

I woke up to my alarm playing a song about a grey sky morning which, as I listened to it, appeared to be about one man's only true love who left him without a word, never to return. *It was the best I ever had*, the song ended, its words echoed through the humid air of the room.

Fitting.

I opened my eyes from the night's sleep, and just stared at the dull white wall in front of me. I could just see the last line of one of my posters out of the corner of my eye, *Choose your future. Choose life*. I turned over and saw my roommate sitting on the edge of his bed, his bent slightly down, his lifeless eyes glaring down into the sea of stained carpet. I meowed at him.

"You're insane; you do know that, right?" He responded, a tone of laughter hanging at the end of each syllable.

I shrugged and looked out the window; the skies were barely a shade above pitch black—*It's just one of those days*, the DJ on the radio said, trying to recover from an error in naming the previous song. I got out of bed and, with a lot of effort, to take off my sweat-covered shirt, tripping over one of my roommate's shoes in the process.

"It's just one of those days," I repeated to myself.

My roommate re-entered the room, his feet squishing into his sandals with every successive step, his hair dripping small droplets of water into the already moist carpet.

"You have English today, yeah?" He asked me.

"Yep."

"So... think you'll manage to talk to her?"

"Maybe," I responded.

"So... No?"

"Pretty much."

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It started raining roughly thirty seconds after I left the dorm, and as I walked through the downpour, I saw one of the trees in front of the dorm had freshly bloomed; it was covered in white buds, and sat amidst the sea of trees with lime green buds. I noticed the rain dragging a number of white buds down to the ground with a splash. At the base of the tree was a large puddle, with a mass of white buds floating around the tree trunk. I

looked away from it, and kicked a lone pinecone in front of me into a puddle on the side of the sidewalk.

By the time I made it to the building my class was in, I was drenched. Every step of my shoe produced a sound that reminded me of the sound a rat makes when it is stepped on. I decided to clean myself up a bit before I went into class, so I found a nearby bathroom and looked for paper towels, only to find that all the dispensers were cached. I walked over to one of the small rectangular mirrors above one of the sinks and looked into it.

"You look like drowned rat," I said to my reflection, "It's your own fault," it responded. I left the bathroom.

Just as I turned the corner into the hallway my classroom was in, my eyes met hers. She was sitting on the floor, her back against the bare off-white cement wall, looking down rather intently at the speckled tile floor. Her long, silky brown hair fell down her face, forming a brilliant frame around her smooth complexion. And almost as if my gaze was sending out some kind of high-pitched whistle which only she could hear, she took a look up at me, and her eyes, her dark blue *eyes* met with mine—and she smiled.

The smile was one which people spend their lives trying to recreate in paintings and movies; a smile that caused me to completely lose focus as to where I was walking. This is the kind of situation that causes mistakes, like walking into a wall—so forcefully that it's a wonder the structural integrity of the building wasn't compromised—directly in front of the girl I'd been trying so long to subconsciously cajole into talking to me. I just laid on the ground, unable to move, paralyzed, staring at the ceiling. I slowly stood up.

"Are you okay?" Perfection looked at me and asked.

That's good enough for me.