

Willie

"What do you think you're doing?" came a crisp deadly voice. Colin turned, facing the withered man across from him.

"Students are not allowed into the buildings before classes begin.

"I'm sorry; I just started today and..."

"You think you can just be above the rules, do you?"

"No sir, I just..." A small pamphlet flew from the corner of the room, missing Colin by millimeters.

"Those are the rules of the school, read them, live them and obey them." The old man rolled back the sleeves of his gray sweater, showing a number of healed wounds. His dark blue eyes drilled into Colin's mind.

"Um, I think I'll just go wait outside." Colin plucked the rules from the air and headed back to the doors.

"A wise decision, Mr. Banks." With a quickened pace, Colin was outside again. Within seconds a deep chime hurdled across the courtyard, the small clock tower in the center vibrating with its clanging bell.

The crowd caught Colin, forcing him inside the building and into an elevator. Pulled along with the other students, he found himself halfway down a hall on the second floor. The polished oak doors gleamed with the reflections of fluorescent lights. He read the numbers, trying to find the room.

"Colin!" Jason was holding a door open down the hall, the bronze numbers read: B215.