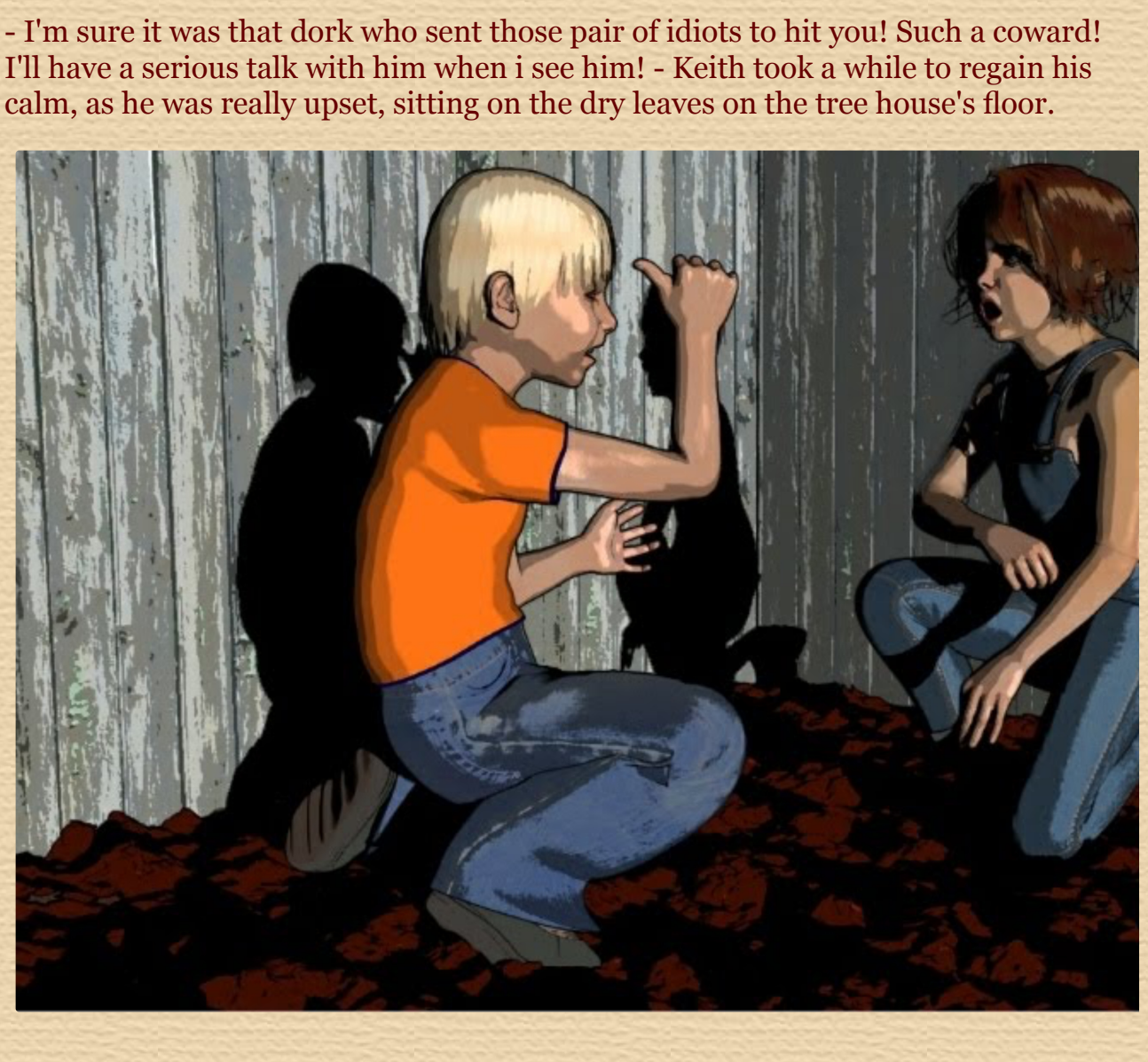
HOMEWORK

CHAPTER 2 Part I

It was three o'clock, and the hour of the meeting had arrived. Davy prepared the living room table, a couple of chairs, and put his school books about the topics that he would try tutoring his new homework partner in: math, history, some biology, if the time and the mood allowed. Mrs. Caulfield was contacted earlier that day by Mrs. Novak, who was contacted by Mrs. Swanbeck at the same time, and between the three ladies, organized the study routine for Jan. Mrs. Caulfield felt very happy and proud of his son, for having taken such responsibility towards a classmate in need; had to reassure to Mrs. Novak at least three or four times on the phone that there was no problem at all with the presence of Jan in her home, and that they would happily receive him when needed. What's more, she took the trouble of baking some cookies and setting some chocolate milk on table, to make the study session more entertaining.

Davy didn't bother commenting to his parents regarding the details of how he acquired such a responsibility, though he was asked about it by his loving dad. He just said that was a "random" system, and they had randomly drawn his name. The last night, however, he did tell Keith and Ricky what had happened since two days before. He had no choice, since his limping and difficulty of breathing were too evident, and he really felt the need to talk with someone about what he felt. Keith could barely control his rage when found out about the cowardly attack suffered by his friend, and he was really tempted to tell Mr. Caulfield, even if Davy himself didn't wanted to.

