

**JULIANA WINA ROME**

**Someone Has Brightened  
Your Day With Smile**

Publisher

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## **Gratitude :**

Thank you so much, Jesus.

Especially thanks to Lansas, my special someone that has taught me about love before. I can be who I am just because of you. Your name will always be listed in my heart. I made this for you.

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# 1

“Buzz...!!!” Cicely gave sign through Yahoo Messenger.

“Yes.” Deirdre replied.

“Are you there, De?” Cicely asked again. “Busy?”

“Yes, I’m here. Not quite busy. I’m crying.” Deirdre answered.

“My Gosh, De. You’re crying again. Ok, let me call you.” Cicely said.

“Ok.” Deirdre answered slowly.

Then five minutes the telephone is ringing and Deirdre picks it up with sad voice. Her tears keep falling down from her beautiful eyes.

“De...., come on. Don’t be sad please? You’re in the office, sweetheart. What about if your friends are looking at you? They will ask you and what are you going to say to them? Please stop crying? I hate to see you like this.” Cicely said through telephone. She keeps trying to calm down her best friend.

“I don’t know, Ce. I just sometimes remembered what he has done to me. I feel how cruel he was.” Deirdre said while she is still crying.

“Hey, he is happy already with his wife now. Why you hurt yourself, De? He is not thinking of you at all. I told you, just find activities as many as you

can. Go get friends, De. Don't keep thinking about him. It's useless, sweetheart. Come on, stop crying." Cicely said. She is always worried to see her best friend like that.

"Sometimes I wonder, why I have to be just like this? Why God put me in this way? Why He didn't let me to be happy with someone I love?" Deirdre said in sadness again.

"De..., He knows what is the best for His people. He knows every single step what His people must do or not. So it means, your ex fiancé is not good for you. God knows that you won't be happy with him." Cicely explained.

"Do you think so?" Deirdre asked.

"Yes, absolutely! He will give you someone that is much better than Patrick." Cicely said. "Patrick is only a cheap bastard, okay. He's not deserved to be with you. You're pretty and you're very kind woman, De." She explained and kept trying to convince her best friend.

"Do you think that there is still someone for me, Ce?" Deirdre asked again.

"Yes, De. There will be another good someone for you." Cicely said. "Someone that more handsome than Patrick. Someone that full of care and compassion is waiting for you out there. That will love you truly."

"Really?" Deirdre asked. She is wiping her tears now. "AMEN."

“God knows what you feel, De. He won’t leave you in a condition like this. Trust me. He will guide you get through this. Now smile please?” Cicely said.

Deirdre smiles now. “Thanks so much, Ce. I don’t know what I must do without you.”

“No problem at all, okay. I love you, De. And I hate to see you like this. Look, if you’re sad, just call me, okay. Send me message, or just buzz me up through Yahoo Messenger. We can chat everyday right?” Cicely said and smiled.

“Yes.” Deirdre said and smiled too.

“Hey, have you joined to Friendster already?” Cicely asked.

“No, not yet. I don’t have time.” Deirdre said.

“My Gosh, De. It won’t take long. Just need a couple minutes. Come on, you can have a lot of fun in Friendster. There are many friends and...you can add many handsome men. Like me now. Hahahahaha...!” Cicely said and laughed.

Deirdre laughed too. “So, how many men has become your collection now?”

“Many, De. You really like Italian men right? You can find it too from Friendster.” Cicely said.

“Really?” Deirdre said and laughed.

“Yes! Come on, if you don’t have time, let me create yours. What is you Yahoo’s mail, De?” Cicely asked.

“My Yahoo’s mail is [deirdrecameron@yahoo.com](mailto:deirdrecameron@yahoo.com)” Deirdre said.

“Ah, I see. Ok, then your password, De?” Cicely asked.

“The password is candlelight.” Deirdre answered.

“Ok, let me closed the phone now. We will continue it through chat. Will let you know once it has been created. It will have a lot of fun, De. Working, chatting, and Friendster.” Cicely said and laughed.

“Ok.” Deirdre said and smiled.

Both of them are back to work now. Deirdre and Cicely are best friends since they were in a college. They always share each other. Deirdre should get married with Patrick actually, but he left her without any notice. Meanwhile Cicely has engaged already with Denny and will get married soon.

