

# Beyond Frontiers

## Part 1

The sun rises behind the mountains, and its rays, resembling a golden loom, caress the room's curtains, making them glow and change their color into gold. Some rays pass through the slits, evading them. As they penetrate the space, a beam falls directly on his face, gradually awakening him.

His eyes, a beautiful shade of gold, begin to open, shining even brighter with the beams that descend directly on them, making him rise, a little uncomfortable, but keeping in mind that his time to wake up has come. He checks his cell phone, realizes he's running late, and rushes to the bathroom without wasting time.

Upon entering the bathroom, he stands in front of the mirror, noticing that his hair needs adjustments to look like he's used to. His hair, which is a combination of black and gold, appears to be messy and unmanageable. He hopes that a shower will fix it.

Looking closely at himself in the mirror, he notices that there are some small dark circles under his eyes; this was caused by all those late nights playing video games with his friends; the game was so entertaining last night that it made him lose track of time; the bed called upon him when it was three in the morning and reminded him that he had classes at the college that morning.

"Ugh, I feel too tired from studying every day; now I stay up late, and I don't remember having class the next day... I hope they don't show up too much in class."

With a big yawn, he goes on with his day, taking off his pajamas, leaving them lying no matter where they fall, and proceeds to get in the shower to take a quick bath; he has no time to waste if he wants to get to class early.

When he turned on the water in the shower, the cold that came out of it made him shiver like never before. His senses become heightened, and the sleep quickly fades away, or so it happens, until the hot water progressively replaces the cold water and begins to run through his body, from his hair to his legs. Every drop that falls upon him feels like a caress; his head starts to feel heavier as the seconds go by, and his concentration is lost to the point that his eyes close slowly; sleep wins over the urge to go to class,

causing him to stagger and fall forward, receiving a blow with the wall in front, forcing him to wake up completely.

"What was missing for me, falling asleep in the shower and banging my head... Excellent, I won't be able to hide it and the dark circles under my eyes."

As he says this, he touches his head at the point of impact, feeling a stabbing pain immediately that causes him to react and remove the hand from his head.

"Yes, I already have a mark for the rest of the day... Wonderful"

Once fully awake, he continues with his shower, washing the hair meticulously to get it back to the best shape. He runs the soap over the rest of his body eagerly and removes all the lather along with the conditioner. Without realizing it, he spends more time on his hair care than he had intended. Upon checking the time on his cell phone after exiting the shower, he stops worrying and skips the day's first class.

"It's not that I lose much by not attending History; in one way or another, the class makes me sleepy, and I don't have bad grades either."

Keeping this in mind, he takes his time more leisurely, dries his entire body before leaving the bathroom, and walks to his bedroom to select the outfit he wants to wear. He has to decide if he will attend college in a more formal dress than usual or, on the contrary, go to college in a more casual outfit. Before deciding, glancing out the window gives him the information necessary about the weather outside.

"The sun is quite strong from early morning; I feel it will rain later. Hmmm. Even if it rains later, I want to look good today; I know what to wear."

With the idea in his head, he takes a yellow T-shirt and a blue and white striped shirt, chooses light jeans that do not clash with his top clothes, and finally, for the underwear, he chooses something comfortable without giving much thought to the color. He also chooses socks in a light shade that match the shoes he has picked out.

Once the dress has been chosen, he returns to the bathroom to grab a comb and fix his hair.

"I should style my hair so it doesn't look weird but covers the recent bump."

Combing his hair takes less time than initially thought, but he ends up with the hairstyle he wanted. When he finishes combing his hair, he goes to the kitchen to prepare breakfast and brings up some toasted bread, a bowl of oatmeal with milk and berries, and orange juice to go with it. The breakfast helps him rebuild the energy for the rest of the day.

Once breakfast was over, he washed the dishes alongside the dirty ones that had been there since yesterday. When done, he heads to the bathroom for the last time to brush his teeth and start the day. When the brushing is complete, he leaves the bathroom, gathers his study items and the notebooks needed for the rest of today's classes, and prepares to leave the dorm.

Just as he starts walking towards the main entrance of his bedroom, a reflection of a painting blinds him. He had forgotten to close the curtains in the living room the day before, and now the sunbeams were playing a trick on him.

"I'm sure I closed the curtains yesterday before I fell asleep. Maybe I'm already going crazy, and I didn't close them."

He closed the curtains yesterday before locking himself in his room to play until the early morning. However, why the curtains were open again has yet to be explained. Anyway, he puts his thoughts aside and goes to the curtains to close them; as he gets closer, a realization comes upon him when he sees the window is also open.

"Well, at least it didn't rain in the middle of the night; I wouldn't want to mop up the mess it would have caused."

After closing the window and the curtains, he turned to head back toward the entrance of his dorm. He remembered the picture that had recently reflected his face as he did so. He heads to the painting to see it once before heading to the classes ahead. As he picks up the image, a feeling of sadness envelops him, and the memories in his head start to appear, making his heart sink. At the same time, he remembers the other person in the painting.

"It's been two years since I last saw you... How much I would give to see you again before me."

As he says this to himself, he caresses the picture of someone who, at the time, was a significant person to him; the picture shows that person hugging him from behind and with a smile so big that he does not remember seeing that person so happy at any previous time in his life like the moment the photo was taken. With one last caress and some tears forming in his eyes from his sadness, he puts the painting back where it belongs and wipes away his tears before leaving the dorm.

When he leaves the bedroom, his attitude changes again; standing upright and slapping his cheeks, he composes himself.

"I need to get over this feeling at some point; I know it will be tough, but I can do it. I'm very grateful to the friends I have in college who have helped me get through these types of situations."