- I'm sure it was that dork who sent those pair of idiots to hit you! Such a coward! I'll have a serious talk with him when i see him! - Keith took a while to regain his calm, as he was really upset, sitting on the dry leaves on the tree house's floor.



-That's not the way it was Keith! Please, understand, I don't think he's like that! - Davy didn't believe Keith's theory. It could make sense, but his instincts told him different. Not after the way Jan tended to his wounds. After he felt his warmth on that dusk.
-The fact is, you are hurt because of him, and that's wrong! This can't be left like that! - Keith was stubborn, and felt that he really needed to do something about it.

-Keith, I've seen that kid sometimes in the countryside, and he's weird, but don't think he could hurt a fly! - Intervened Ricky, who also trying to calm Keith and bring him down from his high horse. - Besides, those guys aren't the kind who take orders. Believe me! I know them! - Ricky had dealt with them, since he meet them at a county fair, but was not, by a long shot, their friend, and was truly felt bad about his host's experience. About the "insane" part, he only knew what he had heard, and from the little he'd seen, he didn't really believe that he was a troublemaker.

-I treated Jan like garbage in front of the whole classroom. He didn't deserve that, and I have to apologize to him. I wasn't thinking right when I did what I did, but still...

-Hey, Davy, it's ok. We all have those times. - Keith noticed the heavy heart of his friend, and saw that his own attitude was only making it worse - Ok, I won't tell anything. But at least I'll have a talk with him. When will you see him again?

-Tomorrow. I hope. It's Saturday, and we'll have the whole day, but I don't know if he'll really come.

Keith gave Davy a hug. At last he found something that he could do to make his friend to feel better with himself.

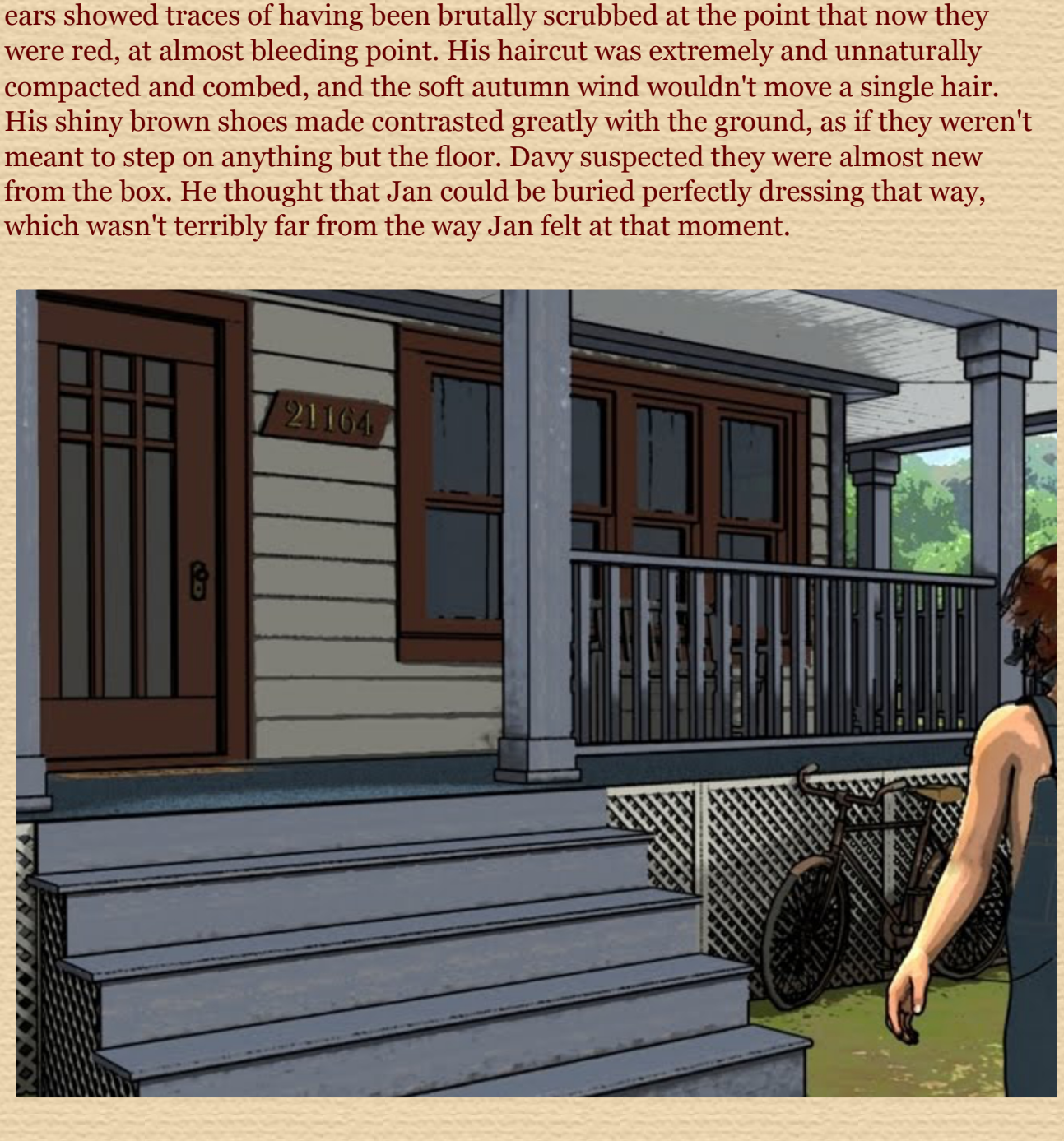
-You're a nice guy. You'll do fine. The only thing I regret about all of this is that i can't tickle you on the ribs today...

