

# ~ Dyslexic Writer ~

by Red Hope

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## Disclaimer

**Copyright:** I own and control these characters and the world they're stuck in.

**Sex/subtext:** Subtext? Of course.

**Violence:** Nope.

**Note:** this was written for a friend of mine that has a beautiful life and her life includes dyslexia. Within a few talks, she taught me just how extraordinary her dyslexia makes her. She has become one of the most unique and rare individuals i have met so far in my life. I only keep the black sheep in my life and she has been added. And I am hoping this fanfiction will add insight to any of those that misunderstand dyslexia or know little, like i did. I also hope it provides readers/writers with a newer outlook and respect level on any person with any so called 'disability.'

The first half is set in the way my friend would have typed it without spelling and grammar correction. If you don't have the patience to 'translate' it then there's the second version further below with good spelling and grammar. \* grin \* to each their own.

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**Dedication:** *This is all yours, Lotten. From my heart to yours.*

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## ***Caren's Unedited Version***

I slowly strolled into the large lecture hall at my new collage. As soon as I looked around, I began to realize just how large the lecture hall really was, almost as large as a theatre. The thought of a theatre made me grin some. Several other students were already sitting down and plenty of them were piling in behind me. I decided to move and I went down one of the aisle and stopped at a row near the front. I carefully slipped down the empty row and took a seat near the middle.

As I sat there, I began to seriously wonder how I'd write in my notebook. I investigated and realized that to my right was a table of sorts attached the side of the chair. I reached down and lifted it then swung the table down in front of me. I happily grinned at my

success and I slammed my books onto the table top. Then I sat forward some and grabbed my blue ink pen from my back pocket. I spun it a little between my fingers then dropped it on top of my books.

I rested back into my chair and just watched the students come into the lecture hall and take various seats. Off to my left a few other girls got into the row but nowhere near me. When I looked off to my right side, there were two young men down at that end too.

I sighed a little and just stared down at the bottom of the lecture hall. From the right side on the ground floor, the professor came inside and strolled up to the large table in the middle of the lecture hall. He dropped his books onto the table and began fiddling with them.

Today was my first day at my new college. I was rather nervous but excited at the same time. This was also my first time in the States and there were plenty of new things to come accustomed. And despite how lonely I was feeling here in this new place, I was happy.

As I peered down at my books, I reached up to brush back a few of my golden strands of hair. As soon as I lifted my head, I saw the professor was starting to pass out papers, which was probably our syllabus. When they finally came to me, I accidentally grabbed two without realizing it then passed the stack behind me. I grumbled a little at myself but tucked the extra one away in my notebook. As I looked over the syllabus for Statistics, I started to already feel a little uneasy. I won't be the last to admit that I am not good at my maths but I still tried.

When I heard the professor speak, I returned my focus to him. He began to go over the basics of the class and what was on the syllabus. The professor sounded rather easy to work with unlike some. All he required was our homework for each assignment, exams taken when called for, and it was optional to come to lecture.

But then like any other math teacher, he decided to go ahead and start the first chapter on the first day of classes. I went ahead and opened my notebook, clicked my pen, and started writing what he wrote on the board. Sometimes math could just become a bunch of mush to me and made no sense. After math classes, I always take the time to make sense of all the mush since it's the only way I can learn it.

I continued to focus on the professor and much of what he was teaching was the basics we learned in Algebra. Suddenly though my focus was broken when a taller woman fell into the seat beside me. She kind of scared me since I hadn't expected her. I peered up at her and she noticed me. She brightly smiled at me and I was instantly captured by her blue eyes.

"I miss anything interesting?" she muttered to me.

I giggled a little and shook my head. "Just the syllabus review."

She nodded at me and opened her notebook to a fresh page. In her right hand appeared a pencil and some eraser of sorts. She immediately started to take notes on what was written on the board. "I guess I'll have to get that from him," she grumbled under her

breth.

"Wait," I whispered and I extracted the extra syllabus I had taken earlier. For once one of my moments came in handy.

She seemed rather happy and impressed as she took the syllabus from me. "You must have known I'd be late."

I couldn't help but grin at her but I tried to return my attention to my notes. Yet I guess sometimes I did believe that some things happen for a reason. Me taking that extra syllabus must have been fate talking to me.

For awhile, we both sat there jotting down notes but then her deep voice broke my concentration.

"I'm Leigh," she quietly spoke, "well it's actually Leyda but I go by Leigh."

Again I grinned as I wrote my notes. "Caren." I emphasized my name with my deep accent.

"Karen?" she repeated in a confused manner.

"Car... en," I slowly pronounced. "Or Karen does work."

Leigh shook her head some but her eyes went back to her notebook. "Ca-r-en." She pronounced it beautifully with her deep voice and it rolled well off the back of her throat.

"That's it," I whispered. In the corner of my eye, I could see her happily smiling to herself for getting my name right. I almost started to giggle at her happy achievement.

"You must be an international student," she muttered to me.

"Da I'm from Zwedan," I joked with my fake Swedish accent.

Leigh quickly looked at me in shock because of my accent switch. She then realized I was joking and her grin was so incredibly cute.

"Sweden huh?" she uttered. "That's a long flight."

I was grinning like a silly kid and my notes were looking worse than what they typically did. "It's not that bad," I assured. "Just long." I heard her quietly laugh at me for repeating what she just said earlier.

"Do you like it here?"

I shrugged then replied, "Just kinda got here... but I am happy to be here."

"That's cool," she quietly agreed.

I glanced over at her and she had her head hung low, eyes on her notebook. I was just able to see through her dark strands of long hair to make out her face. She had rather

high cheekbones and sculpted features, her face was extremely appealing to the eye.  
"Leyda."

She quickly looked at me in question.

"She was the mythological mother of Helen of Troy... Queen of Sparta," I explained. At first, she was still confused but I could tell she figured it out and a grin broke out across her face.

"Yes, it's Greek," she agreed, "but I've never known what my name meant."

"I'm not sure either," I admitted, "but I do recall my Greek mythology."

Leigh finally looked away from me and instead at the white board. She quickly wrote down what the professor had on the board. "You like math?"

"I would if I could understand it." I sighed but not at math but more at myself.

"It's not that hard," she brushed off.

"Maybe not for you," I uttered, "but when you have dyslexia it gets rather tough." I almost groaned aloud when her face quickly turned to me in surprise. Sometimes it was my own dyslexia that would make or break my friendships. That was why I always learned to tell people right away so they could decide to be near me or not.

Leigh though lost her surprised look and I swear it changed into respect. When I looked over to confirm it, her head had already turned away. "I'll be happy to help you," she whispered to me.

Leigh's offered help made me feel better; it settled unknown fears in me. "I'd like that," I replied. "Thank you."

"No worries," she replied and winked at me. "You'll be an expert by the end of the semester."

I giggled some and tried not to look at her. I was enjoying her too much. "I'm not sure about that."

Leigh turned her head to me and just gave me the warmest smile.

I smiled back but I think I must have blushed a little because her expression went into amusement. I hastily returned my attention to my notebook and followed along with the professor. Leigh and I though remained pretty quiet for the last twenty minutes of class.

After the professor was finished, Leigh slammed her books shut and looked at me. "Sssso, what you doing for lunch?"

I hung my head low but I was grinning as I swept back a strand of blond hair. "Nothing really." I gradually lifted my head and my eyes met hers.

"Come to lunch with me, Caren?"

Her smile was too earesistable, I couldn't say no. "I would love to," I quietly admitted.

"Come on." Leigh stood up and was alredy heding down the empty row.

I hurried to catch up to her since she moved a little faster than me. We went out of the lecure hall and into the McGinnes Hall but it wasn't long until we stepped outside into the fall day.

"Lovely weather," I commented as I walked along side Leigh.

"I prefer winter," she casually mentioned to me.

"Mmmm... I would if ther was not so much snow in Sweden." When I glanced at her, she had a sceptic look and I grinned at her. "Ther was this one winter where the snow reched up to here on me." I put my right hand over top of my tummy, right near my belly button.

"That's it?" she retorted.

"That's a lot," I protested but her unbeatable grin made me lagh.

"You're short so that woldn't be much snow anyway," she teased.

I sighed at Leigh's remark about my hight or lack of hight. "Being small iz good," I stated to her.

Leigh chuckled and she suddenly took a left onto another walkway. "Ther is nothing wrong with being vertically challenged."

"Oh oh now I'm challenged?" I joked.

"Never," she said and winked at me. She then reched into her right jens pocket and pulled out a set of car keys.

Leigh and I crossed one of the campus roads and came into the student parking lot. I wasn't sure which car was hers but slowly our walk narrowed down to a red car. I read the name brand on the trunk, which said Honda Civic. It was a bright red, four-door, and had a spoiler on the back. Then when Leigh held up the black remote key, her doors automatically unlocked.

"Just put your books in the back," she informed me.

So when I came up to the passenger side, I opened the rear door and put my books down on the floor. After I shut the door, I got into the front seat. Within a few seconds, Leigh was in too and starting the car. Together our seatbelts snapped into place and Leigh started her car.

"Wher we going?" I quietly asked.

"We're going to this little pizza joint called Brocolino's."

"How American," I teased.

Leigh laghed while she backed her car out of the parking spot. "You got it, Caren." She grinned over at me as she switched her gears into drive. "Welcome to America."

I couldn't help but lagh. When we made it to the pizza shop, we both got out and headed inside of the building. I quickly looked around and realized ther were quite a few people eating ther. Leigh grabbed my shoulders, since she was behind me, and directed me into a booth along the left side. She took one side and I took the other side. Before either of us could say anythign, a waitress came up to us.