Deirdre Cameron is working in IT Company as a great Marketing expert while Cicely Andrews is maintaining travel business with her fiancé. They keep in touch through chatting most of the time and also through telephone as they are working in a different city. They really care each other and keep supporting if one of them is down.

They usually send e-mail each other, but since Deirdre had a problem, Cicely has decided to create an account in Yahoo Messenger in order to keep

communicating with her. Each of them has nick name. Deirdre is called Dede while mostly people call Cicely with Cece. Actually both of them are busy everyday, but since Deirdre often behaves strangely and frightening, Cicely really want to accompany her all the time.

A sleep emoticon has been sent by Cicely. Deirdre's messenger is showing online but idle. "She must be busy." Then she continued to send whistle emoticon. No answer. "De, where are you? Are you attending a meeting?" She sent that sentence to her. She started to go out from her room and walked to the supermarket near her office.

"Ce...." Suddenly Deirdre is coming from her visitation activity. She looks pale, confused, and out of breath. She typed again. "Ce..."

"Heyyyyyyyyyyy, there you are!" Cicely typed her answer. "Sorry, I went out for a while. I bought chocolate, chips, and candies. Do you want some?"

"I want to stab my stomach, Ce. I want to commit suicide." Deirdre said with teary eyes. She is hardly breathing.

Cicely stopped chewing her chocolate. "De...! What are you doing?!? De....!" She typed those words quickly.

Deirdre looked so desperate. Her look is empty. She just keeps watching Cicely words on messenger.

"De...! Answer me! Oh, God!" Cicely typed.

Deirdre's cell phone is ringing. Cicely is calling her. But she can't pick it up. She just looks at it and she is focusing her look to the scissor and cutter on her desk. Her office telephone is ringing. She is still silent. Then her cell phone is ringing again.

"Hey, De. Don't you pick up your telephone? It's ringing many times." Paul said. He is Deirdre colleague who sits near her.

Finally Deirdre stands up and walks quickly to the toilet. She locks the door. She holds her stomach and it seems that she gasps for breath. "Oh, God...help me." Then she is vomit on the wash basin. She keeps crying and holding the ringing cell phone. She is dropping herself on the floor in the toilet. She is squatting while she puts her hand on her mouth. "Ce..."

"Oh, my God! De...! What are you doing! Where are you now! Just pick up the phone! You make me confused! Why are you so long!?!)" Cicely screamed loudly on the telephone when Deirdre finally answered her call.

Deirdre couldn't speak anything. Her tears are still falling down.

"De...! Talk to me! Just talk to me!" Cicely said. She stood up and moved back and forth in her room. "Say something, De! That's not funny! Don't be stupid!"

Deirdre stood up and locked the toilet door. "Oh, Ce...I...I...!"

“You make me scared!” Cicely said.

“I’m sorry.” Deirdre said slowly.

“It’s okay. I can hear you now. Come on, talk to me. What’s wrong?” Cicely said patiently.

“I was vomit, my head is dizzy now, I can’t think, Ce.” Deirdre said while she wiped her tears.

“What’ve made you like that, De?” Cicely asked. She has sat in her chair. “Just take a deep breath and exhale. Calm yourself down. Where are you now?”

“I’m in the toilet.” Deirdre said.

“Are you sure nobody around there? I’m afraid if there is someone hearing your words.” Cicely said.

“No. It’s quiet here.” Deirdre said. She slowly could speak with clear voice.

“Are you okay now?” Cicely asked.

Deirdre took a deep breath. “It’s better. I’m sorry I’ve made you angry.”

“De, you know I always care about you, I love you. I’m afraid if you did something silly just like suicide. It’s not the way out, De. Tell me, what made you want to do it today?” Cicely said.

“I was on my way back to the office, Ce. I had a meeting with important persons and it was successful. But suddenly my boss shared a story about how a man always feels good when he can take his woman on the bed. He said that it’s a great

satisfaction especially if he can have more than one in his life. It's a life pleasure." Deirdre explained.

"You should shoot his head, De. Your boss is disgusting. Is he married already?" Cicely asked.

"Yes, he is." Deirdre said.