-But we can tickle yours! - And Davy and Ricky started his attack on Keith, Ricky holding him from retaliating with Davy using his little but agile fingers on all his victim's body, with brutal effectiveness.

After tickling the helpless Keith a while, Davy had to show his bruise once more beneath the lamp lights. Ricky was deeply shocked as he knew about the twins who made them, and offered his sincere affection towards him along with a couple of tears, and promised spend more time with him from then on, to do homework and prevent Davy from getting lonely or bullied again as far as possible, though he knew that, in fighting issues, he was a zero. Davy knew it too, and due to that, really appreciated his gesture even more deeply.

The approach of an unknown dark red sedan, visible from a distance drew him from his memories of the great sleepover the night before. His doubts about the helping Jan were dissipated as Mrs. Caulfield had told him earlier that Jan would arrive to do homework around three pm. And so he observed the car stopping near the house, a few meters (yards) away. A blond lady got out of it, formally dressed, and the passenger's door opened, and a small, blond boy leaving the car, dressed as if ready to go to church with a checkered white shirt, small tie, and gray cloth pants, wearing his schoolbag and, in his hands, some sort of cake. The lady seemed kinda upset about something, as if trying to warn him, and the boy just looked to his right. Then, the lady gave him a quick kiss on his head, which the kid tried to avoid, and started to walk towards Caulfield's. The lady got in the car and began to drive off.

Upon seeing his visitor's hands full, Davy went outside and opened the main door, observing him better. No trace at all of the weird looking, rabbit corpse wearing kid that he saw last night! Now, it was like he was really disguised as a dork, and his embarrassed face confirmed that he felt the same way. Even his little white ears showed traces of having been brutally scrubbed at the point that now they were red, at almost bleeding point. His haircut was extremely and unnaturally compacted and combed, and the soft autumn wind wouldn't move a single hair. His shiny brown shoes made contrasted greatly with the ground, as if they weren't meant to step on anything but the floor. Davy suspected they were almost new from the box. He thought that Jan could be buried perfectly dressing that way, which wasn't terribly far from the way Jan felt at that moment.



-Hi, Davy... - he greeted his host about as unenthusiastically as possible.
-Hi , Jan - If he had seen Sniv, Keith or Martin dressing like that, he would have rolled on floor laughing to death, but, as the last thing what he wanted was to insult his little schoolmate again, he contained himself. -What's that thing you're carrying there?

-Ah, this, well...I hope it's some kind of pie, or cake, or... well, it's supposedly for you and your folks.

-Oh, thank you so much, Jan! It was really... unnecessary, but welcome anyways! - He tried to look as friendly as possible.

-If you say so... - he answered, looking off to the side.

An uncomfortable silence followed between the two kids, and they started looking anywhere but at each other.

-Should I... go inside? - Jan asked raising a brow, after several seconds of "nothing".

-Jeez, so sorry! Please, go in! - Davy remembered he was the host, and opened the door wider for Jan to get in.

Once inside, Mrs. Caulfield greeted the boy cheerfully, and he, returning the greetings in a not so cheery way, handed over the pie, what resulted to be a strawberry's one. Then, both kids went to the dinning room and Davy had him take a seat. The dark blond boy pulled out his math exercise books and his pencil, then both proceded to go to work.

For some strange and unknown reason, Davy started to feel the same kind of peace that he felt when he was being cared by Jan, as he helped him to do his homework. He was kinda relieved to notice that, despite his expectations about the first study session, Jan was rather sharp, made his questions logically and, surprisingly, learned quite fast, though sometimes losing his focus. Then, Davy learned that bringing him back to Earth was not as hard as he had believed, and a soft and gentle call of attention were enough for getting him to focus again and down to business. Once they reviewed a math problem, and solved it correctly after some difficulty, he saw him smile for the first time. It was like being in front of another completely different person! Davy liked that feeling, of being able to really help another person. And then, he understood that he wanted to be that kind of person in his life, for everyone, especially for those he loved. And then noticed Jan's brown eyes looking right at his own.

-That was really a hard one. Thank you, for helping me to do it right.

It was a happy glance, so filled with gratitude and... love! Davy was a little stunned at that compliment, and at first didn't know what to say. Fortunately, remembered more homework to do, and said softly.

