



Classroom
Scribbles

by
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People often talk about how something changed their lives. "This new job changed my life," or "getting a dog changed my life. "Going on a vegetarian diet changed my life," or how about "meeting someone on the internet changed my life." That's a popular one.

My story, however, is far less interesting. Would you like to know what changed *my* life? A school desk. That's right. A simple, every-day desk in the back of a history classroom.

Now, when most people picture a school desk, they picture a writing surface with a little indent at the top to hold pencils. Maybe it's supported by metal legs that are held together with tiny screws. Sometimes, if you're lucky, you get a foot rest attached to your desk, or maybe a metal basket welded to the underside that holds your books.

But no matter what it looks like, there's something about a desk that just attracts random scribbles. It's like the inside of bathroom stalls. People always have to write on them just because they're *there*, and said person is equipped with a Sharpie.

Desks are the same way. If you look at one, you can always find pencil drawings, names, little doodles, or answers to a math test scribbled across the surface.

If you want to be more specific, the *writing* on the school desk is what really changed my life. Scribbled across the surface of that life-changing desk was a three-month conversation with a boy I'd never even met.

I stared down at the newest message, written in pencil in his handwriting. You could tell the difference between mine and his just by glancing at them. Mine was always slightly slanted with widely spaced letters, and his was crooked and close together.

I read the message over and over again, each time getting slightly more apprehensive butterflies in my stomach.

"Can I meet you?"

The bell rang, breaking me out of my daze. Mr. Lawrence droned on about the approaching final exam, but I was in such deep thought that his voice didn't even register in my mind.

I exited the classroom in the same absentminded state. As always, my best friend was waiting for me, leaning against the lockers off to the side of the doorway. When she saw me, she pushed away from the metal doors and joined me while I walked down the hallway.

"Why so pensive, Emma?" she asked.

I blinked and shook my head, tearing myself away from my thoughts. "Huh?"

Kat laughed. "Lemme guess... Your desk-boy?" she asked.

I rolled my eyes. No matter how many times I begged her to think of a new, more mature nickname for him, maybe even make up a fake one until we found out his real name, she refused to quit calling him that.

"No. Well, yeah. I dunno," I sighed. "He wants to meet me."

Katrin held out her hands and gave me a look that said, 'what-the-hell-is-wrong-with-you?' "And you're upset about this? I thought you wanted to meet him! What's wrong with you?!"

I shrugged. "I do... But I dunno. I guess I'm kinda scared. Boys are totally weird."

My best friend raised an eyebrow. "Emma... He's a kid our age, not some internet predator. What's there to be afraid of? Unless some fifty-something-year-old dude sneaks into Mr. Lawrence's classroom every day to respond to your desk writings," she joked.

I rolled my eyes and shot her a look. "You know that's not what I mean."

"Then what *do* you mean? Please enlighten me."

As we followed a bunch of seniors out of the school building for an outdoor lunch period, I bit my lip and thought about it. "I guess I've just spent the last three months building up an image of this kid. What if he's not at all what I expect, you know?"

You're probably extremely lost right about now, so let me just take a few minutes to explain how it all happened. This whole thing started about halfway through March in my seventh grade of middle school...

I was seated at my desk in Mr. Lawrence's fourth-period History class, and I was bored out of my ever-loving mind. This man never stopped talking. Ever. You'd think he would get sick of his monotone, lifeless voice like the rest of us. But the man just kept going like a broken record.

With my head propped up by my arm, I stared absentmindedly towards the front of the room. My gaze found its way to the clock for the thousandth time during that period. Three minutes to go. The bell seemed like a lifetime away.

I brought my half-closed eyes to my teacher, Mr. Lawrence. His mouth opened and closed as he spoke, but to me, it didn't sound like anything but incoherent babble.

The guy had to be at least a couple million years old. I wondered why he hadn't retired yet. I also wondered why he didn't teach a class about the extinction of species, since he had been around when the dinosaurs walked the earth.

Mr. Lawrence never left his desk, which was half the reason his class was so boring. He never even got up to write notes on the board or pass out papers. He just lectured from his chair, peering at us through his thick glasses. I think we were supposed to take notes on what he drawled on about, but barely any of us did. He was too senile to notice anyway.

