

# **My day**

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*Just a little bit about mah day.*

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# 1 - Mah Dai

*Was that...? No, it couldn't have been. But no, I have to stay optimistic, I did see.... I don't know, I guess I'll see.*

**{REWIND}**

Walking in to school that morning, I had something on my mind. It wasn't my ex flailing about in front of the school, or my friends grouped together in a small huddle. I was thinking about my future. I was thinking about **the** future. Maybe even the future I would probably never see. The one word kept popping into my head. The one name. The girl yelling it out. Why was this so important? I knew I couldn't let it distract me. I have to keep thinking of her. Her alone.

I dodged Amanda's repeated in-my-faceness and ridiculing about Obama's winning. I wasn't suprised by that fact. I had been expecting it all along. Pushing her away, I continued, saying nothing to my companions. *Come on, and take my heart...* Stop that! I shook my head and continued on.

Arriving at first block, the door was closed. Oh that's nice. Not suprised though. I sat down next to the door, and crossed my legs. *Rescue meee...* \*Sigh\*

Furman finally opened the door, and I ventured my way in to set my things down. Pulling out a dum-dum, I stuck it in my mouth, and began to pull out my notebook. Nothing out of the ordinary about today. After looking at some notes, down to the shop.

Hammer a nail here, block plane a little there, drill some holes here, sand it down there. Nothing new. Almost done with my birdhouse.

Back to classroom. Write down more notes. First period over. To the hallway. I pull out my mp3 player and change it to Semi-Charmed Life. No not that. I change it to I'm Yours. That's better.

Walk down the hallway. I look at the floor, then the walls. Nothing strange, nothing new. *It cannot wait, I'm Yours...* "It's our god forsaken right to be loved," I whisper to myself. There's something I'm missing.

Second block. "Tyler, you should dress as an old-lady everyday," I say in a joking tone. "Yeah," He replies, obvioiusly annoyed by my teasing. "You make a good old-lady." I get in to class and sit down, starting my work. "Falllcccoonn!" I whisper to Sean. He laughs. I finish my work the rest of the way. *Roses are red....* Stop it.

To lunch. Eat quickly. Library. I hide my Powerade in my book-bag and venture in to return my pyschology book. Directly on time. "What's something you learned in this book? I majored in Psychology, I loved it. Then I... found out that you can't do anything with a major in psychology!" She laughed. I laughed. Then I left.

Back to second block. Wait. What?

The bus.

What happened?

I was holding a notebook that had written in it, "Roses are red, oh, Violets are blue, Honey is sweet, but, not as sweet is you." Not my hand-writing. What?

Several other quotes were written around the page. Interesting.

At the bottom?

Her signature. Holy hell.