-It's okay; let's get history now.

-Alright. - smiling a little more, he extracted his history book.

They passed history, then biology that way, and in just three hours of hard work, the boys were free from the chains of educational boredom for that weekend. Cookies and milk went dry, as Jan learned to love Mrs. Caulfield's hand at baking. Was a good time, overall, and Davy felt very accomplished and happy. Also, his guest looked way more relaxed, and even more colorful. As Mrs. Caulfield got close to the boys to see if they were alright, and noticing the full homework was complete, started to preparing the table for having tea. Jan even talked, just a little and very cautiously, but friendly, to Mrs. Caulfield. Davy had never seen him interacting with anyone, except Mrs. Swanbeck and the couple of dorks, so he was happy that he had taken a liking to his family.

Then, suddenly, Mr. Caulfield arrived to home.

Somewhat tired from the intense work in the field, but still energetic, Mr. Caulfield entered his house and greeted lovely to his wife. Davy noticed as Jan lost his color and his expression turned from peaceful and happy, into another filled with terror in a matter of seconds ! Davy saw his despair as he tried to hide his gesture, and was somewhat successful in mitigating such a drastic change of mood, but his nerves were definitively shot, and almost shaking, he regained his composure and started grabbing his stuff.

-What happened? Are you alright? - Davy asked him softly, rather concerned, unable to understand what was happening.

-Hafta go, now. I... forgot something. - he answered with a trembling voice.

-But, we haven't even had anything to drink! - he whispered to avoid mom and dad hearing- and we haven't even tried your pie!

-Have plenty! Hafta go, now! - Now Jan looked at him with his eyes somewhat reddened and his face almost twitching with self-consciousness.

-So, you are Jan! - Said cheerfully Mr. Caulfield, after kissing his loved son on his head, and extended his hand towards him - Nice to meet you. I am...
-Oh, sorry Mr... Caul...field.. I, I really hafta go... forgot something, sorry - grabbing hastily and shakily Mr. Caulfield's hand, almost without looking at him, and headed towards the exit.

-B...but, we still haven't had chocolate, and, I can give you a ride to your house...

-NO!... I mean... I hafta go somewhere else, off the road! Sorry... bye - he said, and kept going almost running away, crossing the door in matter of seconds.

Everyone was baffled. Mrs. Caulfield, then, said to Davy.

-Go with him, Davy; make sure he's ok and *heading in the right direction* towards his home.

Davy reacted and followed him. Mr. Caulfield shrugged his shoulders towards his wife as asking "What did I do?" and she started to explain him some details about his visitor she knew from the Mrs. Novak herself.

He reached Jan quickly, who hadn't even put on his backpack, rather just held it in his arms. Somewhat breathless, as Jan had quickly covered a good distance walking fast in middle of the road, Davy asked -Jan, jeez, what happened?! What did we...?!- and noticed that the boy was hyperventilating heavily. Without thinking it twice, he grabbed the boy by the arms from behind and pushed towards an old wooden fence that stood on the side of the road. He wouldn't leave him wandering on such state, much less in the middle of the road!

-Grab the fence, Jan! Breathe slow... slow... slow...

Jan resisting a little, finally obeyed, as he was losing control over himself, dropped his backpack and pushed with his hands on the white fence, twisting his face and shedding some tears, while trying to regain his breath. Davy rubbed his back firmly, but softly, and waited without saying anything. Somehow he realized that the boy had lost control over himself to some degree, and the only thing that he could do for to wait, which he did.

After almost five minutes, he was able to say something.

-I'm sorry, Davy *sob*, I screwed it up! I screwed it all up! *sob*

-No, don't think that! It's ok... just ok Davy said, and hugged him from behind, as the little boy began to regain his nerve. He sighed deeply, and both kids sat on the edge of the road. Davy dared to caress his head, stiff due to the excess of hairspray, and his neck was rigid. He started to loosen his neck a little, and to breathe normally. Why he had come to be that way was not important at that moment; to bring back the sweet kid that had learned a lot at his home, enjoyed his mom's cookies, and had smiled gratefully at him, was. And he knew that from the depths of his heart. He didn't needed a degree to do what he felt was right on that moment.

They *started on their way agin* letting a few more minutes go by, and Jan finally regained some of his composure.

-Davy... I'm really sorry... it's just sometimes I get scared and can't hold it back... Neither you or your beautiful family deserved behavior like that...

-Hey, cut it out! I told you it was ok, and I mean it! - Davy started to become a little upset about the way Jan's thought he had done something horrible to them, and wanted to get that thought out of Jan's head. - I sorry, didn't mean to be rude. Just relax. I swear to you that we're not angry or offended. You can always come back when you feel ready.
-Ok, Davy... thank you. - and he gave back a sweet hug. Davy felt like he was trying to help him get out of a dark pit the small boy had tripped into, and kept rubbing his back, hoping to give enough comfort to get him safely at home.

As things always can get worse on the worst moments, Davy heard a very familiar bike noise closing towards them. Keith wanted to have words with Jan.

