

THE DARK MOON

Chapter 2 Chapter 2 Chapter Two

By the time I arrived on campus, I was a jumble of nerves. The excitement and nerves battled it out, but the nerves ultimately won as I stepped onto campus. Pulling out my phone, I searched up my schedule to check the room number. It's not like I haven't checked 50 times already, but I had to check again because who knows- maybe the numbers changed in the last 10 minutes since I le my house.

They didn't. I still had Introduction to Psychology with Professor Jamie Sullivan at 2:05 P.M. in Psychology building room 207. Wow, they give you a lot of information. I recited the information over and over in my head as I neared the Psychology building so I wouldn't forget it and have to fish my phone out of my pocket again. I should get accustomed to this building because I'll likely be here a lot for the next four years. I'm a Psychology major in hopes that one day I can become a social worker to help children who are neglected or abused by their families. Thanks to my dad, father of the year, I feel like I can relate to children in those situations and could really make a difference in their lives.

A er walking up a flight of stairs, I walk down the first hallway. 203, 205, room 207! I check my watch and see that I'm 15 minutes early for class, but I enter the room anyways. The room is a lecture hall with seating that could fit about 100 students. The room is a lecture hall with seating that could fit about 100 students. There are a few students already seated, so I take a seat three seats down from a friendly-looking girl near the front of the room. I sit close enough to her that she could easily strike up a conversation with me if she pleased and far enough away as to not bother her if she chose to keep to herself.

I'm more of an introvert, but I'm very friendly. I'm not the type to strike up a conversation with a stranger, but if they come up to me and begin talking, I will gladly speak to them. Either the girl is an introvert like me or she is just way too interested in her phone to pay attention to her surroundings. Fi een minutes fly by, and the professor is writing her name on the board along with the course code.

"Good a ernoon, everyone! Glad to see so many of you showed up today. This is Introduction to Psychology with me, Professor Jamie Sullivan. If that is not on your schedule, you are not in the right class." The professor waited a few moments, giving anyone the chance to leave accidentally walked into the wrong class. When no one made a move to leave, Professor Sullivan gives out a dramatic sigh. "Good! It's always so embarrassing for that one person who's in the wrong class."

I along with the rest of the class laughs at her comment. I already know I'm gonna love this class. The professor goes on to talk about the syllabus and says for the rest of the class she will go over the assignments for the course and then begin teaching chapter one. I'm, of course, already taking notes on the syllabus. When she finally begins teaching the actual course material, I flip to a new page in my notebook and begin writing down what is on the PowerPoint. About two minutes into the lecture is when my pen decides to run out of ink.

I shake my pen in a desperate attempt to dislodge any nonexistent ink from the inside, but it does nothing. I huff out a breath and throw the pen down on my desk as I frantically search for a new pen. With all of the school supplies, I packed, of course, I only packed one pen. I'm so mad at myself. I keep searching the small pocket of my bag, hoping a pen will appear out of thin air. I feel I poke on my shoulder and I turn to see a guy holding out a pen with a smile on his face. He's attractive with curly brown hair and these warm brown eyes that draw me in instantly.

I smile back at him and mouth 'thank you' to him as I graciously accept the pen and continue writing down the lecture notes. Throughout the hour, I write faster than I ever have before, and when we watch a few videos I'm able to rest my hand. I lean my elbow on the desk and lean forward, pressing the pen to my lips. Halfway through the second video, I realize that this isn't my pen and I shouldn't be putting my mouth on it. Hopefully, the kind stranger didn't see.

When class is dismissed, I pack up everything except for the pen and turn in my seat, happy to see that the guy is still behind me. He stands up to leave and me, being the smoothest talker on the planet, screams "wait!"

The guy is instantly on edge and turns to me, ready to attack the perceived threat. I cringe when the few stragglers stare at me while wondering why I just yelled. "Sorry. I just wanted to return your pen" I gave him a shy smile, now embarrassed with the attention. He chuckles back at me and grabs the pen and puts it in his front pocket so he doesn't have to open up his bag again. "No problem."

A er, class, I walk home

while picking up coffee on the way back

and say goodbye to my mom. I spend the rest of the day and night with Evie as we eat the pot roast, color, bake brownies, and read a bedtime story. She is asleep by 9, and I get to read a new book I just bought from the bookstore right across the street from Java. I stay up until my mom gets home, say goodnight to her, then hop into bed and get ready for an early day tomorrow.