"I really want to meet him and slap his face. He shouldn't talk about it in front of you." Cicely said angrily.

"He talked with office driver but I heard it. Of course as we are in the same car." Deirdre said.

"He's so stupid!" Cicely said. "I'm sure that he has girlfriend."

"I don't know, Ce. His words made me dizzy. As suddenly I thought that Patrick has done it to me. I figured that he just wanted to have fun with me by making a promise to marry me. I thought that the way he proposed me in front of my parents was faked. It was truly faked. That's why I felt that I have been cheated. Everything was ready at that time and he just ran away like a dog." Deirdre said.

"I thank God that you didn't marry him, De. Every time you're sad, I always thank God that He cancelled His plan to unite you in marriage." Cicely said. "He's not good to be a father of your children. You're too kind for him."

Deirdre keeps silent.

"De...are you there?" Cicely called.

"Yeah. I'm here." Deirdre said.

“Don’t do that again okay? You still have me, a friend who loves you and really wants to see you happy, De.” Cicely said.

“I know.” Deirdre said slowly with her teary eyes.

“You can scream, cry, angry, or whatever in front of me, but just don’t have a thought in your mind about suicide.” Cicely said.

Deirdre is bowing her head. Her tears are falling down now. “I’m losing my way, Ce. I’m pathetic.”

“No, you’re not. It’s Patrick who pathetic and brainless.” Cicely said.

“I’m scared all the time.” Deirdre said.

“That’s okay. I always here anytime you need me. It takes time, De. You’re still having a pain in your heart. It can be cured. Trust me.” Cicely said. She kept convincing her and giving strength.

“Thank you so much, Ce.” Deirdre whispered as her tears still falling down.

“Hey, you’re most welcome. Please stop crying, De. Smile! Come on, try to think about great achievement that you have made today. I’m sure that in the meeting you have created excellent presentation slides.” Cicely said.

“Yeah.” Deirdre said. She smiled.

“Have you met handsome bosses?” Cicely said. She tried to tease her.

Deirdre laughed finally.

“Oh, I understand. If you laughed like that...it means they're ugly. It's not your type at all.” Cicely said.

Deirdre still laughed. “They're fat, big stomach, bald head, old glasses, and moustache.”

“Ouch!” Cicely screamed.

Deirdre laughed loudly. “I think that is your type, Ce. They have a lot of money.”

“De, I don't know whether I can open my leg if I sleep with a man like that.” Cicely said.

“But he will give you everything, Ce.” Deirdre said. She keeps teasing her.

“No, thanks. I can't take a walk with dwarf, De.” Cicely said.

“Oh, my God. You're so cruel. Dwarf?!?” Deirdre said with laughter.

“It's good to hear you so cheerful like this, De.” Cicely said.

“It makes me relieved.” Deirdre said.

“Good then. Now, just get back to work, De. Stay focus okay? Don't think about Patrick. Make yourself busy.” Cicely tried to advise her.

“I will try, Ce.” Deirdre said slowly.

“Go to the pantry first. Make a hot coffee. It's good I guess.” Cicely said.

“You’re right. I will make it. Thank you, Ce.”  
Deirdre said.

“No problem. Look, let me know if you need someone to talk okay.” Cicely said.

“Okay, Ce. See you.” Deirdre said.

Deirdre worked hard all day. She finished every detail properly. She often came home late at night. She directly took shower and slept soundly. She felt tired as she had a war with herself, a conflict in her heart that still hurts her a lot.

“Buzz...! De...are you there? Busy?” Cicely called Deirdre through Yahoo Messenger.

“Yes, Ce.” Deirdre replied. “What’s up?”

“Hey, I have made your Friendster already. Please check, De.” Cicely said and laughed.

“Really? So fast like that? You’re so eager to make a Friendster for me huh?” Deirdre said with laughter.

“Hey, just quick, De. Many handsome men.”  
Cicely said.

“Whuaaaaa, handsome men, I’m coming!”  
Deirdre said. “Ok, I’ll check later, Ce...because I have a lot of things to do now. I promise I’ll check.”

“Ok. You must check in Home first and see who’s viewed me, De.” Cicely explained again. “From there, you can see people who looked at your profile. I put your pretty photo.”

“What? Which one?” Deirdre asked.