-No, darn it! Not now! - He couldn't avoid speaking his mind aloud, but it was too late to do something about it. He stood and tried to intercept him before things get out of control for second time on the day, and maybe this time he wouldn't be lucky enough to calm everybody down, including himself!

-Keith! Please, this is not good moment for...!

-Hey, you! - Keith yelled, ignoring Davy - You're Jan, right?!

Jan raised his head very puzzled about the blond boy who addressing himself to him, with a very bad attitude. He frowned and yelled back.

-Yeah, and who the hell are you?!

-I'm Keith, Davy's friend! Why did you sent those gorillas to beat him?! That's low! You should be ashamed of being so coward! Like a big baby! Davy didn't deserve that from anyone. There's no excuse for that!

Jan looked at Davy's eyes, and his face suddenly filled with sadness. Davy himself was almost to the point of despair with such a horrible situation!

-Keith, for God's sake, shut up!!!

-So... - answered Jan, with his voice tight by grief - that's what you think, Davy? That i sent them to hurt you? - a pair of big tears dropped from his face, then he closed his eyes.

Davy was demolished. He felt like things couldn't be worse... or get better, but he was just half right.

Jan looked at Keith with a tearful face, filled with hate and despise, and said, while putting his hands inside his backpack.

-So... Keith..., you have a beautiful bike *sob*..., with a beautiful and typical bicycle bell *sob*... well, I hope it wasn't too expensive, you dork!

He had been selecting, as he talked, the best of his ammunition, and grabbed his favorite and most powerful sling, an ugly and marvelous piece of wood and surgical tubbing, perfected by a life of hunting rabbits and many other birds and mammals, but now, the target was another. The need was not hunger, but retribution. His ammo, a beautifully polished twenty gram steel sphere would do the job perfectly. And with a terrible glance of focus and hatred, made an a move that was not fully understood or perceived by Davy or Keith, extracted his sling already tensed and, almost without watching his target, released the projectile. Keith's bike was at twenty feet, with his owner still sitting on it, and the only thing that he could perceive was a spark and a loud clang, then little sharp pieces of his bell flying everywhere, one of them in front of his very face! A furious Jan, then, yelled hoarsely, almost tearing his throat.

-If I had wished that him or someone to get hurt, I would have done it by myself!!! With my own hands!!! B%^&ds!!! I don't need babysitting to fend for my own!!! Now get lost and leave me alone before I bounce this off something other than your stupid bike... Keith!!!

Keith was petrified, as the accuracy of the little boy was extraordinary, and now he was aiming at his head!

Davy got close to Jan. Now he switched his target to Davy's face. But Davy wasn't afraid, and spoke to him sweetly, without rushing, and keeping his distance.

- I never believed that you had sent them like that, Jan.

- Yeah, sure. That's why you invited your hot-headed friend along, to throw me a welcome party! Go away, lying b*&^$rd!!!

- He came here by chance, not because I wanted revenge. Did I act vengeful yesterday, or was I acting vengeful a moment ago? But don't believe *me*, then, Davy added, eying the ammo in the leather pouch. Deep down you believe it yourself.

Jan started to shiver, and realized the truth of his very own words. He had never really wished to harm anyone, and now he was threatening a boy, with a device meant and apt to hunt. It might still be more dangerous than it seemed, regardless of the ammo and the fact his opponent was way larger than a rabbit. After some thinking, he lowered the sling before everything went really out of control. But kept his combat stance.

-Keith - Davy asked, quiet and calm, without making any reproach or giving orders, giving a glance of requesting- please, can you wait for me at my house? I'll be fine, promise. I'll see you later.

Keith was very reluctant to leave him alone with such dangerous nut job, but he finally did as requested, casting a concerned look towards his friend. He didn't even bother to pick up the pieces of his bicycle bell.

As the sound of the bike faded into the distance, Davy and Jan were again, left alone. The dried leaves fell and played with the wind around them, as expectantly observing such a scene, forming a colorful whirlwind. Davy was not angry at all, and waited, as the smaller boy lowered his adrenaline levels, and started to look down, shivering a little.

- So, you still want to come with me, Davy? - asked Jan with a distrustful tone of voice.

-Yes, I do.

Jan looked very meditative. As planning something, and caressing his ugly, but trusted, sling.

- I'd like to understand you better, Jan. I really would, and for you to know me, and see who I really am. I want to know how I could help you to feel happier than you are now, and want to keep helping you, Jan, all you need. I'd... like to be your friend. Really.

- So you want to understand me? Good. Follow me and keep your mouth shut!-

Davy just managed to see Jan slip some sort of high impact rubber ball out of the leather pouch. Just as he thought. Not lethal like the steel orb that shattered Keith's bell, but still probably enough to knock his foe crosseyed and hurt like heck if hurled with enough speed. Keith was probably too busy trying not to pee his pants to notice the difference.