"'ere yah go, gals." The waitress handed Leigh and I each a menu. "Knwo what ya'uz want to drink?"

"A Coke for me," answered Leigh.

I peered up from my open menu and ordered, "Just a watter."

The waitress nodded at me then spun around to take care of the orders.

I returned my gaze to the menu and tried to decipher everythign bit by bit. Over the tip of my menu I could make out Leigh staring at me with an amused looked. I couldn't take it anymore so I looked up at her. Suddenly she grinned at me. "What?" I asked.

Leigh's grin went bigger. "Knwo what you want?"

"I haven't even started," I admitted. But before I could look at the menu again, a pair of large hands took the menu from me.

"I gotcha covered." Leigh smirked at me and closed up my menu.

I was going to protest but was cut short by the waitress returning. I suddenly found a red glass full of watter in front of me. I almost wanted to lagh at the fact it had no ice in it. I remembered from ther out to order ice watter instead of just watter.

"Knwo what you gals want?" asked the waitress. She stood ready with a pen and pad in her hands.

"A white pizza," started Leigh, "with broccoli and pineapple."

"Large?"

Leigh looked at me and seemed to mentally calculate how many slices I would eat. "Yeah I think so," she replied.

"Alright." The waitress flash a dull smile then strolled off with the order.

"Broccoli and pineapple?" I questioned her, a small grin played on my lips.

"Yeah, you'll like it... I'm sure."

I couldn't help my grin spreading across my lips. "I love both of them."

"I figured," Leigh started to tease, "you look like a broccoli and pineapple girl."

I laughed as I leaned back into the booth seat. "I don't know how you figure."

"You got that... broccoli, pineapple thing about you," she continued to say. She grabbed her drink and dragged it against the table closer to herself. "You miss home?"

"Ye, I do," I quietly admitted, "but the change is nice too."

"Yeah I bet it is." Leigh lifted up her drink and after she took a sip from her straw, she put the glass back down. "What hobbies you into?"

"Mmmmm." I was still grinning from earlier and I wasn't sure why I couldn't let it go. "I like to do acting, work with kids, writing...."

"Stories, poetry?" probed Leigh.

"Oh no," I protested, "script for plays is more my thing."

"That makes sense," agreed Leigh. She was now laying back against the booth seat.

"I also enjoy photography," I gently added. I smiled when she smiled at me.

"I love photography." Leigh folded her hands in her lap. "Especially black and white."

My smile grew deeper. "Me too."

Leigh chuckled and her head seemed to tilt to one side as if she was thinking about something. "So you're dyslexic?"

I slowly nodded as a faint lump built up in my throat. It had never bothered me to tell people that because people either loved me for it or ignored me for it. Yet for some reason, I was actually concerned about Leigh's reaction and thoughts. Yet Leigh's sudden question pulled me out of my thoughts. "What's that?" I asked her since I wasn't sure about the question.

"What is dyslexia?"

I took a deep breath and decided whether to do the short rendition or the long one. "The part of my brain that takes in information and retains it is a different than your normal person." I noted how Leigh leaned forward and her soft blue eyes focused directly on me. "Sometimes the information doesn't even get stored. I also have a lot of trouble with my spelling and memorizing things like in math."

"So that explains that," she quietly mused aloud. Her focus then returned to me. "You have to get extra help with that huh?"

"Yes," I quickly replied, "because I can't always learn the same way everybody else does in class."

Leigh just stared at me, she seemed to be taking in all the information I've told her. "Is that why you came here? To the States?"

I slowly nodded my head then said, "Sweden is not so great on supporting people with disabilities. They don't take the time to give extra help. The teacher rather not and just write me off as disruptive and fail me." I saw how Leigh cringed at what I explained. "Here it iz easier."

"Well I'm glad you came." Leigh had her beautiful smile again. "Especially to this college."

"Me too," I agreed. "I already have a nice friend."

"You got it," she teased some and sat back in the booth. She seemed to go a bit serious though, another question on her mind maybe. "Does your dyslexia get frustrating?"

"It can but at school more so," I explained. "It does has its advantages."

"Such as?" Leigh urged.

I grinned at her profound intrest and understanding. "Since my line of thinking and learning is diffrent than most, I can see thigns from diffrent angles." I noticed Leigh's smile shifting into a grin. "Like with photography I can come up with better perspectives and creativity than most."

"Just because you think different," concluded Leigh. "That's so cool."

"Ye." I grinned at her. "It has its perks."

Leigh chuckled at me and I dropped my eyes from her, feeling a little embarrassed. Leigh then leaned forward again with her left elbow sliding onto the table. She dropped the side of her face against her raised hand. "Gee, I wish I was dyslexic." She was grinning from ear to ear at me. "I rather mispell and see the world in a different light than spell right like the average white sheep."

I couldn't help but lift my eyes up to her. "I like it... I don't let it slow me down."

"Glad to hear that." Leigh gave the brightest smile yet. "Take advantage of that, I wold."

I softly laghed but I nodded my head. "I do."

"You speak rely good English," Leigh randomly commented.

"I started in fourth grade," I explained, "and been lerning ever since."

"You see, that's what they need to do in America," ranted Leigh, "start kids young with a foreign language instead of eighth or seventh grade."



"It helps, yes," I agreed.

Leigh was about to say something but this time she was interrupted by the waitress.

"Here yah are." The waitress lowered the metal pan of pizza and put two plates in front of us. "Enjoy, gals."

"Thank you." Leigh smiled at her then looked at the pizza. "Mmmm."

I studied and decided it wasn't quite a pizza I've had in Italy but it'd be a new experience. I think all of Leigh's previous thoughts of America and foreign language were lost by the pizza's arrival.

"Big or small slice?"

"Little," I replied. I watched as she used a fork to wedge under a small slice. She then carefully placed it on my plate then she got her own. I kind of tilted my head to one side and visually inspected the pizza slice. Its contents were rather... unique and I was about to find out how they tasted.

After I watched Leigh take a bite, I decided it was safe enough. So I picked up my slice and took a small bite and a piece of broccoli was included. As I thoughtfully ate it, I really started to like the pizza.

Leigh must have known because she had a huge smirk on her face. "Not bad huh?"

Once I had the small piece down, I nodded my head. "Pretty good... but they are much different in Italy."

"Oh yeah," agreed Leigh, "I love a true Italian pizza."

"You been there?" I hastily asked, surprised by her admission.

"Of course," she teased. "Been to Venice, Florence and Rome."

I smiled at her and happy to now know somebody that had traveled like me. "Have you been anywhere else?"

Leigh was between taking a bite of her pizza. After she had swallowed it, she finally answered, "England, France, Italy, Germany, and Holland."

"That's wonderful," I admitted. "I want to travel more."

"Me too," agreed Leigh, "but after college, I think."

I nodded my head but I decided to return to my pizza before it got any cooler. Both Leigh and I remained pretty quiet through the rest of the meal. I could tell she was happily enjoying the pizza like I was. Leigh had a good selection on the pizza and I wasn't quite sure how she'd know I'd like this one. In either case, I was grateful she had selected it. After we finished, the waitress returned with the bill for us. I was

quick to try and get the bill but Leigh was faster than me.

"Leigh, let me-"

"I have it," she stated and gave me a warning look.

I tried to resist her by giving her an annoyed look but I could tell it had no effect since she grinned at me. She folded my arms over my chest and muttered, "I'll just have to take you out to dinner then."

"Sounds good to me," Leigh retorted.

I hastily looked up, surprised that she even heard me.

"How about tonight?" asked Leigh.

I felt my face flush at her persistence. "Uh...." I was really sure how to respond. I never had another woman pursue me like Leigh was doing now.

"I can suggest a place," urged Leigh. Her grin was devilish as she put her wallet away in her back pocket. "When is your last class?"

Slowly I lifted my eyes to her and I was locked by them again. "I have English last and it ends at three."

"Early dinner?" asked Leigh. "I prefer those myself. Around five?"

I instantly had a smile pulling at my lips. I couldn't resist her. "I'll be ready."

"Great." Leigh got up with the bill and the money she'd pulled out. She'd left five dollars on the table though.

I slowly slid out of the booth and stood up as well. I watched her as she paid for it at the register. Then when she turned around her serious expression broke with a warm smile. I knew it was because of me and her smile made a shock ripple through my body. And as she approached me, a heat rush began to grow stronger.

"Ready?" she quietly asked.

"Oh... yeah." I turned and made my way for the door. I felt silly at that point for standing there and just staring openly at Leigh. I had to wonder what she thought about that. I saw her car lights flash so I knew she'd open the doors.

When we got into the car, I asked her, "Where do you want to go for dinner?"

Leigh finished buckling her seatbelt then looked at me. "Does it matter?"

I grinned at her because it really didn't, I just wanted her company. "Wherever you want."

Her head started bobbing as she started the car. "I know the perfect place."

"Wher?" I urged her. My stomach turned in nervousness and excitement.

"It's a surprise."

Leigh's car then suddenly jerked back as the car came out of the parking spot.

"We can go as long as you let me pay," I reminded her.

Leigh didn't say anything to me as she focussed on driving down the road to the intersection to get onto the main road. The car though came to a stop at the red light, which quickly went green. Leigh hurried out into the busy road but she finally looked at me. "I will." She winked at me then returned her attention to her driving.

I almost groaned aloud at how Leigh respond to me. What was strange was I felt so connected to this woman I just met. Even stranger then that was the fact such intimate names as lovely, baby and even love wanted to slip through my lips when I spoke to her. My draw towards her was jus controlible but exactly for how long? And as I turned my head away from the window and gazed at Leigh, the sudden urge to take Leigh's hand in my own came over me.

