that. You have to understand!" Bethany cried, she looked at each one of their faces and looked for a little sympathy or mercy. They were all wearing poker faces.

"You should have told us Bethany, there's no excuse for that." her father stated. He had mastered the art of not showing emotions so well.

"I'm so, so sorry. I--" She was interrupted by her cellphone ringing. She looked puzzled for a minute, who would call her at this time of the night?

"Answer it." Mr. Moore commanded. "It may be April."

Bethany nodded. April had never called her since the day she moved out, she hoped she didn't pick this day to be her first.

It was an unknown caller, she answered the call hesitantly.
"Yes?"

"Beth? It's me April. I've finished the novel! Beth I have a book!" she cried excitedly, her voice was so loud that Beth knew Mr. Moore had understood it was April without even looking at him.

"That's great, April!" she said, she was careful about sounding as enthusiastic as April. She didn't want April to panic before she could understand their plan.

"I know, right?!" April exclaimed. "All I need is a title now."

"I'm sure you'll find one." Beth said before realising the paper in front of her face. The sentence 'Why don't we go out and celebrate it tomorrow, we'll be extra careful.' was written on the paper.

While April was talking, Bethany gave Mr. Moore a "Are you serious?" look. He nodded and something about his nod was threatening.

She sighed before reading it, she knew disagreeing would not help her right now.

"Hey, I'll tell you what. Let's celebrate this over lunch tomorrow. I'll take you out, how long have you been in?"

Naturally, April, being the smart person she is, was not convinced. "We'll get caught, Beth. Don't you understand how serious this is?"

"Too late to worry about that." Beth thought but she said "We'll be extra careful April, you need to relax a little." instead.

Finally, April agreed. Now everyone was smiling except for Bethany. She was filled with guilt and frustration towards both herself and the three people whom she had respected so much until now. She soon stormed out of the room, weeping like a little baby.

"She'll come around." said David after the crying girl. The other two, despite being her mother and father, nodded in a reckless way.

"How's Eleanor doing David?" Mrs. Campbell asked carefully after a moment, she knew how sensitive David was about the subject.

"She'll be alright. Everything will be alright." David said, it sounded more like a threat than a wish. His tone was shouting "Disagree and you're dead." so the Campbells stayed quiet.

It had been three hours and although her crying had stopped minutes ago, Bethany's eyes still were the red and watery proof of her tears.

She heard a knocking on the door, she had run to the closest empty room after she left her parents and Mr. Moore so she had no clue which room she was in. She hoped it wasn't a maid's bedroom, she really wasn't in the mood for being kind. Yet, she wiped her eyes with her shirt just in case.

"Bethany?" It was Mr. Moore.

Bethany sighed. "I'm not in the mood for talking right now, come later." she said coldly, her extra polite attitude April had always mocked was nowhere to be seen.

"You don't have to talk, I'll do the talking. You just listen." Mr. Moore said in an even colder way. Bethany was feeling like she had ice rushing through her veins instead of blood.

She didn't say anything, Mr. Moore nodded slowly and began talking: "We have a plan Bethany. It'll bring April back home, don't you want her back? By your side? Living a better life, eating better, dressing better, sleeping better?"

Bethany did not look at his face because she knew if she did, he could see the hope she was so ashamed of on her face but she asked, "What do you want from me?"

Mr. Moore smiled.

"Oh my God, Bethany! You scared me to death!" April yelled when she saw her friend standing at the edge of her bedroom door, looking like she had just discovered that her father was actually a hundred year old ghost.

"Yeah, sorry about that. I didn't want to distract you." she said but she was the one looking distracted.

"No problem, are you okay?" April asked, she was a little worried now. Bethany looked extremely pale and sad. She soon noticed the bags under her eyes.

"I'm okay, what are you doing?" Bethany asked as she sat down on the couch next to April.

April hesitated briefly before answering, she wanted to ask what was wrong but she certainly didn't look like she wanted to talk about it. "I'm still trying to come up with a title but I've got nothing." she confessed a moment later.

"Oh, that's bad." Bethany said and April couldn't help and thought she sounded an awful lot more like a robot than her actual self.

"Yeah, anyway, do you still want to go out?" April asked, Bethany froze. Did she really want to go out? Knowing what it meant, did she want her friend to go through all that?

"WHAT?!" Bethany yelled as soon as Mr. Moore stopped talking. "ARE YOU OUT OF YOUR FREAKING MIND?"

"You are overreacting, Bethany." Mr. Moore stated calmly which made Bethany even angrier.

"You are crazy, mister. Definitely crazy!" She couldn't stop yelling, how could he even think about doing something like that to her daughter?

