

Dormitory

by Endre Kovács

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Chapter 1 - Arrival

It was a long and exhausting journey. Mark was both a bit dizzy and excited. He arrived at a new town full of strangers and he was all by himself to start his secondary boarding school years. He had a hard time persuading his parents to let him come for he was only 14. He could still remember the anxious face of his mother and the proud eyes of his father from the time he told them he wanted to go to a school which was so far from home and he wanted to have full responsibility over his actions.

He felt all grown up now as he left the train and breathed in the chilliest yet freshest air he had ever felt. He knew he had to learn a lot about life and how he should manage on his own but it was no time for anguish. Fully covered in his thoughts, someone had jostled him out of the way so hard he fell.

Hey! – He shouted on a girly voice. He was sitting on the cold pavement and the stranger didn't care to stop or to look back for a second. Mark hit the roof and ran after the tall man. – **Hello, mister! Don't you think you could at least apologize for hitting me?**

No. – The stranger said plainly. The tall man stopped and turned around. To Mark's surprise, the rude guy was around the same age as he was. – **You should open your eyes and watch your steps, skinny!**

How dare you? – Mark became even more furious when the tall guy had simply walked away leaving him with this insult. He was pinching his mp3 player it almost cracked.

He went back to get his bags and he tried to calm himself down a little. That tall guy was so full of himself it made Mark hate him in a minute. But now, he had other things to attend to; finding the school, for example.

After a couple of minutes he was able to figure out which bus to take which had taken him to a beautiful place a few miles away from town. There was a nice forested area around the narrow, winding road which led to a beautiful castle-like building: *Apollo, Secondary School of Arts*. There were some lesser dormitory buildings around the main building and a nicely kept garden with rose beds and a fountain in the middle. It was a wonderful sight as the bus stopped right in front of the wrought iron fence.

Mark got off and stopped for a minute to admire the breathtaking view. He just stood there and watched the front garden behind the iron fence, which led up to the castle. Hundreds of students occupied the area and it was even more colourful with them around.

Hi! – A nice voice said from behind.

Oh, hello... – Mark replied turning around. The owner of the nice voice was a sportive guy who rashly shook Mark's hand and introduced himself right away:

My name is Tom. Do you mind my joining you? Well... I'm new here and I don't really know what to do or where to go... – He was constantly smiling at Mark apparently afraid of not finding his way.

It's okay. I'm here for the first time as well so I don't think I could be much of a help... – Mark said smiling back at Tom and gently pulling his hand from the anxious grip of the muscular boy. – *I'm Mark by the way and I believe we should go and check in now, shouldn't we?*

Yeah, you are probably right. I've heard that school will only start the day after tomorrow so we should go to the dorms first. – Tom cooled down a bit having Mark by his side. – *So let's go to the dormitories and check ourselves in.*

The garden was amazing. The rose beds formed different shapes like badges on the ground and there were some statues made of bushes and everything was so clean in spite of the fact that Apollo was an all-boys school. There were large trees along the walkway and pleasant clearings full of students. Some of them were drawing or making clay-figures but most of them were just chatting with each other.

The map by the fountain showed them where to go to the dorms so they followed the short stairs up to a massive building on a wide comb. They stepped into the main hall where an energetic, older student was awaiting for them.

Welcome to Apollo. I suppose you are new here. My name is Zack, say hello to Zack! – The tall but skinny guy was so full of energy he had almost exploded.

Hi Zack! – Mark and Tom said the same time. They felt silly but they both wanted to measure up to the guy who welcomed them so graciously.

Good! I believe you are here for a room, aren't you? – Zack giggled and left no time to answer. – *Come with me then! Quickly!*

And he ran away to another, shorter hall and up the stairs to the third floor. Poor boys were completely exhausted as they had to carry their heavy luggage and keep up with Zack at the same time.

That one will be yours. Room 609; here are your keys! Bye! – He said and the next minute he was rushing down to greet some other freshmen the same way he did Mark and Tom.

He's crazy! – Mark giggled still panting hard.

Yeah, but he is nice, too. He threw me some papers along with the keys. And wait, there's a sticky note attached to them. "You have to fill these papers by the end of the week and find me with it! Otherwise you will be in trouble and you don't want that, don't you? With Love, Zack" See? I told you he's nice. – Tom said clumsily trying to hold on to his bag, the papers and the keys at the same time.

Artists are sometimes crazy, aren't they? – Mark added.

They had entered the room slowly for they wanted to enjoy this moment. They were going to spend 4 years in that room and it was the first time they entered. The bright room was nicely furnished with a small coffee table in the middle and two desks between three beds.

The bed on the right had a large, untidy bag on it and some random clothes all over the corner. There must have been another roommate who was currently out. They had no time to wonder though as

the door popped open behind them and a tall, half-naked boy walked into the room with a towel lazily thrown around his neck.

Hi! – He mumbled.

It was him, the guy from the station. Mark's blood Pressure was rising by the second. It couldn't be true. He was going to be locked up with such a moron for the next four years...

It's you! – Mark pointed at him truly in shock.

Haven't we met before? – Rick asked throwing away his towel on the mound of other clothes. – **Ah! Now I remember. You are that idiot who fell. That's right: Skinny. Well, hi there Skinny, and Skinny's friend!**

How could you be so...? – Mark gasped.

Do you know each other? – Tom stuttered.

Yeah, we go way back. He has been in love with me for so long but unfortunately it's a one-sided love... – He laughed with pure joy on his face and that was the first time Mark had realized that although he was a jerk, Rick had a nice smile...



Chapter 2 – The Kiss

...: Coming Soon ...:

Please give me feedback at kovacs.endi@gmail.com!