

Darkness Round the Sun

By Motoko323

Submitted: January 9, 2009

Updated: January 9, 2009

Rory is a 17 yr. old girl, who lives with her mother. She's starting her senior year of high school with what she thinks is a good start.

Please tell me if you like it or not.

Provided by Fanart Central.

<http://www.fanart-central.net/stories/user/Motoko323/55348/Darkness-Round-Sun>

Chapter 1 - Not So Perfect

2

1 - Not So Perfect

“Rory! Rory! Wake up!” My mother’s voice yelled at me through my locked door, “you’re going to be late!”

“All right, I’m up!” I shoulder back stretching my arms into the cold air.

“Breakfast is ready if you want any.” My mother said as she went down the stairs.

K, now it’s time for the boring part, I’m 17 years old Rory. I dropped my last name, I’m finally a senior in high school, and today is the first day of school. I get all of my looks from my mum, which is probably why my dad hates me. Kidding! My hair is only curly at the bottom--the color is dark chocolate with natural honey highlights. My eyes are the lightest green. I’m probably five foot six inches....last I checked.

I looked at my clock, 7:15, perfect timing. I grabbed my messenger bag, car keys, and cell phone. I trotted down the stairs and looked at myself in our large mirror on the closet door. Black etnies, light blue ripped jeans, and a pink tube top with black heart on it. Gawd! I love Hot Topic!

“Rory! You’re not going to eat?” My mother yelled from the kitchen.

“I’ll eat something at school!” I yelled back.

“OK!”

And I was gone! I walked over to my car, got in, and started it.

The drive to school was a little amusing, watching the freshman in the busses go by, watching them walk as I drove along. I used to be that way so I couldn’t laugh.

I got to the parking lot, parked next to the black mustang and headed towards my domain. There I met up with my two closes friends in our first class together, Astronomy! The first of my friends that I would like to talk about is Christine Wires. We grew up together, lived next to each other up until last year when her house caught on fire. She’s a dirty blonde, with honey brown eyes, and is the athletic one out of our group. And next is Caitlin Chap or Caty, she has black hair, blue eyes and is semi-normal. We’ve been friends since the first grade, she’s smart, some what athletic, and really knows how to talk to guys.

“Rory! There you are!” Christine yelled as I entered the room, “you’re never gonna guess what?”

“All the freshman got sent to boot camp? Oh my Gawd!” I said sarcastically and the two of them just shook their heads.

“No. There’s a new Astronomy teacher this year! And he’s totally hot. His name is Gregor Mandrels! And why are you sarcastic all the time?” Caty asked raising one eyebrow.

“Really?” I paused. It’s not like I cared or anything. “And I’m not sarcastic. Sarcasm. The body’s natural defense against stupid.” I replied taking my seat and then the teacher walked in. He was tall, dark (like he just got back from Hawaii), dark brown hair, ocean blue eyes, a lean, but muscular figure. His face was clear, it looked like it was made of marble, and his smile towards the class....omg I could have just died and gone to cloud nine.

“Ok! Take your seats so we can get over with the boring stuff!” I guess Mr. Mandrels ordered as he passed out a packet, “first day of school which means I get to be a bad @\$ for forty five minutes and tell you all the boring stuff about me. About this class and what you will be learning. But first the rules.” He slammed the extras on his desk to get everyone’s attention. But I didn’t care, I was only paying attention to his rich, deep, voice.

“First rule of this classroom, no talking unless I am talking to you! Second rule--ladies no purses on your desk. Which leads to my third rule, if I see your cell phone out I will take it away and keep it for the rest

of the day and I will send emails to your parents-guardians. Fourth rule, you can eat/drink in here just throw you shoot away! Fifth rule....I'll let you know when I come up with a fifth rule." He said as he turned around to the chalk board, "you have entered the world of astronomy, where you will learn the different hemispheres, galaxies, major meteors, planets, stars, constellations and the zodiac. If you think you enrolled in the wrong class, there's the door." And about ten students rushed to the door. It was ten minutes later when Mr. Mandrels got through the syllabus so that left us with thirty five minutes left of class. So one of the girls bravely raised her hand and waited for Mr. Mandel to call on her. "What is it?" He asked.

"I was just wondering, what made you want to become a teacher when it's obvious that you don't like teenagers." The girl said as matter of factly.

