

Jason loathed everything about school mornings. He couldn't find one positive statement to make as he stepped out the door. Not one. It was a cold Monday morning. The kind of morning where icicles glisten in the rising sun and hang from the edges or gutters in an attempt not to fall. A few birds flew overhead as he walked down the long driveway to the country road. It is your average country road; a few accidents a year—nothing major. Mostly, it is just a cow blocking the evening drivers.

Across the street is Jason's bus stop. He mumbled to himself as he trekked over. It was going to be a cold wait. A mile or so down the road, Jason noticed a figure. Walking alone. Jason did not think too much of it other than the fact that he is the sole person on the road at this hour. As he stood waiting for the bus, the object in the distance got closer and closer. From a distance you could see that the person had bushy hair, almost like a bear. The thought that popped into Jason's mind was why would anyone, other than a kid waiting for a school bus, be out at 6:30 in the morning. The man didn't look to be out from a walk. He looked like he had some other purpose. This perplexed Jason and he hoped that the bus would be late like usual so he could get a chance to see the man.

The bus arrived. The man was not close enough for Jason to get a good look. Jason's curiosity was still at large as he stepped into the bus and took in the familiar smells. Luckily, the bus was heading in the direction of the mystery. Jason quickly wiped the foggy bus window as he passed the mystery person so he could see. The window smeared. Condensation does not wipe away easily. Through a little patch of window, the man looked up at Jason with deep, dark eyes that went straight to his soul. He could feel the man's eyes burn through him. He had come there specifically to see Jason. Somehow Jason knew this.

By second period Jason's head was swimming with questions, not the geometry he was supposed to be focusing on. Jason came slowly out of a daze

Travis Wittwer, Period 3, November 30, 2009

and realized that the whole class was looking at him. He feared that something was wrong. He looked around for an answer when—

“Mr. Schlotter. We are waiting for the next step of the second proof.”

Perspiration collected at the nape of his neck. Desperately, Jason went through his mind to figure out where in the lesson he had faded off. No luck.

“I’m sorry, Mr. Gilford. I wasn’t paying attention.”

“Apparently. Anyone have the next step. Yes, Sally, I am sure Mr. Schlotter appreciates your saving him.”

Mr. Golford’s voice trailed off and Jason was once again concentrating on the lone figure on the road this morning.

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“Hey Jason, what was the deal in geometry? You went totally blank.”

“My mind has been a little occupied today”