

October 27, 2014

Grace ran to her locker a third time, certain that someone had made off with it. Thumb furiously flicking, she spun the dial nimbly, hitting every number spot on. Pulling the latch up quickly, she yanked open the door and looked up. Bag still there. Yeah, but was it still in there? Without considering it's fragility she yanked the bag down from the shelf and peered down into the opening. The brown paper barely resembled the crisp, smooth material it once was this morning, but there it was, safe and secure. Grace slowly folded the top of the bag over twice and gingerly replaced it on the top shelf.

Now sitting in geometry class, her thoughts were far from the two dimensional shapes being pondered. Keeping her eyes moving, she contemplated each classmate. "I think Becky had my locker last year. Would she know my combination?" No sooner would that thought move through her mind, then another anxious consideration would take hold. "Frank!" she thought, "he's been hovering around behind me lately. Maybe HE figured out the combination.". Round and round her head spun. Just as the feeling of some outsider might be the culprit the bell rang. Getting caught behind a perfect storm of slow moving students, bottle-necked in the doorway, Grace felt the blood rise to her face.

Noticing that she appeared flushed Becky asked, "Are you ok?" "Yeah, fine" Grace heard herself say, "I just need to run to my locker really quick before next class." The doorway cleared and without another word she bolted past Becky and ran down the hall. This time she was absolutely sure the bag would be gone, or it's contents. Her mind raced as she considered the dreadful results of anyone discovering her secret. The noisy hallway slowed to a crawl in her mind as she pressed the soles of her sneakers into the linoleum. Some invisible, viscous jelly was dragging her movements, making it almost impossible to run. Dropping her books, she placed her left hand high on the door and began spinning the dial.