"I am not crazy, I'm very reasonable unlike you." Mr. Moore tried again, she needed this stubborn little girl to agree and help if he wanted the plan to work. "Think, Bethany. She'll be miserable for a few days but after that, she'll go back to being wealthier and happier than most people can even imagine. She doesn't know what she's doing right now, do you think she does?"

Being a writer? Do you really believe in that stupid dream of hers?"

He had made the word "writer" sound like the worst insult in the whole English language without even trying and Bethany felt offended for a reason. "What's wrong with being a writer?" she asked and her voice sounded harsher than she expected.

"Nothing. Except the fact that she will be starving after she spends all the money she stole!" Mr. Moore hissed, he had reached his limit of patience. He was now feeling like he was just wasting time, talking with this stupid little girl who couldn't reason.

"Look, Bethany." he said, trying to sound much calmer than he is. "You don't have to do anything extra. You'll just make sure she leaves the house and we'll take care of the rest.

Bethany let her guard down and nodded.

Aiden had been waiting behind the huge tree for two hours now. The tree was just outside the little cottage-like place April was living, he could even see the inside if he wanted but it would be risking being seen.

"Will they ever come out? This is getting more and more exhausting every second." Paul whispered, he was sitting on one of the highest branches.

"Hush, I think they are coming out." Aiden responded and he was right.

Soon two girls headed out, "April seems awfully worried but it is normal considering how much she is risking by going outside." Aiden thought before calling his boss to let him know.

"When will we go in?" Paul asked, impatiently.

"In a couple minutes, just shut up." Aiden commanded, he liked Paul but he was such a crybaby.

"I can't believe my father would do that." April said, shaking her head. "I can't believe. When did he become so crazy?"

Bethany knew why he had become the crazy obsessive person he was but she didn't have the guts to be the one that tells April about Eleanor's condition. So she let April continue thinking out loud.

"Where is the turn you told me about?" Bethany asked, two minutes later. Their plan was as risky as Mr. Moore's but they had no chance.

"There," April said, pointing at the narrow path that was to their left. "We'll be back in five minutes or so. Do you think they broke in already?"

"Probably but I'll go a little slower just in case." Bethany said and she sounded actually relaxed but she could feel her hands shaking.

"Okay." April said and they went completely silent.

"Come on, come on, boss will be here in five minutes!" Aiden yelled to Paul.

"My feet is asleep from all that branch sitting you made me do." Paul whined, he was a strong guy but he was not an ambitious go-getter like Aiden.

"Sounds like a personal problem!" Aiden shouted while pouring gasoline all over the place. "Just find a way to wake it up."

Paul rolled his eyes at him before grabbing his own bottle of gasoline and start pouring.

David Moore was ready to go out, this was the day his daughter would finally get back home and he was amazingly pleased with just the idea of yelling at her all day long.

He heard Eleanor's doctor calling for him just as he was about to leave. "Mr. Moore, sir?"

David didn't really have the time to chat but he was too cheerful to be rude so he answered, "What's the matter, Dr. Green? I'm about to leave, is there any chance we can talk later?"

Dr. Green gave him a painful smile. "I don't think so, sir."

David had started to panic, "What seems to be the problem, Doctor? Is it something serious?"

Dr. Green hesitated briefly before shaking her head, "I think you should sit down."

"I don't agree, just tell me what's wrong." David opposed stubbornly.

"Okay," Doctor murmured. "As I had told you before, patients with pancreas cancer are supposed to have at least a year more before..."

David wasn't very pleased about where he was going with these. "Cut to the chase, please."

"But your wife's symptoms were noticed and diagnosed really late, as you already know." David nodded.

Dr. Green looked as if he was afraid of what would happen next and he announced it quickly like pulling off a band-aid: "We expect her to live at most another month and nothing more."

David sat down, devastated.

"Boss is going to be here in five minutes!" Paul mocked, impersonating Aiden as he was frowning at him.

A moment later, they heard a car's arrival that put an instant "I told you." grin at Aiden's face while he headed to the door.

But there was no need, because two girls were already standing right in front of them.

"Looking for someone, gentlemen?" April mocked, she had always used sarcasm as a defense mechanism.

"April? Bethany?" Paul stuttered, "B-but..."

"Surprise!" Bethany yelled and threw the vase next to her at Paul's head.

At the same time, April kicked Aiden in a very sensitive area and punched his head.

Their only advantage was the surprise effect since both men were as twice as big as they were combined but somehow, only five minutes later, they had both of them laying on the floor unconsciously.

Girls tied them up with a rope they had found before they left the house --a rope April didn't even know she had at the first place.

After half an hour of discussing what they should do next, they heard another car arriving. They both froze and looked at each other with confused expressions.

"Aiden?" Mr. Moore called outside of the house. "Why the hell aren't you two idiots done yet?!"