Wen Leigh noticed I was staring at her, I quikly looked out the front window. I tried to control the blush that crept up my neck but it was to hard. I could jus make out her chuckling at me and I sighed then slumped into the seat. I then coverd my face with my left hand and inwardly grumbld.

But then suddenly a warm hand covered over my left hand and pulled my hand away. Slender fingers laced through mine then Leigh's deep voice forced me to open my eyes.

"Don't hide your face...." Leigh flashed a smile at me then added, "I love looking at it."

After Leigh said that, she lowered our laced hands onto my left thigh. She wasn't letting go and instead her thumb was steadily rubbing over the top of mine. I briefly gazed down at how my wrist comfortably rested on top of Leigh's.

I tried to swallow the desert in my mouth then wished I'd drank more of that watter. I was going to fail terribly on resisting Leigh. She had everythign I liked and she had so much depth about her that she fastsinated me. I knew ther was no going back from her and I wouldn't let her get away.

Leigh pulled into the student parking lot and drove around until she fond an open spot. She pulled into it and glanced at me. "What dorm are you in?"

"Talbot, room103," I simply replied.

Leigh nodded then got out of the car.

I followed her lead and jumped out too. Simultaneously, we opened the rears doors to get our books.

Leigh picked up her books but didn't straighten up. She stared across to me.

I had to at her. Then a shiver rippled through my body when she devilishly grinned at me.

"Have you ever had sex in the back of the car?" she partially joked to me.

My jaw went slack at her bold question but I quickly recovered. "No," I admitted. I blushed yet again from my own admittance. "But it's always worth a try." I wasn't sure when I was getting the courage to be so forward with Leigh. "How about you?"

Leigh smirked and replied, "No but it's on my to do list." She suddenly rose up and slammed the car door. As I walked around the car after getting my stuff out, I joined Leigh at her side. "What dorm are you in?"

"Dorchester," answered Leigh. She stretched her hand out behind herself. I heard her car's locks click into place. "I'll swing by at five."

I had my eyes on her as she started to separate from me. "Exactly five?"

"Count on it," promised Leigh. She winked at me and broke away even further.

I couldn't help but stop and watch her go. After a grumbling sigh, I turned to my left and went through the parking lot. My dorm was on the other side of the sports field and I needed my books for the next class.

The rest of my day seemed to drag out; I don't think it could have taken any longer. I felt like an entire lifetime was passing me by before five o'clock would show.

I constantly found myself staring off into space during class. I would get annoyed at myself and tried to remain focused on my class. Yet I'd still catch my thoughts wondering off to Leigh. I barely knew her but I already missed her. I wanted to know her, every piece of her, and I could only hope she did as well.

I could only imagine what tonight would be like. I was just glad none of my classes required any homework just yet. I knew I wouldn't be that capable of doing them tonight. Finally my class ended at four-fifteen and I went racing to the door before my classmates. It took my five minutes to make it across campus to my dorm and into my room. I already knew what I'd wear and hopefully it would be the writing thing for Leigh's taste.

And just like clock-work, Leigh was knocking at my door at five o'clock. I grabbed my glasses from my desk and put them on as I raced to the door. "Hey," I greeted.

"Hi." Leigh happily smiled at her as she towered over me. She stepped into my room when I invited her. "Who's your roommate?"

I looked over at my roommate's desk and replied, "Diane." I peered up at her and added, "She's a sophomore."

Leigh nodded a few times but I quickly brought her attention back to me with a question.

"Is this okay what I'm wearing?"

Leigh took a step back to inspect me. A hungry grin creased her features as her eyes finally lifted up to me. She stepped closer to me again and reached up to grasp the black jacket I wore for warmth. "You look... amazing," she whispered.

"It'll be okay for wher we're going?" I persisted. I think she noticed the worry in my eyes as I held my expression firm.

"You're perfect," she quietly reassured.

My worrys settled down and I gently smiled at her. She returned tit to me then before I could say anythign, she slipped around behind me. Her warms hands grasped my hips and pushed me towards the closed door.

"I have a date," Leigh whispered into my ear, "we can't be late."

I giggled and grabbed the doorknob.

Leigh sadly releasd my hips and swung the door further open for us. She came out after me and I made sure to lock the door. Together we walked down the hallway, into the dorm lobby, and outside wher I saw Leigh's car parked in the dorm parking.

Leigh lifted her hand and clicked her keyless entry button. I went onto the passengr side and got in before Leigh. But tit wasn't long before Leigh had the car started and we were rolling out of the collage. Tit was a quiet ride to the restaurant for the most part. We just lisened to the radio on the Lite station that was playing love songs.

When they pulled into the small, gravel parking lot, I peered out the window and read the named aloud, "Kennedyville Inn." In the corner of my eye, I caght Leigh's grin.

Leigh turned into an open spot and turned the engine off. "Ready?"

"I'm starving," I admitted. Together we got out of the car and heded to the entrance of the small restaurant. "This is so un-American," I joked.

Leigh laghed as she opened the door for me and held tit. "It's rather small."

"And intimate," I muttered as I stepped into the lobby of the restaurant.

"Good evening, ladies," greeted the hostess. "Two?"

"Please," replied Leigh. She came up behind me and gently nudged me to follow the hostess. I followed her direction and I could sense Leigh very close behind me. It made me grin from ear to ear at how close Leigh kept to me. We were soon seated at a small table in the corner and off to me left was a window. I peered out of tit briefly to see a brown cornfield. When I looked, Leigh was already studying the menu. I lifted my own and carefully opened tit to read the contents.

"You like chicken?" spoke up Leigh after about two minutes.

"I love it," I replied.

Leigh peered over the rim of her menu, her eyes twinkled. "Try the quail. They're similar except tender and sweeter."

I opened my mouth to say something but I slowly closed it as I read over the description. "It sounds nice."

"Try it," urged Leigh, "because that's what I'm going to get." She folded up her menu and grinned at me.

I chuckled some and slowly closed up my menu. "Why not?" I agreed. After I spoke that, our server approached our table.

"Good evening, ladies," greeted the young lady. "What can I get you both to drink?"

We first ordered our drinks then we decided on splitting an appetizer, we went with the bread bowl filled with cheese, crab, and broccoli. I think it was my three favourite things and I didn't know how Leigh knew it.

When the appetizer arrived, we first remained quiet and ate it but Leigh broke the silence. She asked me what I was interested in at college and I told her I wasn't sure yet. As she continued to probe me for my interests, she seemed to add things up in her head. I would drop my head to one side and continued to tell her more about myself and she carefully listened, she was so interested in me.

After the last piece of bread with toppings was taken by Leigh did I finally go silent. Leigh thoughtfully ate the last morsel then nodded her head. "You should work with kids," she concluded, "you talk with your hands sssso...." Her eyes seemed to mist over as she studied me. "Learn sign language and you could help young children with disabilities learn to cope in real life with that." Her slender fingers wrapped around her drink of ice tea. "Especially since you have dyslexia you would know first hand how to adjust to society."

I opened my mouth to give a response to her conclusions but none of my protests seemed to work. Slowly my slack jaw went closed and I just stared at Leigh in somewhat disbelief. How did she do that? How could she just take all my traits and enjoyments and put them together like that? No wonder she enjoyed math so much.

I think Leigh knew I was baffled; she had a smug look on her face. She finished sipping on her tea and carefully put the glass back down. Just then our meals arrived from the kitchen. We quietly ate meals and I was in too much deep thought to carry on any type of conversation. I considered what Leigh had suggested and the more I chewed on the idea the more I started to agree with it.

It wasn't until dessert that we finally spoke again. This time though, I asked Leigh all the questions and I quickly found her a rather fascinating person. She was quiet so that meant she had very deep emotions about her. And I was right, as I quizzed her, I could

see she had firm morals about certain things. She deeply believed in the strength and beauty of love, something I thought I'd never find in another human being. Yet here was Leigh echoing my own thoughts and perspectives to some degree yet they were somewhat different too. I couldn't help but be captivated by her.

After Leigh just finished telling me that love could really conquer all, I just grinned at her. Then without much thought about it, I whispered, "I really like you."

Leigh hastily lifted her gaze from her dessert back to me. "Really huh?"

I almost choked on my raspberry tart when I realized she'd heard me. "Uh...." I began to go red as the raspberries on my tart. "Yes," I murmured. Leigh's saucy grin made my blush increased. I cleared my throat and just kept my attention to my dessert.

But then I heard Leigh mutter, "I really like you too."

I instantly lifted my eyes to her and became caught by her soft eyes. I softly smiled at her and her own smile broke out across her face and it softened her features even more. Hesitantly I lowered my focus back to my dessert.

Our meal was soon over after about another twenty minutes. Leigh actually let me pay for the bill even though she tried to help. I knew she wouldn't resist to offer help but I'd promised the dinner and I planned to keep my promise. As we walked back to her car, she stayed behind me and put her hands on my shoulders. I was tempted to stop and lean back into her but not here in the open.

Once we were on the road again, Leigh looked at me with a curious expression.

I glanced over and as I turned my head away, I asked, "What?"

"Do people give you hard time for being dyslexic?"

I sighed inwardly but I just shrugged as my response. "It can be hard." Slowly my gaze turned to her. "I tend to get a finger shaken at me when I write of any type."

"How is that?" probed Leigh.