Part 2

Jan dropped his sling inside the backpack, dried his tears with his sleeve, and started walking. Davy was very confused, and really wondered if it was worth it to follow the boy, without any explanation. Then he realized that, one way or another, he was now part of his life, and he really wanted to be his friend. Also, that shot with his sling was... so awesome! So, he followed towards the road.

After some long walking, on which they didn't cross a single word, they arrived at a small green story house in the town, as the light of the day was fading. He knew that, by the looks of it, it couldn't be Jan's house. Outside in the front yard, a little kid was playing with his big fluffy green T-Rex toy, and seemed very happily absorbed in his own game.

-Misha! - called Jan.

"Misha"?! Oh my...!" Was all that Davy could think until the little boy was with them, and hugged Jan to greet him.

-Jan! Priyatno vas videt! No kto on? - said the little Mihail, painting at Davy with his finger.

-He's Davy Caulfield, a classmate. Are Oleg and Yaroslav at home?

Davy lost all his color. Jan had lured him to the wolves den, to throw him to them as a sacrifice?! The fact that the little five years old boy frowned, spat in the soil in front of him and called him "sobaka" in a very unfriendly tone was not relieving at all! He wondered if it would have been better to get a slingshot in the face!

-Don't even dare to run away. I mean it! - Jan whispered, looking at him very serious.

The little boy got inside the house and, after some gibberish, three boys came out. The little Mihail, and the twins Oleg and Yaroslav Cherkov. Davy's body started to feel sore again, reviving that nasty situation of yesterday.

-What's the meaning of this, Jan? - asked Yaroslav, evidently disgusted - Why are you bringing this filth to our home? - Oleg didn't say a single word, just like Mihail. He just watched.

-Are you going to make us talk in the yard, Slava? We're thirsty. - Jan answered as if t were the most natural thing in the world.

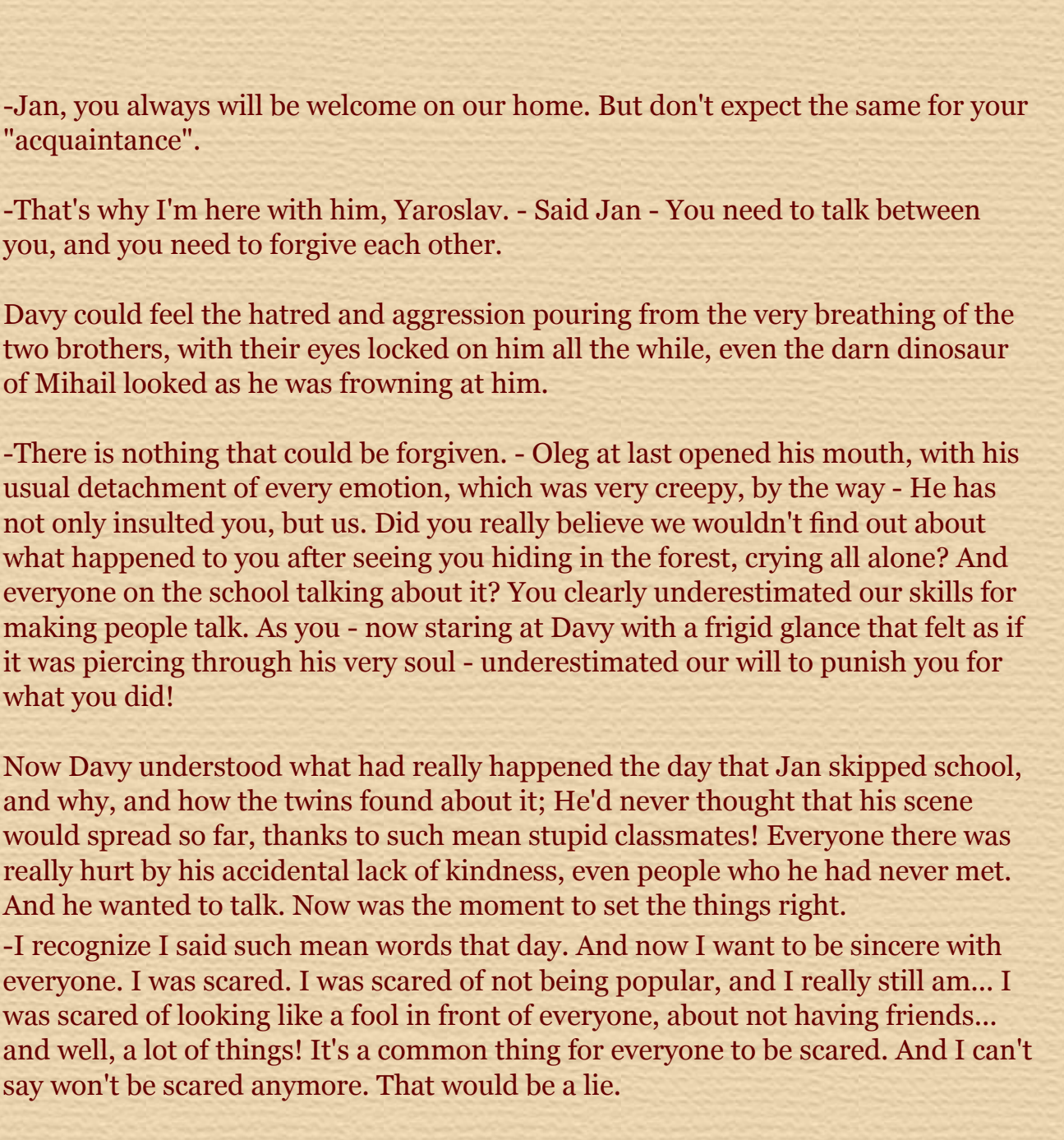
-The sobaka can drink from the faucet on the grass, for all we care.