Mr. Moore got even angrier when he didn't receive a response to his yelling and he quickly walked towards the small cottage-like place.

"Aiden? Paul? Anyone?!" he shouted, questioning his memory. Was it Tim and Park whom he sent?

"Hello dad, it's me." April said as the girls stepped out of the closet they had hidden in.

Neither of the three talked, April felt exactly the same horror inside of her which she had felt the day she announced she would be leaving and got completely ignored.

"April..." Her father mumbled and walked up to her to either give her a hug or to slap her in the face.

April backed off a few steps as an instant reaction. David stopped, surprised and disappointed. He stood there, not knowing what to do next.

"Dad, are you alright?" April asked, squeezing Bethany's hand as if it would give both of them strength.

"I will be, after you start thinking logically and come back home." David said harshly, gaining his control once again.

April shivered but she was just as stubborn as her father so her response was "Then you'll never be alright, dad."

Both father and the daughter had clenched jaws and looks on their face that could kill anybody if looks could kill one.

"Yes I will be, young lady, because you're coming with me this instance!" he shouted after a moment and grabbed her by her arm.

"No!" she yelled and saved her arm from him. "I don't care how stupid you think my dreams are, I'm going to make them come true and you can't stop me."

"Try me." Mr. Moore hissed and pulled out a gun. A gun, he had once convinced April that he carried around only to protect

her and her mother. She had never thought that he would be pointing it at her one day.

Bethany panicked and screamed the moment she faced the gun and hid behind April. April, however, was still standing still and looking directly at her father's eyes.

"So you'll kill me? Because that would get me back home?" she asked sarcastically.

"Alive or dead, sweetheart." David stated, his eyes were sparkling with a frightening anger.

"What happened to you in two months, that you've become the kind of man-- no, a *monster* that would consider burning her daughter's house down to make her come back "home" and if it doesn't work that would try killing his own daughter?!" April cried in anger and surprise.

David hesitated for a moment and then grinned, "Didn't your little helper tell you?" He pointed the gun at Bethany's horrified body.

"Tell me what?" April said bravely but she had started to feel like pushing Beth away. She had sensed that Bethany was hiding something long ago.

"Your poor mother got sick because of you, you little ungrateful girl! That's what made me go mad!" he shouted at her, bending the truth.

April could feel her blood freeze, "Is that true Beth?" she said, her voice shaking just like Beth's body.

"Yes." Beth said quietly, "I'm so sorry April. I wanted to tell you but it wasn't my place to tell--"

"It's okay, Beth." she lied, her voice was still shaky. "What's wrong with her?"

"Cancer." Her father said so recklessly that April wanted to punch him really hard on his face.

"So little April, are you coming home or should your little friend here taste one of my bullets?" Her father grinned.

"YOU HEARTLESS, CRUEL MONSTER!" April cried, she couldn't believe. In two short months, her mother had become a patient of a fatal disease and her father had gone completely crazy.

"This can't be real, this can't be real." she started to repeat, she was in some kind of hysteria.

"Believe it darling, or maybe you'd prefer blood stains as evidence?" Her father asked and before April ever got a chance to respond, he shot Bethany.

He shot her at the middle of her forehead.

No chance to live, no chance to survive, she slowly fell to the ground as April's scream echoed.

Her father's evil laughter filled the room as well as Bethany's blood.

All April could do was scream, scream, scream and scream.

April woke up screaming. She had sweat all over her body and her breath was heavy.

"April, what's the matter?" Beth who was laying next to her said. "Are you okay?"

April looked at her with disbelief. "Beth? Beth! You are alive!" She shouted and hugged her tightly.

"Hey, slow there champion." Bethany laughed. "Was it a bad dream?"

"It was a NIGHTMARE, Beth." April cried, still hugging Bethany. "You were dead, mom was sick and dad was a complete maniac."

"Maybe it's because your mind is so stuck on that whole 'I'm going to be a writer.' thing, you're not thinking straight." Beth mocked. She wasn't very supportive about that subject, so close to graduation, what was the matter with April?

"Maybe you're right." April said reluctantly. "Maybe I just need a getaway weekend?"

"THAT's what I'm talking about!" Bethany yelled excitedly. "I'm going back to sleep now because I need at least 8 hours of sleep to maintain my beauty."

"You never sleep 8 hours." April objected.

"I said 'to maintain my beauty'." Beth said and she turned her back to April after she got out of the hug. "Goodnight."

"Goodnight." April said but she knew she wouldn't be able to sleep.

She started writing a 'why I have to quit medicine school and start a career as a writer' speech in her head, maybe that would make her lose interest.

April Fools

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CARROUSEL
BOUÛE PARFUMÉE

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EXTENDED HOMMES

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