I had a sheet of paper in front of me, but it was completely filled from top to bottom with drawings and writing. After tapping the eraser against the desk a couple dozen times, I lifted the pencil and brought the tip over to the desk. Out of sheer boredom, I began to scratch some letters into the surface.

"H e l l o."

I went over the message continuously, making it darker each time. One of the school rules was "never write on the desks," but everyone did. Especially in Mr. Lawrence's class. If the man barely got up to go to the bathroom, I highly doubt he would walk around his classroom after school to check for writing on the desks.

Even if Mr. Lawrence was looking directly at me while I "vandalised" school property, he wouldn't have noticed. Besides, I was always seated in the last row at the back of the classroom, and Mr. Lawrence, being the lethargic old man that he was, hadn't changed seating arrangements since September. The front of the classroom seemed miles away from my sheltered corner of the room.

Finally, the bell rang. All the students grabbed their things and bolted for the door. I followed suit, unable to wait to meet Katrin for lunch.

When I reluctantly plopped down at my desk the next morning, I was surprised to find a response underneath my message. The handwriting was kind of sloppy and crammed together, but still legible nonetheless.

"Hey. How's it going?"

A smile crept its way up to my lips. I brought my pencil tip down to the surface of the desk. "Not too bad, although this class is hell. Yourself?"

Every day from then on, that was how I began the history class. I'd read the message written for me the previous day, and I'd respond with one of my own.

Communication was slow. Since each of us was only in the classroom once per day, we were only able to write one message per day. If one of us was absent, the conversation halted until we returned to school. By the time a few weeks had passed, however, we had nearly a dozen lines of a conversation written on the desk.

"Yeah. I can't stand this class either. What period are you in?"

"Fourth. You?"

"Seventh. Who are you?"

"Someone who'd rather not get a week of detention."

"Well, yeah. I doubt anyone would. What do you mean?"

"I'm not about to write my name down when I'm doing something I shouldn't be."

"Yeah. Guess you're right. Kind of like confessing to the crime. But Mr. Lawrence would never find it. Too clueless."

"Better safe than sorry."

"Touché. OK. In that case, what grade are you in?"

"Eighth. You?"

"Seventh."

"Well, nice to meet you, kiddo."

"Not funny."

By the time a couple of months had passed, our conversation had gone down the left side of the desk and curved back up to the top twice more, making two more rows of writing. It was getting slightly hard to follow the conversation, but all that really mattered was the newest message.

I often wondered if we would eventually run out of room, but I decided it probably wouldn't happen. The school year was nearing an end, which meant that summer holidays were just around the corner. We would be free of Mr. Lawrence's classroom until the next school year.

For the time being, however, I began to look forward to the daily message on the desk. I found out a whole lot of stuff about this mysterious boy, like how his favourite colour was forest green and he had a dog named Hamster. He loved strawberry ice cream, just like I did. Adventure movies were his all-time favourites, and he could play basketball for hours on end. He played saxophone in the school band and guitar in his free time.

Although I knew all these things about him, I never made an effort to try and figure out who he was. The problem could easily be solved by just asking Mr. Lawrence, who sat at my desk during seventh period. However, I refrained from doing that for two reasons:

1. I wasn't sure if I wanted to know who the kid was. What if he turned out to be someone I loathed? Our conversations, and my only source of amusement every day during the fourth period, might come to an end.

2. It might bring attention to the fact that there was writing all over the desk. Mr. Lawrence, although quite senile, might make the connection that I was the one who put it there.

So for three months, I kept quiet about the situation. Kat was the only one who knew about the mysterious desk boy, and although she urged me to find out who it was, I avoided it.

"I still don't understand why you're not the least bit curious," Kat said, taking a bite of her cookie.

"I am... a little. But..." I sighed. I had explained this to Katrin at least fifty times since the start of the period. Still, no matter how many times I reworded my explanation, Kat just didn't get it. I bit my lip, trying to think of some way to get the point across. "Okay," I said, putting down my water bottle. "Let's say I meet this kid, alright? And he turns out to be the most annoying kid in the universe. Say, for instance, Jimmy Palmer. Let's say the desk kid turns out to be Jimmy Palmer."

"Does Jimmy Palmer play saxophone in the school band?" Kat asked.

"Well, no, but..."

"Well, there you go," Kat stated. "It's not Jimmy Palmer."

I rolled my eyes. "I *know* it's not. I was just trying to make a point."

"That," Kat replied, motioning to me with the straw of her soda, "is one crappy point."