"Mmmm...." I tried to think of an example and one particular one came to me. "I enjoy reading especially stuff on the internet like fan fic. You know what that is?" From the corner of my eye, I saw Leigh nod her head. "Well a lot of the time I offer feedback to them."

"You email feedback to them?" clarified Leigh.

"Yes," I replied, "and some do get annoyed at my misspellings of words." I sighed a little as I stared out of the window. "I cannot help it with my dyslexia. I mean I could go back and edit it twenty times over but I'll always miss something without a spell checker or dictionary."

"So the writers get mad at you?"

"Some do, yes," I answered, "others understand or don't prejudge before they find out I have dyslexia." I heard Leigh huff in annoyance.

"Ignorance is bliss," stated Leigh. "I'm sorry that happens."

I shook my head in protest. "No, no it is not my loss... it is their own. I know who I am and it is bad on their part to assume by my misspelling. It's not a joke, I am not trying to be a smartass or...." I couldn't find the right word.

"Jerk?" helped Leigh.

I laughed and nodded. "A jerk, right. I am not like that but I guess some jump to that conclusion. Does that make sense?"

Leigh nodded her head.

"I offer feedback and I cannot spell perfectly like them but I am a reader with opinions."

"Besides," continued Leigh, "it's just fanfiction... not published work. So it's nothing to be uptight about, I would think."

"Everybody is different," I reminded her. "Some take it more serious than others and that is their own priority."

"True," agreed Leigh. "But still you can't be so serious that you act like your work has won the Nobel Peace Prize."

I instantly giggled at her comparisons. "No, I agree... but some of these writers to them it is like their... religion. Yes?"

"I guess it can be," Leigh gradually agreed. "Regardless of that," she protested, "it's not fair on their part to judge you by your spelling."

"And I agree," I quietly said, "but that is them and I'm not going to let that stop me from offering feedback. Some will reply to me, some will not because of my dyslexia or maybe even something else." I shrugged then quietly added, "I read the story, I may or may not like it, and I may offer feedback. It is up to them to say thank you or not."

"A thank you is the polite thing to do," remarked Leigh. "I wish they wouldn't disregard you because of your misspelling, which you can't control."

"Me too buuut... everybody different," I reminded again. "I do not let it stop me or slow me down. I continue with my feedback just as I continue with my writing for playwright." Leigh quickly looked at me and I saw the respectful smile on her face. It even helped me feel better.

"You're an amazing woman, Caren."

"If I was," I started to tease, "I would have won the Nobel Peace Prize."



Leigh laughed rather hard at my joke and I thought she wouldn't be able to concentrate on her driving but she managed. She then suddenly reached over and took my hand in her own. She happily whispered, "I rely like you too."

I held my breath after she said that but I slowly eased it out as a smile crept along my lips.

In a few minutes though, we were driving back into the student parking lot that was halfway between my dorm and Leigh's dorm. As we got out of the car, we slowly walked around and met at the trunk.

Leigh stopped and took a step back; she sat down on the top of her trunk.

I was halfway turned to her and decided to face her all the way.

"Thank you for dinner," commented Leigh.

"My pleasure." I smiled warmly at her and stepped a little closer. I folded my arms over my body. "I enjoy your company." I heard Leigh chuckle some but her smile was amazing.

"Not as much as I enjoyed yours," she bantered.

I had an amused grin as I teased, "I'll keep you then."

Leigh smirked at my tease. "I'd like that," she quietly admitted.

I stepped even closer, my hand shifted onto the trunk and I peered up into cool blue eyes. "Rely?"

"Yeah... rely," whispered Leigh. She lowered her head a little closer to mine.

I held my breath and I tried to remain calm as I grinned at her. "I rely, rely, rely like you." I giggled when Leigh's right eyebrow rose up higher than I'd ever seen.

"That's a lot of... relays," she teased me, her head a little closer now.

"Ye... I know," I murmured and without knowing it my right hand moved from the trunk to Leigh's side. "You're good at getting them from me."

"Mmmm... so I see," whispered Leigh.

I couldn't hold back anymore, it was too hard. I reached up with my left and my fingers tangled into her hair as I pulled her head down the rest of the way. The kiss was hardly anything, my lips simply pressed against hers but I could taste her and I wanted more, needed more. Yet suddenly a bit of fear struck in me and I pulled back. "Oh god, I'm sorry...."

Leigh groaned and her eyes partially opened. "Why?" she huskily asked.

"I didn't ask if you're single....?" I relaxed a bit when Leigh's lips played a grin.

"Very single," whispered Leigh. She closed her eyes and she drew me into her body with her arms around my waist. Her hungry lips soon found my again and I moaned softly in between.

Leigh's tongue lightly ran along the bottom of my lip and I shivered. I had to lean into Leigh for more support.

"Are... you single?" muttered Leigh between the kiss.

Without any control, I growled and pulled lips harder against mine and muttered, "Not now." I could feel Leigh's grin in the middle of the kiss but it was soon lost when her tongue slipped into my mouth. My hand on her hip soon slipped between Leigh's jacket and shirt and pressed into her skin.

Leigh sucked in her breath when my cool hand reacted to her hot skin. I enjoyed the reaction and slowly moved my hand to the front of her stomach, which caused her to moan between the kiss.

Our tongues moved against each other then she slowly let me into her mouth. Her arms tightened around me and my body pressed against hers more.

I slowly started to pull back and Leigh was groaning at me but I wasn't about to let her have it all. Gradually her dark eyes opened to me and I had a silly grin on my face. I wanted her and badly but even I knew how to play with somebody.

"Not now huh?" she teased from earlier. "What makes you think I want you for a girlfriend?"

I suddenly felt embarrassed and I tried to control my blush.

Leigh suddenly straightened up to look down at me again. "We will see." She grinned and turned to walk off.

I slightly pivoted on my left foot and watched her walk away. "How long is that?" I called out.

Leigh turned her head sidelong and I could make out her grin. "Whenever."

I slowly growled at her answer. I then lost my frustration when she turned around in the parking lot and walked backwards.

"By the way," she hollered, "I rely, rely like you." She smirked at me, spun back around, and then disappeared ahead on an unlit sidewalk.

I stood there in shock and my legs a bit shaky. I then felt like somebody was watching me and I looked up to see a guy on the sidewalk of a dorm staring at me with a mischief smirk.

"Nice one," he teased to me.

I rolled my eyes at him. "Thanks."

The young man hopped off the sidewalk and came towards me between Leigh's car and the neighbouring car. "Next time don't let her walk away," he seriously said.

I gave him a sceptic look. What was I supposed to do? Tie her down against her will? But suddenly I found a large hand held out in front of me.

"I'm Michael."

I smiled at him and took his hand.

"Caren," I introduced.

Michael warmly smiled and he let go of my hand. Both of his hands then slipped into his pant pockets. I rather liked him; he had gentle features, soft blue eyes like Leigh, and a crew cut.

"Where is your dorm?"

"Talbot," I replied then looked across the sports field.

Michael followed my gaze then held out his arm to me. "I'll walk you there, which will give me plenty of time to tell you about Leigh."

After I'd hooked my arm through his, I just stared at him in surprise. He knew Leigh?

Michael chuckled and patted my arm. "Come on." He led the way to the dorm down the windy road. "Leigh would not leave you in the middle of the parking lot unless she was trying to set you up."

"With you?" I encouraged. I saw a huge smirk form on Michael's face that was quickly lost.

"You could say that." He then grinned at me knowingly. "But not like that." He chuckled at my blushing features. "I'm gay; honey so there's nothing to worry about."

"Isn't this these days?" I dramatically shook my head. After I thought about it, I realized Michael must know an awful lot about Leigh. I felt a devilish side come up in me and I grinned at him. "Sssso, what do you know about Leigh?"

Michael laughed and said, "Honey, has she got the hots for you?"

That was all I needed to know yet Michael informed me of much more as we walked to the dorm. I never thought a ten-minute walk could be so helpful in my life. I was also beginning to grow an infatuation for Michael and his warm heart. I knew after that walk that Michael would become an integrated part of my relationship with Leigh for the next years to come.

When we came to the entrance of the dorm, he stopped and hugged me then wished me goodnight. I went into my dorm and pulled out my keys for my locked door. When

I stepped in, I didn't find Diane had returned yet and my guess was she was with her boyfriend. I'd already met her parents and the boyfriend, who she was highly attached to and lived locally.

Although when I glanced over at her desk I noted her stuff had been moved around, signs of life. I then looked at my desk as I started to take my coat off. I suddenly furrowed my eyebrows at the vase of red roses on my desk. "Whaaaa...." I approached my desk and put my jacket down on the chair but my eyes were on the flowers.

I then noted the small, plain white card standing up beside the vase on my desk. I carefully picked it up and lifted the top to see the words appear on the inside of the card.

*I rely, rely like you.*

*Leigh*

I closed my eyes and took in a small phrase that meant so much. Slowly a smile tugged at my lips as I continued to repeat Leigh's words in my head. Gradually my eyes drifted open and I once more read the card then gently placed it back in its original spot.

And as I stared at the rich, red flowers I began to wonder how she exactly managed to get these in here. Had Leigh done it while Michael and I were headed to the dorm? Or did Michael do it for Leigh while we were at dinner? But then how could either of them get into the room without a key? I'd have to ask Leigh tomorrow.

As I got ready for bed, I continued to think about Leigh, as well as what Michael had told me about Leigh. I had a head start on Leigh and I planned to use it to my advantage to get what I wanted. I always get what I want.

