Welcome Robin!

**I** sat on the train, my head leaning against the cool window. I watched as the trees blurred past my vision. Little quaint houses rolled past in quick bursts. I closed my eyes and took in a deep breath. I wasn’t going to like here.

Where was here you might ask. Well, it was William Crown Collegiate. The number one school for people like me in Canada built on a beautiful, vast valley. The place would’ve made any artist happy as a clam but the problem was I wasn’t. I mean I was okay with leaving what little friends I had at me old school and the location of the school didn’t bother me either. It was the fact that it was run by aristocrats and I was too fond of them.

I was bad enough that these same aristocrats had supernatural abilities, like myself.

Apparently I had been chosen from a long list of applicants-funny because I never sent in a “I want to be chosen!” form. But, any who, the headmasters at William Crown decided I fit their specifications and I would be one of the many new faces to up their student body.

The train came to a halting stop, the passengers left for their various destinations and the train resumed. One more stop and I would be there. I could feel a stone in the pit of my stomach. My aura was on high alert which wasn’t good at the moment. My auric ability-well one of them was to see the past, the present and the future as well as get the full descriptions of everyone and anything around me. Considering there was about twenty people in the train right now, I was getting everyone’s thoughts and life stories and deepest darkest secrets in to my already confused head.

The train stopped. I sighed and grabbed my messenger bag from the sear next to me and headed for the door. They slid open and I stepped on to the platform mu eyes quickly looked for a city map or something to direct me. But, there wasn’t that I could see.

I glanced around me. No one looked welcoming enough or sounded right to me as I discreetly peeked into their minds. Oh, well there was always my way.

I ended up on another bus to the heart of the city and at the grand doorstep of William Crown Collegiate. It looked exactly as I had seen it in the brochure: sprawling grounds, a beautiful main garden, a huge courtyard and the amazing valley in the background of the high school. Only one problem, in the picture there wasn’t a whole group of snobby rich kids scattered croos the courtyard.

My shoulders slumped. I lifted the strap of my messenger bag higher on my shoulder and pushed forward, making sure not ot make any eye contact with anyone. Immediately, their thoughts and feelings rushed into my head causing me to pause by the front steps of school and try to turn it off.

I was about to step in when a preppy boy smashed into me, luckily I didn’t fall. Mom always taught me to have a strong, wide stance when it came to lightheadedness. Or when someone knocks into you.

The boy turned around and gave me a once over. I knew I wasn’t wearing the school uniform yet and I probably looked a bit pissed off but he didn’t have to stare at me like I was some type of disease.

I wasn’t expecting an apology and I didn’t care, I just stomped off and tried to find my room key and the little student pass that came with it. I reached into my pocket and pulled it out. It read: Rm 203 Second Floor Girl’s Common Room.

I looked up, the foyer was massive, marble floors and tall Victorian windows. In the middle of the foyer was a large statue of a man mounted on a horse, his expression was one of victory, his sword was held high in the air. I stepped closer to it, to see what was written on the plaque, I could see my reflection in the golden exterior. But, when I stared at it there was nothing written on it just the name Sir William Crown in engraved letters.

“You’re new here, eh?” A voice said to me.

I turned to see a tall, blonde, blue eyed boy leaning against the the railing that was protecting anyone from touching the statue and staring at me intently. A slight grin lit his cute face.

I would’ve guessed there would be pretty boys here but I wasn’t to thrilled about meeting one on the first day of school.

“Yes, and I guessing you’re old here, right?” I replied.

The boy laughed gently still leaning on the railing. “Yep, I’m Callen.”

I stared back.

“And you are?”

“Robin.”

Callen raised a blonde eyebrow. “I’ve never met a girl named Robin before. It sounds cool.”

I gave a slight smile. I didn’t sense anything bad about him yet just that he wasa very privileged boy with a sister and two older brothers. He liked playing sports especially soccer and he had just broken up with his girlfriend about a week ago.

I dropped my gaze to my key card, the metals keys jingled together as I lifted it slightly. Callen looked down at the keys and my messenger bag that about to fall off my shoulder.

“I could help you with that, if you like. I mean, it’s no trouble,” he offered, sweetly.

I was about to say no but I changed my mind at the last minute and nodded. Callen lead me to the grand staircase where kids ran up and down in a rush to their morning classes. All dressed in uniform and all glancing at me as they passed.

We climbed the steps and ended up on the second floor in a few minutes. Callen peeked over my shoulder to look at the key card. “Hmm, nice picture, he commented.

I was glad ,y skin was so dark you couldn’t see anything or else my face would be bright red right now. “Thanks.”