I laughed and rubbed my forehead hopelessly. "You know what? I give up. It's impossible trying to explain something to you."

My best friend grinned. "Good. That's what I was aiming for. So you'll meet him, then?"

Avoiding the question, I flipped open my cell phone and glanced at the time. "12:36. We better be getting back to school." I stood up and headed for the garbage can to throw out the remainder of my lunch.

"Oh, c'mon, Emma. You can't avoid this forever. One of these days you'll have to get a boyfriend."

I shook my head and headed in the direction of our classroom. "Why should I? And what if I meet him and he's a complete ass?"

"And what if you don't and you're missing something?" Kat challenged.

I fell silent as I reflected on her words. I had always been amazed by my best friend's bravery. She was outgoing, straightforward, and forthright. I, however, was the exact opposite. I was the quiet one, inarticulate, and partially invisible to the rest of the world.

"All I'm saying," Kat added, breaking me out of my daze, "is that you might as well just give it a shot. What's the worst that could happen?"

Whether she had meant to get to me or not, she had managed to. The next day in Mr. Lawrence's classroom, I found myself glancing at the clock, for once hoping that the class *wouldn't* end. The closer it got to the end of the period, the less time I had to make my decision. I had already left the question unanswered for one day. If I chose not to reply for the second time in a row, he'd have to wait an extra day for an answer.

As I tapped the eraser of my pencil on the desk and read over the conversation, Kat's reasoning kept going through my mind. It really couldn't hurt to meet someone new, I decided. Literally five seconds before the bell rang, I scribbled a quick, "Alright... When?" underneath the previous message.



"Emma?"

"What?"

"You'll have to get out of the bathroom stall eventually."

I could imagine Kat staring straight ahead through the toilet door where I was hiding, her hands clenching impatiently around her school bag.

"Five more minutes," I pleaded while I wrung my hands nervously in my lap, desperately trying to find the way out of this situation.

"You've been hiding in there for twenty minutes, Emma. I told you I'd come for moral support, but there's no way I'm spending my entire afternoon staring at the toilet doors."

"I changed my mind. I don't want to do this." I unlatched the door and peered at her from the crack in my hideout.

She huffed and tossed her school bag over her shoulder. At first, I thought she had enough of my theatrics and headed back to her house, but instead, Kat yanked the door open, grabbed me by the arm, and hauled me out of the stall. For a tiny blond girl, my best friend didn't look half as powerful as she was. She dragged me all the way out the main gate until I was standing on the sidewalk. Then she dashed down the street before I could even run after her.

Katrin quickly turned back and waved her hand at me. "Good luck; call me when you get back home." Then she sped off.

Pffft. Some best friend she was.

I stared in awe as she turned the corner of the school building and disappeared. I stood there for a good two minutes, waiting to see her blond hair, but I didn't. Katrin had actually left me here all alone.

Sighing, I turned around and headed for the school playground. My hands were shoved deep into my pockets as I made my way towards the park benches. I kept my eyes on the ground as I walked, afraid to look up.

Finally, as the park came into view, I raised my gaze to the person sitting there. His head was bowed, and his blonde hair fell in front of his face, but even though he was partially turned away, I still recognised him.

"K—K—Kevin?!"

He looked up, and his eyes widened. "Emma!?"

My words caught in my throat. I couldn't say anything; I could barely even think.

"You're the desk girl?" He asked incredulously.

Oh man. No. No way, I thought. This absolutely, without a doubt, messes up everything.

Kat and Kevin had gone out last year, broken up, and then gone out again. The two were not currently together, but it was more than obvious that they both wanted to be. It was one of those things that would just always be there, no matter how hard they tried to ignore it.

Feeling like my legs were about to collapse, I stumbled over to the park bench and sank down on it. "I can't believe it," I murmured. "I can't believe that *you're* the kid I've been writing to for the past three months."

Kevin furrowed his eyebrows. "Me? You think *I'm*..." He started to laugh. "No... No way. I'm not the guy you've been talking to."

"Y—you're not?" I stuttered, my head snapping up to look at him. "But then, how'd you know about..."

"The thought never occurred to you that, throughout the day, other people might sit at that desk, Emma?"

I opened my mouth to reply but closed it upon realising that I had nothing to say. The thought never *did* occur to me, actually. I never realised that other people could've been reading our conversations.

