

Story

Some people think that there is no point with going through with the rest of the day if it starts off badly. Others (myself included) would like to hope that there is a chance of things looking up as the day progresses.

On this particular morning, I wish I'd just succumbed to the level of those in the first group and stayed in bed.

It all started out with my alarm clock not going off. When you wake up with twenty five minutes until the SATs start, knowing that it takes fifteen minutes to get to the place where you're supposed to take them, you sort of just want to put your head under your pillow and pretend it's a bad dream.

I scrambled into the shower, only to discover that there was no hot water left. I jumped out and pulled on jeans and a t-shirt and sprinted to the car, grabbing flip-flops along the way.

Even though I drove well over the speed limit, I arrived at the classroom seven minutes late.

I scanned the hallway for people and, seeing no one, reached for the knob, hoping that maybe I could just slip in.

"What do you think you're doing?"

I jumped about a foot off the ground and whipped around to look behind me. There stood a short woman with a severe bob and even more severe facial features.

"I... I'm supposed to be taking the test," I stammered.

"You're late," she snapped.

"I know," I said firmly.

"There is no late admittance," she said, even more firmly.

"It's only seven minutes!" I said, incredulously.

She looked at her watch. "Nine."

"But-"

"I'm sorry, but you are not allowed to be here anymore. You must leave at once."

She did not look sorry. "I have to take that test."

“That is not an option any more. You are no longer allowed on the premises. Security!”

Suddenly two large men in navy appeared.

“You’re got to be kidding me.”

“Come with us,” the taller of the two said.

He lead me down the hallway to a door and then into a small room with nothing but a few chairs, one of which was occupied by a lanky boy my age.

“Hey,” he murmured. “Whatcha in for?” A smirk played around his lips.

I sighed and took the set next to him. “Seven minutes late. You?”

“I spoke at an ‘inappropriate time’.”

I laughed. “They like their rules here, don’t they?”

“Yep.”

“So... what now?”

“Wanna get out of here?”

“What? We’re not allowed to leave... Are we?”

“You’ve already broken one rule. What’s one more?” His eyebrow hitched up over one of his green eyes and his voice suggested a challenge.

Sit in a blank, tiny room, or take a risk with a gorgeous boy?

Let’s just say I’m glad I got out of bed this morning.

Name: Elena V
School: Vacaville High School
Branch: Vacaville Cultural Center