Callen guided me forward, his hand pressed gently on the small of my back. I could the heat of his hand seeping through the fabric of my plaid shirt. I knew it was a simple gesture of courtesy but I felt a little uncomfortable. I didn’t like to be touched.

He stopped us right in front of my dorm. The plain beige wooden door almost blend into the wall if not for the golden numbers placed on them. I felt the aura of another person already in there. So I would be sharing.

I pulled the key out of the others and pushed it into the lock an d turned, twisting the knob with my other hand. I stepped inside but before I closed the door I smiled at Callen who was still standing there. “Thanks, again.”

I shut the door behind me.

As soon as I turned I was tackled with a hug which made me grimace. A little. Once I pulled back I stared into the face of my roommate and paused for a moment. A girl just about my height maybe a one or two inches shorter, golden blonde hair and kind sky blue yes and a bright smile. If I didn’t know better I’d think she was made out of sunshine. Maybe she was.

“Hello, I’m Gloriana Lockenhart. I’m guessing you’re my roommate then?” She greeted. “Well, come on in, make yourself at home!”

I stepped tentatively past her beam of happiness and sat on the bed that wasn’t already taken. It was closer to the window, closer to the view of the valley that surrounded the school. I reached into my messenger bag, pulling out my sketch pad and a mechanical. I sketched out the view I had from the window, focusing more on the water fountain that sat in the middle of the courtyard. It was the only thing I could do to keep myself from peeking around in this girl’s mid too much. That and it helped keep the stress off my shoulders.

Gloriana stepped over to m, the sound of her bare feet echoed softly in the large somewhat empty room. She took a careful seat next to me, leaning over to look at the sketch. She didn’t say anything just watched as my pencil skimmed across the page in fast, short movements. I took one last glance out the water fountain down below and closed my sketch book, placed it back in my messenger bag and pulled out my school uniform.

The colours were vibrant, a crisp royal blue blazer, a golden rod yellow dress shirt and a blue, grey plaid skirt. I lay them out on the bed next to Gloriana, who gazed up at me curiously.

“You don’t have to get dressed, yet. School hasn’t even started.” She said with a dlip of her golden blonde hair.

“Most of the kids down stairs were dressed.”

Nah, that’s for first years and second years. Third’s and fourths can do whatever they like on Information Day.”

I raised an eyebrow at her but didn’t say anything. Well, if she said we didn’t have to go that was fine by me.

“So, what do we do, then?”

“Well, first, I have to know your name before I show you the ropes around here,” she said with her hands on her hips.

I smiled at her for a brief moment. “I’m Robin, Robin Henderson.”

**A**fter about two weeks of adjusting to William Crown and its ridiculous customs and the customs of Gloriana, it seemed to get a little better. People were warming up to me, my telepathic abilities weren’t acting up like they would back home. For the most part, it was good.

Gloriana ran inot the dorm frantically while I sat puzzled on the bed. She went over to her cream coloured dresser, taking out bundles of glittery looking clothes, shoes, and a lot of accessories.

“What’s all that for?” I asked.

“There’s a party going on at Callen’s dorm and he’s invited, like, almost everyone. I think it would be cool if we went, don’t you?” she said, hastily putting on a shimmery silver dress not caring that I was in front of her.

I worried my lip of r a moment. I liked parties but at the same time I didn’t like parties. Someone either ended up really drunk and saying things regretted or running topless. Both had embarrassing outcomes.

And Callen…I hadn’t seen him again since he was kind enough to drop me off at the dorm. I didn’t want that awkward situation where was that awkward conversation and besides I never even got an invite.

I shook my head, which earned me a glare from Gloriana.

“Come on it’ll be fine and there’s tons of hot guys to pass the time with, if you don’t want to dance,” she insisted.

“No, I’m staying.”

She pouted but once she realized it was no use, she shrugged her shoulders and sighed. Then she went over to the dresser, pulling out a pretty black dress, she laid it on my bed. “If you change your mind, you know where to find me.”

Then she was gone.

A few hours passed. I was still in the same spot where Gloriana had left me. May be I should have gone. I turned to the dress and examined it. It definitely wasnot going to hide any of my curves. I stood up, walking over to the full sized mirror next Gloriana’s bed and lais it against myself.

A slight knock came at the door. I put the dress on the dresser and went over to see who it was but when I opened the door no one was there. I looked down to see a golden piece of paper with a little jester juggling. As soon as the paper touched my hands a chill ran down my spine. Whoever left this here didn’t have good intentions. But as hard as I tried I couldn’t see the face of the person who’d brought it.

I shut the door behind me, making sure it was locked.

Whatever this was, I had to watch my back.