

He Isn't So Bad After All - Lilly, Year 5, NSW

“Do I really have to meet your... friends?” Debria questioned her brother, Lorenzo.

It was her first year at the Ilvermorny Boarding School, since Mum and Dad forced her to go there. The train station they were walking through smelt like smoke, Debria hated it. Mum and Dad's silly comments played in her head.

“It's better.”

“It'll be good for you!”

Debria rolled her eyes at the thought.

“Here, Debs.” Lorenzo led her to a group of boys on a faded, brown, log-like color bench.

“Hey, I'm Mattheo,” said one of the boys; he had brown, messy curls.

“Hi...?” Debria muttered, she always knew she wasn't good with her social skills.

“Mattheo, Cain, Zayn, Dorian, Dante. That's their names, and this is Debria,” Lorenzo clarified.

On the train, everybody was doing their own thing, some reading, some sleeping and some with headphones in, on their phone. Although Debria was in her own fairy land, she was staring out the window while listening to music for the whole seven hours. The same song playing over... And over... And over...

After seven long hours, the train finally stopped at Ilvermorny School.

“Finally,” she muttered under her breath, turning to her brother... Who was fast asleep, of course he was. Just great.

“Enz!” she whisper-yelled. “Oi, idiot!” She shook his arm forcefully; he snapped awake.

“Hmph... Are we here now?”

She rolled her eyes and stood up, passing him his suitcase as they rushed out quickly.

Debria could hear her brother's friends muttering to each other, she could also hear her brother basically warning the boys about her attitude, sass, and savage comebacks. All of the boys just stared at him blankly as they were walking, like he was lying or something? She rolled her eyes and shrugged it off, little did the boys know what they were in for...

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Later, after they had all settled down and put their stuff in their dorms, Lorenzo decided to ask Debria to meet all the boys, introduce herself, y'know, all that boring stuff. When Enzo told her, she thought he was joking..

“No, no way in hell,” she scoffed.

“Please, you’d love my friends if you really knew who they were, plus they’d like you too,” Enzo added, almost pleading for her to at least try to be nice.

Debria stared at him for a second, her eyes narrowing... He waited... And waited... Finally, she answered.

“What’s in it for me?” Debria crossed her arms and glared at him.

“Uh- Uh- I...” Enzo stuttered.

“Lollies. Wait, money,” she replied with a lively smirk. He hesitated, then blinked...

“Fine.” Enzo smirked to himself then pulled out his phone, texting their group chat... Then he looked up at her. “Debria?”

Debria sighed and looked up at him, already sensing the stupidity of his question.

“Yes, Enzo...?”

He hesitated with the question at her already annoyed tone.

“Would you, uh, like to join our group chat? It’s only us anyway, just the guys you’re going to meet today.”

She tilted her head to the side slightly, thinking about it.

“Y’know what? Why not.” She smiled softly at him and let him add her.

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That night, they all met at the school's tower, known as the school hangout spot. She met them all that night, like truly them. She knew stuff about them, their backstories, family, names, etc. Although one of the boys, his name was Zayn, Zayn Kelok to be specific. He was quiet, shy, and looked like he kept to himself. Debria knew she wouldn’t be best friends with him, she wasn't good at being friends with people like him, quiet and shy.

Turns out, what Debria thought was true, she really couldn't bond with him. No matter how hard she tried, no matter what she did, she just couldn't befriend him. I mean, she was best friends with the rest of them, just not him, so she decided to keep it that way, to distance herself and make them... some sort of enemies.

So from that day, the day she decided to keep her distance and make themselves enemies.

They hated each other, you literally could not leave them in a room together without arguing. One time, Mattheo, one of the boys from the group, and Enzo were stupid enough to do exactly that, leaving them in a room together.

But, apart from her enemy relationship with Zayn, she became best friends with the boys. She sat with them every lunch, hung out with them on free weekends, and sometimes they would all sneak out of their dorms just to hangout. Their friend group was superior, nothing could break them apart. They stuck like glue together. The only problem was probably the horrible relationship between Zayn and Debira, because the way that their arguments could turn from a small playful banter to full-blown, heated and lively words being thrown at each other type of argument in two seconds was insane.

Although, despite hating each other's guts, Debria just couldn't help feel a spark every time they talked, whether it was a heated debate or small talk, the only time they got along, she still felt a little something for him. She always tried to push it away as a 'stupid feeling', but for some reason, it would never go away, no matter what she did.

So, she tried to get closer with him, build a friendship, but the damage she did before, to make them enemies, could never be resolved again. Even if she tried over and over, it never worked.

So Debria just left it, she just left their relationship to fail. Even though she felt like she still loved him, she still left their enemy relationship to live on. Debria hated it, she wanted to confess everyday, it felt like every single second, hour and day was a reminder that she was too scared to confess. Sometimes, she thought that she might have a chance, the late night thoughts on how she thinks she might have a chance, she sighed and rolled over, giving up.

Until...

About a week or 2 later, something had happened during Social Study class and Debria brought it up during an argument.

"Please, don't act so clever when we all know you got a 54% on the test," sneered Zayn, his dark and stormy eyes narrowed in her direction as he glared her down, daring her to answer him.

“Shut up, Zayn, just because you got a good score doesn’t mean you didn’t cheat off my brother,” Debria replied snarkily.

Zayn was stunned, mouth agape and hands clenched into fists so tight his hands could break.

The heated debate went on for what felt like hours, Debria finally snapped. “Shut up, Zayn! Don’t you get it!?”

Zayn stopped dead in his tracks, confused and curious on what she meant, he had no idea.

“N-no... What do you mean..?” he stuttered, almost nervous for her incoming answer.

Zayn felt like he knew what she meant, I mean, he’d seen it. All of it. The random glances, the heavy tension, the unspoken words. Debria felt it too, because in about 15 seconds, everything was going to spill, because she couldn’t keep it in anymore, the feelings, the unspoken words, the thoughts, looks, days, conversations. Everything about it.

She stuttered and muttered through her words, scared to even say the next few topics. He could tell she was struggling and couldn’t form the words, so he gave her a second. Zayn stared at her, a small smirk playing at the corner of his mouth while he watched her fumble her words. Finally, a sentence bursts through her gritted teeth.

“I love you, Zayn! I love you and you’re just too... stuck-up and stubborn to realise it for god's sake.”

Zayn paused and looked down at her tired and annoyed eyes. Zayn just smirked again, staring at her.

“Well say something!” Debria yelled, clearly very annoyed. He looked at her again, still smirking wide before answering her with a snarkish tone.

“I love you too, Debs.”

She smiled and went to answer him, but he cut her off by grabbing her jaw, firm but gentle, and pulling her in for a long, romantic, deep kiss.

From then, Zayn and Debria started to date. They were the perfect couple at school, everyone was jealous. They loved each other, and they always had. Debria was perfect for him, and he was perfect for her. They were a perfect, strong power couple.

Debria was talking to her friends when she told them about their relationship, they were all shocked.

“I guess... He isn’t so bad after all.”