Within ten minutes I was in bed and already starting to drift off. Yet before I did, I heard the door unlock and I knew Diane had returned. I decided to act like I was asleep as Diane came into the room. Although I heard another woman's voice saying to Diane, 'thank you' then that was it followed by the dorm door slamming shut. My heart stopped because for a second I thought it was Leigh and I was so tempted to lift the blinds on my window over my head. My window overlooked the parking lot and entrance for my dorm but I decided to let it go for now.

Instead, I listened to my roommate get ready for bed. The noises she made seemed to carry my mind off as I thought more about Leigh. By the time Diane was in bed, I was well off and a smile permanently set on my face. I knew I'd have good dreams tonight, every night because every tomorrow would be better than the today since I finally found Leigh.

## The End

### *Leigh's 'Translated' Version*

I slowly strolled into the large lecture hall at my new college. As soon as I looked around, I began to realize just how large the lecture hall really was, almost as large as a theatre. The thought of a theatre made me grin some. Several other students were already sitting down and plenty of them were piling in behind me. I decided to move and I went down one of the aisle and stopped at a row near the front. I carefully slipped down the empty row and took a seat near the middle.

As I sat there, I began to seriously wonder how I'd write in my notebook. I investigated and realized that to my right was a table of sorts attached the side of the chair. I reached down and lifted it then swung the table down in front of me. I happily grinned at my success and I slammed my books onto the table top. Then I sat forward some and grabbed my blue ink pen from my back pocket. I spun it a little between my fingers then dropped it on top of my books.

I rested back into my chair and just watched the students come into the lecture hall and take various seats. Off to my left a few other girls got into the row but nowhere near me. When I looked off to my right side, there were two young men down at that end too.

I sighed a little and just stared down at the bottom of the lecture hall. From the right side on the ground floor, the professor came inside and strolled up to the large table in the middle of the lecture hall. He dropped his books onto the table and began fiddling with them.

Today was my first day at my new college. I was rather nervous but excited at the same time. This was also my first time in the States and there were plenty of new things to come accustomed. And despite how lonely I was feeling here in this new place, I was happy.

As I peered down at my books, I reached up to brush back a few of my golden strands of hair. As soon as I lifted my head, I saw the professor was starting to pass out papers, which was probably our syllabus. When they finally came to me, I accidentally grabbed two without realizing it then passed the stack behind me. I grumbled a little at myself but tucked the extra one away in my notebook. As I looked over the syllabus for Statistics, I started to already feel a little uneasy. I won't be the last to admit that I am no good at my maths but I still tried.

When I heard the professor speak, I returned my focus to him. He began to go over the basics of the class and what was on the syllabus. The professor sounded rather easy to work with unlike some. All he required was our homework for each assignment, exams taken when called for, and it was optional to come to lecture.

But then like any other math teacher, he decided to go ahead and start the first chapter on the first day of classes. I went ahead and opened my notebook, clicked my pen, and started writing what he wrote on the board. Sometimes math could just become a bunch of mush to me and made no sense. After math classes, I always take the time to make sense of all the mush since it's the only way I can learn it.

I continued to focus on the professor and much of what he was teaching were the basics we learned in Algebra. Suddenly though my focus was broken when a taller woman fell into the seat beside me. She kind of scared me since I hadn't expected her. I peered up at her and she noticed me. She brightly smiled at me and I was instantly captured by her blue eyes.

"I miss anything interesting?" she muttered to me.

I giggled a little and shook my head. "Just the syllabus review."

She nodded at me and opened her notebook to a fresh page. In her right hand appeared a pencil and some eraser of sorts. She immediately started to take notes on what was written on the board. "I guess I'll have to get that from him," she grumbled under her breath.

"Wait," I whispered and I extracted the extra syllabus I had taken earlier. For once one of my moments came in handy.

She seemed rather happy and impressed as she took the syllabus from me. "You must have known I'd be late."

I couldn't help but grin at her but I tried to return my attention to my notes. Yeah I guess sometimes I did believe that some things happened for a reason. Me taking that extra syllabus must have been fating talking to me.

For awhile, we both sat there jotting down notes but then her deep voice broke my concentration.

"I'm Leigh," she quietly spoke, "well its actually Leyda but I go by Leigh."

Again I grinned as I wrote my notes. "Caren." I emphasised my name with my deep accent.

"Karen?" she repeated in a confused manner.

"Car... en," I slowly pronounced. "Or Karen does work."

Leigh shook her head some but her eyes went back to her notebook. "Ca-r-en." She pronounced it beautifully with her deep voice and it rolled well off the back of her throat.

"That's it," I whispered. In the corner of my eye, I could see her happily smiling to herself for getting my name right. I almost started to giggle at her happy achievement.

"You must be an international student," she muttered to me.

"Da I'm frum Zwedan," I joked with my fake Swedish accent.

Leigh quickly looked at me in shock because of my accent switch. She then realized I was joking and her grin was so incredibly cute.

"Sweden huh?" she uttered. "That's a long flight."

I was grinning like a silly kid and my notes were looking worse than what they typically did. "Its not that bad," I assured. "Just long." I heard her quietly laugh at me for repeating what she just said earlier.

"Do you like it here?"

I shrugged then replied, "Just kinda got here... but I am happy to be here."

"That's cool," she quietly agreed.

I glanced over at her and she had her head hung low, eyes on her notebook. I was just able to see through her dark strands of long hair to make out her face. She had rather high cheekbones and sculpted features, her face was extremely appealing to the eye. "Leyda."

She quickly looked at me in question.

"She was the mythological mother of Helen of Troy... Queen of Sparta," I explained. At first, she was still confused but I could tell she figured it out and a grin broke out across her face.

"Yes, its Greek," she agreed, "but I've never known what my name meant."

"I'm not sure either," I admitted, "but I do recall my Greek mythology."

Leigh finally looked away from me and instead at the white board. She quickly wrote down what the professor had on the board. "You like math?"

"I would if I could understand it." I sighed but not at math but more at myself.

"Its not that hard," she brushed off.

"Maybe not for you," I uttered, "but when you have dyslexia it gets rather tough." I almost groaned aloud when her face quickly turned to me in surprise. Sometimes it was my own dyslexia that would make or break my friendships. That was why I always learned to tell people right away so they could decide to be near me or not.

Leigh though lost her surprised look and I swear it changed into respect. When I looked over to confirm it, her head had already turned away. "I'll be happy to help you," she whispered to me.

Leigh's offered help made me feel better; it settled unknown fears in me. "I'd like

that," I replied. "Thank you."

"No worries," she replied and winked at me. "You'll be an expert by the end of the semester."

I giggled some and tried not to look at her. I was enjoying her too much. "I'm not sure about that."

Leigh turned her head to me and just gave me the warmest smile.

I smiled back but I think I must have blushed a little because her expression went into amusement. I hastily returned my attention to my notebook and followed along with the professor. Leigh and I though remained pretty quiet for the last twenty minutes of class.

After the professor was finished, Leigh slammed her books shut and looked at me. "Sssso, what you doing for lunch?"

I hung my head low but I was grinning as I swept back a strand of blond hair. "Nothing really." I gradually lifted my head and my eyes met hers.

"Come to lunch with me, Caren?"

Her smile was too irresistible, I couldn't say no. "I would love to," I quietly admitted.

"Come on." Leigh stood up and was already heading down the empty row.

I hurried to catch up to her since she moved a little faster than me. We went out of the lecture hall and into the McGinnes Hall but it wasn't long until we stepped outside into the fall day.

"Lovely weather," I commented as I walked along side Leigh.

"I prefer winter," she casually mentioned to me.

"Mmmm... I would if there was not so much snow in Sweden." When I glanced at her, she had a sceptic look and I grinned at her. "There was this one winter where the snow reached up to here on me." I put my right hand over top of my tummy, right near my belly button.

"That's it?" she retorted.

"That's a lot," I protested but her unbeatable grin made me laugh.

"You're short so that wouldn't be much snow anyway," she teased.

I sighed at Leigh's remark about my height or lack of height. "Being small is good," I stated to her.

Leigh chuckled and she suddenly took a left onto another walkway. "There is nothing wrong with being vertically challenged."



"Oh oh now I'm challenged?" I joked.

"Never," she said and winked at me. She then reached into her right jeans pocket and pulled out a set of car keys.

Leigh and I crossed one of the campus roads and came into the student parking lot. I wasn't sure which car was hers but slowly our walk narrowed down to a red car. I read the name brand on the trunk, which said Honda Civic. It was a bright red, four-door, and had a spoiler on the back. Then when Leigh held up the black remote key, her doors automatically unlocked.

"Just put your books in the back," she informed me.

So when I came up to the passenger side, I opened the rear door and put my books down on the floor. After I shut the door, I got into the front seat. Within a few seconds, Leigh was in too and starting the car. Together our seatbelts snapped into place and Leigh started her car.

"Where we going?" I quietly asked.

"We're going to this little pizza joint called Brocolino's."

"How American," I teased.

Leigh laughed while she backed her car out of the parking spot. "You got it, Caren." She grinned over at me as she switched her gears into drive. "Welcome to America."

I couldn't help but laugh. When we made it to the pizza shop, we both got out and headed inside of the building. I quickly looked around and realized there were quite a few people eating there. Leigh grabbed my shoulders, since she was behind me, and directed me into a booth along the left side. She took one side and I took the other side. Before either of us could say anything, a waitress came up to us.

"ere yah go, gals." The waitress handed Leigh and I each a menu. "Know what ya'uz want to drink?"

"A Coke for me," answered Leigh.

I peered up from my open menu and ordered, "Just a water."

The waitress nodded at me then spun around to take care of the orders.

