It was the most beautiful day of the year.

The sun shone in the clear sky, no clouds could be seen in the horizon and I was blocked at home, working.

I was lying on the sofa, lazily staring at the portable whiteboard that as always was placed in the middle of the living room along with dozens of scattered sheets and pencils.

I was sleepy as hell.

Mine is the hardest job ever, and everyone should admit it.

I have always hated whiny people, but I especially went mad when they would think their lives suck because of trivial issues when I am sitting here, trying to figure out the universe.

Show some respect, people.

Most women spend their lives squealing for a new make-up and for *that* collection of clothes designed by *that* stylist who no one cares about, but they think I am weird if I love physics.

That’s why I hate my mother.

She always tries to explain my choices and my tastes as if they were all parts of a planned little theatre. It’s a phase – she says – you will change your mind.

According to her, if I have a girlfriend it’s because she was busy working when I was a child and I started developing the need of a *female figure* in my life.

That’s gross, mom.

If I wear comfortable clothes instead of her gracious dresses, she says that I am scared of the judgment that people might have towards my femininity.

If I want to take physics at university – she says – it’s because of my need to get things ordered when they’re not.

How do I explain to a psychologist that I act the way I do… just because I *want* to?

The sound of the doorbell ringing interrupted my musings and I sleepily dragged myself towards the door, recognizing my mother through the peephole.

Speaking of the devil.

She’d probably come to bawl me out for having broken her laptop.

“Hi, mom” – I mumbled, raising my gaze towards her.

But when I looked towards her, my eyes matched with those of another person who stood beside her with a huge smile painted on her face.

It was a very young girl, a few years younger than me.

Looking at her from the tip to toe, her bizarre clothes and hairstyle immediately jumped to my eye, leaving me in a mix of curiosity and disbelief.

Her short hair was dyed with hot pink stripes, and her dark blue blouse looked almost surrealistic, making me doubt of Einstein’s theories on the nature of light.

“And hi to you, unknown person” – I mumbled again.

“I’m here to present you to Sunny, honey” – my mom tried to sketch a dim smile – “She will take care of your sister when you are too busy”.

I couldn’t believe it.

My mother was trying to replace me. I’d watched after Yoon for almost ten years and I certainly didn’t want to decline that responsibility.

“Could you excuse us for a moment, Sunny” – I hissed – “I need to exchange a few words with my mother” – I said.

*Privately* – I mentally added, looking at my mom’s eyes.

Mom and I headed towards the kitchen and Sunny just settled on the sofa, cosily leaning her feet on the pouf near my sofa.

When I was sure that we couldn’t be heard, I threw her an icy glare, and she replied with her usual calm look.

“Are you crazy?” – I shouted – “We don’t need a baby sitter, I’ve always taken perfect care of Yoona. What are you doing?”

“Perfect care” – She syllabicated, in a half laugh.

“You and I, maybe, have different standards when it comes to ‘*taking perfect car*e’ of someone” – She said – “You dropped eggs on the floor…” – She began.

“Ok, but that’s just…”

“You almost killed your sister” – She added – “And then you watered my laptop and made useless two months of efforts in my research”.

I felt the blush growing in my cheeks.

“Yes, but I didn’t mean to…”

“And do you want to talk about last month when you were about to…”

“Shut up” – I interrupted, exasperated – “Ok, I get it, I am a huge mess. But this doesn’t change that I don’t want a baby sitter hopping around in my house” – I complained.

“Maybe you’re just afraid that someone else might steal your place of big sister”.

See, my mother always does that.

She comes here, summarizing all my flaws and telling me that a weird teenager is going to babysit my sister, *but I’m the one* who has psychological issues.

Sweet.

We came back to the living room, where Sunny was carefully analysing my whiteboard.

“What’s that?” – Sunny asked, hinting at the whiteboard with a cheeky giggle.

I tried to ignore the veiled mockery that hid behind her contrived interest, and proudly lingered my gaze on my life’s work.

I’d been working for months on the equations that lay on the surface of the board.

“That’s my job” – I replied in a dreamy voice – “I’m developing a new elegant theory to explain how the Higgs mechanism gives mass to the fundamental particles”

Sunny slowly nodded at her with a confused look.

In the earlier stages of my academic path, it would have annoyed me but then I was getting used to the poor attention that people directed to my work.

“Basically, I study the reason why matter exists” – I added, trying to sound less *professional*.

The weird girl nodded in reply.

“That looks like a bum” – She chuckled, pointing at a big lowercase omega in the centre of my endless calculations – “Doesn’t it?”

“No, I don’t think it looks like a bum” – I remarked, a little bit annoyed.

“I think I have to go” – my mother said, fixing her scarf – “You don’t need me. Honey, show the house to Sunny and call your sister”.

As soon as she’d exited the door I just shouted – “Yoona! *Come here*!”

“*What do you want?*” – She shouted back from afar – “*I’m playing StarCraft*”.

It took a few colourful verbal exchanges, but eventually my little sister abandoned her computer and hopped down the stairs.

When Sunny’s eyes matched my sister’s, it was love at first sight.

I am serious.

When the vulgar slovenliness of the teenager ran into the perfidy and the maliciousness of my long-mouthed sister, I knew they would be the perfect *babysitter-kid* couple.

“Are you a pixie?” – My sister excitedly exclaimed, making Sunny laugh.

“I’m only half pixie, actually” – She explained to my sister with a giggle – “If I were a pixie I would be way smaller…”

Yoona replied with a chuckle.

My personal liberty had just terminated.