It was the most beautiful day of the years, 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.

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

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

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.

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

If I want to take physics at university is because of my *need of determinism*.

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 walked towards the door, recognizing my mother on the other side of the door.

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 my mom. But when I looked towards her, my eyes matched with those of another person who stood beside her.

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, privately” – I said.

Mom and I headed towards the kitchen and Sunny just settled on the 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. Are you trying to humiliate me in front of her?”

“Calm down, please” – She whispered.

I tried to do so, and she continued.

“You and I, maybe, have different standards when it comes to ‘take perfect care’ of someone” – She said – “but I don’t think that dropping eggs on the floor, watering my laptop and almost killing your sister in the process is to be considered a good care”.

I felt the blush growing in my cheeks.

“I don’t want to blame you, though…” – She added – “Maybe you’re too busy with your work to pay attention to Yoona, so I just thought that a babysitter could help you”.

“She’s weird” – I complained, pointing at the door of the living room.

“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 hippie 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 introduce Yoona, to her”.

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 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” – She explained to my sister with a giggle – “My mother is short like me, but my father is a real giant”.

Yoona replied with a chuckle.

“So, Yoona right?” – She said – “