I returned my gaze to the menu and tried to decipher everything bit by bit. Over the top of my menu I could make out Leigh staring at me with an amused look. I couldn't take it anymore so I looked up at her. Suddenly she grinned at me. "What?" I asked.

Leigh's grin went bigger. "Know what you want?"

"I haven't even started," I admitted. But before I could look at the menu again, a pair of large hands took the menu from me.

"I gotcha covered." Leigh smirked at me and closed up my menu.

I was going to protest but was cut short by the waitress returning. I suddenly found a red glass full of water in front of me. I almost wanted to laugh at the fact it had no ice in it. I remembered from there out to order ice water instead of just water.

"Know what you gals want?" asked the waitress. She stood ready with a pen and pad in her hands.

"A white pizza," started Leigh, "with broccoli and pineapple."

"Large?"

Leigh looked at me and seemed to mentally calculate how many slices I would eat. "Yeah I think so," she replied.

"Alright." The waitress flash a dull smile then strolled off with the order.

"Broccoli and pineapple?" I questioned her, a small grin played on my lips.

"Yeah, you'll like it... I'm sure."

I couldn't help my grin spreading across my lips. "I love both of them."

"I figured," Leigh started to tease, "you look like a broccoli and pineapple girl."

I laughed as I leaned back into the booth seat. "I don't know how you figure."

"You got that... broccoli, pineapple thing about you," she continued to say. She grabbed her drink and dragged it against the table closer to herself. "You miss home?"

"Ye, I do," I quietly admitted, "but the change is nice too."

"Yeah I bet it is." Leigh lifted up her drink and after she took a sip from her straw, she put the glass back down. "What hobbies you into?"

"Mmmmm." I was still grinning from earlier and I wasn't sure why I couldn't let it go. "I like to do acting, work with kids, writing...."

"Stories, poetry?" probed Leigh.

"Oh no," I protested, "script for plays is more my thing."

"That makes sense," agreed Leigh. She was now laying back against the booth seat.

"I also enjoy photography," I gently added. I smiled when she smiled at me.

"I love photography." Leigh folded her hands in her lap. "Especially black and white."

My smile grew deeper. "Me too."

Leigh chuckled and her head seemed to tilt to one side as if she was thinking about something. "So you're dyslexic?"

I slowly nodded as a faint lump built up in my throat. It had never bothered me to tell people that because people either loved me for it or ignored me for it. Yet for some reason, I was actually concerned about Leigh's reaction and thoughts. Yet Leigh's sudden question pulled me out of my thoughts. "What's that?" I asked her since I wasn't sure about the question.

"What is dyslexia?"

I took a deep breath and decided whether to do the short rendition or the long one. "The part of my brain that takes in information and retains it is a different than your normal person." I noted how Leigh leaned forward and her soft blue eyes focused directly on me. "Sometimes the information doesn't even get stored. I also have a lot of trouble with my spelling and memorizing things like in math."

"So that explains that," she quietly mused aloud. Her focus then returned to me. "You have to get extra help with that huh?"

"Yes," I quickly replied, "because I can't always learn the same way everybody else does in class."

Leigh just stared at me, she seemed to be taking in all the information I've told her. "Is that why you came here? To the States?"

I slowly nodded my head then said, "Sweden is not so great on supporting people with disabilities. They don't take the time to give extra help. The teacher rather not and just write me off as disruptive and fail me." I saw how Leigh cringed at what I explained. "Here it iz easier."

"Well I'm glad you came." Leigh had her beautiful smile again. "Especially to this college."

"Me too," I agreed. "I already have a nice friend."

"You got it," she teased some and sat back in the booth. She seemed to go a bit serious though, another question on her mind maybe. "Does your dyslexia get frustrating?"

"It can but at school more so," I explained. "It does has its advantages."

"Such as?" Leigh urged.

I grinned at her profound interest and understanding. "Since my line of thinking and learning is different than most, I can see things from different angles." I noticed Leigh's smile shifting into a grin. "Like with photography I can come up with better perspectives and creativity than most."

"Just because you think different," concluded Leigh. "That's so cool."

"Ye." I grinned at her. "It has its perks."

Leigh chuckled at me and I dropped my eyes from her, feeling a little embarrassed. Leigh then leaned forward again with her left elbow sliding onto the table. She dropped the side of her face against her raised hand. "Gee, I wish I was dyslexic." She was grinning from ear to ear at me. "I rather misspell and see the world in a different light than spell right like the average white sheep."

I couldn't help but lift my eyes up to her. "I like it... I don't let it slow me down."

"Glad to hear that." Leigh gave the brightest smile yet. "Take advantage of that, I would."

I softly laughed but I nodded my head. "I do."

"You speak really good English," Leigh randomly commented.

"I started in fourth grade," I explained, "and been learning ever since."

"You see, that's what they need to do in America," ranted Leigh, "start kids young with a foreign language instead of eighth or seventh grade."

"It helps, yes," I agreed.

Leigh was about to say something but this time she was interrupted by the waitress.

"Here yah are." The waitress lowered the metal pan of pizza and put two plates in front of us. "Enjoy, gals."

"Thank you." Leigh smiled at her then looked at the pizza. "Mmmm."

I studied and decided it wasn't quite a pizza I've had in Italy but it'd be a new experience. I think all of Leigh's previous thoughts of America and foreign language were lost by the pizza's arrival.

"Big or small slice?"

"Little," I replied. I watched as she used a fork to wedge under a small slice. She then carefully placed it on my plate then she got her own. I kind of tilted my head to one side and visually inspected the pizza slice. Its contents were rather... unique and I was about to find out how they tasted.

After I watched Leigh take a bite, I decided it was safe enough. So I picked up my slice and took a small bite and a piece of broccoli was included. As I thoughtfully ate it, I really started to like the pizza.

Leigh must have known because she had a huge smirk on her face. "Not bad huh?"

Once I had the small piece down, I nodded my head. "Pretty good... but they are much different in Italy."

"Oh yeah," agreed Leigh, "I love a true Italian pizza."

"You been there?" I hastily asked, surprised by her admission.

"Of course," she teased. "Been to Venice, Florence and Rome."

I smiled at her and happy to now know somebody that had travelled like me. "Have you been anywhere else?"

Leigh was between taking a bite of her pizza. After she had swallowed it, she finally answered, "England, France, Italy, Germany, and Holland."

"That's wonderful," I admitted. "I want to travel more."

"Me too," agreed Leigh, "but after college, I think."

I nodded my head but I decided to return to my pizza before it got any cooler. Both Leigh and I remained pretty quiet through the rest of the meal. I could tell she was happily enjoying the pizza like I was. Leigh had a good selection on the pizza and I wasn't quite sure how she'd know I'd like this one. In either case, I was grateful she had selected it. After we finished, the waitress returned with the bill for us. I was quick to try and get the bill but Leigh was faster than me.

"Leigh, let me-"

"I have it," she stated and gave me a warning look.

I tried to resist her by giving her an annoyed look but I could tell it had no affect since she grinned at me. She folded my arms over my chest and muttered, "I'll just have to take you out to dinner then."

"Sounds good to me," Leigh retorted.

I hastily looked up, surprised that she even heard me.

"How about tonight?" asked Leigh.

I felt my face flush at her persistence. "Uh..." I was really sure how to respond. I never had another woman pursue me like Leigh was doing now.

"I can suggest a place," urged Leigh. Her grin was devilish as she put her wallet away in her back pocket. "When is your last class?"

Slowly I lifted my eyes to her and I was locked by them again. "I have English last and it ends at three."

"Early dinner?" asked Leigh. "I prefer those myself. Around five?"

I instantly had a smile pulling at my lips. I couldn't resist her. "I'll be ready."

"Great." Leigh got up with the bill and the money she'd pulled out. She'd left five

dollars on the table though.

I slowly slid out of the booth and stood up as well. I watched her as she paid for it at the register. Then when she turned around her serious expression broke with a warm smile. I knew it was because of me and her smile made a shock ripple through my body. And as she approached me, a heat rush began to grow stronger.

"Ready?" she quietly asked.

"Oh... yeah." I turned and made my way for the door. I felt silly at that point for standing there and just staring openly at Leigh. I had to wonder what she thought about that. I saw her car lights flash so I knew she'd open the doors.

When we got into the car, I asked her, "Where do you want to go for dinner?"

Leigh finished buckling her seatbelt then looked at me. "Does it matter?"

I grinned at her because it really didn't, I just wanted her company. "Wherever you want."

Her head starting bobbing as she started the car. "I know the perfect place."

"Where?" I urged her. My stomach turned in nervousness and excitement.

"It's a surprise."

Leigh's car then suddenly jerked back as the car came out of the parking spot.

"We can go as long as you let me pay," I reminded her.

Leigh didn't say anything to me as she focussed on driving down the road to the intersection to get onto the main road. The car though came to a stop at the red light, which quickly went green. Leigh hurried out into the busy road but she finally looked at me. "I will." She winked at me then returned her attention to her driving.

I almost groaned aloud at how Leigh responded to me. What was strange was I felt so connected to this woman I just met. Even stranger than that was the fact such intimate names as lovely, baby and even love wanted to slip through my lips when I spoke to her. My draw towards her was just controllable but exactly for how long? And as I turned my head away from the window and gazed at Leigh, the sudden urge to take Leigh's hand in my own came over me.

When Leigh noticed I was staring at her, I quickly looked out the front window. I tried to control the blush that crept up my neck but it was too hard. I could just make out her chuckling at me and I sighed then slumped into the seat. I then covered my face with my left hand and inwardly grumbled.

