

I never thought that I could miss her so much. It's like a little slice of my heart had been chipped away and could never be repaired. Once school came and was in full swing, I knew that it was meant to be. I knew that my sister and I wouldn't live together again. Before I knew it, I'd spent a full week without her. It wasn't hard. The first weekend I did drive to Rapid City though. Although it only stands an hour away from Spearfish, that first trip felt like an eternity. I just wanted to see how she was doing. Did she meet any guys? I would sure hope so since there were seven guys to every one girl. Let's just say I was hopeful.

As I made my way down to Rapid City that weekend, I became anxious. What if he wouldn't like me? Would he be a nice guy? Would he treat her well? Once I found myself thinking like my mom, I quit. She'll be fine. As I then began getting closer and closer to Rapid, I was aware that her roommates may not like me either or may not like me because I was going to BH. I didn't think that would be the case. As my thinking then started to cease, I made my way over to the Mines Campus. Nervous, but also scared and excited, I parked big red in the Surbeck parking lot and made my way to Peterson Hall.

Once I was inside, it looked so different. No art on the walls. No students congregating in the hallways. It was interesting, but nonetheless I was determined to see my sister even if people were there to poke fun at me. As I reach down into my purse to grab my cell phone, I wonder. Are there any guys here I could date? Possibly find attractive? Maybe even have an acceptable conversation with? Then I remember that my past life with guys wasn't all that great, so that idea left my head quick. As the last bits of hope that left my head my sister came walking through the double doors, the first set in the building. As I run to give her a hug, I felt myself get excited.

The excitement felt like the first time we got to have a sleepover with our friends. I felt like a kid again. I never thought I would be so excited to see her. It was like, eating a banana split on a hot summer day, or like ice-cold lemonade from the neighbors Popsicle stand. As we walk back out to big red to grab my bags for the weekend, she began telling me about a guy. A guy she thought was handsome, cute, awesome, wonderful, funny, helpful, insightful, and the list goes on and on. From what I knew, this could be the start of something good, or something bad. Boys were now going to be considered. We weren't going to be the only two within our lives anymore.

To be continued...