- Davy is with me, and I'm not going inside without him. We need to talk.

Oleg and Yaroslav looked at eachother, then agreed.

-Alright. Come in. But if the sobaka pisses the floor, I have a rolled newspaper for him.

Well, at least now Davy learned what собака/"sobaka" meant. The three brothers took off their sneakers at the entrance, put on slippers going inside first, and brought to them two pairs of slippers. Davy and Jan obliged, and went to the living room, which was only equipped with a table and six chairs, besides some old and small furniture. Davy and Jan sat on one side of the table, and the brothers, Mihail included, on the other. Yaroslav spoke.



-Jan, you always will be welcome on our home. But don't expect the same for your "acquaintance".

-That's why I'm here with him, Yaroslav. - Said Jan - You need to talk between you, and you need to forgive each other.

Davy could feel the hatred and aggression pouring from the very breathing of the two brothers, with their eyes locked on him all the while, even the darn dinosaur of Mihail looked as he was frowning at him.

-There is nothing that could be forgiven. - Oleg at last opened his mouth, with his usual detachment of every emotion, which was very creepy, by the way - He has not only insulted you, but us. Did you really believe we wouldn't find out about what happened to you after seeing you hiding in the forest, crying all alone? And everyone on the school talking about it? You clearly underestimated our skills for making people talk. As you - now staring at Davy with a frigid glance that felt as if it was piercing through his very soul - underestimated our will to punish you for what you did!

Now Davy understood what had really happened the day that Jan skipped school, and why, and how the twins found about it; He'd never thought that his scene would spread so far, thanks to such mean stupid classmates! Everyone there was really hurt by his accidental lack of kindness, even people who he had never met. And he wanted to talk. Now was the moment to set the things right.
-I recognize I said such mean words that day. And now I want to be sincere with everyone. I was scared. I was scared of not being popular, and I really still am... I was scared of looking like a fool in front of everyone, about not having friends... and well, a lot of things! It's a common thing for everyone to be scared. And I can't say won't be scared anymore. That would be a lie.

Everyone listened serious and with full attention. The world outside had vanished, and the only universe was that room, with the five boys.

-And now, not only am I scared, I'm ashamed. Jan's a nice guy, and he didn't deserve the attitude I had at first, because a bunch of morons had me convinced that he was less that a piece of furniture! I had a lot of time to get to know him better, and had to wait until someone else forced me to talk with him! To know what he's like, what he likes, how he felt! I don't know if even he will forgive me some day, or you. But I will make the things right now! I don't give a darn what everyone else thinks about it! I will know and talk and befriend who I want to, not who everyone else believes that I should. I'm... so...*sob* ashamed...

He couldn't talk anymore, and now he didn't care if they saw him crying as a little girl. He was hurt, was grieving, but now he was free! Free to like and love and be with whoever he wished! Jan got up from his chair and gave him a hug in front of his friends, and kissed his head softly.

-I forgave you a long time before seeing how you were hurt, Davy. I just didn't knew until I was there. Forgive yourself now, please. - And now, with his own tears on face, he talked to the twins, soft and tenderly - You could have asked before beating him up why he did it, couldn't you? Or me? I would have told you what happened, and how the other idiots made fun of him for being near me, as if I was some disgusting pig, and you know what they think about me! But instead you choose to beat a little, weaker and scared kid senseless. You are my true friends, and for that, I'm telling you that you are in debt with Davy. And if I were the one who treated him bad, and made him cry...*sob*... would you have given me a brutal beating? Why I am so different from Davy, that I would deserve to be spared, and he beaten? Do you even get a accounting to know how many times I've been wrong and I've been mean, and hurt people who didn't deserve it? Or an accounting of yours?

Tears were rolling down Yaroslav's face, silently, but profusely. Both brothers had been wrong a lot of times in their lives, and they were just around twelve! Their own lives were reflected in what the smaller boys told them, and they were very familiar with their fear and shame. Oleg just looked coldly, althout blushing a little anyways. Little Misha was not angry anymore, and felt kinda sorry for "sobaka", and Yaroslav, looking at a more calm, but tearful Davy, apologized.

-Devi... - Said Yaroslav, drying his tears with his hand. - I'm sorry for having hated you so much. You don't deserve hate, from no one, and I was wrong. Please. I am still somewhat angry, but that's not your fault anymore. I won't hit you again. I swear it...

