Just as Pretty

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Lindsey laid on her back staring up at the Colorado sky and wondering what it would be like to see the world from a cloud's perspective. She checked her phone and realized it was time for her afternoon psych class. Psych was her favorite because she loved learning about the human brain and what makes people act the way they do. As she walked along the crooked brick path to Perlin Hall she wondered what they would be learning about today. This week's reading had been about serial killers born from sociopaths-- people who were just a little off, and ended up being some of the most vicious killers anyone could have imagined.

Her mind then wandered to her roommate. Amber would be in their room, putting on her makeup and getting ready for her 4:30 class. *As if she even needs makeup. Everyone loves her already*, Lindsey thought to herself. She let her mind wander over all the things that made her hate Amber until she found herself walking up the steps of Perlin.

She found her usual seat, three rows back, five from the right. Lindsey set her backpack down and pulled out her notebook, sending a handful of pens flying with it. Appearing as if out of thin air and picking the pens up off the ground came Daniel Williamson.

"Drop something?" he said as he handed Lindsey the pens and flashed those perfect, almost too white teeth at her. It took her a moment to think of how to respond.

"Oh, yeah. Thanks," she said, smiling politely.

"No problem. How are you liking school?"

"It's alright. I love the people and the campus. It's gorgeous here," she responded. *He likes me,* she thought.

"Yeah, the people are great. Hey, speaking of, are you doing anything later?" Her heartbeat quickened.

"Oh, um, I don't think so," she said.

"Okay well I think there's a party at Kyle's tonight if you want to come." Her heart was beating a hundred miles a minute now as she tried to smile coolly.

"Yeah, sounds awesome."

"Maybe I should get your number so I can tell you when we're headed over there," he said, giving her another glimpse of that gorgeous smile.

"Sure." He handed her his phone and she added her contact information to his endless list of names.

"Sweet. I'll see you there. Oh, and maybe your roommate would want to come?" Her stomach dropped. Amber. Of course he was after Amber. He didn't care about her. He was simply using her as an in with Amber.

"Oh, uh yeah I think she's free," she said, her cheeks burning, first from disappointment and the embarrassment of thinking he actually liked her, then from anger.

"Awesome! I'll see you both there then," he said.

"Yeah, we'll be there," she said.

As he walked over to his friends she focused on breathing. She couldn't cry in class. The rest of the class was a blur. She hardly heard what Professor Gilbert was saying. Her pen tapped rhythmically on her notebook, the pen he had touched. She hated that pen. When class ended she was the first one out the door. She dropped that pen on the concrete and stepped on it, making it bleed ink and watching it move through the cracks in the sidewalk.

That image played through Lindsey's mind all the way back to the dorm. She took the stairs up to the seventh floor and found the door to her room unlocked. Typical. *Did it ever occur to her that I might have something important in here? Of course not. Bitch.* She slumped down heavily on her bed and laid there, slowly calming down. When she was teetering on the brink of sleep she heard Amber run into the locked door. *Ha. Serves her right.*

"Hey Linds, could you come let me in? I left my key in there." Lindsey pushed herself up off her bed and moved slugglishly toward the door. When she opened it, there was Amber. He long golden hair fell over her shoulders and back in effortless curls and her pink lipgloss contrasted against her white teeth as she smiled at Lindsey.

"Ready for tonight," she asked as she brushed past her into their room.

"Oh yeah, Daniel Williamson invited us to a party at Kyle's," Lindsey replied instinctively. *Shit, why'd I tell her that?*

"Ooooh! Daniel invited us? Isn't he a babe?" Hearing Amber squeal about Daniel like that made her even angrier.

"Yeah he's alright I guess."

"You don't think he's hot? I wish he would ask me out. I bet he's a great kisser." Lindsey's fists got tighter with every word. Amber kept talking as she opened the door to her closet.

"What should I wear? I want to wear something that gets Daniel's attention but isn't too suggestive, you know? Hey Linds, what do you think of my little blue dr-" She was cut off by Lindsey slamming her head into the side of the closet. The blow hadn't quite knocked her out and she looked at Lindsey confused, trying to regain her balance while Lindsey still held the base of her neck.

"Linds, what…?" She peered at Lindsey, the light fading from those perfectly lined, bright blue eyes. Lindsey smashed her head against the wall a second time, then a third.

She watched Amber's body fall to the floor just as her phone vibrated on her bed. An unknown number. "Hey it's Dan. We're headin to that party now. See you guys there?" She set her phone down. She would reply in a few minutes. *Don't want to seem too desperate.* Lindsey looked down and watched Amber lose blood like her pen losing ink. Stepping over her roommate, Lindsey went to Amber's closet and grabbed her blue dress. *Not like she'll be needing it any time soon.* She dressed and touched up her makeup, pausing to look at herself in the mirror. *I'm just as pretty as she was.* Grabbing her phone and her purse she replied to Daniel's text. "Yeah! Something came up for Amber so she can't make it. I'm just leaving. See you in a bit :)" Throwing one last glance over her shoulder, Lindsey said goodbye to her no longer beautiful roommate and walked out the door, making sure to lock it after her. *There could be something important in there, after all.*