"Wait... But if you're not him, why are you here?"

Kevin shrugged. "I was curious. I mean, it was like a freakin' soap opera."

I smirked. "Are you saying you like soap operas?"

"No," he sneered. "I'm just *saying* that, well... It was all over the desk. Sort of hard to miss, you know. And I just started following the conversation every day, and when the dude wrote the time and place for you guys to meet, I was just curious."

"So you showed up to just find out who we were?"

"Yeah. Pretty much."

"You need a life, Kevin."

He opened his mouth, ready to snap back with a snarky remark, but instead froze like that. It took me a moment to realise that he was staring over my shoulder, not at me.

I glanced behind me to find a girl standing awkwardly with her hands in her pockets. She was dressed in worn-out jeans, a forest green t-shirt, and a pair of black Converse sneakers.

"Hey," she murmured.

I stood up. Instead of replying, I just stared at her. I'd never seen her before. Well, if I did, I wouldn't have known it. She had pitch-black hair that contrasted her soft, pale skin. Her hair was long and straight enough to reach her lower back, and the bangs hung over her eyes, which were a sparkling shade of green and brown. She looked pretty much exactly like I pictured him, except it wasn't him. It was *her* and that little detail somehow made her even prettier in my eyes. But that wasn't the part I was

most relieved about. I was relieved because she wasn't someone I couldn't stand, like Jimmy Palmer. And, most importantly, she wasn't my best friend's "guy." I immediately felt a little better about the situation.

"You're... You're the kid I've been talking to? No bullshitting this time?" I finally replied.

She furrowed her eyebrows, looking puzzled. "What?"

I glanced over my shoulder at Kevin, but he had completely disappeared from the park. "Nothing," I said as I turned back to face the girl. I don't know what was wrong with me. My heart was trying to jump out of my chest.

Although she still looked kind of confused, she cracked a smile. "Uh... Alright. So you're the one who...?"

I nodded. "Emma."

"Thylane," she replied, extending a hand towards me. I shook it, unable to keep my eyes off her but forcing myself to look away.

The next minute was probably one of the most awkward moments of my life. The two of us just stood there, facing each other, but still dodging glances.

"Uh..." she finally said, breaking the silence. "This is weird."

"Extremely."

She cleared her throat, unintentionally adding to the awkwardness.

"Should I just... go, you think?"

"No," Thylane said, shaking her head. "No, I feel bad; I made you come all the way up here. Let's at least talk for a few minutes or something."

I nodded. The two of us sat down a good distance from each other on the park bench. Still, though, it was silent between us.

"About what?" I asked.

She brushed her hair off her shoulder, trying desperately to think of a conversation topic. "So, what are you planning on doing after you finish school?"

"I want to be a writer... How about you?"

"Movie directing."

That conversation didn't last particularly long. Once again, the two of us fell into an uncomfortable silence.

I shifted uneasily, beginning to think that maybe this wasn't such a great idea, but I couldn't make myself just leave. Something made me want to stay right there beside her, and it confused me to no end.

"Let's play a game," Thylane suggested.

I raised an eyebrow. "Alright," I agreed sceptically. "What kind of game?"

"It's called Word Association," she told me.

Slightly interested, I twisted my body around and put my legs up on the bench so I could face her, sitting cross-legged. "Okay. How do you play?"

"It's not hard," Thylane assured me. "I'll think of a random word, and I'll say it out loud. Then you blurt out the first thing that comes to your mind. When it's my turn again, I'll reply to your word. Get it?"

"I think so," I said. "Are there any rules?"

"Only two. No repeats, and you can't ask why someone said their word."

I nodded. "Okay. You start?"

"Yeah... Umm..." Thylane peered around, searching for something she could use as a springboard. "Field."

"Grass," I replied.

"Cows."

"Hamburgers."

"Barbecues."

"Summer."

"Fireworks."

"Explosions."

"Thunder."

"Lightning."

"Corn."

"Corn?" I repeated, shooting her an odd look. "Lightning reminds you of *corn*?"

"I dunno; that was the first thing that came to mind! You can't ask why I say anything, remember?"

I laughed and put my hands up defensively. "Alright, alright," I muttered. "Umm... Popcorn."

"Movies."

"Dates."

"You."

I had been absentmindedly staring at the swings on the empty school playground while we played, but at her last word, my head snapped up to attention.