But then suddenly a warm hand covered over my left hand and pulled my hand away. Slender fingers laced through mine then Leigh's deep voice forced me to open my eyes.

"Don't hide your face...." Leigh flashed a smile at me then added, "I love looking at it."

After Leigh said that, she lowered our laced hands onto my left thigh. She wasn't letting go and instead her thumb was steadily rubbing over the top of mine. I briefly gazed down at how my wrist comfortably rested on top of Leigh's.

I tried to swallow the desert in my mouth then wished I'd drank more of that water. I was going to fail terribly on resisting Leigh. She had everything I liked and she had so much depth about her that she fascinated me. I knew there was no going back from her and I wouldn't let her get away.

Leigh pulled into the student parking lot and drove around until she found an open spot. She pulled into it and glanced at me. "What dorm are you in?"

"Talbot, room103," I simply replied.

Leigh nodded then got out of the car.

I followed her lead and jumped out too. Simultaneously, we opened the rears doors to get our books.

Leigh picked up her books but didn't straighten up. She stared across to me.

I had to at her. Then a shiver rippled through my body when she devilishly grinned at me.

"Have you ever had sex in the back of the car?" she partially joked to me.

My jaw went slack at her bold question but I quickly recovered. "No," I admitted. I blushed yet again from my own admittance. "But it's always worth a try." I wasn't sure where I was getting the courage to be so forward with Leigh. "How about you?"

Leigh smirked and replied, "No but it's on my to do list." She suddenly rose up and slammed the car door. As I walked around the car after getting my stuff out, I joined Leigh at her side. "What dorm are you in?"

"Dorchester," answered Leigh. She stretched her hand out behind herself. I heard her car's locks click into place. "I'll swing by at five."

I had my eyes on her as she started to separate from me. "Exactly five?"

"Count on it," promised Leigh. She winked at me and broke away even further.

I couldn't help but stop and watch her go. After a grumbling sigh, I turned to my left and went through the parking lot. My dorm was on the other side of the sports field and I needed my books for the next class.

The rest of my day seemed to drag out; I don't think it could have taken any longer. I felt like an entire lifetime was passing me by before five o'clock would show.

I constantly found myself staring off into space during class. I would get annoyed at myself and tried to remain focused on my class. Yet I'd still catch my thoughts wondering off to Leigh. I barely knew her but I already missed her. I wanted to know her, every piece of her, and I could only hope she did as well.

I could only imagine what tonight would be like. I was just glad none of my classes required any homework just yet. I know I wouldn't be that capable of doing them tonight. Finally my class ended at four-fifteen and I went racing to the door before my classmates. It only took my five minutes to make it across campus to my dorm and into my room. I already knew what I'd wear and hopefully it would be the writing thing for Leigh's taste.

And just like clock-work, Leigh was knocking at my door at five o'clock. I grabbed my glasses from my desk and put them on as I raced to the door. "Hey," I greeted.

"Hi." Leigh happily smiled at her as she towered over me. She stepped into my room when I invited her. "Who's your roommate?"

I looked over at my roommate's desk and replied, "Diane." I peered up at her and added, "She's a sophomore."

Leigh nodded a few times but I quickly brought her attention back to me with a question.

"Is this okay what I'm wearing?"

Leigh took a step back to inspect me. A hungry grin creased her features as her eyes finally lifted up to me. She stepped closer to me again and reached up to grasp the black jacket I wore for warmth. "You look... amazing," she whispered.

"It'll be okay for where we're going?" I persisted. I think she noticed the worry in my eyes as I held my expression firm.

"You're perfect," she quietly reassured.

My worries settled down and I gently smiled at her. She returned it to me then before I could say anything, she slipped around behind me. Her warm hands grasped my hips and pushed me towards the closed door.

"I have a date," Leigh whispered into my ear, "we can't be late."

I giggled and grabbed the doorknob.

Leigh sadly released my hips and swung the door further open for us. She came out after me and I made sure to lock the door. Together we walked down the hallway, into the dorm lobby, and outside where I saw Leigh's car parked in the dorm parking.

Leigh lifted her hand and clicked her keyless entry button. I went onto the passenger side and got in before Leigh. But it wasn't long before Leigh had the car started and we were rolling out of the college. It was a quiet ride to the restaurant for the most part. We just listened to the radio on the Lite station that was playing love songs.



When they pulled into the small, gravel parking lot, I peered out the window and read the named aloud, "Kennedyville Inn." In the corner of my eye, I caught Leigh's grin.

Leigh turned into an open spot and turned the engine off. "Ready?"

"I'm starving," I admitted. Together we got out of the car and headed to the entrance of the small restaurant. "This is so un-American," I joked.

Leigh laughed as she opened the door for me and held it. "Its rather small."

"And intimate," I muttered as I stepped into the lobby of the restaurant.

"Good evening, ladies," greeted the hostess. "Two?"

"Please," replied Leigh. She came up behind me and gently nudged me to follow the hostess. I followed her direction and I could sense Leigh very close behind me. It made me grin from ear to ear at how close Leigh kept to me. We were soon seated at a small table in the corner and off to me left was a window. I peered out of it briefly to see a brown cornfield. When I looked, Leigh was already studying the menu. I lifted my own and carefully opened it to read the contents.

"You like chicken?" spoke up Leigh after about two minutes.

"I love it," I replied.

Leigh peered over the rim of her menu, her eyes twinkled. "Try the quail. They're similar except tender and sweeter."

I opened my mouth to say something but I slowly closed it as I read over the description. "It sounds nice."

"Try it," urged Leigh, "because that's what I'm going to get." She folded up her menu and grinned at me.

I chuckled some and slowly closed up my menu. "Why not?" I agreed. After I spoke that, our server approached our table.

"Good evening, ladies," greeted the young lady. "What can I get you both to drink?"

We first ordered our drinks then we decided on splitting an appetizer, we went with the bread bowl filled with cheese, crab, and broccoli. I think it was my three favourite things and I didn't know how Leigh knew it.

When the appetizer arrived, we first remained quiet and ate it but Leigh broke the silence. She asked me what I was interested in at college and I told her I wasn't sure yet. As she continued to probe me for my interests, she seemed to add things up in her head. I would drop my head to one side and continued to tell her more about myself and she carefully listened, she was so interested in me.

After the last piece of bread with toppings was taken by Leigh did I finally go silent.

Leigh thoughtfully ate the last morsel then nodded her head. "You should work with kids," she concluded, "you talk with your hands sssso...." Her eyes seemed to mist over as she studied me. "Learn sign language and you could help young children with disabilities learn to cope in real life with that." Her slender fingers wrapped around her drink of ice tea. "Especially since you have dyslexia you would know first hand how to adjust to society."

I opened my mouth to give a response to her conclusions but none of my protests seemed to work. Slowly my slack jaw went closed and I just stared at Leigh in somewhat disbelief. How did she do that? How could she just take all my traits and enjoyments and put them together like that? No wonder she enjoyed math so much.

I think Leigh knew I was baffled; she had a smug look on her face. She finished sipping on her tea and carefully put the glass back down. Just then our meals arrived from the kitchen. We quietly ate meals and I was in too much deep thought to carry on any type of conversation. I considered what Leigh had suggested and the more I chewed on the idea the more I started to agree with it.

It wasn't until dessert that we finally spoke again. This time though, I asked Leigh all the questions and I quickly found her a rather fascinating person. She was quiet so that meant she had very deep emotions about her. And I was right, as I quizzed her, I could see she had firm morals about certain things. She deeply believed in the strength and beauty of love, something I thought I'd never find in another human being. Yet here was Leigh echoing my own thoughts and perspectives to some degree yet they were somewhat different too. I couldn't help but be captivated by her.

After Leigh just finished telling me that love could really conqueror all, I just grinned at her. Then without much thought about it, I whispered, "I really like you."

Leigh hastily lifted her gaze from her dessert back to me. "Really huh?"

I almost choked on my raspberry tart when I realized she'd heard me. "Uh...." I began to go red as the raspberries on my tart. "Ye," I murmured. Leigh's saucy grin made my blush increased. I cleared my throat and just kept my attention to my dessert.

But then I heard Leigh mutter, "I really like you too."

I instantly lifted my eyes to her and became caught by her soft eyes. I softly smiled at her and her own smile broke out across her face and it softened her features even more. Hesitantly I lowered my focus back to my dessert.

Our meal was soon over after about another twenty minutes. Leigh actually let me pay for the bill even though she tried to help. I knew she wouldn't resist to offer help but I'd promised the dinner and I planned to keep my promise. As we walked back to her car, she stayed behind me and put her hands on my shoulders. I was tempted to stop and lean back into her but not here in the open.

Once we were on the road again, Leigh looked at me with a curious expression.

I glanced over and as I turned my head away, I asked, "What?"

"Do people give you hard time for being dyslexic?"

I sighed inwardly but I just shrugged as my response. "It can be hard." Slowly my gaze turned to her. "I tend to get a finger shaken at me when I write of any type."

"How is that?" probed Leigh.

"Mmmm...." I tried to think of an example and one particular one came to me. "I enjoy reading especially stuff on the internet like fem fic. You know what that is?" From the corner of my eye, I saw Leigh nod her head. "Well a lot of the time I offer feedback to them."

"You email feedback to them?" clarified Leigh.

"Yes," I replied, "and some do get annoyed at my misspellings of words." I sighed a little as I stared out of the window. "I cannot help it with my dyslexia. I mean I could go back and edit it twenty times over but I'll always miss something without a spell checker or dictionary."

"So the writers get mad at you?"

"Some do, yes," I answered, "others understand or don't prejudge before they find out I have dyslexia." I heard Leigh huff in annoyance.

