

Him.

As the sun peeks through the curtains, I hear my mom screaming and telling me to get out of bed because I'm going to be late for my first day of my junior year of high school. "Cara! Get out of bed now! You are going to be late!" I slowly drag myself out of bed, and get ready for school. I eat breakfast quickly and grab my new backpack and rush out the door to catch the bus. I get to school and I already know where my first class is, so I rush there to get a good seat, because I heard that my first period teacher lets us pick our own seats. I get to my class and decide that I want to sit in the back for this class; it's too early in the morning. I watch as people that I recognize from last year slowly fill up all of the seats. My best friend, Emma is in this class thankfully, so she comes and sits next to me. The rest of the class files in. Mr. Springer, my new teacher, came in and said "Hello class, tod-". He gets interrupted by the bell ringing. He continued on, "As I was saying, welcome to World History! I'm Mr. Spring-" he gets interrupted again by someone walking in the room. I wasn't really paying attention until I heard the door close. I look up to see a tall, rushed-looking boy with amazing blonde hair. I quickly realize it's Carter, one of the basketball players, and definitely my biggest crush. Mr. Springer quickly asks him why he's late. "I was lost and couldn't find your classroom, I'm sorry, sir." He apologizes. "Well, since it's the first day, and I'm the best teacher ever, I won't count you late." "Thank you". He quickly replies. My heart races at the sound of his deep and raspy voice, that echoes through my head. As Mr. Springer starts talking again, I listen to what he is saying, so I don't miss any new information. "Ok, so you can have a seat, looks like there is only one seat left." Shoot, that seat is right next to me. I give Emma a panicked look and she just laughs. Carter makes his way to the back of the room, and plops down next to me. He looks at me, smiles, and gives me a small "Hey". I feel like my heart just stopped in my chest, and it might not start back up again. I look back at him and smile gently. Mr. Springer blabs on, talking about his rules and guidelines for the year. All I could think about was him. He's just Carter, the sweetest, nicest, cutest, and probably one of the best basketball players in the school. My heart felt like it skipped a beat and that there were loads of butterflies in my stomach. Couldn't stop thinking about him, that is, until I hear my name get called. "Cara, Emma, and Carter, will you please stay after class, I need to talk to you. I will give you passes, so you won't be counted late for your next class", he says. "Umm...yeah okay." We all say confused and worried. Several thoughts filled my head wondering what he wants to talk to us about. After I worry some more, and think about Carter, the bell rings. All of the students walk towards their next class, but Emma, Carter and I stay, so he can talk to us. We slowly walk over to his desk, with worry spread across all three of our faces. I didn't know it then, but that is when my life was going to change forever.