"What?" I whispered.

Thylane's face went completely white. "Shoe," she mumbled nervously. "I said shoe."

I narrowed my eyes at her, a tiny smirk forming on my lips. "I thought I distinctly heard you say—"

"I said shoe. Like the things you wear on your feet... You know, made out of leather or rubber... Usually extends no farther than the ankle... Unless you're wearing boots, of course, but then it wouldn't really be considered a shoe, would it? No; it'd be considered a boot..." Thylane stopped her babbling and shut her eyes tight, nervously rubbing her forehead. "Oh God," she murmured.

I couldn't help but chuckle. "Hey, hey... Calm down," I replied. I was tempted to ask how "shoes" reminded her of "dates," but I figured I'd try to keep from embarrassing her any more. And, as I had been reminded before, that was against the rules anyway. "Alright. Shoe. Umm... Laces."

"Rope," Thylane said, but she timidly averted her gaze and barely opened her mouth while she spoke.

Before I could even reply with the next word, a loud voice came from behind the bushes that surrounded the park.

"Oh, just ask her out already!"

My eyes went wide. Both Thylane and I snapped our heads to the side, looking at the rows of trees and shrubs surrounding the playground. There had to be at least ten people staring back at us. One girl in particular, who was a cheerleader in our grade, had her hand covering her open mouth, shocked at the words that had just escaped. Thylane and I looked back at each other, exchanging terrified glances.

"Thylane... There's like ten people staring at us from behind the trees," I whispered out of the corner of my mouth, as if they couldn't hear me.

"I'm aware," she murmured back. "What should we do about it?"

I shrugged a shoulder furtively. "No clue... What are they doing here?" I whispered.

"Hell if I know."

I brought my gaze back over to the mob of teenagers hiding behind the shrubs and bushes. This time, my eyes found Kevin. *Well, that explains where he disappeared off to.*

"What do you want?" I asked, directing the question at the large group. They just blinked at me with looks of guilt written all over their faces.

"State your purpose!" Thylane demanded in a cop-like voice. I would've laughed at her joke had I not been so utterly freaked out and embarrassed at the moment.

Somebody mumbled something under their breath. I was pretty sure the incoherent words came from Kevin's mouth.

"What?" I asked.

"Same reason I am," he repeated, louder this time so I could hear. "They saw the desk."

Eyebrows furrowed, Thylane and I looked around at all ten of them. We were both thinking the same thing. Not *all* of them could've seen the desk. Mr. Lawrence only had seven periods a day, two of which were mine and Thylane's classes. That meant that only five people besides the two of us sat at that particular desk, which meant that these people had told other people about the written conversation and brought them along, too.

Sure enough, as I scanned the group with my eyes, I started to see connections. Amber had brought Melissa, her best friend from the cheerleading squad. Mark had brought a friend from the chess club. Grace had brought her twin sister, Madison, and Taylor had brought her boyfriend, Chad.

And all of this brought me to but *one* conclusion.

If nearly a dozen high school students would take time out of their schedule to hide behind bushes simply because a desk said, "This afternoon, 5p.m., the playground bench," and they were curious about it... Well, then high school life can't be as interesting as it's cracked up to be.

"So... You guys wanna..." I cleared my throat, unsure of what to do since I couldn't say I'd ever been in a situation like this before. "You guys wanna... You know... Leave us alone now?"

Once again, they stared at us from the breaks in between leaves and branches. The group didn't budge; they just blinked.

"Get outta here!" Thylane yelled. Suddenly, they all grabbed their stuff and scattered off in different directions. She waited until all of them were out of view before she cracked a smile. "Well... That worked surprisingly well."

I laughed. "You think?"

Both unsure of what to say after the situation we found ourselves in, Thylane and I fell into silence once again.

"Wanna continue Word Association?" she asked, looking up hopefully.

"Sure. What were we up to?"

Thylane bit her lip. "I forget."

"Me, too," I replied.

The two of us started another game. We played for a good twenty minutes until the sun was beginning to sink down past the trees on the other side of the park. The more we played, the more I noticed that Thylane was beginning to get restless. She seemed sidetracked, and her responses took twice as long.

"Sand," I said.

"Umm..." She pulled herself out of her thoughts for the fourth time this round. "What? Sand? Oh... Uh, beach."

"Summer."

