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Creative Writing

This wasn't my first choice school which, of course, made beginning my transition from homebody to college student all the harder. I've never been away from home or tasted the cooking of someone other than my mama. I've never slept in a bed other than my own. I was never allowed to sleep anywhere else for safety reasons and I was fine with that but when it came to the college process, I knew that I needed to grow up. I needed to break this shell my parents created for me. I just didn't know that it'd be this hard. Here I am and the transition is harder than ever. I want to go home this weekend. I want to call my mom every half an hour. I just wasn't adjusting.

But God sends his blessings in mysterious ways. I met someone to metaphorically kicked me through my transition. He made me grow up and appreciate this opportunity I've been given but he also made me realize that it's okay to miss home and that I can carry home with me wherever I go. He made me.

The Change of a Relationship

He did all the wrong things.

He was arrogant and cocky and loud like all other boys. It peeved me when boys acted that way. It made me feel like they knew all the secrets of the world and women flocked to them because they wanted to know them too. He complimented my smile and, much to my dismay, I smiled harder and thanked him. What's with that? That even if you know how scummy a guy is, if he's attractive his compliments still melt your heart and you appreciate them so much more than if it came from someone else. I wasn't that type so I continued my bitter march right to my destination.

Some time later, we met again. He had helped my roommate at the time

move in and she was very friendly so she stopped to say hi. I wasn't completely opposed to friendly interaction so I stopped to say hello as well, introduce myself, what could go wrong?

He was charismatic and sure of himself and I liked that just as much as I hated that. He spoke with ease and was intelligent. He didn't use words like "na" or "chill." He spoke like I spoke; in proper english. That was so refreshing. But I had gotten my hopes up because the next thing he did would have been predictable if I didn't lose my head in a momentary lapse of judgement. He pulled my phone out of my back pocket and put his phone number in then called himself so he would then have my number in return.

Unbelievable!

He was so persistent.