But Oleg was not in such forgiving mood, despite the emotiveness of the scene.

-I still think you deserve a beating, and you don't like me at all. But, Yaroslav is right, and I will not do any harm again to you, anymore. I will need some time to find the way to be in peace with you. - dried some of his brother's tears with his hand - And you, Jan, you were mean with us too! Why you didn't trust us to share your pain? You think that we don't deserve the chance of caring about you when suffering? Or just that we were too dumb to understand you? Too filthy to dry your tears?

-Never! Don't say that Oleg! I am a coward, that's why I ran away! It's just fair that you're angry with me. I was the dork, never you...

-We will never be really angry with you Jan. But don't do that again. Never. I mean it. - Oleg's voice had softened somewhat, and he even lowered his voice, which no onger revealed coldly contained anger anymore.

-Okay, boys. I promise, he said. -And he closed his eyes, while hugging Davy tenderly.

Davy could not believe what had happened! How everything was being fixed, and that two ruthless guys had asked *him* for forgiveness, or at least gave him the guaranty of a truce! And now he felt compelled to forgive and forget what had happened. He extended his hand first to Yaroslav across the table, who didn't hesitate to take it firmly, and shake it energetically, looking straight into his eyes, that now didn't reek onto his former hate and despising, rather of understanding and forgiveness. Then, he extended to Oleg, who, almost without looking at it and without any facial gesture, took his time, but finally extended his, softly and gently. Now, he also extended his hand to the little Mihail, as he was obviously hurt too with all the situation, and was a loving friend of Jan. He didn't waver at all, and took Davy's hand with his little one. Then said.

- I want to have some mint tea!

And went to the kitchen with his dinosaur to prepare the hot mint tea. Oleg and Yaroslav followed him, as his brother was kinda precocious and didn't wanted to getting him burned with the pot of tea. Davy and Jan were alone for some time on the living room. Jan released him, and sat again on the chair at his side, as Davy regained his composure.

-How you feel, Davy?
-Actually, kinda relieved, Jan, thank you.

The blond boy took a moment, then said.

-I feel the same way you felt when you entered this house, every day; and all over again at school, at my house, in the park, everyplace there was people. I can't avoid it, so I prefer the forest, and the trees, and the river, to play there, hunting rabbits, birds... that's my life. That's who I am. Is that so bad for everyone? Why?

-I can't speak for everybody else. Don't ask me that as if I had to answer for everything else, please. And not everyone hates you. Believe me.

-But you did. Don't you think I didn't notice. I just want to know why. What did I do to you?

-I don't know; you can't think that everything that surrounds you hates you, that's unfair! Now I don't hate you, and I'm sure a lot of people out there just need to get to know you better. But you have to choose, too! Choose to have friends! I know a lot of good people, and I'm sure that they would love you a lot like ...

-Like who, Davy?

Davy remained silent, as he was about to say something big, and not really well thought over. After all, they known each other for just a couple of days, and this was not the place to say something like that. With these thoughts the three brothers arrived, the little one somewhat upset for not having been allowed to carry the tea pot, and gave to everyone a porcelain cup and dish, a spoon, and put some bread in the middle, butter and sugar, and everyone started to having tea after being served by Yaroslav. Davy still felt somewhat intimidated by Oleg's stance, and noticing it, Yaroslav told him, with a friendly glance.

-Devi, don't you worry about Oleg, seriously. He is that way with everyone, well, specially with you, but he don't mean harm anymore, I assure. - Oleg just rolled his eyes - I don't think you are a bad boy no more. Please, have some bread. By the way, how are you?- referring to his wounds.

-I'm ok, Yaroslav. The stuff that Jan put on the bruise was quite effective, and now it's just the color. It doesn't feel sore anymore. -Davy was really intrigued about what that thing was that removed his pain and practically healed him in the course of just one night.

-That's a recipe from his grandpa, and it's very difficult and expensive to make! And Jan made it by himself! He tried to explain us how to make it, but we couldn't manage to do it. There's not anything like that in the whole world! And I'm sure you were squealing like a pig before that...
-Slava - intervened Oleg - i don't think that Devi is interested in remembering how we almost killed him, don't you think?

-Oh, sorry Devi! I just was trying to have something to talk... and, well, have you a girlfriend?

The next thirty minutes were filled with quite amusing and relaxed talk, with just bread, butter and mint tea. Jan was very happy and blushed as they commented about his grandpa's recipe, and Yaroslav tried to make feel Davy more relaxed and not so intimidated. As they finished their mint tea, Jan told him that he ought to call his dad from the phone in the house to pick him up and take him home, which he did, and now he just had to wait for him. While the brothers had to clean the table before his father arrived home, since he would go back late that day, Davy and Jan decided to wait for Mr. Caulfield outside. It was a somewhat cold dusk, and the sun was almost gone. Some clouds crossed the skies, blocking the stars, and the autumn wind grew a little stronger. So the boys, instinctively, sat close together, sitting on the entrance of the green house, after putting their shoes back on.

-This has been a strange day - Davy had to recognize.

To be continued soon....