"Ignorance is bliss," stated Leigh. "I'm sorry that happens."

I shook my head in protest. "No, no it is not my loss... it is their own. I know who I am and it is bad on their part to assume by my misspelling. It's not a joke, I am not trying to be a smartass or....." I couldn't find the right word.

"Jerk?" helped Leigh.

I laughed and nodded. "A jerk, right. I am not like that but I guess some jump to that conclusion. Does that make sense?"

Leigh nodded her head.

"I offer feedback and I cannot spell perfectly like them but I am a reader with opinions."

"Besides," continued Leigh, "its just fanfiction... not published work. So it's nothing to be uptight about, I would think."

"Everybody is different," I reminded her. "Some take it more serious than others and that is their own priority."

"True," agreed Leigh. "But still you can't be so serious that you act like you're work has won the Noble Peace Price."

I instantly giggled at her comparisons. "No, I agree... but some of these writers to them it is like their... religion. Yes?"

"I guess it can be," Leigh gradually agreed. "Regardless of that," she protested, "it's not fair on their part to judge you by your spelling."

"And I agree," I quietly said, "but that is them and I'm not going to let that stop me from offering feedback. Some will reply to me, some will not because of my dyslexia or maybe even something else." I shrugged then quietly added, "I read the story, I may or may not like it, and I may offer feedback. It is up to them to say thank you or not."

"A thank you is the polite thing to do," remarked Leigh. "I wish they wouldn't disregard you because of your misspelling, which you can't control."

"Me too buuut... everybody different," I reminded again. "I do not let it stop me or slow me down. I continue with my feedback just as I continue with my writing for playwright." Leigh quickly looked at me and I saw the respectful smile on her face. It even helped me feel better.

"You're an amazing woman, Caren."

"If I was," I started to tease, "I would have won the Noble Peace Prize."

Leigh laughed rather hard at my joke and I thought she wouldn't be able to concentrate on her driving but she managed. She then suddenly reached over and took my hand in her own. She happily whispered, "I really like you too."

I held my breath after she said that but I slowly eased it out as a smile crept along my lips.

In a few minutes though, we were driving back into the student parking lot that was halfway between my dorm and Leigh's dorm. As we got out of the car, we slowly walked around and met at the trunk.

Leigh stopped and took a step back; she sat down on the top of her trunk.

I was halfway turned to her and decide to face her all the way.

"Thank you for dinner," commented Leigh.

"My pleasure." I smiled warmly at her and stepped a little closer. I folded my arms over my body. "I enjoy your company." I heard Leigh chuckle some but her smile was amazing.

"Not as much as I enjoyed yours," she bantered.

I had an amused grin as I teased, "I'll keep you then."

Leigh smirked at my tease. "I'd like that," she quietly admitted.

I stepped even closer, my hand shifted onto the trunk and I peered up into cool blue eyes. "Really?"

"Yeah... really," whispered Leigh. She lowered her head a little closer to mine.

I held my breath and I tried to remain calm as I grinned at her. "I really, really, really like you." I giggled when Leigh's right eyebrow rose up higher than I'd ever seen.

"That's a lot of... reallys," she teased me, her head a little closer now.

"Ye... I know," I murmured and without knowing it my right hand moved from the trunk to Leigh's side. "You're good at getting them from me."

"Mmmm... so I see," whispered Leigh.

I couldn't hold back anymore, it was too hard. I reached up with my left and my fingers tangled into her hair as I pulled her head down the rest of the way. The kiss was hardly anything, my lips simply pressed against hers but I could taste her and I wanted more, needed more. Yet suddenly a bit of fear struck in me and I pulled back. "Oh god, I'm sorry...."

Leigh groaned and her eyes partially opened. "Why?" she huskily asked.

"I didn't ask if you're single....?" I relaxed a bit when Leigh's lips played a grin.

"Very single," whispered Leigh. She closed her eyes and she drew me into her body with her arms around my waist. Her hungry lips soon found my again and I moaned softly in between.

Leigh's tongue lightly ran along the bottom of my lip and I shivered. I had to lean into Leigh for more support.

"Are... you single?" muttered Leigh between the kiss.

Without any control, I growled and pulled lips harder against mine and muttered, "Not now." I could feel Leigh's grin in the middle of the kiss but it was soon lost when her tongue slipped into my mouth. My hand on her hip soon slipped between Leigh's jacket and shirt and pressed into her skin.

Leigh sucked in her breath when my cool hand reacted to her hot skin. I enjoyed the reaction and slowly moved my hand to the front of her stomach, which caused her to moan between the kiss.

Our tongues moved against each other then she slowly let me into her mouth. Her arms tightened around me and my body pressed against hers more.

I slowly started to pull back and Leigh was groaning at me but I wasn't about to let her have it all. Gradually her dark eyes opened to me and I had a silly grin on my face. I wanted her and badly but even I knew how to play with somebody.

"Not now huh?" she teased from earlier. "What makes you think I want you for a girlfriend?"

I suddenly felt embarrassed and I tried to control my blush.

Leigh suddenly straightened up to look down at me again. "We will see." She grinned and turned to walk off.

I slightly pivoted on my left foot and watched her walk away. "How long is that?" I called out.

Leigh turned her head sidelong and I could make out her grin. "Whenever."

I lowly growled at her answer. I then lost my frustration when she turned around in the parking lot and walked backwards.

"By the way," she hollered, "I really, really like you." She smirked at me, spun back around, and then disappeared ahead on an unlit sidewalk.

I stood there in shock and my legs a bit shaky. I then felt like somebody was watching me and I looked up to see a guy on the sidewalk of a dorm staring at me with a mischief smirk.

"Nice one," he teased to me.

I rolled my eyes at him. "Thanks."

The young man hopped off the sidewalk and came towards me between Leigh's car and the neighbouring car. "Next time don't let her walk away," he seriously said.

I gave him a sceptic look. What was I supposed to do? Tie her down against her will? But suddenly I found a large hand held out in front of me.

"I'm Michael."

I smiled at him and took his hand.

"Caren," I introduced.

Michael warmly smiled and he let go of my hand. Both of his hands then slipped into his pant pockets. I rather liked him; he had gentle features, soft blue eyes like Leigh, and a crew cut.

"Where is your dorm?"

"Talbot," I replied then looked across the sports field.

Michael followed my gaze then held out his arm to me. "I'll walk you ther, which will give me plenty of time to tell you about Leigh."

After I'd hooked my arm through his, I just stared at him in surprise. He knew Leigh?

Michael chuckled and patted my arm. "Come on." He lead the way to the dorm down the windy road. "Leigh would not leave you in the middle of the parking lot unless she was trying to set you up."

"With you?" I encouraged. I saw a huge smirk form on Michael's face that was quickly lost.

"You could say that." He then grinned at me knowingly. "But not like that." He chuckled at my blushing features. "I'm gay; honey so there's nothing to worry about."

"Isn't this these days?" I dramatically shook my head. After I thought about it, I realized Michael must know an awful lot about Leigh. I felt a devilish side come up in me and I grinned at him. "Sssso, what you know about Leigh?"

Michael laughed and said, "Honey, has she got the hots for you."

That was all I needed to know yet Michael informed me of much more as we walked to the dorm. I never thought a ten-minute walk could be so helpful in my life. I was also beginning to grow an infatuation for Michael and his warm heart. I knew after that walk that Michael would become an integrated part of my relationship with Leigh for the next years to come.

When we came to the entrance of the dorm, he stopped and hugged me then wished me goodnight. I went into my dorm and pulled out my keys for my locked door. When I stepped in, I didn't find Diane had returned yet and my guess was she was with her boyfriend. I'd already met her parents and the boyfriend, who she was highly attached to and lived locally.

Although when I glanced over at her desk I noted her stuff had been moved around, signs of life. I then looked at my desk as I started to take my coat off. I suddenly furrowed my eyebrows at the vase of red roses on my desk. "Whaaaa..." I approached my desk and put my jacket down on the chair but my eyes were on the flowers.

I then noted the small, plain white card standing up beside the vase on my desk. I carefully picked it up and lifted the top to see the words appear on the inside of the card.

*I really, really like you.*

*Leigh*

I closed my eyes and took in a small phrase that meant so much. Slowly a smile tugged at my lips as I continued to repeat Leigh's words in my head. Gradually my eyes drifted open and I once more read the card then gently placed it back in its original spot.

And as I stared at the rich, red flowers I began to wonder how she exactly managed to get these in here. Had Leigh done it while Michael and I was headed to the dorm? Or did Michael do it for Leigh while we were at dinner? But then how could either of them get into the room without a key? I'd have to ask Leigh tomorrow.

As I got ready for bed, I continued to think about Leigh as well as what Michael had told me about Leigh. I had a head start on Leigh and I planned to use it to my advantage to get what I wanted. I always get what I want.

Within ten minutes I was in bed and already starting to drift off. Yet before I did, I heard the door unlock and I knew Diane had returned. I decided to act like I was asleep as Diane came into the room. Although I heard another woman's voice saying to Diane, 'thank you' then that was it followed by the dorm door slamming shut. My heart stopped because for a second I thought it was Leigh and I was so tempted to lift the blinds on my window over my head. My window overlooked the parking lot and entrance for my dorm but I decided to let it go for now.

Instead, I listened to my roommate get ready for bed. The noises she made seemed to carry my mind off as I thought more about Leigh. By the time Diane was in bed, I was well off and a smile permanently set on my face. I knew I'd have good dreams tonight, every night because every tomorrow would be better than the today since I finally found Leigh.

The End