This time, the word didn't process in Thylane's mind at *all*. She looked up at me, tearing her gaze away from the fence she had been focusing on.

"Emma... What're you doing this Friday?"

Caught thoroughly off guard, I went tongue-tied for a few seconds. "Is... Is that your response? Are full phrases even allowed, because I thought you could only use single words...?"

Thylane laughed. "No, Emma. I'm not playing anymore; I'm asking you... What are you doing this coming Friday?"

"Oh." My mouth went dry, and I started to get butterflies in my stomach. What was happening to me? I shook my head, trying to get rid of these strange feelings. "Nothing. I'm not doing anything, I don't think," I said, glancing at her out of the corner of my eye and feeling blush spreading all over my face.

She nodded, trying desperately hard to force the words out of her mouth. "You wanna do something? Kind of like a date, I guess?" She murmured, finally.

No matter how hard I tried, I couldn't make any sound come from my throat.

"If not, it's cool," she muttered. "I totally understand. I mean, it's not like I've done this before with a girl, either. Besides, we don't really know each other that well. But I figured, since technically we've been talking for a few months now, that—"

"I want to," I said finally, louder than I intended to.

The sweetest smile spread across her face. "Seriously? You do?"

I nodded.

"Alright, awesome," Thylane said. "I wasn't too sure if I should ask, cause... Well, I didn't want to embarrass you, but you seem like a really cool person. And I'm really glad I decided to meet you. Well, putting the whole a-dozen-people-spying-on-us-from-behind-trees thing aside, of course." She stopped short and brought her eyes back over to me. "I'm babbling, aren't I?"

I laughed. "Don't worry about it. We were up to 'summer', right?" I asked.

Grateful for the distraction, she nodded quickly, and we resumed our game.



As I walked from the playground towards the school, I could feel the dew underneath my sneakers. I treaded across the school field in complete darkness, but I'm sure there was a huge, stupid smile on my face nonetheless.

Thylane and I had been able to eventually branch off from Word Association and have a *real* conversation. After two hours of sitting on the park bench and doing nothing but talking, I felt like I'd known her all my life.

I fished my cell phone out of my pocket and, almost instinctively, called my best friend's number. Kat picked up on the first ring, as if she had been waiting for my call.

I didn't even have time to open my mouth. "Well, what happened!?" she demanded into the phone. "What'd you find out?"

"I- I think I'm in love." I swallowed hard before continuing. "With a girl."



Just as planned, Thylane and I had our date that Friday night. We watched a movie on her couch, and then we went out to get pancakes and some strawberry ice cream.

Afterwards, I thought she wanted to go back home, but I was bewildered when we found ourselves on the sidewalk before our high school. Being roughly 8 p.m., the duty teacher was just about to close up the gates.

With her fingers laced with mine, Thylane asked the teacher if she could just sprint to her locker to pick up a few books she had forgotten. The teacher reluctantly agreed, but she told the two of us to hurry it up.

As soon as we were out of view, Thylane pulled me under the staircase and whispered for me to shut my eyes. She then began to lead me by the hand down the hallway. Although I couldn't see where we were going, I had a pretty good idea.

The door to the classroom was unlocked because our teacher was, as I've said before, completely senile. Thylane led me to the back of the room, sat me on "our" desk in the back of Mr. Lawrence's dark History classroom, and told me I could open my eyes.

It was right there that we had our first kiss. There is nothing that could describe the thrill of having her lips pressed to mine, and it was at that moment that I realised we were meant to be together from the very first 'Hello' I scribbled on the desk.

Of course, nothing that clichéd ends up perfect. As luck would have it, the janitor walked in soon after and flicked on the lights. He reported us to the duty teacher, who told the principal, who called us down to his office first thing on Monday morning. He assured us that kissing in a classroom after school hours was a very serious offence, but since nothing was stolen and the door had been unlocked anyway, he let Thylane and me off with two weeks of detention. To be honest, I didn't care much. My first kiss with a girl was perfect.



Thylane and I spent the entire summer together before returning to our school and starting a new grade. It was, by far, the most incredible summer of my life—the one of discovering myself and the person I was to become, with the girl I loved more than anything by my side. To thank for that, I had a desk in the back corner of the most uninteresting history class ever.

So next time you're bored out of your mind and you go to write a message on your desk, keep in mind that it might just alter your life forever. You never know who may respond.

The End