"You mean besides the fact that I get paid for babysitting 150 snots everyday. Well because when I was in high school, believe it or not, I didn't do so well. All of my teachers tried to get me to do better you know the whole 'education is the key to your future' thing?" He paused as we nodded, "well one day my algebra II teacher called me in from lunch and said 'your grades are the worst, but the time you graduate you'll be a super, super, super, super, super, super senior.' And I didn't really care, to me school was more amusing than life itself outside and then he made me an offer--he said 'if you become a teacher at what you're best at, then I will give you three thousand dollars in cash.'" He paused again to get a look on our faces.

"So what'd you do?" I asked sitting on the edge of my seat and when he looked at me, I swear to all that is holy I could've melted.

"Well I was more interested in money than in anything else, but I wanted to make him eat his words. So during my summer vacation I was in summer school, passed everything, even the senior classes that I had next year. So in the spare time I had during my last year I went to a community college and started to get my hours and I started to look for scholarships online. By the time school was over I had over ten scholarships to one university, meaning I didn't have to pay for anything."

I noticed that no one was reacting, everyone just sat there gawking at him like he grew bat wings and his ears were pointy and blowing smoke.

"So..." I hesitated causing him to look at me.

"Yes?" He asked, "you can talk, I won't bite."

"What was is that you were interested in?" I asked a little bolder.

"Isn't it obvious? Astronomy. As a kid I was always amazed by the tiny speckles in the sky and as I grew up I started to learn more about them--realizing that they weren't so small." At that exact moment I could have said that he was heaven sent, that he had a halo, and pure white wings. But then he suddenly went back to his stern, talk-to-me-and-I-bite-your-head-off look, and I think my soul threw up a little.

The door had knocked and a brave soul walked into the classroom with small, rectangular paper. The boy was in my class, a senior, with long chestnut hair tied into a ponytail, blue eyes that had a spark, and an atmosphere about him that shocked me. For now we're going to call him guy. But the thing is, until now I've never seen him.

The 'guy' handed Mr. Mandrels the piece of paper, he looked at it for a moment and then brought his head up. "Is there a...Rory here?" I stood up, walked up to him, and he held the piece of paper in my face, "you're needed at the main office."

"Ok." I said coolly and put the piece of paper in between my middle finger and pointer finger, I tried to get the paper from him, but he was gripping it on purpose. I looked up at him and I practically lost it! I could feel my face getting hotter, he was starring down at me, but not with his stern, gawd-I'm-so-bored look, but it was kind of nice.

"Hurry back now." He said giving a me a cocky smile.

So I found myself walking in the hallway, on my way towards the main office, in a complete daze when 'guy' came up from behind me.

"Hey!" He chimed, usually I'd be cool about someone coming up from behind me, because I can hear their footsteps, but I was so out of I jumped out of my skin. "Oh sorry, did I scare you?"

"Not at all, I was just...uh...out of is all." I replied fixing my necklace that got out of place when I jumped, "so what's up?"

"I'm not sure if you knew, but I'm new here to this city. My name is Erik Vaughndres, senior." He said with a confident smile, which by the way he has perfect dimples.

"Oh. I'm Rory and just Rory, no last name." I said making sure he knew that because I really have issues with people that know my real last name and like to tell everyone what it is, so then they come up to me and pester me about....it....and I'm rambling sorry!

"Rory? Ok, well I got to go. Errands to run and food to get vending machine from." Erik said turning to the right, "see you later."

"Bye." And off he was, it was then I noticed the small white papers in his hand. At least twenty, "tough job, especially when you don't know the school that well."

When I walked into the office I saw police officers, the principal and the vice principle standing around a T.V.

"Um...Rory...could you have a seat? We need to tell you something." The principle said.

"Of course." I didn't waist time to find one either, something in my gut told me something major is happening or has happened.

"Rory, these two men are Officer Quint and Rodgers. They have something very important to tell you." He said to very slowly and yet aggressively, like he was trying to make remember. But to me it sounded like he was treating me like some kid.

"Rory, was it?" Officer, I guess, Quint asked.

I nodded in response as the Principal's secretary walked in with a box of....tissues?

"Your father, Tony Forman, was in an accident today. A car ran a red light and t-bonded him. He was killed instantly. I'm sorry you had to hear this this way and for your lose."

And then I was angry.

"What the hell are you talking about? My father's death isn't a loss! He walked out on my mother and me when I was ten! He didn't care about me, so why should I care about him?" I asked angrily and I'm pretty sure the first floor could hear me too.

"Rory, I'm not sure I should tell you this hear and now, but your mother was the one who ran the light and hit him." Officer Rodgers said a little firmly than Quint. Soft cop and bad @\$\$ cop....I guess. But when it all sank in, I realized that my mother could've made a mistake, no a HUGE mistake on accident. Or she really tried to kill him.

.....I froze.